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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Édition de Luxe

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SHAKESPEARE

From the Portrait by Martin Droeshout

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : GROSCHUP & STERLING COMPANY.

The Works of
Heinrich Heine

Translated by
Charles Godfrey Leland

FLORENTINE NIGHTS

3c. 3c.

VOLUME ONE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It is much to say of a voluminous writer in prose as well as verse, that, though he may have left many a line which, for one reason or another, he might personally have wished to blot, he has left few that can be spared from the literature of the world. This may justly be said of Heine, but of how many others? Let us apply the same severe test to greater names than even Heine's. Take the man whose mission on the whole most nearly resembled his—Voltaire. Voltaire was in some sense the mouthpiece of his generation; he has through it produced the deepest effect on all generations to come; he has left immortal things behind him; but the project of a complete translation of Voltaire would kindle the enthusiasm of no publisher and no public. Take the greatest of German writers, Goethe, in whom we most cheerfully acknowledge a greater than Heine, but

Heine

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who is totally unable to stand the test indicated in his poetical works even, to say nothing of his prose. There are other poets of Heine's calibre of whose writings we would not lose a word; but Byron, Burns, and Shelley did not subject themselves to the test which Heine successfully underwent of writing undying things in prose:—philosophy, and criticism, and even politics.

If we must account for this singular distinction, we should say that Heine, more than any of the great men we have named, except Shelley, was a poet by the grace of God, and that he carried the happy instinct of his verse into his prose. As a poet he was essentially a *Volksdichter*—the same sort of person, that is to say, as the unknown musicians whose Border Minstrelsies and Spanish *Cancioneros* are the envy and admiration of an artificial age. Every such writer, besides the moral endowment of feeling and the sensuous endowment of melody, is necessarily equipped with two intellectual gifts, perfect lucidity and perfect proportion. Imagine such a man to be at the same time a most original and accurate thinker, and to possess in the discussion of grave matters the ease and brightness and symmetry which have constituted his charm as a lyric poet, and it

will be seen that his prose may be as well worth translating as his verse. To illustrate the meaning by an example on the contrary side, Wordsworth's prose style, though noble and dignified, is not the style of the immortal part of his poetry. If he had been able to discuss the principles of poetical composition and the Convention of Cintra in the style of "Lucy Gray," he would have been not merely a fine essayist, but an unique figure in literature. No one, manifestly, could achieve this without a special, an almost miraculous gift. Heine actually possessed this gift; and hence his prose disquisitions, descriptions, satires, and the rest, are as original in form as in substance. The same charm pervades all he wrote, and hence, whatever judgment may be passed on the moral characteristics of his work, from a literary point of view there is absolutely nothing in it which a translator is not justified in rendering—if he can. If the foreign reader fails to enjoy, the fault is not in Heine, but in his own want of preliminary acquaintance with Heine's theme. Writing for a German public on themes of contemporary concern, Heine inevitably presupposes an amount of existing knowledge which the English reader will not always possess. It must be added, however

—and this is one very good reason for translating him—that Heine affords a very potent stimulus towards the acquisition of knowledge. The reader of his “Romantic School,” for instance, who may not have previously heard of Tieck and Novalis, must be a dull sort of person if he does not henceforth feel a curiosity respecting them.

A still more important aspect of Heine is his relation to the creeds and circumstances of his century, and his influence in shaping European thought. The reader who would wish to determine how far Heine will repay his attention in this respect is advised to consult the masterly criticism upon him in Matthew Arnold’s essays. Mr. Arnold regards Heine as a great liberator, not a man of consummate achievement as a thinker, or one by any means to be implicitly followed or unreservedly extolled, but invaluable as a dissolvent, breaking up and abolishing opinions and habits which have become mere petrified formulas, and thus preparing the way for new things which he did not create and did not always rightly conceive. He liked to be called the German Aristophanes, but he was even more of a Socrates, whose mission, apart from his poetical gift, it was to make men consider whether they really meant

what they said. It should be added that, perhaps in virtue of his supreme poetical endowment, his insight into the future was often startling; and that, if he has not solved the riddles of his time, no one has stated them so well. A complete translation of his works, then, seems as much the due of his intellectual significance as of his matchless literary genius.

R. G.

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FLORENTINE NIGHTS.

FIRST NIGHT.

IN the ante-room Maximilian found the physician, who was drawing on his black gloves. "I am in a great hurry," said the latter hastily; "Signora Maria has not slept all day, and only just now has fallen into a little nap. I need not tell you that she must not be disturbed by any noise, and when she wakens she must not speak for her life! She must lie still, not move in the least—the only movement permitted her is that of a mental nature. I beg you—tell her all or any kind of fanciful stories, so that she will only listen quietly."

"Rest assured, doctor," replied Maximilian, with a mournful smile. "I have trained myself for a talker, and will not let her speak. And I will tell her fantastic stuff enough—as much as you will. But how long will she live?"

"I am in a great hurry," replied the physician, and disappeared.

Black Deborah with her acute ear had quickly

recognised the step of the new comer, and softly opened for him the door. At his nod she as quietly left the chamber, and Maximilian found himself alone by his lady friend. The chamber was dimly lit by a single lamp, which cast half fearful, half inquisitive gleams on the face of the beautiful woman who, clad entirely in white muslin, lay sleeping calmly on a green-silk sofa.

Silent, with folded arms, Maximilian stood a while before the sleeper and regarded the beautiful limbs, which the light garb rather revealed than hid, and every time when a strip of light fell on the pale face his heart throbbed: "In God's name!" he murmured, "*what* is that? What memory is it that wakes in me? Ah, I know now—this white form on the green ground—yes—now"——

At that instant the invalid awoke, and as if gazing from the depth of a dream, the soft dark violet eyes looked questioning—praying, on the friend. "Of what were you thinking just now, Maximilian?" she said, with that terrible, soft voice, such as is heard from those who suffer from lung complaint, and in which we seem to hear the prattle of a child, the chirping of a bird, and the death-rattle. "Of what were you thinking?" she repeated, and raised her head so hastily that the long locks curled about it like gold serpents frightened up.

"For God's sake," cried Maximilian, as he softly pressed her down again on the sofa, "remain quiet, say nothing; I will tell you all that I think or feel—yes, even what I don't know.

"In fact," he continued, "I do not know exactly what I just now thought and felt. Pictures from childhood swept like twilight dreams through my soul. I thought of my mother's chateau¹—of its garden run wild, of the beautiful marble statue which lay in the green grass. I called it my mother's chateau, but I beg you, of my life, do not understand by that anything magnificent or grand. I have always been accustomed to hear it so called. My father laid a curious emphasis on 'the castle,' and smiled oddly as he said it. It was not till a later time that I learned the meaning of this smile—when I, a boy of twelve, went with my mother to the chateau. It was my first journey. We drove all day through a thick forest, whose dark thrills I shall never forget, and it was not till twilight that we first paused at a long cross-bar which separated us from a great meadow. We were obliged to wait almost half-an-hour before a 'boy' came from a mud hut hard by, who pushed away the impediment and let us in. I say 'boy,' because old Martha always

¹ *Schloss*—castle, chateau, a country villa of a superior kind. Generally a castle, but not invariably.

called her forty-year-old nephew by this term. This youth, in order to receive 'the gracious quality,'¹ had donned the old livery of his late uncle, and we had been obliged to wait until he had brushed it clean. Could he have had more time he would have also put on his stockings; but, as it was, his long bare legs were in good keeping with his scarlet coat. Whether he wore breeches under it I do not know. Our servant John, who, like me, had often heard of 'the chateau,' made a very strange face when the 'boy' led us to the little broken building where the late Herr had dwelt. But he was startled indeed when my mother bade him bring in the beds. How could he suppose there were no beds at 'the chateau'? And the order of my mother to provide sleeping comforts he had either never heard or neglected it as superfluous trouble.

"The little dwelling, just one storey high, which had not boasted in its best days more than five inhabitable rooms, was now a pitiful picture of the passed away. Wrecked furniture, ragged hangings and carpets, not one window-pane unbroken, the floor torn up here and there, and everywhere ugly traces of the most outrageous acts of the soldiery.

¹ *Die gnädige Herrschaft*. "Quality" is still used by negroes in America, as it was in the time of Queen Anne, to signify aristocracy.

“‘Those who were quartered on us amused themselves very much at our expense,’ said the ‘boy,’ with a stupid smile. My mother made a sign to him that we would gladly be alone, and while he busied himself with John, I went to see the garden, which also wore the most inconsolable air of ruin. The great trees were partly hacked away, partly felled, and spiteful, sneering parasites rose over the fallen trunks. Here and there one could recognise the way amid the box-bushes growing wildly out of trim. Here and there too stood statues, the most of which had lost their heads or at least their noses. I remember a Diana whose nether limbs were overgrown with dark ivy in a comical fashion, and also of a goddess of plenty from whose cornucopia flowed rank, poisonous weeds. One statue only had been spared—God knows how—from the mischief of man and Time. It had indeed been hurled from its pedestal into the high grass, but it lay there uninjured—a marble goddess, with the most exquisitely pure features, and with a finely chiselled noble breast which gleamed up from the high grass like a Greek Apocalypse. I was almost terrified at the sight; this statue inspired in me a strange, close, feverish terror, and a secret bashfulness kept me from gazing long at its lovely mien.

“When I returned to my mother she stood by

the window, lost in thought, her head resting on her right hand, while tears ran without ceasing down her cheeks. I had never seen her weep like this. She embraced me hastily and tenderly, and made excuse that owing to John's neglect I could not have a proper bed. 'Old Martha,' she said, 'is very ill, and cannot give up her bed for you, my dear child. But John can arrange the cushions from the coach so that you can sleep on them, and you may take his cloak for covering. I will sleep here on straw; this was the bedroom of my late¹ father—it looked far better once than it now does. Leave me alone.' And the tears ran more irrepressibly from her eyes.

"Whether it was the not being used to such a bed, or to my excited feelings, I could not sleep. The moon shone so directly at me through the broken panes, that it seemed as if it would lure me out into the clear summer night. Whether I turned to the right side or the left, whether I opened or impatiently shut my eyes, I could think of nothing but the beautiful marble statue which I had seen in the grass. I could not understand the bashfulness which seized me when I first saw it; I felt vexed

¹ *Selig*, blessed, is used for late or deceased. Hence, as Longfellow observed, a German widow always speaks of her departed husband as "her blessed man."

at this childish feeling, and said to myself, 'To-morrow I will kiss thee, thou beautiful marble face; kiss thee on the lovely corner of the mouth where the lips melt into such a charming dimple!' And then an impatience such as I had never before felt rippled through all my limbs, I could not resist the strange impulse, and at last I jumped up boldly and said: 'What does it matter if I kiss thee even now, beautiful form!'

"I stole softly from the house, lest my mother should hear, which was all the easier because the entrance, though it bore a great coat-of-arms, had no door, and hastily wound my way through the shrubbery of the wasted garden. There was not a sound—all rested silently and solemnly in the calm moonshine. The shadows of the trees seemed to be nailed to the ground. There in the green grass lay the beautiful goddess, as immovable as all around; but her lovely limbs seemed to be fettered, not by petrifying death, but by quiet slumber, and as I drew near I almost feared lest she might be wakened by the lightest sound. I held my breath as I bent over to behold her beautiful face; a shuddering, troubled fear seemed to repel me from, and a youthful lustyhood to attract me to her; my heart beat as if I were about to commit a murder, and at last I kissed the beautiful goddess with a passion, a tenderness, and a desperation such as I

never felt in my life from any kiss. Nor can I ever forget the grimly sweet emotion which ran through all my soul as the comforting, blessing coldness of those marble lips touched mine. . . . And so, Maria, as I just now stood before you, and I saw you lying in your white muslin dress on the green sofa, your appearance reminded me of the white marble image in the green grass. Had you slept longer my lips could not have resisted "——

"Max! Max!" cried the woman from the depths of her soul. "Terrible! You know that a kiss from your mouth"——

"Ah—only be silent; I know that would be something terrible to you! Do not look at me so imploringly! I do not doubt your feelings, although their deepest ground lies hidden from me. I have never dared to press my lips to yours"——

But Maria did not allow him to conclude. She had grasped his hand, covered it with earnest kisses, and said, smiling: "Pardon! pardon! But go on and tell me more of your amour. How long did you love the marble beauty whom you kissed in the garden of your mother's chateau?"

"We left the next day," replied Maximilian, "and I never saw its beautiful form again. But a strange passion for marble statues ever afterwards inspired me, and I felt even to-day

its irresistible power. I came from the Lorenzo, the library of the Medici, and found myself, I know not how, in the chapel where that most magnificent of the races of Italy has built itself a sleeping-place of gems, and rests in peace. A full hour I remained absorbed in gazing at the marble image of a woman whose powerful frame attests the bold skill of Michael Angelo, while the whole form is inspired with an ethereal sweetness such as we are not accustomed to expect in that master. All the realm of dreams, with all its silent blisses, is enchanted into this marble; a tender repose dwells in the beautiful limbs, a soothing moonlight courses through its veins: it is the *Night* of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Oh! how gladly would I sleep in the arms of this Night!¹

¹ A strange book might be written on this subject of men who have literally loved statues, and Bonifacius has in his *Historia Ludicra*, or *Strange Stories*, collected a number of instances from antiquity of men thus inspired. There is a story current in Florence of an Englishman who was enamoured of the Venus di Medici. Most remarkable of all the literature on this subject, which Heine seems to have studied thoroughly, is a chapter on *Gli Amori Sacrilegi*, in a book entitled *Delle Bizzarrie Accademiche di Gio. Francesco Loredano*, Venice, 1667. This monograph, which certainly inspired Heine in these passages, is supposed to be a speech by Amicles of Athens, defending, or rather vindicating, himself from the accusation of having made love to a statue of Venus. It is a masterpiece of æsthetic cynicism. There are indications in other works by Heine that he had read this book. A *reductio ad absurdum* of this freak of

"The painted forms of women," continued Maximilian, after a pause, "have never interested me so deeply as statues. I was only once in love with a picture. It was a wonderfully beautiful Madonna in a church in Cologne. I was at that time a zealous church-goer, and all my soul was sunk in the mysticism of Catholicism. I would then, like the Spanish cavalier, have gladly fought every day for the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the Queen of the Angels, the fairest lady of heaven and of earth. I interested myself in the whole Holy Family, and took off my hat with special friendliness before any image of Saint Joseph. But this state did not last long, and I left the Virgin almost without ceremony as soon as I became acquainted in a gallery of antiquities with a Greek nymph who kept me long a captive in her marble fetters."

"And you always loved only chiselled or painted women?" tittered Maria.

"No! I have loved dead women too," replied Maximilian, as a very grave expression came over his features. He did not observe that as he said this Maria seemed to shrink as if terrified, and he continued in a calm voice—

love is furnished in Mr. F. Anstey's witty novelette, *The Tinted Venus*, where, instead of a man being enamoured of a statue, a statue, vivified, becomes enamoured of a man. The story of Pygmalion and Galatea is thus reversed with the happiest effect.
—*Translator.*

"Yes, it is very strange how I once fell in love with a girl after she had been dead for seven years. When I first became acquainted with little Very, I was extremely pleased with her. For three days I was deeply interested in her, and took the greatest pleasure in all that she did and said, and in every expression of her piquant, exquisite self, without being in the least sentimentally inclined. Nor was I indeed moved to any extravagant grief when I learned, some months later, that she had suddenly died in consequence of a nervous fever. I forgot her entirely, and I am sure that for years I never thought once about her.

"Seven years had passed away, and I found myself in Potsdam, determined to enjoy the whole beautiful summer in undisturbed solitude. I did not associate with any one; my only company was the statues which are in the garden of Sans Souci.

"It happened one day that certain features, and a strangely winsome voice and gesture, suddenly recurred to me, without my being able to identify the person whom they characterised. Nothing is more annoying than such stumbling about among old memories, and I was therefore surprised as with joy when I, after a few days, all at once recalled little Very, and found that it was *her* charming and forgotten form which had

so strangely moved me. Indeed I rejoiced over this discovery like one who has quite unexpectedly found again his most intimate friend. The faded lines gradually took colour, and at last the sweet little one seemed to be again before me—smiling, pouting, witty, and more beautiful than ever. From this time the darling image would not leave me, it filled all my soul; wherever I went or staid, staid or went, it was by my side—spoke with me, laughed with me, always pleasantly and gently, yet without any special tenderness. But I was every day more and more enchanted by this form, which ever became more and more *real* to me. It is easy to call spirits, but hard to send them again to their dark Nothing—they look at us then so pitifully and imploringly that our hearts cannot resist such earnest prayers. And as I could not tear myself away, the end was that I fell in love with little Very, after she had been dead for seven years.

“ So I lived for six months in Potsdam, completely absorbed in this love. I avoided more carefully than ever any touch with the outer world, so that even if any one in the street came too near me I felt a most uncomfortable sensation. I had, as regards any *rencontre* with people, such a repulsion as night-wandering spirits feel, for it is said that when they meet a living

human being they are as much terrified as the one who sees them. By chance there came through Potsdam a traveller whom I could not avoid—my brother. At seeing him, and hearing from him the last news of the day, I awoke as from a deep dream, and, as if shrinking with alarm, I suddenly felt in what a horrible solitude I had so long been living. I had during this time not even remarked the course of the seasons, and I regarded with amazement the trees, which, having long lost their leaves, were now covered with autumnal hoar-frost. I soon left Potsdam and little Very, and in another city, where important business awaited me, I was, by means of sharp pressure and urgent circumstance, soon driven into harsh reality.

“Ah, heaven!” continued Maximilian, while a painful smile moved his upper lip, “how the living women with whom I then came into unavoidable contact tormented me—delicately tormented me—with their pouting, jealousing, and gasping! In how many balls was I obliged to trot around with them, in how much gossiping scandal must I be mingled? What restless variety, what joy in lying, what kissing-treachery and poisoned flowers! Those ladies knew how to utterly spoil for me all joy and happiness and love, so that for a time I became a woman-hater, who damned the whole sex. It was with me

something as it was with the French officer who, during the Russian campaign, was rescued with trouble from the icy trenches of the Beresina, but who from that time had such an antipathy for everything frozen that he repelled with horror even the sweetest and most delicious ices at Tortoni's. Yes, the memory of the Beresina of love which I then passed made for a time detestable the daintiest dames—women like angels, girls like vanilla-sherbet"—

"I beg you," cried Maria, "do not abuse women! That is the thrashed-out way of speaking among men—mere chaff and cant. After all, to be happy you must have women."

"Oh!" sighed Maximilian, "that is true, of course. But women have but one way to make men happy, and thirty thousand to torment them."

"Dear friend," replied Maria, while she suppressed a smile, "I speak of the harmony of two souls in tune. Have you never felt this happiness? But I see a strange blush on your cheeks—speak, Max!"

"It is true, Maria; I feel like a boy at confessing to you the fortunate love which once made me infinitely happy. Its memory is not lost to me, and my soul often retreats to its cool shade when the burning dust and noonday heat of life become intolerable. But I am not in

condition to give you a clear idea of this loved one. She was of such ethereal nature that she could only appear to me in dreams. I think, Maria, that you have no commonplace prejudice against dreams, for these nightly phenomena have as much reality as those rougher images of the day which we can handle, and with which we are often defiled. Yes, it was in dreams that I saw that dear and lovely being, who, above all others, helped to make life happy. I can tell you little as to her appearance. I really cannot accurately describe her features. Her face was unlike anything which I ever saw before or since. So far as I can remember it was not white and rosy, but all of one tone—a softly crimsoned pale brunette, and transparent as crystal. The charm of this face consisted neither in absolutely perfect symmetry nor in interesting liveliness; its character lay far more in an enchanting yet terrible truthfulness. It was a face full of conscious love and graceful goodness; it was more a soul than a face, and therefore I have never been quite able to present it.¹ The eyes were soft as flowers; the lips somewhat pale, but winsomely curved. She wore a silk dressing-gown of cornflower blue—this was all her dress. The neck and feet were bare, and the delicate tenderness

¹ *Vergegenwärtigen*—"To bring it before (me)." *Gegenwart* is, however, "the present." To recall or realise it.

of the limbs often peeped as if stealthily through the slight, soft garment. Nor can I clearly set forth the words which we spoke; I can only remember that we bound ourselves to one another, and that we caressed and comforted one another, joyfully and happily, frankly and confidently, like bridegroom and bride, or almost like brother and sister. And we often did not talk at all, but gazed into each other's eyes, and in this blissful beholding we remained for eternities. How I *awoke* I know not, but I long revelled in the after-feelings of this happy love. I was long intoxicated with unheard-of delight; the yearning depth of my heart was full of happiness; a joy before unknown seemed to spread over all my feelings, and I remained glad and gay, though I never again saw the loved one of my dreams. But had I not enjoyed whole eternities in her glance? And she indeed knew me too well not to know also that I love no repetitions."

"Truly," cried Maria, "you are *un homme à bonne fortune*. But tell me, was Mademoiselle Laurence a marble statue or a picture, a dear girl, or a dream?"

"Perhaps all together," replied Maximilian, very seriously.

"I can well believe, dear friend, that this love was of a rather doubtful substance. And when will you tell me this story?"

"To-morrow. It is long, and I am tired to-day. I have been in the opera, and have too much music in my ears."

"You go a great deal to the opera, Max, and I believe that it is more to see than to hear."

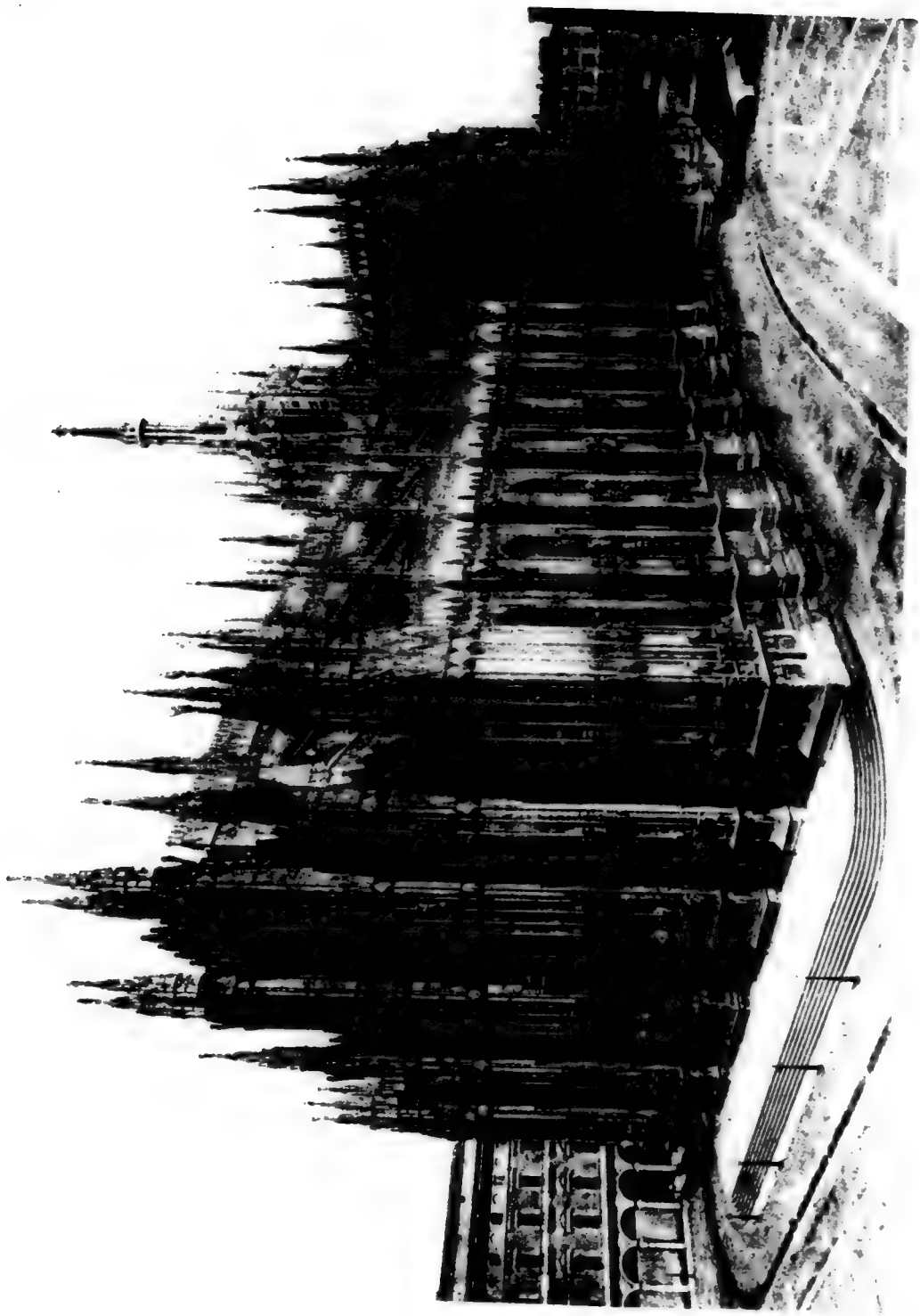
"You are quite right, Maria; I really go to the opera to see the faces of the beautiful Italian women. True, they are pretty enough even outside the theatre, and an investigator into history could, from the ideality of their features, easily trace the influence of the formative¹ arts on the forms of the Italian people. Here Nature has taken back from the artists the capital which she once lent; and lo! it has, in the most enrapturing manner, paid compound interest. The sense of the Beautiful has penetrated all the people; and as the flesh once acted on the spirit, so the spirit now works upon the flesh. And the devotions before those beautiful Madonnas, those lovely altar-pieces, which as Madonnas sink into the soul of the bridegroom while the bride is sensuously impressed by a handsome saint, are not in vain. From such elective affinities a race of human beings has sprung which is even more beautiful than the charming soil on which it springs, or the sunny heaven which flashes round

¹ *Der Einfluss der bildenden Künste.* The fine or cultured arts which shape material and thereby mind. Plastic arts is the usual but less truthful equivalent.

it like a golden frame.¹ The men do not interest me much unless they are painted or sculptured, and I leave to you, Maria, all possible enthusiasm for those handsome, supple Italians who have such wild black beards and noble aquiline noses, and such soft, crafty eyes. They say the Lombards are the finest men. I have never investigated them very closely; I have only earnestly studied the Lombard women, and these I declare are really as beautiful as they are famed to be. But they must even in the Middle Ages have been fairly fair. It is said that the beauty of the ladies of Milan was the reason of the secret impulse which sent Francis the First on his Italian campaign. The knightly king was doubtless desirous of knowing whether his spiritual little cousins, the kinsfolk of his godmothers, were as beautiful as he had heard boasted. Poor rogue! he paid dearly at Pavia for his curiosity.

“But the full beauty of these Italian women is first seen when their faces are lighted up by music. I say *lighted up*, because the effect of music, as I have seen it in the opera, on the faces

¹ This is very beautiful, but of doubtful truth. While there is much beauty and refinement among the more prosperous classes in Italy, it is unquestionably true that a majority of the Italian emigrants who come to the United States are altogether the worst and most degraded-looking foreigners in the country, being rivalled in this respect only by those from the Slavonian slums of Hungary and Austria. I have seen thousands of these emigrants, who come almost entirely from Southern Italy.—*Translator.*



of beautiful women, is quite like those effects of light and shadow which astonish us when we see statues in the night by torchlight. Such marble images then reveal in the terrifying truth their indwelling spirit and awful silent secrets. In like manner the whole life of the beautiful Italians shows itself to us when we see them in the opera ; the varying melodies then waken in their souls an array of feelings, memories, wishes, and woes, which at once speak out in the movements of their features, in their blushing, their paleness, and even in their eyes. He who can read may then read in their beautiful faces many sweet and interesting things, stories as strange as the novels of Boccaccio, feelings as tender as the sonnets of Petrarch, whims as odd as the *Ottaverime* of Ariosto—often enough, too, frightful treachery and sublime evil as poetic as the Hell of Dante. Yes, it is worth while to look up at the boxes. If the men would only not meanwhile express their inspiration with such frightful noise. This insane applause in an Italian theatre becomes annoying. But music is the soul of these people, their life, their national cause. In other countries there are certainly musicians who equal the greatest Italian celebrities, but there is no musical multitude like this. Music is represented here in Italy, not by individuals, but reveals itself in the whole population ; it has become *the people* itself.

Among us in the North it is quite otherwise; there music has become individual, and is called Mozart or Meyerbeer. And, more than that, when we closely examine the best which such Northern musicians offer us, we find in it Italian sunshine and orange perfume which belong much more to beautiful Italy, the home of music, than to our Germany. Yes, Italy will ever be the home of music, even if its great Maestri sink into the grave or grow silent, even though Bellini die and Rossini is mute."

"True," said Maria, "Rossini has long been still; if I am not mistaken, for ten years."

"That is perhaps a jest of his," replied Maximilian. "He wishes to show that the name of the 'Swan of Pesaro,' which has been given him, is utterly inappropriate. Swans sing at the end of their lives, but Rossini has become silent in the middle of his. And I think that there he did well, and proved himself to be a genius. An artist who has only talent feels to the end of his life the impulse to work it out; he is goaded by ambition; he feels that he is always short of perfection, and he is impelled to attain to the highest. But genius has already given us his highest possible work; he is content; he scorns the world and petty ambition, and goes home as Shakespeare did, or promenades, smiling and jesting, on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, like Joachim

Rossini. If the genius enjoys fair physical health he may live in this fashion a long time after he has completed his masterpieces, or, as people say, has fulfilled his mission. It is a mere prejudice or fancy for men to imagine that genius must die young. I think that from thirty to forty years is believed to be the fatal limit of such lives. How often I have teased poor Bellini with this, and prophesied that he in his quality as genius must die as soon as he should attain the dangerous age. Strange, in spite of my jesting tone, he tormented himself over this prophecy; he called me his *jettatore*,¹ and always made the sign of the *jettatura*. He wished so much to live; he had such a passionate antipathy to death that he would not hear it mentioned. He was afraid of it as a child who fears to sleep in the dark. He was a good, dear child himself, sometimes rather naughty; but one only need threaten him with his early death, and he became at once whimpering and praying, and made the *jettatura* with his two uplifted fingers. . . . Poor Bellini!"

"Then you knew him personally? Was he handsome?"

¹ *Jettatore*. One who has the evil eye, and casts (*jetta*) its influence on others. The sign to avert it is made in Southern Italy by grasping the middle and ring finger with the thumb and throwing out the fore and little finger to resemble horns. In Tuscany it is more commonly *la fica*, or *castagna*, that is, closing the fist, so that the thumb protrudes between the third and middle finger.

“He was not plain. You see that we men also cannot answer affirmatively when such a question is put to us regarding one of our own sex. He was of tall, slender form, as one who had suddenly shot up, who moved and gestured daintily, I might say coquettishly, always *à quatre épingles*; ¹ regular features, rather long and pale; light blonde, almost golden hair, *friséd* in little locks; a very high and noble forehead, a straight nose, very light blue eyes, a beautifully proportioned mouth, and round chin. His traits had in them something vague, devoid of character or milk-like, and in this milk-face there often curled sweet-sourly an expression of pain. This anguished look supplied in Bellini’s face the want of wit and spirit, ² but it was a pain without depth; it shone dimly and without poetry in his eyes, and quivered without passion on his lips. This flat, insipid suffering seemed to be affected by the young maestro after a bygone fashion. His hair was curled in such a dreamy-visionary, melancholy manner, his clothes fitted his dainty form so yearningly and sentimentally, he carried his little bamboo cane so idyllically, that he always reminded me of those young, old-fashioned lovers whom we see in rococo-shepherd plays acting affectedly with ribboned crooks and light-

¹ *Tiré à quatre épingles*. Said of one who has taken extreme pains to be well or showily dressed.

² *Geist, esprit*.

coloured jackets and beautiful little breeches! And his gait was so maidenly, so elegant, so ethereal! The whole man looked like a sighing swain *en escarpins*. The ladies doated on him, but I doubt whether he ever inspired a great passion. To me his personal appearance always had in it something drolly unpleasant, the real reason for which was perhaps his manner of speaking French. For though he had lived several years in France, he spoke its language so badly that its like was not to be heard even in England. I will not say that he spoke it *badly*, for the word *bad* would here be entirely too good. One must say outrageously, incestuously, world-destroyingly—as a cataclysm. Yes, when one was in society with him, and he like a public executioner broke the poor French words on the wheel, and without sign or trembling dealt out a tremendous *coq à l'âne*, one felt as if the very world must split as with a thunder-crack. A deathly stillness then spread over the entire hall, for death himself seemed to be painting terror on every face with chalk and cinnabar; ladies knew not whether they should faint or fly; men looked in sudden amazement at their breeches to realise that they really wore such things; and, what was worst of all, this horror awoke at the same time a convulsive, maddening desire to laugh which could hardly be repressed.

Therefore if any one sat by Bellini in society, his neighbourhood inspired a certain anxious apprehension which was sure to excite a horrible interest at once attractive and repulsive. Very often his unconscious puns were simply amusing, and in their monkey-like unmeaningness reminded one of the castle of his fellow-countryman, the Prince of Pallagonia, which is described by Goethe in his Italian journey as a museum of baroque eccentricities and rubbishy monstrosities, huddled together without rhyme or reason. As Bellini always believed on such occasions that he had said something quite harmless and serious, his face formed the drollest contrast with his words. Then it was that that which was displeasing in his expression came out most cuttingly. Yet what I did not like in it was not, however, of such a kind that it could be described as a defect, and it certainly was not displeasing to ladies. Bellini's face, like his whole physique, had that physical freshness, that blooming sensuousness, that rose-colour which makes on *me* a disagreeable impression—on me, I say, because I like much better that which is death-like and of marble.¹ It was not till a

¹ Heine here speaks very sincerely. This was the tone, and indeed the cant, of the Romanticists in the Thirties. "Oh, I like to look gloomy and melancholy!" said in those days in my hearing a young man who had been told that his dressing in black gave him a sombre appearance.

later time, when I began to know Bellini, that I felt a liking for him. This came from observing that his character was perfectly noble and good. His soul is certainly pure, and has remained unspotted by contact with vile things. Nor was there wanting in him that harmless good-nature, or the childlike, such as is never wanting in *genial* men, even if they do not show it to every one.

"Yes, I remember," continued Maximilian, as he sank on the seat by which he had so far stood upright, leaning on the arm. "I remember a single instant during which Bellini appeared to me in such a charming light that I regarded him with pleasure, and determined to learn to know him more intimately. But it was unfortunately the last time I was destined to see him in this life. This was one evening after supper in the house of a great lady, who had the smallest foot in Paris, and when he had become merry, and the sweetest melodies rang from the pianoforte. I can see him now, the good Bellini, when, exhausted by the many mad Bellinisms which he had chattered, he sat on a seat—it was very low, almost like a footstool, so that he found himself at the feet of a fair lady who had reclined opposite him on a sofa, and with sweet mischievousness looked down on him, while he toiled away to entertain her with a few French phrases, getting ever

deeper into difficulties, commenting in his Sicilian jargon in order to prove that what he said was not foolish, but, on the contrary, the most refined flattery. I do not think that the beautiful lady paid much attention to Bellini's phrases. She had taken his little cane, where-with he often helped himself out of weak places in rhetoric, and calmly used it to disarrange the elaborate arrangement of the hair on both temples of the young maestro. This caprice well became the smile which gave her features an expression such as I have never seen on a living human face. It was one of those which belong far more to the dream-realm of poetry than to the rough reality of life—contours recalling Da Vinci, that noble soul!—with the naive dimples in the chin, and the sentimental pointed-out bending chin of the Lombard school. The colour was rather of a Roman softness, a mother-of-pearl gleam, aristocratic paleness—*morbidezza*. In short, it was such a face as can only be found in old Italian portraits, in which the masters of the sixteenth century depicted as a master-work the portraits of great ladies whom they loved—such as poets sang when they sang for immortality, and such as German and French heroes yearned for when they girded on their swords, and seeking great deeds rushed over the Alps. Yes, yes, it was such a face, in which there

played a smile of sweetest mischief and of aristocratic waywardness, while she, the fair lady, disarranged the blonde locks of good Bellini with the bamboo cane. At that instant Bellini seemed to be transfigured to some utterly strange apparition, and all at once he became allied to my heart. His face shone in the reflected light of that smile; it was perhaps the goldenest moment of his life. I shall never forget him. Fourteen days after I read in the newspapers that Italy had lost one of her most famous sons.

"Strangely enough the death of Paganini was announced at the same time. I did not doubt this in the least, because the old faded Paganini always looked like a dying man, but the death of the young and rosy Bellini seemed incredible. And yet the announcement of the death of the first was simply an error of the press. Paganini is alive and well at Genoa, and Bellini lies in his grave in Paris."

"Do you like Paganini?" asked Maria.

"This man," exclaimed Maximilian, "is a glory to his country, and certainly deserves the most distinguished mention if one will speak of the musical notabilities of Italy."

"I have never seen him," said Maria, "but according to report his exterior does not perfectly set forth the beautiful—— I have seen portraits of him"——

"None of which were like him," said Maximilian. "They all make him too ugly, or else flatter him, and do not give his true character. I think that only one man ever succeeded in putting the true physiognomy of Paganini on paper. He who did it is a deaf painter named Leyser, who, in his inspired frolicking, hit off with a few pencil strokes the head of Paganini so well that one laughs and is frightened at the truth of the portrait. 'The devil guided my hand,' said the artist to me, mysteriously laughing low, and nodding his head with good-natured irony as he was wont to do in his Owl-glass reflections. This painter was always a queer owl. In spite of his deafness he loved music enthusiastically, and he really understood it when he was near enough to the orchestra to read the music in the faces of the musicians, and judge of the more or less successful execution by the fingering; and, in fact, he wrote criticisms of the operas for a distinguished journal in Hamburg. What is there wonderful in that? The deaf painter could, in the visible signature of the playing, *see the tones*. Are there not men to whom tones themselves are only invisible signatures in which they hear colours and forms?"¹

¹ Heine was the first to make known in French this style of using æsthetic correspondences or signatures—to borrow a term from Swedenborg. It was carried to a ridiculous excess by his imitators, one of whom, in speaking of a ballet-girl, said: "The colour of her dancing is pyramidal." But Heine himself is occasionally extravagant in its use.

"Such a man are *you* !" cried Maria.

"I am sorry that I no longer possess the little drawing by Leyser ; it would perhaps give you an idea of Paganini's appearance. It was only in harsh, black, fleeting strokes that one could set forth those unearthly traits which seemed to belong rather to the sulphurous realm of shadows than to the sunny world of life. 'Truly the devil guided my hand,' asserted the deaf painter, as we stood by Alster pavilion in Hamburg on the day when Paganini gave his first concert there. 'Yes, my friend, it is true, what the whole world declares, that he has given himself over to the devil, body and soul, in order to become the best violinist in the world, and fiddle millions of money, and finally to get away from the damned galleys where he had suffered many years.¹ For, you see, friend, when he was leader of the orchestra in Lucca, he fell in love with a theatrical princess, became jealous of a little abbé,

¹ It seems incredible that within my recollection Paganini (or his impresario) could have excited an extraordinary interest in the public by circulating such reports. Many laughed at them, but far more were moved or affected. "Who knows ; there might be something in it." It was commonly said that Paganini had imprisoned the soul of his mother in his violin. This made a great impression on me, being at the time a small boy, and I can remember being detected by my mother in company with a younger brother engaged in killing a fly or bee in a toy violin—our intention being that its soul should eternally buzz in the instrument.—*Translator*.

was perhaps made *cocu*, stabbed his untrue Amata in good Italian fashion, went for that to the galleys in Genoa, and at last sold himself to the devil to be delivered and to become the greatest violin-player, and be able to get out of us a tribute—of two thalers. . . . But, look! “All good spirits praise God!”¹ there he comes in the Avenue with his ambiguous *famulus*!

“In fact it was Paganini himself whom I beheld. He wore a dark-grey overcoat, which came to his feet, making him appear extremely tall. His long black hair fell in tangled locks on his shoulders, forming a dark frame for the pale, corpse-like countenance, in which care, genius, and hell combined had graved their ineffaceable signs. By him capered along a short, comfortable-looking figure, commonplace, showy in dress, with a rosy wrinkled face, light-grey short coat with steel buttons, greeting right and left with irresistible amiability, but all the time squinting sideways with anxious apprehension at the dark form which, serious and reflecting, walked by his side. It recalled the picture by Retzsch, in which Faust is walking with Wagner before the gate of Leipzig. The deaf artist commented on both figures in his wild fashion, and bade me observe carefully the measured long step of Paganini. ‘Is it not,’ he said, ‘as if he still had the iron

¹ An old German invocation against dreaded spirits, spectres, &c.

cross rod between his legs? He has got the convict step and can never lose it. See how contemptuously and ironically he often looks down at his companion when he bores him with *his* commonplace questions;—and yet he cannot get rid of him—a bloody contract binds him to that servant, who is Satan himself. Ignorant people think, of course, that this companion is the writer of comedies and anecdotes, Harrys of Hanover, whom Paganini takes with him as business-manager for his concerts; but the multitude does not know that the devil took the form of Mr. George Harrys, the soul he keeps locked up with other rubbish in a chest in Hanover, where it will remain till the devil restores its proper fleshly envelope, when he will probably accompany his master, Paganini, through the world in the more befitting form of a black poodle.’

“But if Paganini seemed to me sufficiently incredible and wonderful as I saw him walking under the green leaves of the Hamburg Jungfernstieg, what were my impressions of his fearfully eccentric apparition that evening in the concert! This was given in the Comedy Theatre of Hamburg, and the art-loving public had assembled so early and in such numbers that it was with difficulty that I conquered a place by the orchestra. Though it was post-day I saw in the balcony-boxes the whole refined and cultured

business world¹—a whole Olympus of bankers and similar millionaires, the gods of coffee and sugar, with their plump wife-goddesses, Junos of the Wandrahm and Aphrodites of Dreckwall. There was a holy quiet in all the hall. Every eye was turned to the stage, every ear prepared to hear. My neighbour, an old huckster in furs, took the cotton from his ears, the better to take in the expensive tones, which cost two dollars entrance-money. At last there appeared on the stage a dark figure, which seemed to have risen from the under-world. It was Paganini, in his black dress suit;² the black evening coat and black waistcoat, of an appalling cut, were probably such as are prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpine, while the loose trousers flapped vexatiously on the thin legs of the maestro. His long arms seemed to grow yet longer, as he held the violin in one hand, the bow down in the other, and almost bowed to the ground as he bestowed on the public his unheard-of reverence. In the angular bending of his body there was a fearful woodenness, and at the same time something foolishly brute-like, which would have caused laughter at his salutation ; but

¹ *Die ganze gebildete Handelswelt.*

² At the time here in question an entire suit of black for any one not in mourning was unusual enough to attract attention. Dumas mentions it as something *distingué* in the Count of Monte Christo.

his *face*, which, in the strong orchestral illumination, seemed more corpse-like than ever, had in it something so bashfully modest that a shuddering pity suppressed our desire to laugh. Had he learned those bows from an automaton or a dog? Was that imploring look that of one in deathly illness, or was there lurking behind it the mockery of a crafty money-grubber? Was that a living man, who knows that he is about to perish and who will delight the public in the arena of art, like a dying gladiator with his convulsions or a dead man risen from the grave, a vampire with a violin, who, if he does not suck blood from our hearts, will, come what may, draw the money from our pockets?

"Such questions crossed one another flitting in our heads while Paganini made his unceasing compliments in gesture, but all such thoughts flitted afar when the wondrous master set his violin to his chin and began to play. As for me, you know well my musical second sight—my gift of seeing with every note which I hear its corresponding figure of sound; and so it came that Paganini, with every stroke of his bow, brought visible forms and facts before my eyes; that he told me in a musical picture-writing all kinds of startling stories; that he juggled before me at the same time a show of coloured Chinese shadows, in all of which he with his violin was

chief actor. Even with the first note from his bow the scene changed; he stood all at once with his music-desk in a cheerful hall, which was gaily and irregularly decorated with curved and twining furniture in the Pompadour style, everywhere little mirrors, gilt cupids, Chinese porcelain, an exquisitely charming chaos of ribbons, flower garlands, white gloves, torn laces, false pearls, diadems of gilt sheet metal, and similar celestial theatrical properties, such as one sees in the sanctum of a prima donna. Paganini's external appearance had also changed, very much indeed to his advantage;¹ he wore knee-breeches of lilac satin, a silver embroidered white waistcoat, a coat of light-blue satin with buttons wound with gold; and little locks of carefully curled hair played round his face, which bloomed with the roses of youth and gleamed with sweetest tenderness, when he eyed the pretty little dames who stood round his music-desk while he played his violin.

"Indeed I saw by his side a pretty young creature, in old-fashioned dress of white satin puffed out on the hips, the waist seeming for that all the more piquantly narrow, the powdered hair friséed aloft, the pretty round face flashing

¹ Heine called himself a romanticist, but as regards the practical art of life and its associations, his heart was really in the later Renaissance, or Baroque period of the Regency.—*Translator.*

out all the more freely with its dazzling eyes, its rouged cheeks, court plaster beauty-patches, and impertinent sweet little nose. She held in her hand a white scroll of paper, and by the movements of her lips, and the coquettish movements of her form, seemed to be singing, but I could not hear one of her trills, and it was only by the playing of the violin with which the youthful Paganini accompanied the charming child that I could imagine what she sang, and what he himself felt in his soul while she sang. Ah! those were melodies such as the nightingale flutes in the twilight, when the perfume of the rose intoxicates her sympathetic heart, inspired by Spring with deepest longing. Ah! that was a melting, voluptuous, deep-desiring happiness! There were tones which kissed, and then, pouting, turned away, and again laughing, embraced and melted together, and then lost, enraptured, intoxicated, died away in one. Yes, the tones mingled in gay sport, like butterflies when one in jest flies from another, hides itself behind a flower, is found and hunted out, and finally, light-hearted and trifling, flutters up with the other—up into the golden sunlight. But a spider—a vile spider—can bring about a dire tragedy for such enamoured butterflies. Did the young heart divine aught like *that*? A long melancholy sighing tone, like the premonition of a coming evil, slid slowly through

the most enrapturing melodies which flashed from Paganini's playing; his eyes became moist; worshipping he knelt before his Amata—but oh! as he bowed to kiss her feet he saw beneath the bed—a little abbé! I do not know what he had against the poor man, but the Genoese became pale as death; he grappled in rage the little fellow, gave him boxes on the ear and not a few kicks, hurled him headlong out of doors, and then, drawing a stiletto from his pocket, plunged it into the breast of the young beauty.

“At that instant cries of ‘Bravo! Bravo!’ rang from every side. Hamburg’s inspired men and women paid their tribute of the most roaring applause to the great artist, who had ended the first part of his concert, and who with more angles and contortions than before bowed before them. It seemed to me that in his face was a more imploring humility than ever, but in his eyes flickered a tormenting fear like a wretched sinner’s.

“‘Divine!’ cried my neighbour, the fur-dealer; ‘that piece alone was well worth two thalers.’

“When Paganini began to play again it seemed to be dark before my eyes. The tones did not change as before into bright shapes and hues; the form of the Master wrapped itself in gloomy shadows, from whose depth his music came wail-

ing in the most cutting accents of sorrow. Only from time to time, as a little lamp which hung over him cast a feeble light on his features, could I see his pallid countenance, which still retained traces of youth. His garb was strange indeed—divided in two parts, one red, one yellow. Heavy fetters hung to his feet. Behind him grimaced a face whose physiognomy indicated a jovial, he-goat nature; and I saw long, hairy hands which seemed to belong to it, moving now and then on the strings of the violin which Paganini played, often guiding his hand, while a floating, applauding laugh accompanied the tones which welled forth more painfully, and as if bleeding, from the violin. They were tones like the song of the fallen angels who had wooed and wantoned with the daughters of Earth, and been banished from the kingdom of the blest, and fallen, with cheeks burning with shame, into the under-world: tones in whose bottomless abyss there was neither comfort nor hope. Should the holy in heaven hear such music the praise of God would be mute on their pale lips, and they, weeping, would hide their pious heads. Ever and anon, when in the melodious torments of this piece the *obligato* goat-laughter came bleating in, I saw in the background a multitude of little female figures, who, spitefully-merry, nodded their horrible heads and rubbed their breasts in mocking mischief.

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Then there came in hurried crowds from the violin sounds of pain, and a terrible sighing and gasping, such as no one ever heard on earth before, and perhaps will never hear again, unless it shall be in the Vale of Jehoshaphat, when the tremendous trumpets of the Last Judgment ring out, and the naked corpses creep from their graves to await their doom. But the tormented violinist suddenly drew his bow so madly and desperately that his rattling fetters burst, and the diabolical ally with the mocking demons disappeared.

"At that instant my neighbour, the fur-dealer, said, 'Pity! pity! he has burst a string. That comes of his constant *pizzicato*!'¹

"Had a string really burst on the violin? I do not know. I only observed the transfiguration of the tones, and then it seemed to me as if Paganini and all his surroundings were again suddenly changed. I could hardly recognise him in the brown monk's dress, which rather disguised than clothed him. His wild and wasted face half-hidden by the hood, a rope round his waist, Paganini stood on a cliff overhanging the sea, and played his violin. It seemed to me to be twilight tide; evening-flame flowed

¹ Said to have been a trick of Paganini's, who could play admirably on three or two strings, or even one, as no one ever did before or since.

over the broad sea, which grew redder and redder, and rustled and roared more gaily and wildly in mysterious and perfect harmony with the violin. But the redder the sea became so much the more pallid grew the heaven, and when at last the waving water looked like bright scarlet blood, then the sky overhead became ghostly clear, all corpse-white, and out came the stars—and these stars were black, black as shining anthracite. But the tones of the violin grew more stormy and bolder, and in the eyes of the terrible player there sparkled such a mocking delight in destroying, and his thin lips moved with such appalling rapidity, that it was clear he was murmuring ancient forbidden witch-spells with which storms are called up and those evil spirits evoked who lie imprisoned in the sea's abyss. Many a time did he, when stretching forth his long, lean, bare arm, and sweeping the bow in the air, seem to be in sooth and truth a wizard who, with a magic staff, commanded the elements, for then there was a mad, delirious howling in the depths of the sea, and the furious waves of blood leaped up so furiously on high that they almost besprinkled the pale heaven and its black stars with their red foam.¹

¹ In 1832-33 there was to be seen in every music-shop window a picture representing Paganini as a sorcerer fiddling among witches and imps.—*Translator*.

There was howling, crashing, cracking, as if the whole world was breaking to fragments, while the monk played more madly on his violin, as if he would, by the power of his raging will, burst the seven seals wherewith Solomon closed the iron jar in which he imprisoned the demons whom he had subdued. That jar the wise king cast into the sea, and it seemed as if I heard the voices of the demons when Paganini's violin growled out its angriest basso notes. But after a while I thought I heard the joyous cry of those set free, and I saw rising one by one out of the red waves of blood the heads of the unchained demons, monsters of incredible hideousness, crocodiles with bat's wings, serpents with stag's horns, monkeys capped with conch shells, seals with patriarchal long beards, women's faces with breasts instead of cheeks, green camels' heads, wild hybrids of inconceivable composition,¹ all glaring greedily with cold crafty eyes, and grasping, with long webbed feet and fingers, at the fiddling monk. Then in the raging zeal of invocation his capote fell back, and the ringlets flying in the wind curled round his head like black serpents.

"It was all so maddening, that not to utterly

¹ All of these monsters, excepting perhaps the green camels' heads, which I do not remember, are to be found in pictures by Höllen-Breughel and Callot.—*Translator*.

lose my mind I stopped my ears and closed my eyes. Then the enchantment disappeared, and when I looked again I saw the poor Genoese in his wonted form making his usual bows, while the public applauded rapturously.

“That is the celebrated performance on the G-string,” remarked my neighbour. “I play the violin myself, and know what it is to have such mastery over the instrument!”

“Fortunately the interval was not long, else my musical fur-dealer had certainly involved me in a tiresome talk on art. Paganini set his violin leisurely to his chin, and with the first touch of his bow, there began again the wondrous transfiguration of tones. But now they were neither so startling in colour or so marked in form. They came forth calmly, majestically, waving and rising like those of an organ choral in a cathedral; and all the surroundings seemed to have expanded to a colossal space, such as no bodily vision but only the eye of the spirit can grasp. In the midst of this space swept a burning ball, on which stood a man of giant stature and grand in pride, who played the violin. Was this sphere of light the sun? I know not. But in the features of the man I recognised Paganini, ideally beautified, celestially refined, atoned for divinely, and smiling. This body was fresh and fair in vigorous manliness; a light-blue garment was about his now far

nobler limbs, the black hair flowed in shining locks on his shoulders, and as he stood there, firm and confidently, like the sublime statue of a god, and played the violin, it seemed as if all creation obeyed his tones. He was the man-planet round whom the universe moved, ringing with measured joy and in happy rhythm. Were those great lights which swept so calmly gleaming round him stars of heaven? Were those sweet-sounding harmonies which were caused by their motion, the music of the spheres, of which poets and seers have told so much that is bewildering and strange? Sometimes when with an effort I looked forth and far into the dim distance, I seemed to see white waving garments, in which colossal pilgrims wandered in disguise, with staves in their hands; and, strange! the gold heads of their staves were those same great lights which I had taken for stars. These pilgrims went in a vast procession around the great player; the heads of their staves flashed reflected light from the tones of his violin; and the chorals which rang from their lips, and which I had taken for the noise of the spheres, were really only the rebounding echoes of his violin. An ineffable, nameless passion dwelt in these sounds, which often quivered almost inaudibly, like mysterious whispering on water, then again swelled up sweetly-terrible, like the tones of hunters' horns

by moonlight,¹ and then burst out into unbridled rejoicing, as though a thousand bards were sweeping the strings and raising their voices in a song of victory. That was the music which no ear has heard, only the heart can dream it when by night it rests against the heart of the beloved. But it may be that the heart comprehends it even in the clear, bright daylight, when it rejoicing loses itself in the lines of beauty and ovals of a Greek work of art."

"Or when a man had had a bottle too much of champagne," cried a laughing voice, which woke our narrator as if from a dream. As he turned he saw the doctor, who, with black Deborah, had softly entered the room to learn what effect his medicine had had on the invalid.

"I do not like this sleep," said the doctor, as he pointed to the sofa.

Maximilian, who, sunk in the fantasies of his own speech, had not observed that Maria had long been asleep, bit his lips as if vexed.

"This sleep," continued the doctor, "gives the face an appearance which has all the character of death. Does it not look like one of

¹ This seems to have been suggested by a very wild and beautiful German song and melody :—

" There is a hunter who blows his horn,
And ever by the night !
He blows the deer from out the corn,
And ever by the night ! "

those white masks, or plaster casts, in which we try to preserve the traits of the departed?"

"And I would like," whispered Maximilian, "to have such a cast of our friend. She will be very beautiful, even in death."

"I advise you not to have it," replied the doctor. "Such masks lead astray our memories of the loved ones. We feel as if there was in them something of their lives still kept, while that which is really retained is actually death itself. Features which are regular and beautiful then become hard and frozen, satirical, or repulsive,¹ by which they terrify us more than they please. But casts become complete caricatures when they are from faces whose charm was of a spiritual, refined nature, and whose features were less regular than interesting, for as soon as the graces of life are extinguished in them the actual departures from the ideal lines of beauty are no longer balanced by mental charms. One thing also is common to all these casts—it is a certain enigmatic expression which, the more we study them, the more it runs shivering like frost through the soul: they all look like people who intend to take a long journey."

"And whither?" asked Maximilian, as the doctor took his arm and led him forth.

¹ *Fatales*. Absolutely adverse or destructive.

SECOND NIGHT.

"AND why will you torment me with this horrible medicine, since I must die so soon?"

Maria had just said this, as Maximilian had entered the room. The physician stood before her holding in one hand a vial of medicine, in the other a little cup, in which foamed a very unpleasant-looking brownish liquid.

"My dearest friend," he said to Maximilian, "your presence is very much needed just now. I beg you try to induce Signora to swallow these few drops. I am in a great hurry."

"I beg you, Maria!" said Maximilian, in the soft voice which was not often heard from him, and which seemed to come from a pained heart, so that the patient, deeply moved, almost forgetting her own suffering, took the cup. But ere she put it to her mouth she said, smiling: "To reward me you will tell the story of Laurence?"

"All that you desire shall be done," assented Maximilian.

The pale lady drank the contents of the cup, half smiling, half shuddering.

"I am in a hurry," said the doctor, as he drew on his black gloves. "Lie down calmly, Signora.

and move as little as possible. I am in a hurry."

He left the room accompanied by black Deborah, who lighted him forth. When the two friends were alone they looked at one another for a long time in silence. There were thoughts in the souls of both which neither would express. Then the woman suddenly grasped the man's hand and covered it with burning kisses.

"For God's sake!" said Maximilian, "do not exert yourself so much, and lie calmly on the sofa."

As Maria obeyed him, he very carefully covered her feet with the shawl, which he first kissed. She must have seen this, for her eyes twinkled like those of a happy child.

"Was Mademoiselle Laurence very beautiful?"

"If you will not interrupt me, dear friend, and promise to be calm and quiet, I will tell you circumstantially all that you wish to hear."

Smiling at the assenting glance of Maria, Maximilian sat on the chair before the sofa, and thus began his story:—

"It is now eight years since I went to London to learn the language and people there. The devil take the people with their language! They take a dozer monosyllables in mouth, chew them,

crush them, and spit them out, and call that talking. But by good luck they are naturally tolerably taciturn, and though they always stare at us open-mouthed they at least spare us long conversations. But woe to him who meets a son of Albion who has made the grand tour, and learned to speak French. He will avail himself of the opportunity to practise the language, and overwhelm us with questions as to all subjects conceivable, and hardly is one answered before he begins with another either as to our age or home or how long we intend to remain where we are, and he believes that this incessant questioning is the best method to entertain us.¹ One of my friends in Paris is perhaps right when he declares that the English learn to converse in French at the *Bureau des passeports*. Their conversation is most edifying at table when they carve their colossal roast beef, and with the most serious air ask us what part we prefer, rare or well done, from the middle or the brown outside, fat or lean? But roast beef and mutton are all they have

¹ There are many extraordinary conceptions in this work—that of comparing Paganini to Jehovah is not bad in its way—but for a tremendous perversion of truth this accusation of the English as impertinent questioners is unsurpassed. I have travelled much in my life and know the English fairly well, and consider that of all people on the face of the earth they mind their own business most, and are least given to such queries.—*Translator.*

which is good.¹ Heaven keep every Christian from their gravies, which are made of one-third meal and two-thirds butter, or when a change is needed, one-third butter and two-thirds meal: And Heaven guard every one from their naïve vegetables which, boiled away in water, are brought to the tables just as God made them! But more terrible than the cookery of the English are their toasts, with the obligatory standing speeches when the table-cloth is removed and the ladies departed, and so many bottles of port are in their place, which are supposed to be the best substitute for the fair sex; but I may well say the *fair* sex, for English women deserve this name. They are beautiful, white, tall creatures, only the too great space between the mouth and nose, which is as common among them as with the men, often spoiled for me, in England, the most beautiful faces. This departure from the type of the beautiful impresses me more horribly when I see English people here in Italy, where their sparingly measured noses, and the broad space between them and the mouth, make a more startling contrast with the faces of the Italians,

¹ "Maximilian," it would appear, while in London, had access only to the plainest City ordinaries. But in this style of description he is far outdone by a noble French tourist, who declares, in a recently published book of travels, that in *all* the United States he found *nothing* fit to eat. This is worse even than plain roasts.—*Translator*.

whose traits are of a more antique regularity, and whose noses, either aquiline like the Roman or straight like the Greek, often go into excess of length. It was very well remarked by a German that the English, when among Italians, look like statues with the noses knocked off.

"Yes, when we meet English people in a foreign country their defects first become striking by comparison. They are the gods of ennui, who, in shining, varnished coaches, drive extra-post through every country, and leave everywhere a grey dust-cloud of sadness behind them.¹ Hence comes their curiosity without interest, their bedizened, over-dressed coarseness,² their insolent bashfulness, their angular egotism, and their dismal delight in all melancholy things. For three weeks we have seen every day on the Piazza del gran Duca an Englishman who stands for hours gaping at the charlatan who, while seated on a horse, draws teeth. This spectacle is perhaps for the noble son of Albion an equivalent for the executions which he neglected to attend in his

¹ It is very characteristic of nervous, frivolous natures that they cannot conceive of gravity or calmness except as associated with dulness and suffering. The North American Indians are the most imperturbable of mortals, but they certainly suffer less from ennui than any others. But Heine had in reality only a very second-hand stage-knowledge of the English.

² *Geputzte Plumphet.* This implies rather a burly bluffness, not very much given to consider refined feelings. It is a little less than literal coarseness.

dear native land. For after boxing and cock-fighting there is no sight so delightful to a Briton as the agony of a poor devil who has stolen a sheep or imitated a signature, and who is exhibited for an hour before the *façade* of the Old Bailey with a rope round his neck before he is hurled into eternity. It is no exaggeration to say that sheep-stealing and forgery in that abominably cruel country are punished not less severely than the most revolting crimes, such as parricide and incest. I myself happening to come that way by mere chance, saw a man hung in London for stealing a sheep, and from that time forth lost all relish for roast mutton—the fat always put me in mind of the white cap of the poor sinner.¹ With him was hanged an Irishman, who had imitated the writing of a rich banker, and I think I can still see the naïve deathly agony of poor Paddy, who before the assizes could not understand why he was so severely punished

¹ Heine appears to be oblivious here to the fact that within his own lifetime criminals were publicly broken on the wheel in Germany. His sympathy for the Irishman who swindled "a rich banker" is but natural, if we may believe what is told in his *Lives*, that he himself, when in England, having been intrusted by his uncle with a letter of credit, on the express condition that he should only use a part of it, *drew the whole*. When his uncle found fault with him for this, the nephew asked him, with an audacious insolence that staggered the great banker, "My dear uncle, did you really expect not to have to pay for the honour of bearing my name?"—*Translator*.

for imitating other men's signatures, when he was quite willing to let any mortal man imitate his own! And these people talk always about Christianity, and go to church every Sunday, and flood the world with Bibles!¹

"I must own, Maria, that if nothing was to my taste in England, neither men nor meat, the fault lay partly in myself. I had brought a good stock of ill-temper and discontent with me from home, and I sought to be cheered up by a race which can only subdue its own ennui in the whirlpool of political and mercantile action. The perfection of machinery, which is there everywhere applied to some purpose, and which executes so many human tasks, had for me something mysterious and terrible; the artificial headlong action of wheels, shafts, cylinders, with a thousand small hooks, cogs, and teeth, which whirl so madly, filled me with dread. The definiteness, the exactness, the meted out and measured punctuality of life, tormented me quite as much, for as the machines in England seem like men, so the men seem to me like mere machines. Yes, wood, iron, and brass, these seem to have usurped the spirit of humanity, and often to be raging with fulness of intelligence, while Man,

¹ Hardly to be cited as inconsistent. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead—very deservedly—for cheating the Christian community out of a small sum and lying.—*Translator.*

with his soul gone, attends like a machine to his business and affairs; eats at the appointed minute his beefsteak, delivers parliamentary speeches, brushes his nails, mounts the stage-coach, or—hangs himself.

“How my displeasure and discontent increased every day in this land, you may well imagine. But nothing could surpass the gloomy mood which once came over me as I, towards evening, stood on Waterloo Bridge and looked down into the Thames. It seemed to me as if my soul, with all its scars, was mirrored there, and looked up at me from the water. Then the most distressing memories vexed my mind. I thought of the rose daily sprinkled with vinegar, which thereby paid penance with its sweetest perfume, and prematurely died; of the stray butterfly, whom a naturalist who once climbed Mont Blanc saw fluttering in solitude among blocks of ice; of the tame she-monkey, who was so familiar with men that she played and ate with them; but one day she recognised in the roast on the table her own little one, and, catching it up, rushed into the forest, and never came among mankind again. Ah! I was so wretched and sad that the hot tears leapt from my eyes; they fell into the Thames, and swam forth into the great ocean, which has already swallowed so many without observing them.

"It happened at this instant that a strange music woke me from my dark dreams, and, looking round, I saw a group of people who seemed to form a ring round some entertaining show. I drew near, and saw a family of artists consisting of these four persons.

"Firstly, a little dumpy woman, dressed in black, who had a very little head, and before her a very big drum, on which she hammered away without mercy.

"Secondly, a dwarf, who wore an embroidered coat like that of an old French marquis, and had a great, powdered head, but very slender limbs, and who, while skipping, beat a triangle.

"Thirdly, a girl of perhaps fifteen years, who wore a short, close-fitting jacket of blue-striped silk, with full, wide trousers to match. It was an aerial and charming figure, the face of a perfectly beautiful Greek type. She had a noble, straight nose, beautifully curled lips, a dreamy, softly-rounded chin, her complexion sunny brown, with the shining black hair wound over the temples. Thus she stood, tall and serious, as it seemed out of tune or in ill-temper, and looked at the fourth member of the troupe, who was engaged in an artistic performance.

"This fourth person was a learned dog—a very promising poodle—who had, to the great delight of the English public, put together, from the

wooden letters laid before him, the name of LORD WELLINGTON, and added to it the very flattering word HERO. And as the dog, as one could easily see by his intelligent appearance, was no English brute, but had come with the other three performers from France, the sons of Albion rejoiced that their great general had, at least from the dogs of France, that recognition of his greatness which was so meanly denied to him by the other creatures of that country.

“This company was in fact French, and the dwarf, who announced himself as Monsieur Turlutu, began to bluster and boast in French with such passionate gestures that the poor English gaped with their mouths, and lifted their noses higher than ever. He often, after a long sentence, crowed like a cock, and these cock-a-doodle-does, and the names of many emperors, kings, and princes which he scattered here and there, were all that the poor spectators understood. He boasted that these emperors, kings, and princes had been his patrons and friends. Even when only eight years of age he had, as he declared, held a long conversation with his late majesty Louis XVI., who subsequently frequently consulted him in most important affairs. He had, like many others, escaped the storms of the Revolution, nor was it till the Empire that he returned to his dear native land to take part in the glory

of *la grande nation*. Napoleon, he declared, had never liked him, but he had been almost idolised by His Holiness Pope Pius the Seventh. The Emperor Alexander had given him bon-bons, and the Princess Wilhelm von Kyritz always took him on her lap. His Serene Highness, Duke Karl of Brunswick, had let him ride many a time on his dog, and His Majesty King Louis of Bavaria had read to him his sublime poems. The princes of Reuss Schleiz-Kreuz and of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen loved him like a brother, and always smoked from the same pipe with him. Yes, from childhood, he declared, he had always lived only among sovereigns; the contemporary monarchs had grown up familiar with him, he regarded them as his equals, and always wore mourning when one of them passed away. After these words of weight he crowed again like a cock.

“Monsieur Turlutu was really one of the most curious dwarfs whom I had ever seen, for his wrinkled, ancient face formed such a comical contrast to his little, childlike body, and his whole person contrasted yet more funnily with his feats. For he next assumed the most defiant positions, and with an inhumanly long rapier stabbed the air right and left, while he incessantly swore on his honour that this *carte* or that *tierce* could not be parried by any one, that his parade was

unassailable, and that he challenged any one present to compete with him in the noble art of fencing.

"After the dwarf had for some time amused the multitude in this manner, and found that no one would fight in public a duel with him, he bowed with old French grace, thanked his audience for the favour with which they had received him, and took the freedom to announce to the highly honourable public the most extraordinary exhibition which had ever been admired on English ground. 'You see this person,' he cried, as he drew on a dirty kid glove, and led the young girl of the troupe with respectful gallantry to the midst of the ring; 'this lady is Mademoiselle Laurence, the only daughter of the noble and Christian lady whom you see there with the drum, and who now wears mourning on account of the recent death of her deeply-loved husband, who was the greatest ventriloquist in Europe. Mademoiselle Laurence will now dance! Ladies and gentlemen will please to admire the dance of Mademoiselle Laurence!' After which he again crowed.

"The young girl did not seem to pay the slightest attention to this speech, nor to the gaze of those around. As if lost in troubled thought she waited till the dwarf had spread a carpet before her and began to play his triangle in

accompaniment with the great drum. It was strange music, a mixture of awkward ill-temper and voluptuous tickling, and I noted in it a pathetic, fantastic, mournfully bold and bizarre melody, which was, however, of the strangest simplicity. But I forgot the music as soon as the young girl began to dance.

"Both dancer and dance attracted my whole attention. It was not the classic dancing such as we still see in great ballets, where, as in classic tragedy, only sprawling unities and artificial effects flourish. It was not those footed Alexandrines, those declamatory leaps, those anti-thetic *entrechats*, that noble passion which whirls in pirouettes so distractingly down on one foot that one sees nothing but heaven and *stockinette*—nothing but ideality and lies! There is really nothing so repulsive to me as the ballet in the great opera in Paris, where the traditions of 'classic' dancing have been most perfectly preserved, while the French have overthrown the classic system in all other arts, poetry, music, and painting. But it will be hard for them to bring about a similar revolution in the art of dancing, unless it be that here, as in their political revolution, they fly to terrorism, and guillotine the legs of the obstinate male and female dancers of the old *régime*.

"Mademoiselle Laurence was no great *danseuse*,

her toes were not very supple, her legs were not practised in all possible contortions; she understood nothing of the art of dancing as Vestris teaches it, but she danced as Nature teaches; her whole soul was in time with her steps; not only did her feet dance, but her whole form and face. She often became pale, almost deadly pale; her eyes opened spectrally wide, yearning and pain convulsed her lips, while her black hair, which in smooth ovals inclosed her temples, moved like two flapping ravens' wings. It was indeed no classic dance, but neither was it romantic in the sense in which a young Frenchman of the school of Eugene Renduel would explain the word. It had neither anything Mediæval nor Venetian, nor distorted and deformed, nor Macabre—there was in it neither moonshine nor incest. It was a dance which did not attempt to amuse by outward phases of motion, but by phases which seemed to be words of a strange language which would say strange things. But what did the dance say? I could not understand it, however passionately it pleaded. I only felt that here and there something terribly, shudderingly painful was meant. I who in other things grasp so readily the key of a mystery, could not solve this danced enigma, and that I sought in vain to find the sense was the fault of the music, which certainly sought to lead me astray, which cunningly

tried to bewilder me and set me wrong. The triangle of Monsieur Turlutu tittered many a time mockingly, while Madame the mother beat so angrily on her great drum that her face beamed out of the cloud of black hood round her face like a blood-red Northern light.

"Long after the troupe had departed, I remained standing in the same place wondering what this dance could mean. Was it some national dance of the South of France or of Spain? These were recalled by the irrepressible energy with which the dancer threw her body to and fro, and the wildness with which she often threw her head backwards in the mad manner of the bold Bacchantæ whom we see with amazement on the reliefs of antique vases. Her dance had in it something of intoxicated unwilfulness, something gloomily inevitable or fatalistic, for she danced like destiny itself. Or was it a fragment of some primævally ancient, forgotten pantomime? Or a secret tale of life, set to motion? Very often the girl bent to the earth, with listening ear, as if she heard a voice calling up to her. Then she trembled like an aspen leaf, sprang quickly to the other side, and there indulged in her maddest gambols. Then she inclined her ear again to the earth, listened more anxiously than before, nodded with her head, grew sad and pale, shuddered, stood awhile

straight as a taper, as if frozen, and finally made a motion *as if washing her hands!* Was it blood which she so carefully, with such terrible anxiety, washed away? While doing this she cast to one side a glance so pitifully imploring, so soul-melting—and this glance fell by chance on me.¹

“I thought all night long on this glance, on the dance, on the wild accompaniment, and as I, on the morrow, roamed as usual about the streets, I felt a deep longing to meet the beautiful dancer again, and I pricked up my ears to perceive if I could the sound of drum and triangle music. I had at last found in London something which interested me, and I no longer wandered aimlessly about in its gaping streets.

“I had just quitted the Tower, where I had carefully looked at the axe with which Anne Bullen was beheaded, the diamonds of the British crown, and the lions, when I beheld again Madame the mother with the great drum, and heard Monsieur Turlutu crowing like a cock. The learned dog again raked together the heroism of Lord Wellington, the dwarf displayed his in-

¹ Making due allowance for the manner of description, and the hand-washing fragment borrowed from the ballet of *Macbeth*, it would appear that Heine had seen somewhere a dance by some Hungarian or Russian gypsy girl, without knowing what it meant. The listening to the speech of the *Pchuvus* or earth-spirit proves this.

vincible carte and tierce, and Mademoiselle Laurence began once more her wonderful dance. And there were again the same enigmatical movements, the same language speaking what I could not understand, the same impetuous casting back of the beautiful head, the same listening at the ground, the terror which relieved itself by mad leaps, again the listening to the voice below, the trembling, the growing pale, the frozen silence, the frightfully mysterious washing of hands, and at last the side glance, imploring and beseeching, which she cast at me, lasting this time longer than before.

“Yes, women, girls as well as matrons, know at once when they have attracted the attention of a man. Although Mademoiselle Laurence, when not performing, always stood motionless and sad, and while she danced hardly looked at the public, from this time it was no longer by chance that her glance ever fell on me, and the oftener I saw her dance the more significantly she looked, but still more incomprehensible was her expression. I was as if bewitched by this glance, and for three weeks from morning till evening did I walk the streets of London, stopping wherever Mademoiselle Laurence danced. In spite of the great noise of the multitude I could catch at the greatest distance the sound of the drum and triangle, and Monsieur Turlutu

as soon as he saw me coming, raised his most friendly crow. And without ever speaking a word to him or with Mademoiselle Laurence, with Madame Mère, or with the learned dog, I seemed in the end to belong entirely to the troupe. When Monsieur Turlutu took up his collections, he always behaved with the most refined tact, as soon as he drew near me, and always looked away when I threw into the three-cornered hat a small coin. He had really an aristocratic manner; he recalled the exquisite politeness of the past. One could see in the little man that he had grown up among monarchs, and so much the stranger did it seem and quite below his dignity when he crowed like a cock.

"I cannot tell you how sad I felt when for three days I sought in vain for the little troupe in all the streets, and at last was certain they had left London. The blue devils held me once more in their leaden arms, and squeezed my heart together. At last I could endure it no longer, and bade adieu to the mob, the blackguards, the gentlemen, and the fashionables of England—the Four Estates of the realm—and travelled back to the civilised world, where I knelt down, devoutly praying, before the white apron of the first cook whom I met. For here I could once more dine like an intelligent human being, and refresh my soul by the contemplation of

unselfish faces. But I could never forget Mademoiselle Laurence. She danced a long time in my memory, and in idle hours I often reflected on the enigmatic pantomime of the beautiful child, especially on the listening at the earth with inclined ear. It was long ere the uncanny triangle and drum melody faded away from my mind.

"And that is the whole story?" cried Maria, as she rose passionately excited.

But Maximilian gently pressed her back, laid his forefinger significantly on his mouth, and whispered, "Still—be still—speak not a word. Be good and calm, and I will tell you the tail of the story; but, for life, do not interrupt me!"

Then as he lolled back somewhat more comfortably in his chair, he thus continued:—

"Five years after all this I came for the first time to Paris, and that at a very remarkable time. The French had put their Revolution of July on the stage, and the whole world applauded. This drama was not so terrible as the previous tragedies of the Republic and the Empire. Only a few thousand corpses remained on the show-ground, with which the political romanticists were not very well satisfied, and they announced a new piece in which more blood was to flow, and the executioner be much busier.

“Paris delighted me by the gaiety which is there manifested in everything, and which sheds its influence even on darkened souls. Strange, Paris is the stage where the greatest tragedies of the world’s history are acted—tragedies of which the memory, even in most distant lands, makes hearts tremble and eyes weep—but to him who sees them here in Paris itself, it is as it once was with me when I saw the Tour de Nesle played at the Porte Saint Martin. For I was seated behind a lady who wore a hat of rose-red gauze, and this hat was so broad that it completely covered for me the whole stage-view, so that I only saw all that was being tragedied through the red gauze, and all the horrors of the Tour de Nesle appeared consequently in the gayest *couleur de rose*. Yes, there is such a roselight in Paris, which softens all tragedies for him who is close by, so that his enjoyment of life shall not be diminished. Even the terrors or troubles which one has brought to Paris in his own heart lose their power to torment. There all sufferings are soothed. In the air of Paris all wounds heal more rapidly than elsewhere; there is something in it as grandly elevating, as soothing, as charming as in the people themselves

“What pleased me best in the Paris people was its polite manners and aristocratic mien. Sweet pine-apple perfume of politeness, how beneficently

didst thou refresh my sick and weary soul, which had imbibed in Germany so much tobacco nausea, smell of sauer-kraut, and vulgarity ! The delightful and apt excuses of a Frenchman who, on the day of my arrival, had by accident run against me in the street, sounded to me like the melodies of Rossini. I was almost frightened at such sweet politeness, I who was accustomed to German boorish knocks in the ribs without a word of apology. During my first week in Paris I sought intentionally to be run against by people, that I might enjoy this apologetic music. But it is not merely from politeness, but owing to their language itself, the French people have a peculiar coating of eminent refinement. For, as you know, by us in the North the French language is an attribute of the higher nobility, and from childhood the idea of aristocracy was always associated in my mind with French. And so a French market-woman¹ spoke better French than a German comtesse of sixty-four quarterings.

“On account of their language, which gives them an aristocratic air, the French people have to me something delightfully romantic in all

¹ *Dame de la Halle*. Women noted for their Paris *patois*, or slang and vulgarity. A comparison recalling the remark of the English or American lady, who, in commenting on the superiority of the Gallic race to all others, remarked that in Paris even the lowest stable-boys wore French boots.

their ways and words. This came from another reminiscence of my childhood. For the first book in which I learned to read French was the *Fables of Lafontaine*, in which the naively sensible phrases made such an ineffaceable impression on my memory that, when I came to Paris and heard French spoken everywhere, I continually recalled the old stories. It seemed to me that I heard the well-known voices of the animals; now the lion spoke, then the wolf, then the lamb, or the stork, or the dove—ever and anon master fox, and in memory many a time I heard—

‘Eh ! bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau !
Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !’

“Such reminiscences of fables awoke in my soul much oftener when I in Paris frequented the higher regions, which men called the world. For this was specially the world which supplied *Lafontaine* with the types of his animal characters. The winter season began soon after my arrival in Paris, and I took part in the salon life in which that world moves more or less merrily. What struck me as most interesting in this world was not the equality as regards refined politeness which prevails in it, so much as the difference in its elements. Very often, when I in a grand salon looked round on the

people assembled there on the most friendly footing, it seemed as if I were in a curiosity-shop, where the relics of all ages are huddled higgledy-piggledy all together, a Greek Apollo by a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican Vilzliputzli by a Gothic Ecce Homo, Egyptian idols with dogs' heads, holy horrors of wood, ivory, and metal, and so on. There I saw old *mousquetaires* who had once danced with Marie Antoinette, Republicans of mild observance who were regarded as gods in the *Assemblée Nationale*, Montagnards without money and without reproach, former members of the Directory who had been enthroned in the Luxembourg, bearers of great dignities under the Empire before whom all Europe had trembled, ruling Jesuits of the Restoration—in short, actual faded and mutilated divinities of all eras, in whom no one any longer believed. The names howl on coming into contact, but the men looked peaceably and stood together in peace, like the antiquities of which I have spoken in the bric-à-brac shops of the Quai Voltaire. In Germanic lands, where passions are less amenable to discipline, such a social assemblage of such heterogeneous persons would be simply impossible. Neither is the need of conversation so great with us in the cold North, as in warmer France, where the bitterest enemies, when they meet in a salon,

cannot long maintain a gloomy silence. And the desire to please is there carried so far, that people strive earnestly to be agreeable not only to their friends but even their enemies. Hence a constant disguise and display of graces, so that women have their own time of it to surpass men in their coquetry—but succeed in it all the same.

“I mean indeed nothing wrong by this comparison—and, on my life! nothing in detraction of French women, and least of all the Parisiennes. For I am their greatest adorer, and honour and admire them more for their defects than for their virtues. I know nothing so exquisitely to the point as a legend that the French women came into the world with all possible faults, but that a beneficent fairy took pity, and gave to every fault a magic by which it appeared as a fresh charm. This enchanting fairy is grace. Are all French women beautiful? Who can tell? Who hath seen through all the intrigues of the toilet, into whose heart hath it entered to decipher if that is real which the tulle betrays, or is that false which puffed-out silk parades? And if it be given to the eye to penetrate the shell even as we are intent to examine the kernel, lo it covers itself in a new hull, and yet again in another, and by means of this incessant metamorphosis of modes they mock mankind. Are

their faces beautiful? Even this is hard to determine. For all their features are in constant motion; every Parisienne has a thousand faces, every one more laughing, more *spirituelle*, more charming than the other, and he would be well bewildered who under it all could detect the fairest, or the real face at all. Or are their eyes large? What do I know? We do not long examine the calibre of a cannon when its ball decapitates us. And even if they miss—these eyes—at least they dazzle us by their fire, and he is glad enough who can get out of shot-range. Is the space between the nose and mouth broad or narrow? Very often broad, when they turn up the nose; very often small, when they scornfully curl their upper lips. Is her mouth great or small? Who can tell where the lips leave off and laughing begins? To form a correct judgment, the one judging and the object judged must be in a condition of repose. But who can rest by a Parisienne, and what Parisienne ever rests, herself? There are people who believe they can see a butterfly quite accurately when they have fastened it with a pin on paper, which is as foolish as it is cruel, for a fixed and quiet insect is a butterfly no longer. It must be seen while it flutters among the flowers, and the Parisienne must not be studied in her domestic life, where she is pinned down, but in the salon,

at soirees and balls, where she flies freely with the wings of embroidered gauze and silk among the flashing crystal crowns of delight and gaiety! Then is revealed in her an eager rapture in life, a longing for sweet sensuous oblivion, a yearning for intoxication, by which she is made almost terribly beautiful, and gains a charm which at once enraptures and shocks our soul.

"This thirst to enjoy life, as if in another hour death would snatch them away from the sparkling fountain of enjoyment, or as if this fountain would be in another hour sealed for ever—this haste, this rage, this madness of the Parisiennes, especially as shown in balls, always reminds me of the legend of the dead dancing-girls who are called by us the Willis.¹ These are young brides who died before the wedding-day, but who still have the unsatisfied mania for dancing so deeply in their hearts, that they rise by night from their graves and meet in crowds on the highways, where they at midnight abandon themselves to the wildest dances. In their bridal dresses, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, sparkling rings on their pale white hands, laugh-

¹ Not exactly by "us," but by the Slavonian races, among whom the *Vila* is a sylvan spirit who assumes many forms. There is a rather old French ballet on this theme called *Les Willis*.

ing fearfully, irresistibly beautiful, the Willis dance in the moonshine, and they dance the more impetuously and wildly the more they feel that the hour allowed them for dancing is drawing to an end, and they must again descend to the icy cold of the grave.

"It was at a soiree in the Chaussée d'Antin where this thought went deep into my soul. It was a brilliant reception, and nothing was wanting in all available ingredients of social enjoyment—enough lights to be seen by, enough mirrors to see one's self, enough people to squeeze among till one was warm, enough *eau sucré* and ices to cool one. It began with music. Franz Liszt had allowed himself to be forced to the pianoforte, threw his hair up above his genial brow, and played one of his most brilliant battle-pieces. The keys seemed to bleed. If I am not mistaken, he played a passage from the *Palingenesia* of Ballanche, whose ideas he translated into music, which was a great advantage for those who do not know the works of this celebrated author in the original. After this he played the March to the Gallows¹—*la marche au supplice*—that glorious composition of Berlioz which this young artist, if I do not err, composed on the morning of his wedding-day.

"There were in the entire hall faces growing

¹ *Der Gang nach der Hinrichtung.*

pale, heaving bosoms, panting breaths during the pauses, and at last roaring applause. Women always seem intoxicated when Liszt plays. With wild joy these Willis of the salon threw themselves into the dance, and I had trouble to escape from the crowd into a side-room. Here play was going on, and a few ladies, reclining on great easy-chairs, took, or feigned to take, an interest in the game. As I passed by one of these dames, and her dress touched my arm, I felt a thrill pass from my hand to my shoulder like a slight electric shock. And such a shock, but with full strength, shook my heart when I saw the lady's countenance. Was it *she*—or not? There was the same countenance which in form and sunny hue was like an antique; only it was not so marbly-pure and marble smooth as before. A closely observant eye could detect on brow and cheeks faint traces as of small-pox, which exactly resembled the weather-marks which one sees on statues which have been for some time exposed to the rain. There were the same black locks which in smooth ovals covered the temples like raven's wings. But as her eye met mine, and that with the well-known side glance whose quick lightning shot so enigmatically through my soul, I doubted no longer—it was Mademoiselle Laurence.

"Leaning aristocratically, a bouquet in one hand, the other on the chair arm, Mademoiselle Laurence sat near a table, and seemed to give her whole attention to the cards. Her dress of white satin was becoming and graceful, yet quite simple. With the exception of bracelets and a brooch of pearls, she wore no ornaments. A chemisette of lace covered her young bosom almost puritanically to the neck, and in this simplicity and modesty of dress she formed a touching, charming contrast with several older ladies, who, gaily ornamented and flashing diamonds, sat by her, and exposed the ruins of their former glory, the place where Troy once stood, in melancholy wasted nakedness. She still seemed wondrously lovely and charmingly sorrowful, and I felt irresistibly attracted to her, and finally stood behind her chair, burning with impatience to speak to her, but restrained by aggravating scruples of delicacy.

"I had stood a little while behind her when she suddenly plucked a flower from her bouquet, and, without looking around, presented it to me over her shoulder. Strange was its perfume, and it exerted in me a strange enchantment. I felt myself freed from all social formalities; I was as if in a dream, where one acts and speaks and wonders at one's self, and where our words have a childlike, confiding, and simple character.

Calmly, indifferently, carelessly, as one speaks to an old friend, I inclined over the arm of the chair and softly said in her ear—

“ ‘Mademoiselle Laurence, where is your mother with the drum?’ ”

“ ‘She is dead,’ she replied, in the same calm, indifferent tone.

After a little pause I again bent over the arm of the chair and whispered—

“ ‘Mademoiselle Laurence, where is the learned dog?’ ”

“ ‘He has run away out into the wide world,’ she answered, in the same calm tone.

“ And again after a pause I leaned over the arm of the chair and whispered in her ear—

“ ‘Mademoiselle Laurence, where is Monsieur Turlutu, the dwarf?’ ”

“ ‘He is with the giants on the Boulevard du Temple.’ These words were just uttered—in the same easy, indifferent tone—when a serious, elderly man of commanding military appearance approached her, and announced that the carriage was waiting. Slowly rising from her seat she took his arm, and, without casting a look at me, left the company.

“ When I asked our hostess, who had stood during the whole evening at the door presenting her smiles to the coming and parting guests, for the name of the young lady who had just left

with the elderly gentleman, she laughed gaily and said—

“‘*Mon Dieu !* who can know everybody. I know as little who he is as’——

“She silenced suddenly, for she certainly was about to say ‘*You*’—for she saw me that evening for the first time.

“‘Perhaps your husband,’ I suggested, ‘can give me some information. Where shall I look for him?’

“‘Hunting at St. Germain,’ replied Madame, with heartier laughter. ‘He left this morning early, and will return to-morrow evening. But—wait—I know some one who has frequently conversed with the lady of whom you speak. I forget his name, but you can easily learn it if you will only inquire for the young gentleman who was kicked by M. Casimir Perier—I forget where.’

“Hard as it is to find a man who has been kicked out by a minister, I soon discovered mine, and begged him for some explanation of the marvellous being who so much interested me, and whom I depicted to him distinctly enough.

“‘Yes,’ said the young man; ‘I know her well. I have conversed with her at several soirees.’

“And he repeated a lot of rubbish with which he had entertained the lady. What he had parti-

cularly remarked was her earnest look whenever he had said anything agreeable. And he marvelled not a little that she always declined his invitation to take place in a quadrille, assuring him that she did not know how to dance. He knew nothing of her name or family. Nor could anybody, so far as I could ascertain, give me any closer information in this respect. I ran in vain through all possible soirees seeking for information; I could nowhere find Mademoiselle Laurence."

"And that is the whole story?" cried Maria, as she slowly turned and yawned as if sleepy. "That is your whole remarkable story! And you never saw again either Mademoiselle Laurence, nor the mother with the drum, nor the dwarf Turlutu, nor the learned dog?"

"Lie calm and still," replied Maximilian. "I saw them all again—even the learned dog. But he was in a sad case, the poor rogue, when I met him in Paris. It was in the Latin Quarter. I came by the Sorbonne as a dog rushed from its gate, and after him a dozen students with sticks, who were soon joined by two dozen old women, who all screamed in chorus, 'Mad dog!' The wretched animal looked almost human in his agony of death; tears ran like a stream from his eyes, and as he yelping rushed by me and his dimmed gaze fell on me, I recognised my old friend, the learned

dog, the eulogist of Lord Wellington, who once caused the English people to wonder at his wisdom. Was he really mad, though? Had he overtaxed his intellect with sheer learning while pursuing his studies in the Latin Quarter? Or had he in the Sorbonne offended by his scraping and growling dissent at the puffy-cheeked charlatanery of some professor, who had got rid of his disapproving auditor by declaring that he was mad? Alas! youth does not investigate carefully whether it is irritated pedantry or professional envy¹ which inspires the cry, 'The dog is mad!' but breaks away with thoughtless sticks—and of course all the old women are ready with their yells and howls, and they out-scream the voice of innocence and of reason. My poor friend had to succumb—before my eyes he was pitiably struck dead amid jeers and curses, and at last cast on a dunghill—a wretched martyr to learning!

"Nor was the condition of the dwarf, Monsieur Turlutu, very much better when I re-discovered him on the Boulevard du Temple. Mademoiselle Laurence had indeed said that he had gone thither, but whether I did not seriously attempt to seek him there, or the crowd of people was so great, it happened that some time passed before I observed the show place where

¹ *Brotneid.* Rivalry of bread.

the giants were found. Two tall knaves lay at ease on a bench, who jumped up and assumed the attitude of giants when I appeared. They were really not so large as their sign boasted, but only two overgrown rascals, clad in rose-coloured tricot, who had very black, and perhaps false, side-whiskers, and who swung immense but hollow wooden clubs over their heads. When I asked after the dwarf, who was also set forth on the sign, they replied that for four weeks he had been unable on account of increasing illness to appear in public, but that I might see him if I would pay an extra price of admission. How willingly one pays double to see an old friend ! Alas ! it was a friend whom I found on his deathbed ! This deathbed was really a child's cradle, and in it lay the poor dwarf, with his sallow, wrinkled old man's face. A little girl of perhaps four years sat by him, rocking the cradle with her foot, and singing in a comical babbling tone—

“‘Sleep, Turlututy—sleep !’

“As the little man saw me he opened his glazed blue eyes as wide as possible, and a melancholy smile twitched about his white lips ; he seemed to recognise me at once, for he reached out his dried, withered little hand, and gasped softly, ‘Old friend !’

"It was indeed in sad, troublous case that I found the man who, when eight years of age, had had a long conversation with Louis XVI., whom the Czar Alexander had fed with bonbons, whom the Princess of Kyritz had held on her lap, to whom the King of Bavaria had read his poems, who had smoked from the same pipe with German princes, whom the Pope had apotheosised, and whom Napoleon had never loved! This last fact troubled the wretched man even on his deathbed—I should say in his death-cradle—and he wept over the tragic destiny of the great Emperor who had never loved him, but who had ended his life in such lamentable circumstances at St. Helena—'Even as I now die,' he added, 'rejected, neglected by all kings and princes, a mere mockery of former glory.'

"Though I could not quite understand how a dwarf who dies among giants could compare himself with a giant who dies among dwarfs, still the words of poor Turlutu and his neglected state in his dying hour moved me. I could not refrain from expressing my amazement that Mademoiselle Laurence, who had now become so grand, did not trouble herself about him. I had hardly mentioned her name when the dwarf was seized with agonising cramps, and wailed with white lips, 'Ungrateful child! She whom I brought up, and would have even made my wife, whom I

taught how one should move and conduct one's self among the great people of this world—how one should smile and bow at court and act with elegance—thou hast turned my teaching to good account; now thou art a great lady, and hast a carriage and lackeys, and much money, and no heart! Thou leavest me to die here alone and miserable, like Napoleon at St. Helena. Oh, Napoleon, thou didst never love me!’ What he then said I could not understand. He raised his head, made passes with his hand, as if fencing with some one, and defending himself against some one, it may have been Death. But the scythe of this adversary can be resisted by none, be he Napoleon or a Turlutu, for with him no parade or guard avails! Exhausted, as if overcome, the dwarf let his head sink, gazed at me with an indescribable spectral glare, crowed suddenly like a cock, and died!

“I confess that this death troubled me all the more because the sufferer had given me no more accurate information as to Mademoiselle Laurence. I was not in love with her, nor did I feel any specially great inclination towards her, and yet I was spurred by a mysterious, irresistible desire to seek her everywhere, and if I entered a salon and looked over those present and did not find her familiar face, then I became quite restless and felt impelled to depart.

"Reflecting on this feeling I stood once at midnight in a side entrance of the Grand Opera, waiting wearily for a coach, for it rained hard. But no coach came, or rather coaches only which belonged to other people, who got in gaily enough and departed, until little by little I was left alone.

" 'Well, then, you must ride with *me* !' said a lady who, closely wrapped in a black mantilla, had also stood waiting by me for some time, and who was now about to enter a carriage. The voice thrilled through my heart; the well-known side-glance exerted once more its charm; and I seemed to be in a dream, when I found myself in a softly-padded warm carriage by Mademoiselle Laurence. We spoke no word to one another, perhaps we could not have understood if we had spoken, since that vehicle rattled with a fearful droning noise through the streets of Paris for a long time, till it at last stopped before a vast gateway.

"Servants in brilliant livery lighted us up the steps through a suite of apartments. A lady's maid who with sleepy face approached us, stammered with many excuses, that the red room was the only one with a fire lighted. As she gave the maid a sign to leave us, Laurence said laughing, 'Chance or luck has brought you far indeed to-day; my bedroom is the only one which is warmed'——

"In this bedroom, where we were soon alone, blazed a beautiful fire, which was the more agreeable because the apartment was immensely large and high. This great chamber, which might better be called a great hall, had in it something strangely desolate or empty. Its furniture and decoration and architecture bore the impress of an age whose splendour is now so dusty, and whose dignity seems so sober and sad, that its relics awaken a feeling of discomfort, if not a subdued smile. I speak of the time of the Empire, of the days of golden eagles, high-flying plumes, Greek coiffures, the glory of grand drum-majors, military masses, official immortality decreed by the *Moniteur*, Continental coffee made from chicory, bad sugar from beetroot, and princes and dukes manufactured out of nothing at all. Yet it had its charm, this age of pathetic materialism. Talma declaimed, Gros painted, Bigottini danced, Grassini sang, Maury preached, Rovigo had the police, the Emperor read Ossian, and Pauline Borghese had herself modelled as Venus, and stark naked at that, for the room was quite warm, like that in which I found myself with Mademoiselle Laurence.

"We sat by the fire conversing confidentially, and she told me sighing how she was married to a Buonaparte hero, who every evening before

retiring entertained her with the history of his adventures. A few days before his late departure he had given her in full the battle of Jena; but he was in very bad health, and would hardly survive the Russian campaign. When I asked how long it was since her father had departed this life, she laughed, and said she had never known one, and that her so-called mother had never been married.

“‘Not married!’ I cried; ‘why, I myself saw her in London in deep mourning for her husband’s death!’

“‘Oh!’ replied Laurence, ‘she wore mourning all the time for twelve years, to awaken compassion as a poor widow, and also to take in some simpleton who wanted a wife. She hoped that she would sail the sooner under the black flag into the port of matrimony. But death had pity on her, and she perished suddenly by bursting a vein. I never loved her, for she gave me many a beating and little food. I should have starved if Monsieur Turlutu had not many a time given me a piece of bread on the sly; but for that the dwarf wanted me to marry him, and when his hopes were wrecked he allied himself to my mother—I say mother only from habit—and both tormented me cruelly. She was always saying I was a useless creature, and that the dog was worth a thousand times more than I with my

wretched dancing. Then they praised the dog at my expense, fed him with cakes, and threw me the crumbs. "The dog," she said, "was her best support; he pleased the public, which did not take the least interest in me; that the dog must maintain me by his work, and that I lived on the charity and refuse of the dog. Damn the dog!"

"'Oh! you need not curse him again,' I interrupted the angry beauty. 'He is dead; I saw him die'——"

"'Is the beast done for at last?' cried Laurence, as she sprang up with delight beaming in every feature.

"'The dwarf also is dead,' I added.

"'Monsieur Turlutu?' cried Laurence, also joyfully. But the expression faded from her face gradually, and with a milder, almost melancholy tone, she sighed, 'Poor Turlutu!'

"As I did not conceal from her that the dwarf in his dying moments had complained of her bitterly, she burst into passionate protestation that she had the fullest intention and desire to provide for the dwarf in the best manner, and that she had offered him an annual pension if he would live quietly and modestly, anywhere in the country. 'But with his habitual vanity and desire of distinction,' continued Laurence, 'he desired to remain in Paris and dwell in my

hotel, for thus he thought he could through me again resume his former acquaintance in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and his old brilliant place in society. And when I flatly refused this he called me a cursed goblin-ghost, a vampire, and a child of death'——

"Laurence suddenly stopped and shuddering said, as she heaved a sigh from her very heart——

"'Ah! I wish he had left me lying with my mother in the grave!'

"When I prayed her to explain these mysterious words, a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and trembling and sobbing she confessed that the drummer woman in mourning whom she called 'mother' had once told her that a strange rumour current as to her birth was not a mere fable. 'For in the town where we dwelt,' continued Laurence, 'I was always called the Death Child. Old women said I was really the daughter of a Count of that place, who maltreated his wife terribly, and when she died gave her a magnificent funeral. But she was far gone with child, and not really dead. Certain thieves, tempted by the richness of her funeral attire, burst open the tomb and took out the Countess, whom they found in the pangs of parturition. She died while giving birth to Laurence. The thieves laid her body again in the tomb, closed it, and carried the babe to the

receiver of their stolen goods, who was the wife of the great ventriloquist.

“ ‘This poor child, who was buried before she was born,¹ was everywhere called the Death-Child. Ah! you cannot know how much misery I had even as a little girl, when people called me by this name. While the great ventriloquist was alive, and when he was discontented with me — as often happened — he always cried: “Cursed Death-Child, I wish I had never taken you from the grave.” As he was of great skill in his calling, he could so modulate his voice as to make any one think that it came from the ground, and so he would make me believe that it was the voice of my dead mother who related her story. He knew the terrible tale well enough, for he had once been a servant of the Count my father. It was his greatest pleasure to torture me with the awful terror which I, a mere infant, felt at hearing this. The words which came in spectral tones from the ground told things so dreadful that I could not alto-

¹ Heine here very oddly, and certainly quite unconsciously, repeats a line from an old English riddle on Eve—

“ In the garden there strayed
A beautiful maid,
As fair as the flowers of the morn ;
The first hour of her life
She was made a wife,
And was buried before she was born.”

gether understand them, but all of which, when I danced in after years, came vividly back into my mind.¹ At such a time strange memories seemed to possess me. I forgot myself, and was another person tormented with all terrors and mysteries, but so soon as I ceased to dance all vanished from my mind.'

"While Mademoiselle Laurence spoke, slowly and as if questioning, she stood before me by the fireplace, where the fire gleamed ever more and more agreeably, and I sat in the great arm-chair, which was probably the seat of her husband when he of evenings related his battles before going to bed. Laurence looked at me with her great eyes, as if asking me for counsel, nodding her head in so mournfully reflective a manner that she inspired in me a deep sympathy. She was so delicate, so young, so beautiful, this slender lily sprung from the grave, this daughter of

¹ Should this seem incredible to any reader, I would state that when I was a child not three years old, still suffering terribly from the results of a nervous fever, a very pious old lady was in the habit of frightening me in a manner every whit as cruel as that described by Laurence, and very much like it. Having made me believe that a "bugaboo" lived in a certain closet, she would dress herself up in a horrible fashion, come out of the closet, and approach me growling. I have often wondered that I survived the awful terrors of this discipline, which, by the way, was common enough in nurseries at that time. Heine forgets to mention that such torturing children was usual when the supernatural was in fashion.

death, this ghost with the face of an angel and the body of a bayadere!

"I know not how it happened—perhaps it was the influence of the arm-chair in which I sat; but all at once it seemed to me as if I were the old general who the day before had been narrating the battle of Jena, and must continue my story, so I said—

"‘After the battle of Jena, within a few weeks, all the Prussian fortresses surrendered almost without a blow. First of these was Magdeburg,¹ the strongest of all, and it had three hundred cannons. Was not that disgraceful?’

"Mademoiselle Laurence let me proceed no further. All melancholy had fled from her beautiful face. She laughed like a child and said, ‘Yes; that was disgraceful, and more than disgraceful. If *I* were a fortress, and had three hundred cannon, I would never surrender.’

"But as Mademoiselle Laurence was no fortress, and had no three hundred cannons"——

Here Maximilian suddenly paused, and after a short pause asked softly—

"Maria, are you asleep?"

"Yes, I sleep," replied Maria.

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"I would say," added Maximilian, "that I sat by the fire in a red light, and it seemed to me as

¹ Magdeburg means the virgin fortress.—*Translator.*

if I were the god Pluto amid the glowing flames of hell, holding the sleeping Proserpine in his arms. She slept, and I studied her charming face, and sought in its traits some explanation of that sympathy which my soul felt for her. What was the meaning of this woman? What significance lurked under the symbolism of this beautiful form? I held this winsome riddle now as my possession in my arms, yet could not discover its solution.

“ Yet, is it not folly to endeavour to penetrate the inner meaning of a strange appearance or phenomenon when we cannot as much as solve the problems of our own souls? Why, we are not even certain that these outer apparitions really *exist*. Many a time we cannot distinguish reality from faces seen in our dreams. Was it an image of my imagination, or was it a terrible reality, which I that night heard and saw? I do not know. I can only remember that while the wildest thoughts streamed through my heart, a rustling, ringing noise sounded in my ears. It was a crazy melody, singularly slow. It seemed to be very familiar, and at last I recognised in it the sound of a triangle and a drum. This music, tinkling and buzzing, seemed to approach from afar, and at last when I looked up I saw near me, in the centre of the room, a well-known show, for it was Monsieur Turlutu, the

dwarf, who played the triangle, and Madame Mère, who beat the great drum, while the learned dog scratched round on the ground as if seeking for his wooden letters. The dog seemed to move with pain, and his hair was spotted with blood. Madame Mère still wore her black mourning, but she had no longer her old plump, comical figure, and her face was not now red but pale. The dwarf, who still wore the embroidered coat of an old French marquis, with a powdered wig, seemed to be somewhat taller, probably because he had become so fearfully thin. He displayed as before his skill in fencing, and seemed to be wheezing out his old boasts, but spoke so softly that I could not catch a word, and it was only by the movements of his lips that I could often observe that he was crowing like a cock.

“While these laughably horrible distorted images moved before my eyes with unseemingly haste, I perceived that Laurence breathed more restlessly. A cold shudder ran like frost through all her body, and her beautiful limbs twitched convulsively, as if with intolerable pain. But at last, supple as an eel, she slid and slipped from my arms, stood in a second in the centre of the room, and began to dance, while the mother with the drum and the dwarf with the triangle again raised their softly muffled music. She danced as she had done on the Waterloo

Bridge and on the crossings of London. There was the same mysterious pantomime, the same passionate leaps, the same Bacchic casting back of the head, many times the same bending down to the earth, as if listening to what was being said below, then the old trembling, the growing pale, the frozen stillness, and yet again the listening with the ear inclined. And she also rubbed her hands as if washing them. At last she seemed to again cast her deep, painful, imploring glance at me, but it was only in the features of her deathly pale face that I recognised the glance, not in her eyes, for they were closed. The music sounded ever softer, the drum-mother and the dwarf growing paler, dimmer, and whirling away like mist, at last disappeared altogether, but Laurence remained as before, dancing with closed eyes. This dancing, as if blind, in the silent room by night, gave the beautiful creature such a ghostly air that I often shuddered, and was heartily glad when she ceased to dance, and glided and slipped, as softly as she had flown away, back into my arms.

"Certainly the sight of this scene was not agreeable. But man accustoms himself to everything, and it is possible that the unearthly mystery of this woman gave her a peculiar charm, which mingled with my feelings a terrible tenderness—enough that in a few weeks I was no

longer amazed in the least when by night I heard the ring of the drum and triangle, and my dear Laurence suddenly leaped up and danced a solo with closed eyes. Her husband, the old Buonapartist, commanded near Paris, and his duties allowed him to pass only his days in the city. As a matter of course he became my most intimate friend, and he wept bright tears when the day came for him to bid me for a long time adieu. He travelled with his wife to Sicily, and I have never seen either of them since."

As Maximilian finished this story he quickly took his hat and slipped out of the room.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF HERR VON
SCHNABELEWOPSKI

CHAPTER I.

My father was named Schnabelewopski, my mother Schnabelewopska. I was born as legitimate son of both, the 1st of April 1795, in Schnabelewops. My great aunt, the old lady von Pipitzka, nursed me as a child, and told me pretty tales, and often sang me to sleep with a song of which I have forgotten both the words and tune; but I can never forget the strange, mysterious way in which she nodded as she sang, and how mournfully her only tooth, the solitary hermit of her mouth, peeped out. And I can remember, too, much about the parrot, whose death she so bitterly bewailed. My old great aunt is dead now herself, and I am the only one in the world who still thinks of her parrot. Our cat was called Mimi, and our dog Joli. He had a great knowledge of human

nature, and always got out of the way when I took down my whip. One morning our servant said that the dog kept his tail rather close between his legs and let his tongue hang out much more than usual, for which reason poor Joli was thrown, with some stones which were tied to his neck, into the water; on which occasion he was drowned. Our footman was called Prrschtz-ztwitsch. To pronounce this name properly one must sneeze at the same time. Our maid was called Swurtszka, which indeed sounds rather roughly in German, but which is musical to the last degree in Polish. She was a stout, low-built person, with white hair and blonde teeth. Besides these there was a pair of beautiful black eyes running about the house, which were called Seraphina. This was my beautiful, beloved cousin, and we played together in the garden, and watched the housekeeping of the ants, and caught butterflies and planted flowers. She laughed once like mad when I planted my little stockings in the earth, believing that they would grow up into a great pair of breeches for papa.

My father was the best soul in the world, and was long regarded as a very handsome man. He wore powdered hair, and behind a neatly braided little queue, which did not hang down, but was fastened with a little tortoise-shell comb to one side. His hands were of a dazzling whiteness,

and I often kissed them. It seems as if I could still smell their sweet perfume, which made my eyes tingle. I loved my father dearly, and it never came into my mind that he could ever die.

My paternal grandfather was the old Herr von Schnabelewopski, and all I know of him is that he was a man, and my father was his son. My maternal grandfather was the old Herr von Wlrssrnski (sneeze again to pronounce this name correctly), and he is painted in a scarlet velvet coat, with a long sword, and my mother often told me that *he* had a friend who wore a green silk coat, rose-silk breeches, and white silk stockings, who swung his little chapeau-bas here and there in a rage when he spoke of the King of Prussia.

My mother, Lady von Schnabelewopska, gave me as I grew up a good education. She had read much: before my birth she read Plutarch almost exclusively, and was probably deeply impressed by one of his great men, perhaps one of the Gracchi. Hence my mystical yearning to realise the agrarian law in a modern form. My deep sympathy for freedom and equality is probably due to these maternal pre-lectures. Had she read the life of Cartouche I had possibly become a great banker.¹ How often as a boy did

¹ Cartouche. A famous French thief whose life has long been a popular chap-book.

I play truant from school to reflect on the beautiful meadows of Schnabelewopska how to benefit all mankind. For this I was often well scolded and punished as an idler, and so had to suffer with grief and pain for my schemes for benefiting the world. The neighbourhood of Schnabelewops is, I may mention, very beautiful. There is a little river running there in which one can bathe in the summer-time very agreeably, and there are the most delightful birds' nests in the copses along the banks. Old Gnesen, the former capital of Poland, is only three miles distant. There, in the cathedral, Saint Adalbert is buried. There is his silver sarcophagus, on which lies his very image, the size of life, with bishop's mitre and crosier, the hands piously folded—and all of molten silver! How often have I thought of thee, thou silver saint! Ah, how often my thoughts go back to Poland, and I stand once more in the cathedral of Gnesen, leaning on the column by the grave of Adalbert! Then the organ peals once more, as if the organist were trying a piece from Allegri's Miserere; a mass is being murmured in a distant chapel, the last rays of the sun shine through the many-coloured glass windows, the church is empty, only there lies before the silver shrine a praying figure—a woman of wondrous beauty—who casts at me a sudden side glance, which she turns as suddenly

again towards the saint, and murmurs with yearning, cunning lips, "I pray to *thee*!"

In the instant in which I heard those words, the sacristan rang his bell in the distance, the organ pealed as with extreme haste like a rising tide, the beautiful woman rose from the steps of the altar, cast her veil over her blushing face, and left the cathedral.

"I pray to thee!" Were these words addressed to me or to the silver Adalbert? Truly she had turned to him, but only her face. What was the meaning of that side-glance which she first threw at *me*, whose rays flashed over my soul like a long ray of light which the moon pours over a midnight sea when it breaks from a dark cloud, and in an instant is seen no more? In my soul, which was dark as such a sea, that gleam of light woke all the wild forms which lurk in the abyss, and the maddest sharks and sword-fish of passion darted upward and tumbled together, and bit one another in the tails for ecstasy, and over it all the organ roared and stormed more terribly, like a great tempest on the Northern Sea.

The next day I left Poland.

CHAPTER II.

My mother packed my trunk herself. With every shirt she put in a bit of moral advice. In after times the washerwomen got away with all my shirts, and morals too. My father was deeply moved, and gave me a long slip of paper, on which he had written out, precept by precept, how I was to behave in the world. The first article announced that I was to turn every ducat ten times before I spent it. I followed this advice at first; after a while the constant turning became tiresome. With every item of advice I received a ducat. Then he took scissors, cut the queue from his dear head, and gave it to me for a souvenir. I have it yet, and never fail to weep when I see the powdered delicate hair.

The night before I left I had the following dream:—

I wandered alone in a cheerful, beautiful place by the sea-side. It was noon, and the sun shone on the water, which sparkled like diamonds. Here and there on the beach grew a great aloe, which lifted its green arms, as if imploring, to the sunny heaven. There stood a weeping willow with its long hanging tresses, which rose and fell as the waves came playing up, so that

it looked like a young water-spirit letting down her green locks, or raising them to hear the better what the wooing sprites of the air were whispering to her. And, indeed, it often sounded like sighs and tender murmurs. The sea gleamed more beautifully and tenderly, the waves rang more musically, and on the rustling, glittering waves rose the holy Adalbert, as I had seen him in the Gnesen Cathedral, with the silver crosier in his silver hand, the silver mitre on his silver head, and he beckoned to me with his hand, and nodded to me with his head, and at last, as he stood before me, he cried with an unearthly silver voice——

Yes; but I could not hear the words for the rustling of the waves. I believe, however, that my silver rival mocked me, for I stood a long time on the strand, and wept till the twilight came, and heaven and earth became sad and pale, and mournful beyond all measure. Then the flood rose—aloe and willow cracked and were wafted away by the waves, which ran back many times in haste, and came bursting up ever more wildly, rolling and embracing terribly in snow-white half rings. But then I began to perceive a noise in measured time, like the beat of oars, and there came a boat driven along by the waves. In it sat four white forms, with sallow, corpse faces, wrapped in shrouds, rowing

with energy. In the midst stood a pale but infinitely beautiful woman, infinitely lovely and delicate, as if made from lily-perfume, and she sprang ashore. The boat with its spectral rowmen shot like an arrow back into the rising sea, and in my arms lay Panna Jadviga, who wept and laughed, "I pray to thee!"¹

CHAPTER III.

My first flight after leaving Schnabelewops was towards Germany, and, indeed, to Hamburg, where I remained six months, instead of going directly to Leyden and applying myself, as my parents wished, to the study of theology. I must confess that during that half-year I was much more occupied with worldly than with heavenly affairs.

Hamburg is a good city, all of solid, respectable houses. It is not the infamous Macbeth who governs here, but Banko.² The spirit of Banko rules and pervades this little free city, whose

¹ The unexpected ending of this chapter referring to a beautiful woman and death, in a mysterious, uncanny manner, is a *tour de force* which Heine employs several times in the *Reisebilder*.—*Translator*.

² Of course Banquo. Pun on bank.

visible head is a high and well-wise Senate.¹ In fact it is a free state, and we find in it the greatest political freedom. The citizens can do what they please, and the high and well-wise Senate acts as it likes. Every one is lord of his own deeds—it is a true republic. If Lafayette had not been so fortunate as to find Louis Philippe he would certainly have recommended the Senate and supervisors of Hamburg to his French fellow-citizens. Hamburg is the best republic. Its manners are English, and its cookery is heavenly.² There are, in sober truth, between the Wandrahmen and the Dreckwall, dishes to be found of which our philosophers have no conception. The Hamburgers are good people who enjoy good eating. They are much divided as regards religion, politics, and science, but they are all beautifully agreed as to cooking. Their theologians may quarrel as much as they like over the Lord's Supper,³ but there is no difference as to the daily dinner. Though there be among the Jews there one division who give grace or the prayer at table in German, while others chant it

¹ *Ein hoch und wohlweiser Senat.* A formal expression often applied officially to such bodies.

² *Seine Sitten sind Englisch, und sein Essen ist himmlisch.* *Englisch* has the double meaning of English and angelic. *Non Angli sed Angeli.*

³ *Abendmahl.* Literally evening or eve-meal; from Pass-over eve.

in Hebrew, they both eat heartily and agree heartily as to what is on the table, and judge its merits with unfailing wisdom. The lawyers, the turnspits of the law, who turn and twist it till at last they get a roast for themselves, may dispute as to whether feeing and pleading shall be publicly conducted or not, but they are all one as to the merits of feeding, and every one of them has his own favourite dish. The army is naturally of Spartan bravery, but it will not hear of black broth. The physicians vary much in treating disorders, and cure the national illness—indigestion—as Brownists, by giving still greater helpings of dried beef; or, as homeopathists, by administering $\frac{1}{10,000}$ th of a drop of absinthe in a great tureen of mock-turtle soup—but all practise alike when it comes to discussing the soup and the smoked beef themselves. Of this last dish Hamburg is the paternal city, and boasts of it as Mainz boasts of John Faust, or Eisleben of Martin Luther. But what is the art of printing or the Reformation compared to smoked beef! There are two parties in Germany who are at variance as to whether the latter have done good or harm, but the most zealous Jesuits are united in declaring that smoked beef is a good invention, wholesome for humanity.¹

¹ *Rauchfleisch*, i.e., smoked meat, generally or always the hun beef known in the United States as smoked, or, more

Hamburg was founded by Charles the Great, and is inhabited by eighty thousand small people, none of whom would change with the great man who now lies buried in Aix la Chapelle. The population of the city may amount to one hundred thousand, I am not quite sure, though I walked whole days in its streets to look at the people. It is very possible that many men escaped my attention, as I was particularly occupied with looking at the women. The latter I found were by no means lean; on the contrary, they were generally corpulent, and now and then charmingly beautiful—on the whole, of a flourishing, sensuous quality, which, by Venus! did not displease me. If they do not manifest much wild and dreamy idealism in romantic love, and have little conception of the grand passion of the heart, it is not so much their fault as that of Cupid, who often aims at them his sharpest arrows, but from mischief or unskilfulness shoots too low, and instead of the heart hits them in the stomach. As for the men, I saw among them mostly short figures, calmly reasoning cold glances, low foreheads, carelessly heavy hanging red cheeks, the eating apparatus being remarkably well developed, the hat as if nailed to the head, and the hands in both breeches' pockets, as though their

commonly, dried beef; in Cuba as *tasajo*; in Mexico, *charqui*. It is also a standing dish at all suppers in Holland.

owner would say, "How much must I pay, then?"

Among the lions of Hamburg we find—

1. The old Council House, or Town Hall, where the great Hamburg bankers are chiselled out of stone, and stand counterfeited with sceptres and globes of empire in their hands.

2. The Exchange, where the sons of Hammonia assemble every day, as did the Romans of old in the Forum, and where there hangs overhead a black tablet of honour, with the names of distinguished fellow-citizens.¹

3. The Beautiful Marianne, an extremely handsome woman, on whom the tooth of Time has gnawed for twenty years. By the way, "tooth of time" is a bad metaphor, for Time is so old that by this time he cannot have a tooth left, while Marianne has all of hers, and hair on them at that.

4. That which was once the Central Treasury.

5. Altona.

6. The original manuscripts of Marr's Tragedies.

7. The owner of the Röding Museum.

8. The Borsenhalle or Stock Exchange.

¹ A satirical reference to a black-board hung in the Exchange, bearing the names of fraudulent or absconding members of the association.

9. The Bacchus Hall.

10. And, finally, the City Theatre.

This last deserves to be specially praised. Its members are all good citizens, honourable fathers of families, who never let themselves be substituted or disguised,¹ and never act so as to deceive anybody for an instant—men who make of the theatre a church, since they convince the unhappy man who has lost faith in humanity, in the most actual manner possible, that all things in this world are not delusion and a counterfeit.² In enumerating the remarkable things in Hamburg, I cannot refrain from mentioning that in my time the Hall of Apollo, on the Drehbahn, was a very brilliant place. Now it has very much come down, and philharmonic concerts, and shows by professors of legerdemain, are there given, and professors of natural history are fed. Once it was different. The trumpets pealed, the drums rattled and rolled loudly, ostrich feathers fluttered, and Heloise and Minka ran the races of the Oginski polonaise, and everything was so perfectly respectable! Sweet time it was for me when fortune smiled. And this *fortune* was called Heloise. She was a charming, loving, pleasure-giving treasure, with

¹ *Verstellen*. To misplace, sham, disguise.

² By all this Heine simply means that nobody is "taken in" by the acting in question.

rosy lips, a little lily nose, warm, perfumed carnation lips, and eyes like blue mountain lakes, albeit there was something of stupidity on her brow, which hung there like a gloomy cloud over a brilliant spring landscape. She was slender as a poplar, lively as a dove, with a skin delicate as an infant's. Sweet time when Fortune ever smiled on me! Minka did not laugh so much, not having such beautiful teeth; but her tears were all the lovelier when she wept, which she did on all occasions for suffering humanity; and she was benevolent beyond belief. She gave the poor her last penny—yes, for charity's sake, I have known her to be reduced to the last shift. She was so good that she refused nothing to anybody, save that which was indeed beyond her gift. This soft and yielding character contrasted charmingly with her personal appearance, which was that of a brave Juno—a bold, white neck, shaded by wild black ringlets, like voluptuous snakes; eyes which flashed forth as if ruling the world from under glooming arches of victory; purple, proud, high-curving lips; marble white commanding hands, somewhat freckled; and she had on her right side a mother-mark in the form of a small dagger.

If I have brought you into so-called bad company, dear reader, console yourself with the reflection that it does not cost you so much as it

did me. However, there will be no want, further on in this book, of ideal women—and just here I will give you a specimen, just to cheer you up, of two highly decent dames, whom I learned in those days to know and honour. These were Mrs. Pieper and Mrs. Schnieper. The first was a handsome woman in full maturity, with great blackish eyes, a great white forehead, false black hair, a bold, old Roman nose, and a mouth which was a guillotine for every good name. Indeed there could be no contrivance equal to that mouth for the speedy execution and death of a reputation. There was no prolonged struggle, no long-delayed preparation, if the best of characters once got between her teeth she smiled, but that smile was the fall of the axe, and honour was decapitated and the head rolled into the bag. She was always a pattern of propriety, honour, piety, and virtue. The same may be said in celebration of Mrs. Schnieper. She was a tender woman, with a little anxious bosom, generally curtained with a mournful thin gauze or crape, light blonde hair, and clear blue eyes, which gleamed in a frightfully crafty manner out of her white face. People said you could never hear her footfall, and indeed ere you knew it she often stood close by, and then vanished as silently as she came. Her smile, too, was death to any decent reputation,

but less like the fall of an axe than the poison wind of Africa, before whose breath all flowers perish; so in the breath of this woman's voice every good name perished miserably as she smiled. Also a pattern of piety, propriety, honour, and virtue.

I shall not fail to exalt many of the sons of Hammonia, nor to praise in the highest certain men who are grandly esteemed—*videlicet*, those who are rated at several million marks *banco*—but just at present I will subdue my enthusiasm, that it may after a time flame up all the higher. For I have nothing less in my mind than to raise a temple of honour to Hamburg, according to the same plan which was sketched out some ten years ago by a celebrated man of letters, who with this intention requested every Hamburger to send him a specified inventory of his virtues and talents—with one dollar, specie—as soon as possible. I have never exactly understood why this temple of honour never appeared.¹ Some

¹ This kind of miserable swindle is still common in the United States. I have more than once received letters from unknown men, who informed me that they were preparing a volume of Sketches, or Lives of Distinguished Americans, asking me to send a memoir of myself, and especially my photograph, and fifty dollars to pay for engraving it. An examination of the list of those who were to appear in the work convinced me that "a distinguished American" meant any man living who was possessed of fifty dollars, and was willing to pay it to the publisher.—*Translator*.

say that the undertaker, or the man of honour who kept the temple, had hardly printed from A—*Aaron* to *Abendroth*—and only got in his first quoins, before he broke down under the weight of copy or biography sent in; others say that the high and well-wise Senate, moved by excess of modesty, prevented the project altogether, since they requested this architect of his own temple of honour to be out of Hamburg with all his virtues within four-and-twenty hours. Anyhow, from some cause or other, the work was never completed; and as I have an inborn yearning to do something great in this world, and have ever striven after the impossible, therefore I have revived this vast project, and will myself manufacture a great temple of honour to Hamburg, an immortal and colossal *book*, in which I will describe without exception all its inhabitants—wherein shall appear noble traits of secret charity which were never mentioned in a newspaper, traits of such grandeur that nobody will believe a word of them, to be preceded by a magnificent portrait of myself, as I appear when I sit in the Jungfernstieg before the Swiss Pavilion, and muse over the magnificence of Hamburg. This will be the vignette of my immortal work.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR readers who do not know Hamburg—there are such, I suppose, in China or Upper Bavaria—I must remark that the most beautiful promenade of the sons and daughters of Hammonia bears the appropriate name of Jungfernstieg,¹ and that it consists of an avenue of lime-trees, which is bounded on one side by a row of houses, and on the other by the Alster Basin, and that before the latter, and built out into the water, are two tent-like pleasant cafés, called pavilions. It is nice to sit, especially before one called the Swiss Pavilion, of a summer day, when the afternoon sun is not too hot, but only smiles gaily and pours its rays as in a fairy dream over the lindens, the houses, the people, the Alster, and the swans, who cradle themselves in it. Yes, it is nice to sit there; and even so I sat on many a summer afternoon and thought, as a young man generally does, that is to say, about nothing at all, and looked at what a young man generally looks at, that is, the girls—yes, there they fluttered along, the charming things, with their winged caps, and covered baskets, containing nothing; there they tripped, the gay Vierlander maids, who provide all

¹ *Jungfernstieg*. The Maidens' or Virgins' Walk.

Hamburg with strawberries and their own milk, and whose petticoats are still much too long; there swept proudly along the beautiful merchants' daughters, with whose love one gets just so much ready money; there skipped a nurse bearing on her arm a rosy boy, whom she constantly kissed while thinking of her lover; there wandered too the priestesses of Venus Aphrodite, Hanseatic vestals, Dianas on the hunt, Naiads, Dryads, Hamydryads, and similar clergymen's daughters; and ah! there with them Minka and Heloise! How oft I sat in that pavilion fair and saw her wandering past in rose-striped gown—it cost four shillings and threepence a yard, and Mr. Seligmann gave me his word that even though washed, and that full many times, the colour would not fade. “What glorious girls!” exclaimed the virtuous youths who sat by me. I remember how a great insurance agent, who was always bedecked like a carnival ox, said, “I'd like to have one of them for breakfast, and the other for supper, just at will, and I don't think I should want any dinner that day.” “She is an angel!” cried a sea-captain, so loudly that both the damsels at a glance looked jealously at one another. I myself said nothing, and thought my sweetest nothings, and looked at the girls and the pleasant gentle sky, and the tall Petri tower with its slender waist, and the calm blue Alster,

on which the swans swam so proud, and beautiful, and secure. [The swans! I could look at them for hours—the lovely creatures, with their soft, long necks, as they so voluptuously cradled themselves on the soft flood, diving ever and anon, and proudly splashing till the heaven grew dark and the golden stars came forth yearning, hope-giving, wondrously and beautifully tender and transformed. The stars! Are they golden flowers on the bridal bosom of heaven? Are they the eyes of enamoured angels, who with yearning mirror themselves in the blue streams of earth below and rival with the swans?

Ah! that is all long, long ago. Then I was young and foolish. Now I am old and foolish. Many a flower has withered since that time, and many too been trodden into earth; even the rose-striped stuff of Seligmann has lost the colour warranted to wash. He has faded himself; the firm is now Seligmann's late widow.¹ And Heloise, the gentle creature who seemed to be made to walk only on soft Indian flowered carpets and be fanned with peacock's feathers, went down among roaring sailors, punch, tobacco-smoke, and bad music. When I again saw Minka she had changed her name to Katinka, and dwelt between Hamburg and Altona; she

¹ *Seligmann's selige Wittwe.* Seligmann, "happy man," means also a deceased husband. Also a common Jewish name.

looked like the temple of Solomon after it had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and smelt of Assyrian Kanaster ; and as she told of Heloise's death, she wept bitterly and tore her hair in despair, and fainted quite away ; nor did she recover till she had swallowed a great glass of spirits.

And how the town itself was changed ! And the Jungfernstieg ! Snow lay on the roofs, and it seemed as if the houses had grown old and had white hair. The lime trees of the Jungfernstieg were dead trees and dry boughs, which waved ghost-like in the cold wind. The sky was cutting blue, and soon grew dark. It was five o'clock on Sunday—the general hour for foddering—and the carriages rolled along. Gentlemen and ladies descended from them with frozen smiles upon their hungry lips. How horrible ! At that instant I was thrilled with the awful thought that an unfathomable idiocy appeared in all these faces, and that all persons who passed by seemed bewildered in a strange delirium. Twelve years before, at the same hour, I had seen them with the same faces, like the puppets of a town-hall clock, with the same gestures ; and since then they had gone on in the same old way, reckoning and going on 'Change and assisting one another, and moving their jawbones, and paying their *pourboires*, and counting up again : twice two is four. Horrible ! I cried. Suppose that

it should suddenly occur to one of these people while he sat on the office stool *that twice two is five!* and that he consequently has been multiplying wrongly all his life, and so wasted that life in an awful error. All at once a foolish delirium seized me, and, as I regarded the passers-by more nearly, it seemed to me as if they were themselves nothing but ciphers or Arabic numerals. There went a crook-footed Two by a fatal Three, his full-bosomed, enceinte spouse; behind them came Mr. Four on crutches, waddling along came a fatal Five, then with round belly and a little hood a well-known little Six, and the still better known Evil Seven; but as I looked more closely at the wretched Eight as it tottered past I recognised in it the insurance agent who once went adorned like a carnival ox, but who now looked like the leanest of Pharoah's lean kine—pale, hollow cheeks, like an empty soup-plate; a cold, red nose, like a winter rose; a shabby black coat, which had a pitiful white shine; a hat into which Saturn with the scythe had cut air-holes; but his boots polished like looking-glasses, and he no longer seemed to think about devouring Heloise and Minka for breakfast and supper, but to be longing very much more for a good dinner of common beef. And I recognised many an old friend among the mere ciphers who rolled along.¹

¹ This conceit of representing a procession of human beings as numerals had been previously more fully worked out, if I am

So these and the rest of the numerical folk drove by hurried and hungry, while more grimly droll a funeral passed not far off, past the houses of the Jungfernstieg. As a melancholy, masquerading show there walked on after the hearse, stilted on their little, thin, black silk legs, the well-known council-servants, the privileged civic mourners, in a parodied old Burgundian costume, short black cloaks and black plumped breeches, white wigs, and cravats, out of which the red mercenary faces stared comically, short steel rapiers on their hips, with green umbrellas on their arms.

But more uncanny and bewildering than these figures which went silently by were the sounds which rang in my ears from the other side. They were shrill, harsh, creaking, metallic tones, a crazy screeching, a painful splashing and despairing gulping, a gasping and tumbling, and groaning and wailing bitterly—an indescribable ice-cold cry of pain. The basin of the Alster was frozen up, only that near the shore was a large square cut in the ice, and the terrible tones which I had heard came from the windpipes of the poor white creatures which swam round in it, and screeched in horrible agony; and oh, they were the same swans who once had cheered my heart so softly and merrily! Ah! the beautiful white

not mistaken, in *Gackel und Gackeleia*, whose author had probably taken it from a common grotesque design.—*Translator*.

swans! Their wings had been broken to prevent them from flying in the autumn to the warm South, and now the North held them fast bound, fast banned in its dark, icy grave, and the waiter of the Pavilion said they were all right, in there, and that the cold was good for them. But it was not true; it is not good for anybody to be imprisoned, powerless, in a cold pool almost frozen, with the wings broken so that one cannot fly away to the beautiful South, with its beautiful flowers, golden sunlight, and blue mountain lakes. Ah! with me it was little better, and I understood the suffering of these poor swans, and as it ever grew darker and the stars came out bright above, the same stars who once so warm with love wooed the swans on fair summer nights, but who now looked down with frosty brilliancy, and almost scornfully, on them. Ah! I now perceive that the stars are no living, sympathetic beings, but only gleaming phantasms of night, eternal delusions in a dreamed heaven—mere golden lies in dark blue Nothingness.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE writing the foregoing chapter I was thinking all the time on something else. An old song was humming in my memory, and forms

and thoughts confused themselves most intolerably, and, willy nilly, I must speak of it. Perhaps it really belongs here, and is right in forcing itself into my scribbling. Ah, yes! now I begin to understand it, and also to understand the mysterious tone in which Klas Hinrichson sang it. He was a Jutlander, and served as our groom. He sang it the very evening before he hung himself in our stable. At the refrain—

Sir Vonved, look about thee!

he often laughed bitterly, the horses neighed in alarm, and the great dog in the courtyard howled as though some one were dying. It is the old Danish song of Sir Vonved, who rides out into the world, and adventures about till all his riddles are answered, and he in vexed mood returns home. The harp sings in it as refrain from beginning to end. But what did he sing first and last? I have often thought thereon. Klas Hinrichson's voice was many a time subdued by tears when he began the ballad, and then became gradually as rough and growling as the sea when a storm is rising. It begins:

Sir Vonved sits in his room alway,
Well on his gold harp he can play;
He hides the gold harp beneath his cloak,
His mother entered, and thus she spoke:
"Sir Vonved, look about thee!"

That was his mother Adeline the Queen. She said to him, "My young son, let others play the harp. Gird on thy sword, mount thy horse, try thy courage, strive and strain, see the world ere thou turn again! Sir Vonved, look about thee!"

Sir Vonved binds his sword to his side,
To battle with warriors he will ride;
Strange was his journey and intent,
For no man knew the way he went.
Sir Vonved, look about thee!

His helmet was blinking,
His spurs were clinking,
His horse was springing,
In saddle bow swinging!
Sir Vonved, look about thee!¹

He rode one day and then days three,
Yet never a city could he see.
"Ha!" said the youth, "on either hand,
Is there no city in this land?"
Sir Vonved, look about thee!

And as he went the road along,
There came to him Sir Thüle Vång,
Sir Thüle Vång, with many a son;
They were good warriors every one.
Sir Vonved, look about thee!

"My youngest son, hear what I say!
Our armour we must change to-day;
My harness must be worn by thee,
Before we fight this hero free."
Sir Vonved, look about thee!

¹ The metre changes in this verse as in the Danish original.

Sir Vonved draws his sword from his side,
Against the warriors he will ride ;
Lord Thüle first of all he slew,
Then all of his twelve sons thereto.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

Sir Vonved binds his sword to his side, and
rides on. Then he meets a hunter, and will
have half his game. But the man refuses, and
must fight, and is slain.¹ And

Sir Vonved binds his sword to his side,
And onward ever he will ride ;
O'er mountain high, and river deep,
To where a shepherd guards his sheep.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

And to the herd as he drew near,
Said, " Whose the flock thou drivest here ?
And what is rounder than a wheel ?
And where is the merriest Christmas meal ? "
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

" Say where the fish rests in the flood ?
And where is the red bird so good ?
Where is the best wine made or sold ?
Where does Vidrich drink with his warriors bold ? "
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

The herd was silent as could be,
Of all of this no word knew he ;
Then at a stroke the herd he slew,
Liver and lung he cleft in two.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

¹ This man had murdered his father. Omitted by Heine.—
Translator.

Then he came to another flock, and there sat another shepherd, whom he also questioned. This one answers wisely, and Sir Vonved takes a gold ring and puts it on the shepherd's arm. Then he rides further, and comes to Tyge Nold, and slays him with his twelve sons. And, further—

With his horse he rode and ran,
Sir Vonved, the young nobleman,
O'er rocks can ride and rivers swim,
But found no man to talk with him.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

He came unto the third, and there
Sat an old man with silver hair :
“ List thou, good shepherd, with thy herd,
I deem thou'lt wisely speak a word.”
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

“ Oh, what is rounder than a wheel ?
Where is the merriest Christmas meal ?
Where goes the sun across the sky ?
And where do the feet of a dead man lie ?”
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

“ What filleth up the valleys all ?
What garb is best in royal hall ?
What crieth louder than the crane ?
And what is whiter than the swan ?”
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

“ Who wears his beard on the back, or in ?
Who bears his nose beneath his chin ?
And what is blacker than a bolt ?
Or faster than a frightened colt ?”
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"Say where the broadest bridge may be,
And what do men most hate to see ;
Where is the highest road alone ?
And where the coldest drink that's known ?"
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"The sun is rounder than a wheel,
In heaven the merriest Christmas meal ;
The sun forever seeks the west,
Towards east the feet of a dead man rest."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"The snow fills up the valleys all,
Courage beseems a royal hall ;
Thunder is louder than the crane,
And angels whiter than the swan."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"The plover's beard on his neck hath grown,
The bear hath his nose 'neath his chin, alone ;
Sin is blacker than a bolt,
And thought flies faster than a colt."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"No broader bridge than ice can be,
The toad is what man most hates to see ;
To heaven's the highest road I think,
And in hell they brew the coldest drink."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"Thy answers are as shrewd, I see,
As the questions which I put to thee ;
I trust thee well, and will be bound
Thou knowest where heroes may be found."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"The Sonderburg is over there,
Where knights drink mead withouten fear ;
There are many kempé and warriors known,
Who well in battle can hold their own."

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

A golden armlet he unwound,
It weighed, I ween, full fifteen pound ;
He placed it in the shepherd's belt,
For showing him where the warriors dwelt.

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

Then he rode unto the castle, and slew first
Randulf and next Strandulf.

He slew strong Ege Under, another,
He slew the Ege Karl his brother ;
So right and left his sword blows fall,
To right and left he slew them all.

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

Sir Vonved puts his sword in the sheath,
He rides afar o'er the gloomy heath ;
In the wild mark he found, ere long,
A warrior, and he was strong.

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"Tell me, thou noble rider good,
Where does the fish stay in the flood ?
Where is the noblest wine of all ?
Where does Vidrich drink with his lords in hall ?"

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"In the east the fish stays in the flood,
In the north they drink the wine so good ;

In Holland thou findest Vidrich alone,
With knights and warriors many a one."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

From his breast he took an armlet bright,
And gave it to the other knight :
"Say that thou wert the very last man,
Who ever gold from Sir Vonved wan."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

Herr Vonved did to a castle ride,
And bid the porter open wide ;
He shut the gate, the bolt he drew,
Over the wall Sir Vonved flew.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

His good horse with a rope he bound,
His way to the castle-hall he found ;
He sat him at the table free ;
Never a word to man spake he.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

He ate, he drank, he broke his bread,
Unto the king no word he said :
"Never I heard before a king,
So much accursèd chattering !"
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

The king said to his knights all round,
"The crazy fellow must be bound ;
Unless ye bind the stranger tight,
I ween your service is but slight."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"Take five, take twenty, knights, I say,
Come thou thyself into the play ;

A whoreson name I give to thee,
Unless by force thou bindest me."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"King Esmer, the father mine,
And my mother, proud Adeline,
Unto me have often told,
With a knave eat not thy gold."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"Was Esmer father then of thine,
And thy mother proud Adeline,
Then thou'rt Vonved, the knight well known,
Also my own dear sister's son."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"Sir Vonved, wilt thou stay with me ?
Much honour shall be given thee ;
But if away thou will'st to ride,
Many a knight shall go beside."
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

"All my gold to thee I give,
If thou here with me wilt live."
Sir Vonved would not have it so,
Back to his mother he will go.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

Sir Vonved rode along his way,
Grim he was in his soul that day ;
Ere he to the castle rode,
Witches twelve before him stood.
Sir Vonved, look about thee !

With their rock and reel they came before,
And smote him on the knee full sore ;

He made his charger leap and spring,
He slew the twelve all in a ring.

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

He slew the witches as they stood,
From him they got right little good ;
He slew his mother with them all,
Cut her in thousand pieces small.

Sir Vonved, look about thee !

In his hall sits Vonved bold,
He drinks the wine so clear and cold ;
He played on his gold harp so long,
That all the strings asunder sprang.

Sir Vonved, look about thee !¹

CHAPTER VI.

It was a charming spring day when I first left Hamburg. I can still see how in the harbour the golden sunrays gleamed on the tarry bellies of the ships, and think I still hear the joyous, long-drawn *Ho-i-ho!* of the sailors. Such a port in spring-time has a pleasant similarity with the feelings of a youth who goes for the first time out into the world on the great ocean of life. All his thoughts are gaily variegated, pride swells every

¹ The Sphynx story appears to have been strangely reproduced in many forms among the Northern races. In the Edda there is a game of questions and answers, ending in the petrification of a defeated troll. In the Hervor's Saga, King Heidrek puts riddles to Odin in disguise, and loses his life in consequence of breaking the conditions of the game. Several of

sail of his desires—*ho-i-ho!* But soon a storm rises, the horizon grows dark, the wind's bride¹ howls, the planks crack, the waves break the rudder, and the poor ship is wrecked on romantic rocks, or stranded on damp, prosaic sandbanks; or perhaps, brittle and broken, with its masts gone, and without an anchor of hope, it returns to its old harbour, and there moulders away, wretchedly unrigged, as a miserable wreck.

the verses of Sir Vonved recall an old English ballad, which is probably of Danish origin :—

“ Oh, what is longer than the way ?
And what is deeper than the sea ?
And what is louder than the horn ?
And what is sharper than the thorn ?
And what is greener than the grass ?
And what is worse than a woman was ! ”

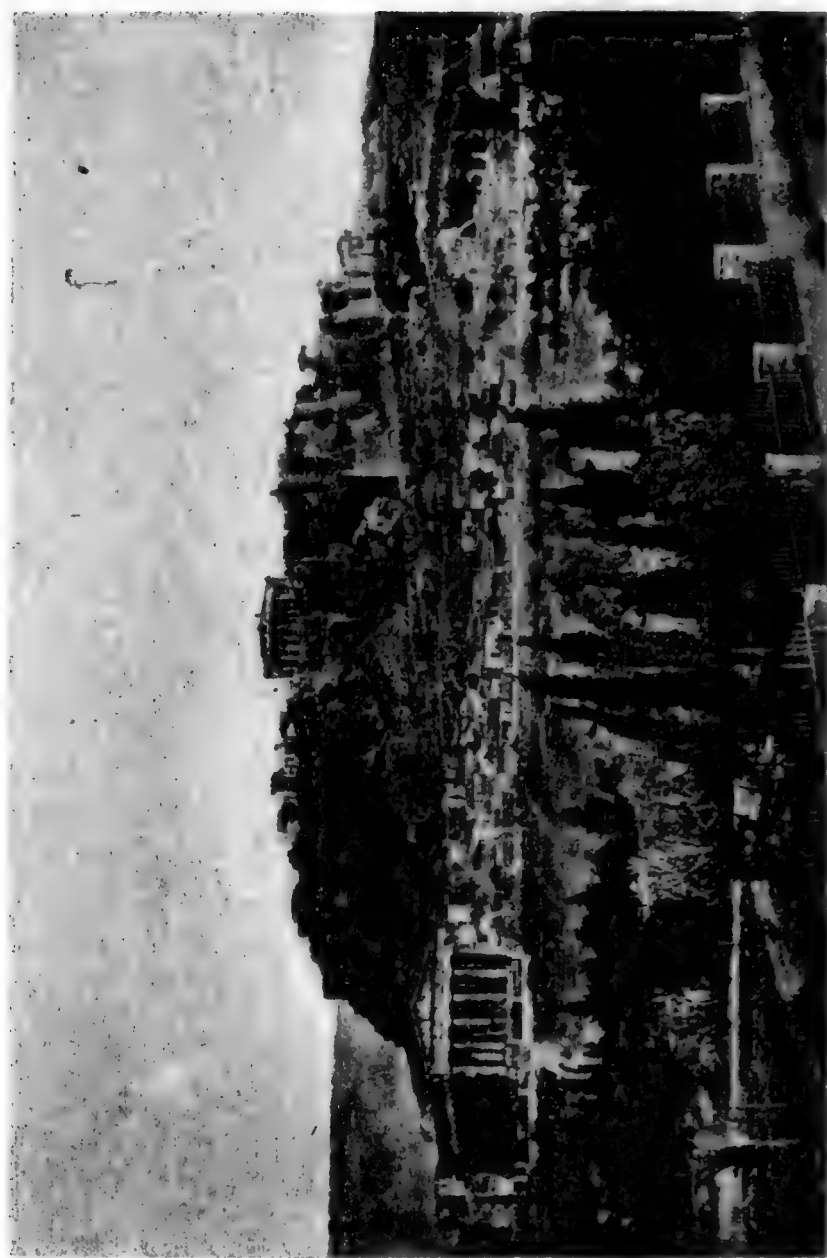
ANSWER.

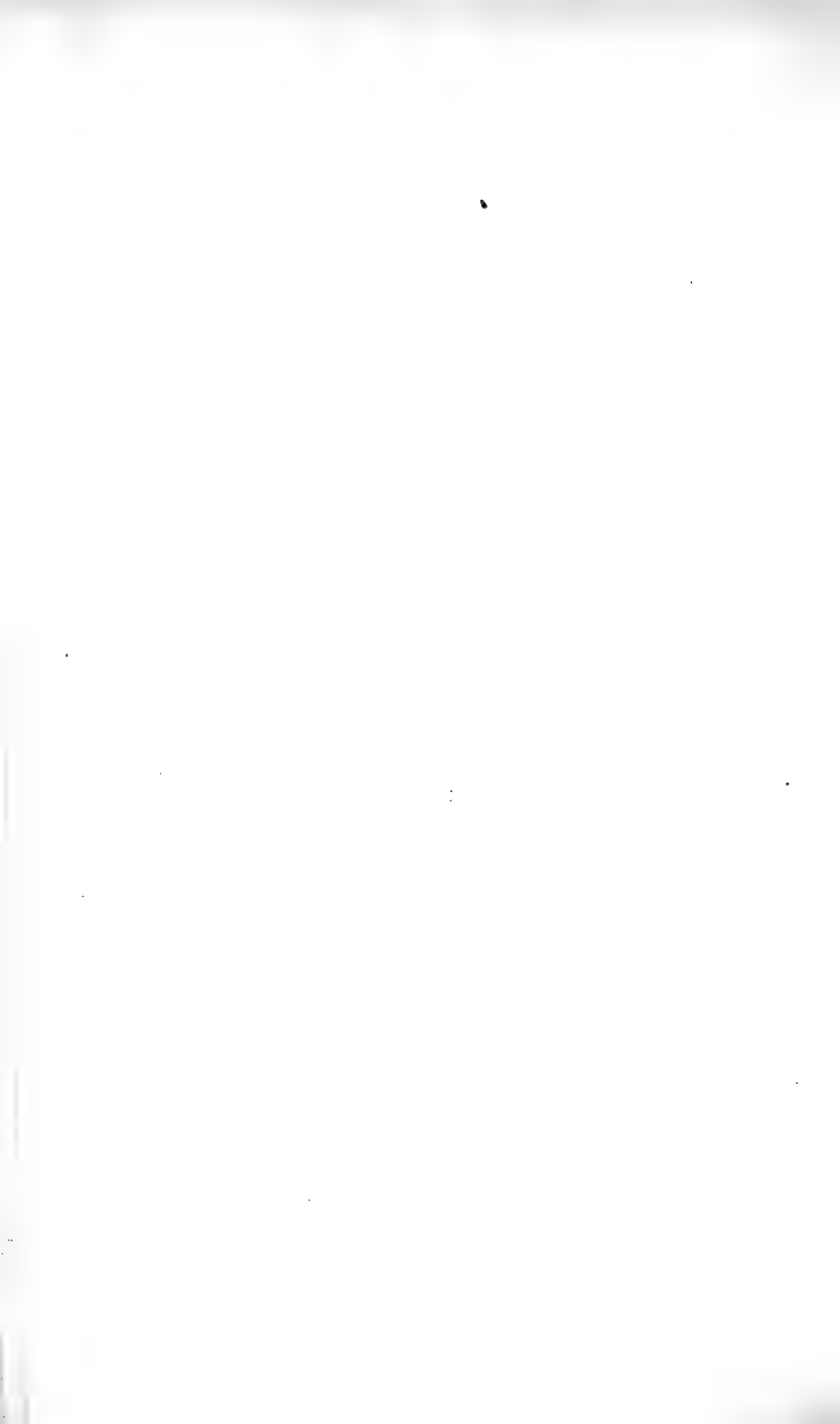
“ Oh, Love is longer than the way,
And hell is deeper than the sea,
And thunder is louder than the horn,
And hunger sharper than the thorn,
And poison is greener than the grass,
And the devil is worse than a woman was.”

When she these questions answered had,
The knight became exceeding glad.

Vonved's mother (a witch) had sent him forth to revenge his father's death. The last verse, which Heine omits, states that he was son of Siegfried the dragon-killer. This ballad made a great impression on George Borrow, who alludes to it in “*Lavengro*.”

¹ Wind's bride. The breeze which precedes a tempest. This passage recalls one in Shakespeare, “How like a youngker or a prodigal.”





But there are men who cannot be compared to common ships, because they are like steamboats. They carry a gloomy fire within, and sail against wind and weather; their smoky banner streams behind, like the black plume of the Wild Huntsman; their zigzagged wheels remind one of weighty spurs with which they prick the ribs of the waves, and the obstinate, resistant element must obey their will like a steed; but sometimes the boiler bursts, and the internal fire burns us up!

But now I will escape from metaphor, and get on board a real ship bound from Hamburg to Amsterdam. It was a Swedish vessel, and besides the hero of these pages, was also loaded with iron, being destined probably to bring as a return freight a cargo of cod-fish to the aristocracy of Hamburg, or owls to Athens.¹

The banks of the Elbe are charming, especially so behind Altona, near Rainville. There Klopstock lies buried. I know of no place where a dead poet could more fitly rest. To exist there as a *living* poet is, of course, a much more difficult matter. How often have I sought thy grave, oh Singer of the Messiah, thou who hast sung with such touching truthfulness the sufferings of Jesus. But thou didst dwell long enough on

¹ *Stockfische*. Dried cod-fish; also meaning stupid people. The American term, "a member of the cod-fish aristocracy," applies very well here to Hamburgers, as previously described by Heine.

the Königstrasse behind the Jungfernstieg to know how prophets are crucified.

On the second day we came to Cuxhaven, which is a colony from Hamburg. The inhabitants are subjects of the Republic, and have a good time of it.¹ When they freeze in winter woollen blankets are sent to them, and when the summer is all too hot they are supplied with lemonade. A high or well-wise senator resides there as pro-consul. He has an income of twenty thousand marks, and rules over five thousand subjects. There is also a sea-bath, which has the great advantage over all others, that it is at the same time an Elbe-bath. A great dam, on which one can walk, leads to Ritzebuttel, which also belongs to Cuxhaven. The term is derived from the Phœnician, as *Ritze* and *Buttel* signify in it the mouth of the Elbe. Many historians maintain that Charlemagne only enlarged Hamburg, but that the Phœnicians founded it about the time that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, and it is not unlikely that fugitives from these cities fled to the mouth of the Elbe. Between the Fuhlentwiete and the coffee factory men have found old money, coined during the reign of Bera XVI and Byrsa X. I believe that Hamburg is the old Tarsus whence Solomon received whole shiploads of gold, silver, ivory,

¹ *Haben es sehr gut.*

peacocks, and monkeys. Solomon, that is, the king of Judah and Israel, always had a special fancy for gold and monkeys.

This my first voyage can never be forgotten. My old grand-aunt had told me many tales of the sea, which now rose to new life in my memory. I could sit for hours on the deck recalling the old stories, and when the waves murmured it seemed as if I heard my grand-aunt's voice. And when I closed my eyes I could see her before me, as she twitched her lips and told the legend of the Flying Dutchman.

I should have been glad to see some mermaids, such as sit on white rocks and comb their sea-green hair; but I only heard them singing.

However earnestly I gazed many a time down into the transparent water, I could not behold the sunken cities, in which mortals enchanted into fishy forms lead a deep, a marvellous deep, and hidden ocean life. They say that salmon and old rays¹ sit there, dressed like ladies, at their windows, and, fanning themselves, look down into the street, where cod-fish glide by in trim councillors' costume, and dandy young herrings look up at them through eye-glasses, and crabs, lobsters, and all kinds of such common crustaceans, swarm swimming about. I could never see so deep; I only heard the faint bells

¹ *Roche*, the ray or roach.

of the sunken cities peal once more their old melodious chime.

Once by night I saw a great ship with outspread blood-red sails go by, so that it seemed like a dark giant in a scarlet cloak. Was that the *Flying Dutchman*?

But in Amsterdam, where I soon arrived, I saw the grim Mynheer bodily, and that on the stage. On this occasion, in the theatre of that city, I also had an opportunity to make the acquaintance of one of those fairies whom I had sought in vain in the sea. And to her, as she was particularly charming, I will devote a special chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

YOU certainly know the fable of the *Flying Dutchman*. It is the story of an enchanted ship which can never arrive in port, and which since time immemorial has been sailing about at sea. When it meets a vessel, some of the unearthly sailors come in a boat and beg the others to take a packet of letters home for them. These letters must be nailed to the mast, else some misfortune will happen to the ship—above all if no Bible be on board, and no horse-shoe nailed to the foremast. The letters are always addressed to people whom no one knows, and who have long

been dead, so that some late descendant gets a letter addressed to a far away great-great-grandmother, who has slept for centuries in her grave. That timber spectre, that grim grey ship, is so called from the captain, a Hollander, who once swore by all the devils that he would get round a certain mountain, whose name has escaped me,¹ in spite of a fearful storm, though he should sail till the Day of Judgement. The devil took him at his word, therefore he must sail for ever, until set free by a woman's truth. The devil in his stupidity has no faith in female truth, and allowed the enchanted captain to land once in seven years and get married, and so find opportunities to save his soul. Poor Dutchman! He is often only too glad to be saved from his marriage and his wife-saviour, and get again on board.

The play which I saw in Amsterdam was based on this legend. Another seven years have passed; the poor Hollander is more weary than ever of his endless wandering; he lands, becomes intimate with a Scottish nobleman, to whom he sells diamonds for a mere song, and when he hears that his customer has a beautiful daughter, he asks that he may wed her. This bargain also is agreed to. Next we see the Scottish home; the

¹ As I have heard the story, Vanderdecken, the captain, swore that he would "make the Cape" of Good Hope by a certain time, or beat round it to all eternity. *Vide* Marryatt's novel

maiden with anxious heart awaits the bridegroom. She often looks with strange sorrow at a great, time-worn picture which hangs in the hall, and represents a handsome man in the Netherlandish-Spanish garb. It is an old heirloom, and according to a legend of her grandmother, is a true portrait of the Flying Dutchman as he was seen in Scotland a hundred years before, in the time of William of Orange. And with this has come down a warning that the women of the family must beware of the original. This has naturally enough had the result of deeply impressing the features of the picture on the heart of the romantic girl. Therefore, when the man himself makes his appearance, she is startled, but not with fear. He too is moved at beholding the portrait. But when he is informed whose likeness it is, he with tact and easy conversation turns aside all suspicion, jests at the legend, laughs at the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew of the Ocean, and yet, as if moved by the thought, passed into a pathetic mood, depicting how terrible the life must be of one condemned to endure unheard-of tortures on a wild waste of waters—how his body itself is his living coffin, wherein his soul is terribly imprisoned—how life and death alike reject him, like an empty cask scornfully thrown by the sea on the shore, and as contemptuously repulsed



WILLIAM OF ORANGE

From a Portrait Engraved by W. Holl



again into the sea—how his agony is as deep as the sea on which he sails—his ship without anchor, and his heart without hope.

I believe that these were nearly the words with which the bridegroom ends. The bride regards him with deep earnestness, casting glances meanwhile at his portrait. It seems as if she had penetrated his secret; and when he afterwards asks, "Katherine, wilt thou be true to me?" she answers, "True to death."

I remember that just then I heard a laugh, and that it came not from the pit but from the gallery of the gods above. As I glanced up I saw a wondrous lovely Eve in Paradise, who looked seductively at me, with great blue eyes. Her arm hung over the gallery, and in her hand she held an apple, or rather an orange.¹ But instead of symbolically dividing it with me, she only metaphorically cast the peel on my head. Was it done intentionally or by accident? That I would know! But when I entered the Paradise to cultivate the acquaintance, I was not a little startled to find a white soft creature, a wonderfully womanly tender being, not languishing, yet delicately clear as crystal, a form of home-like propriety²

¹ *Apfelsine.*

² *Ein Bild häuslicher Zucht.*

"A creature not too good
For human nature's daily food."

and fascinating amiability. Only that there was something on the left upper lip which curved or twined like the tail of a slippery gliding lizard. It was a mysterious trait, something such as is not found in pure angels, and just as little in mere devils. This expression comes not from evil, but from the *knowledge* of good and evil—it is a smile which has been poisoned or flavoured by tasting the Apple of Eden. When I see this expression on soft, full, rosy, ladies' lips, then I feel in my own a cramp-like twitching—a convulsive yearning—to kiss those lips: it is our Affinity.¹

I whispered into the ear of the beauty:—

“*Yuffrou*,² I will kiss thy mouth.”

“*Bei Gott, Mynheer!* that is a good idea,” was the hasty answer, which rang with bewitching sound from her heart.

But—no. I will here draw a veil over, and end the story or picture of which the Flying Dutchman was the frame. Thereby will I revenge myself on the prurient prudes who devour such narratives with delight, and are enraptured with them to their heart of hearts, *et plus ultra*, and then abuse the narrator, and turn up their noses at him in society, and decry him as immoral. It is a nice story, too, delicious as preserved pine-apple

¹ *Wahlverwandschaft*. Here better translated by “passional affinity.”

² *Yuffrou*. Miss, young lady.

or fresh caviare or truffles in Burgundy, and would be pleasant reading after prayers ; but out of spite, and to punish old offences, I will suppress it. Here I make a long dash

Which may be supposed to be a black sofa on which we sat as I wooed. But the innocent must suffer with the guilty, and I dare say that many a good soul looks bitterly and reproachfully at me. However, unto these of the better kind I will admit that I was never so wildly kissed as by this Dutch blonde, and that she most triumphantly destroyed the prejudice which I had hitherto held against blue eyes and fair hair. *Now* I understand why an English poet has compared such women to frozen champagne. In the icy crust lies hidden the strongest extract. There is nothing more piquant than the contrast between external cold and the inner fire which, Bacchante-like, flames up and irresistibly intoxicates the happy carouser. Ay, far more than in brunettes does the fire of passion burn in many a sham-calm holy image with golden-glory hair, and blue angel's eyes, and pious lily hands. I knew a blonde of one of the best families in Holland who at times left her beautiful chateau on the Zuyder-Zee and went incognito to Amsterdam, and there in the theatre threw orange-peel on the head of any one who pleased her, and gave herself up to the wildest debauchery, like a Dutch Messalina ! . . .

When I re-entered the theatre, I came in time to see the last scene of the play, where the wife of the Flying Dutchman on a high cliff wrings her hands in despair, while her unhappy husband is seen on the deck of his unearthly ship, tossing on the waves. He loves her, and will leave her lest she be lost with him, and he tells her all his dreadful destiny, and the cruel curse which hangs above his head. But she cries aloud, "I was ever true to thee, and I know how to be ever true unto death!"

Saying this she throws herself into the waves, and then the enchantment is ended. The Flying Dutchman is saved, and we see the ghostly ship slowly sink into the abyss of the sea.

The moral of the play is that women should never marry a Flying Dutchmen, while we men may learn from it that one can through women go down and perish—under favourable circumstances!

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not in Amsterdam alone that the gods were so kind as to take pains to remove my prejudice against blondes. I had opportunities all over Holland to correct my errors in this respect. By my life! I will not exalt the ladies

of Holland at the expense of those of other countries—heaven keep me from such injustice!—which would be in me rank ingratitude. Every country has its own kind of women and its own cookery, and in both it is all a matter of taste. One man likes roast chicken, another roast duck; as for me, I love both, and roast goose too.

Regarded from the high idealistic standard, women the world over have a wonderful affinity with the *cuisine* or cookery of their country, wherever it be. Are not British beauties now—candidly confessed—just so wholesome, nourishing, solid, substantial, inartistic, and yet so admirable as old England's good and simple food: roast beef, roast mutton, pudding in flaming cognac, vegetables boiled once in water, with only two kinds of gravy, of which one is melted butter.¹ There smiles no *fricassée*, there we are softly deceived by no flattering *vol-au-vent*, there sighs no refined *ragout*, there we are not flattered with and flattered by a thousand kinds of stuffed, boiled, puffed, roasted, sugared, piquant, sentimental, declamatory, declaratory dishes such as we find in a French restaurant, and which have a startling

¹ I think it was Voltaire who first remarked that England had one hundred religions and only one sauce, i.e., one gravy. Even to-day, while there is very commonly in the United States a different gravy for every roast, there is the same "made" article in England at many very respectable tables for all. But the meat is good.

likeness to all beautiful Frenchwomen. Still we might often observe that by all these the real thing itself is only regarded as a secondary affair, that the roast is not worth so much as the gravy, and that here taste, grace, and elegance are the principal and principle.

Does not the yellow fat, passionately spiced and flavoured, humorously garnished and yet yearning ideal cookery of Italy, express to the life the whole character of Italian beauties? Oh, how I often long for the Lombard *stuffados* and *zampettis*, for the *fegatellis*, *tagliarinis*, and *broccolis* of blessed Tuscany. All swims in oil, delicate and tender, and trills the sweet melodies of Rossini, and weeps from onion perfume and desire. But macaroni must thou eat with thy fingers, and then it is called—Beatrice!¹

I often think of Italy, and oftenest by night. The day before yesterday I dreamed that I was there—a checquered harlequin, and lay all lazy under a weeping willow. The hanging sprays of

¹ *Stuffado* (correctly *stufato*), stewed meat or ragout; *zampetti di castrato*, or *di porco*, sheeps' feet or pettitoes; *fegatello*, a bit of liver rolled up in its caul; *tagliarini*, hashes or minces, also a kind of *khibab*; *broccoli*, same as in English. None of these, however, are first-class dishes or delicacies, and they indicate that Heine had very little knowledge of Italian cookery of the better class. But of all this one may say, *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Now there is hardly a first-class hotel in Italy where there is more than a very occasional Italian dish ever served. The *cuisine* was much changed even in the Forties.—*Translator*.

the tree were of macaroni, which fell, long and lovely, into my mouth, and in between, instead of sunrays, flowed sweet streams of golden butter, and at last a fair white rain of powdered Parmesan.

But from the macaroni of which one dreams no one grows fat—Beatrice!

Not a word about German cookery. It has every virtue and only one fault; and what that is I shall not tell. It has deeply feeling, susceptible pastry without decision, enamoured egg-dishes, admirable steamed dumplings,¹ soul soup with barley,² pancakes with apples and pork, virtuous home-forced meat balls, and sour cabbage—lucky he who can digest it!

As for the Dutch cookery, it differs from the last, firstly in neatness, secondly by its peculiar relish. The preparation of fish is there indescribably delightful. A perfume of celery, which moves one to the very heart, and is yet deeply intellectual. A self-conscious *naïveté* and garlic.³

But when I arrived in Leyden I found the food frightfully bad. The Republic of Hamburg had spoiled me—I must again extol the cookery there, and avail myself of the opportunity to praise the pretty girls and dames of that dear

¹ *Tüchtige Dampfnudeln*. In Pennsylvania known as Noodles.

² *Gemüthssuppe*. *Gemuth* is rather one's peculiar disposition or habitual temperament. Pun on *Gemüse*, soft or green vegetables.

³ Perhaps it is hardly worth while to remind the reader that as in the case of Italy, all of this peculiar cookery has almost disappeared from the hotels of Holland.

town. Oh, ye divinities! how for the first four weeks did I wish myself back among the smoked-meating houses, the butchers' flesh-world, and the deviltries and the mock turtle-doves of Hammonia!¹ I yearned heart and stomach. If the landlady of the Red Cow had not at last fallen in love with me, I should have died of longing.

Hail to thee, landlady of that Red Cow!

She was a little woman, very plump, with a very little round head. Red little cheeks, little blue eyes, roses and violets. Many an hour we sat side by side in the garden, and drank tea out of real Chinese porcelain cups. It was a beautiful garden, with three and four cornered beds symmetrically strewed with gold sand, cinnabar, and little shining shells. The trunks of the trees were prettily painted red and blue. Copper cages full of canary birds. The most expensive bulbous flowers in variegated and glazed pots. Yew trees charmingly cut into various obelisks, pyramids, vases, and animal forms. Yes, there was a green ox cut from yew, who looked at me jealously when I embraced the lovely landlady of the Red Cow!

Hail to thee, landlady of the Red Cow!

When my frow had covered the upper part of her head with Frisian gold-plates, defended her person with an armour of many-coloured stiff,

¹ *Nach den Rauchfleischlichkeiten und nach den Mockturtel-lauben Hammonias.*

hard, damask silk, and loaded her arms with the white abundance of her Brabant lace, she looked like a fabulous Chinese puppet — say the goddess of porcelain. And when I, enraptured and inspired, kissed her with a loving smack on both cheeks, she sat in porcelain stillness and sighed porce-languishly,¹ “Mynheer!”—then all the tulips in the garden seemed to feel and wave and sigh in sympathy, “Mynheer!”

This delicate *liaison* procured me many delicacies. For every love-scene of the kind had an influence on the market-basket, which brought provisions to the house and to me. My table companions, six other students, could judge to a nicety by the roast veal or *filet-de-bœuf* how much I was loved by the landlady of the Red Cow. When the dinner was bad, then the word was, “Just see how miserably Schnabelewopski looks! how yellow and wrinkled his face is; what a cat’s melancholy look there is in his eyes, as if they were coming out of his head; why, it’s no wonder that our landlady is vexed with him and gives us poor food!” Or else, “Lord help us! Schnabelewopski is growing weaker and feebler every day, and by and by the landlady will love him no more, and then we shall have short commons every day like this; we must feed him up well, so as to make him look nice and plump and

¹ *Ganz porcellanig.*

rosy." And then they forced all the worst of everything there was on me, and compelled me to eat a great deal of celery.¹ But when we had poor fare for several days in succession, then I was besieged with the most passionate prayers for better provender; to inflame anew the heart of our landlady, to show greater tenderness towards her—in short, to sacrifice myself for the general welfare. It was set before me in long speeches how noble and glorious it was when any one gave himself up heroically for the good of his fellow-citizens, like Regulus, who let himself be put into a spiked barrel, or Theseus, who voluntarily entered the cave of the Minotaur, and then Livy and Plutarch were cited to give examples.

Yes, and I was also pictorially exhorted to rival these examples, by drawing these deeds on the wall, with grotesque variations, for the Minotaur was made to look like the Red Cow on the tavern sign, and the Carthaginian spiked tun like the landlady herself. And those ungrateful youths selected the personal appearance of that excellent woman as a constant butt for their wit. They imitated her round figure with apples, and rolled it up and kneaded its likeness from bread-crumbs. They took a large apple for the body, put a little rosy crab-apple on this for the head, and into the former stuck two toothpicks for feet. Or, as I said,

¹ Supposed to be an aphrodisiac.

they made her from bread-crumbs, and then a very little mannikin of the same, which they put on her lap, making the most scandalous remarks. Thus, one said that the smaller figure looked like Hannibal climbing the Alps, while another declared it was more like Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage. All the same, if I had not climbed those Alps, or seated myself amid those ruins of Carthage, my table companions would have had but sorry fare.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the food became very bad indeed, then we disputed as to the existence of God. But the beneficent Deity always had the majority. Only three of the table society were atheistically inclined, and even they gave way if we had at least good cheese for dessert. The most zealous Theist was one little Simson,¹ and when he disputed with tall Van Pitter as to whether there was a personal God, he became at times wildly excited, and ran up and down the hall crying constantly, "*Bei Gott!* that isn't fair!"² Tall Van Pitter, a lean Frisian, whose soul was as calm as the water in a Dutch canal, and whose

¹ Simson, *id est* Samson.

² *Bei Gott, das ist nicht erlaubt.*

words followed one another as leisurely as one canal boat after another, drew his arguments from the German philosophy which was at that time very much studied in Leyden. He ridiculed the narrow-minded men who attribute to God a particular private existence; he even accused them of blasphemy, because they gifted God with wisdom, justice, love, and other human qualities, which are utterly inappropriate, because these are relatively the negations or antitheses of human errors, such as stupidity, injustice, and hate. But when Van Pitter thus developed his own pantheistic views, there came forth against him the fat Fichteian, Dricksen of Utrecht, who stoutly confuted his vague conception of a God spread forth through all Nature—that is to say, existing only in space. Yes, he even declared it was blasphemy to so much as speak of the *existence* of God, since the very idea of existence involved that of space—in short, something substantial. Yes, it was blasphemy even to say of God *He is*, because the purest or most abstract Being¹ could not be conceived without limitations of sense, whereas, if man would think of God, he must abstract Him from all substance, and not think of Him as a form of extension, but as a series or order of developments, God not being an action *per se*, but only the principle of a cosmos beyond conception.

¹ *Das reinste Sein.*

Hearing this little Samson fairly raved, and ran up and down the hall, and cried ever more loudly, "O God, O God! By God, that is not fair, O God!" I believe that he would, in honour of God, have beaten the fat Fichtean, had not his arms been too weak; but as it was he often attacked him, when the big and burly one would grasp him by his little arms, hold him fast, and without taking the pipe from his mouth, blow his airy arguments, mixed with tobacco smoke, into Samson's face, so that the little man was almost stifled with fume and fret, and wailed more and more pitifully, "O God! O God!" but it availed him naught, though he defended His cause so valiantly.

Despite this divine indifference, despite this almost human unthankfulness, little Samson remained a staunch champion of Theism, as I believe from inborn inclination; for his father belonged to God's chosen folk, a race which God once very specially protected, and which, in consequence, has maintained till this day a great dependence on him. Jews are ever the most devoted of Deists, especially those who, like little Samson, were born in the vicinity of Frankfort. These may be as republican as they please in political questions—yes, they may roll in the very mud of *sans culottéism*—but the instant that religious ideas are involved they become the humblest servants of

their Jehovah, the old fetish, who, however, will know nothing of the entire company, and who has newly baptized himself to a divinely pure spirit.

I believe that this divinely pure spirit, this new ruler of heaven, who is now conceived as so moral, so cosmopolite and universal, takes it ill at heart that the poor Jews, who knew Him in his rude first form, remind him every day in their synagogues of his early and obscure national relations. Perhaps the ancient Lord would fain forget that he was of Palestine origin, and once the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was in those times called JEHOVAH.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE I lived at Leyden I saw a great deal of little Samson, and he will be often mentioned in these memoirs. Next to him I met most frequently another of my table friends, young Van Moeulen. I could look for hours at his perfectly symmetric face, thinking what his sister, whom I had never seen, must be like. All that I knew of her was that she was said to be the most beautiful woman in Waterland. Van Moeulen was also a beautiful human being, an Apollo, not of marble, but rather of cheese. He was a strange mixture of mind and matter, soul and solid rest. Once in a café

he so enraged an Irish gentleman that the latter drew his pistol and fired at him. The ball, however, only knocked the pipe from his mouth; but Van Moeulen's features were as immovable as any Dutchman's head could be, and in the calmest, most indifferent tone, he said, "*Jan, e nûe piep!*" "John, a fresh pipe!" But his smile was intolerable to me, for then he showed a row of very small white teeth, which looked like a fish spine. Nor did I like it that he wore great gold ear-rings.¹ He had the strange habit of rearranging every day the furniture in his rooms, and when a visitor came he was generally found putting his bureau where the bed had been, or making the study table change places with the sofa.

Little Samson was in this respect his most painfully earnest antithesis. He could not endure that any one should disturb the least thing in his room; he even became restless and disturbed if one so much as picked up the snuffers. Everything must lay just as it was, for his goods and chattels served him as aids by means of which, according to the principles of mnemonics, he fixed all kinds of historical dates or philosophic principles in his memory. Once when the housemaid

¹ A generation ago many men wore gold ear-rings, especially in Holland, under the belief that they were good for weak eyes, or that they in some way benefited the sight. Sailors were the last to follow this custom.

carried away from his room an old chest, and removed his shirts and stockings from the bureau for the laundress, he was inconsolable when he returned, declaring that he had lost his whole Assyrian History, and that all his proofs of the immortality of the soul, which he had arranged so systematically in the drawers, were gone to the wash!¹

Among the originals whom I learned to know in Leyden belongs Mynheer van Bissen, a cousin of Van Moeulen, who introduced him to me. He was professor of theology at the university, and I attended his lectures on the Canticles of Solomon and the Apocalypse of St. John. He was a fine, flourishing, florid man, perhaps of fifty-five, and in his chair was very staid and serious. But once when I called on him and found no one in his study, I saw through the half-opened door of a side-room a very strange sight. This cabinet was furnished in a half-Chinese, half-Pompadour style, with shot-gold² damask hangings on the wall, on the ground the most costly Persian carpet,

¹ Few things which were in the list of scholastic absurdities escaped Heine, and it is not remarkable that he should here satirise the Mnemonic system, which teaches us to remember anything by first remembering *something else*, instead of directly cultivating memory itself.

² *Goldig-schillernde Damasttapeten*. *Schillern* is to shine while changing colour. Schiller the poet is said to derive his name from a wine so called from its gleam.

and everywhere marvellous Indian idols, bric-a-brac of mother-of-pearl, flowers, peacock's feathers, and gems, the sofa of red velvet with gold tassels; and among it all a raised seat, which looked like a throne, on which sat a little girl, perhaps three years old, clad in a blue satin silver embroidered dress of very antiquated fashion. She held in one hand, like a sceptre, a many-coloured peacock duster, and in the other a faded wreath of laurel. Before her Mynheer van Bissen was with his little negro page, his poodle, and his monkey, rolling over and over on the ground. They grappled with, tugged and bit one another, while the little girl and a green parrot sitting on its perch cried "Bravo!" At last Mynheer rose from the ground, kneeled before the child, and expressing in a long Latin speech the bravery with which he had fought and conquered his foes, let the little girl crown him with the laurel wreath, while she and the parrot cried "Bravo!" in which I joined as I entered the room.

Mynheer appeared to be somewhat taken aback as I surprised him in his performance. This, I was assured, was his daily amusement; every day he fought and defeated the little negro, the poodle, and the monkey, and was then crowned by the little girl, who was not, however, his own child, but a foundling from the Orphans' Asylum of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XI.

THE house in which I lodged in Leyden was once the dwelling of Jan Steen, the great Jan Steen, whom I regard as being as great as Raphael.¹ And he was even his equal as a *religious* painter. That will be clearly seen when the religion of pain and suffering shall have ended, and the religion of joy tear the mournful veil from the rose-bushes of this earth, and the nightingales at

¹ "Und dus exclaim der Breitmann
In wonder-solemn shdrain,
De cratest men vere Brauwer,
Van Ostadé und JAN STEEN.
Der Raffael' vas vel enof,
Dot is, in his small way ;
Boot, Gott in Himmel ! vot vos he
Compared mit soosh as dey ?

"De more ve digs indo de dirt,
Or less ve seeks a star,
De nearer ve to Natur' coom,
More pantheistisch far.
To him who reads dis mystery right,
Mit inspiradion gifen,
Der Raffael's rollin' in de dirt,
While Brauwer soars to heaven."

—*The Breitmann Ballads.*

I do not know whether this is an instance of precoincidence, or of the mind's unconsciously retaining and reproducing an image. I suppose it is the latter ; but when I wrote these verses I absolutely believed the conception to be original.—*Note by Translator.*

last dare pour forth in rapture their long-suppressed notes of pleasure.

But really no nightingale will ever sing so gaily and rejoicingly as Jan Steen has painted. No one ever felt so deeply that, on this earth, life ought to be one endless Kirmes.¹ He knew that our life is only a coloured kiss of God, and that the Holy Ghost reveals Himself most gloriously in light and laughter.

His eyes looked out into light, and the light mirrored itself in his laughing eyes.

And Jan was always a dear good fellow. When the harsh old preacher of Leyden sat down on the other side of the fireplace opposite to him, and gave him a long exhortation as to his jovial life, his laughing, un-Christian ways, his drunkenness and ill-regulated domestic life and reprobate merriment, Jan listened to him two long hours without betraying the least impatience at this preaching of punishment, until he at last interrupted him with the words, "Yes, Domine, but the light would be much better—yes—I beg you, Domine, just turn your stool a little round to the fire, so that your face may get a redder tone, while the rest of the body is in the shadow!"

¹ *Kirmess*, or *Kermess*, church mass. An annual festival which, as kept in Heine's time in the great cities of Holland, was of such general, roaring debauchery as would seem incredible to people of the present day. These extravagant *Kermesses* died out about the same time as the Italian carnivals.

The Domine rose in a roaring rage and departed, but Jan caught up his palette and painted the stern old gentleman, just as he had sat in that punishment-sermon position for model without knowing it. The picture is admirable, and it hung in my bedroom in Leyden.¹

After having seen so many pictures of Jan Steen in Holland it seems to me as if I knew the man's whole life. Yes, I knew his whole kith and kin and acquaintance, wife and children, mother and cousins all, domestic foes, and other hangers on, absolutely face by face. They salute like friends from all his pictures, and a collection of them would be a biography of the painter. He has often set forth the deepest secrets of his soul with a few touches of his brush. I am very sure that his wife often scolded him for drinking, for in his picture of the Bean Feast, where Jan sits with his whole family at table, there we see his wife with a great wine jug in her hand, her eyes gleaming like those of a Bacchante. I am sure, however, that the good woman really drank very little, and the rogue wished to humbug us with the idea that it was his wife and not he who was given to toping. For this cause he himself laughs all the more joyfully from the

¹ This anecdote and others indicate that eye memory or "visional representation" was much more cultivated by the older artists than by those of the present day.

painting. There he sits, perfectly happy; his son is the Bean-King, and stands on a stool wearing a gilt crown; his old mother, with the happiest wrinkled face, holds the youngest scion in her arms; the musicians play their maddest, merriest dancing melodies, while the ever economical thinking, economically grumbling good wife is set forth to all futurity as if she were tipsy!

How often in my lodgings in Leyden have I thought over the domestic life which this glorious Jan Steen must have experienced and endured. Many a time it seemed that I saw him in the body, sitting at his easel, now and then grasping the great pitcher, "reflecting and drinking, and drinking yet again without reflection." It is not a dreary Catholic spectre, but a modern bright and merry spirit of joyousness, which, now that he is gone, haunts his studio, to paint jolly pictures and drink. Such will be the ghosts whom our descendants will see at times by bright daylight, while the sun shines through the clear white panes; while it is not a black and doleful bell, but scarlet-swelling tones of trumpets, which, pealing from the tower, will announce the pleasant dinner-hour!

The memory of Jan Steen is, however, the best, or rather the only pleasant souvenir of my dwelling in Leyden. Had it not been for that, I should never have held out for eight days in

that house. Its exterior was wretched, melancholy, and morbid, or altogether un-Dutch. The dark, mouldy building stood close by the canal, and when one went to the other side it reminded one of an old witch looking at herself in a gleaming magic mirror. As on all Dutch roofs, there always stood on ours a couple of storks. Close by me lodged the cow whose milk I drank every morning, and there was a poultry-roost under my window. My lady-poultry neighbours laid good eggs, but as they always, previous to publishing their works, preceded them by a long and wearisome prospectus of cackling, my enjoyment of their products was materially diminished.¹ Among special annoyances was my landlord's playing the violin all day, and my landlady's playing the devil with him out of jealousy all night.

He who would know all about the mutual relations of this pair needed only to listen to them in a duet. The man performed on the violoncello and his wife on the violin d'amour, but they did not play in time, so that he was always a note behind, and there came withal such cutting cruel tones that when the 'cello growled and the violin gave grinding groans, one seemed to hear a matri-

¹ There is a fable by Claudius in which a hen is remonstrated with for making a great noise *after* laying her eggs. To which the hen replies that—

"I publish first my work
And then—review it."

monial row without words. And after the husband stopped playing, the wife always kept on, as if determined to have the last word. She was a large but very thin woman, nothing but skin and bones, a mouth in which false teeth chattered, a low forehead, almost no chin, but a nose which made up for the deficiency, the tip of which curved like a beak, and with which she seemed, when playing, to muffle the sound of a string.

My landlord was about fifty years of age, and had slender legs, a worn away pale face, little green eyes, always blinking like those of a sentinel who has the sun shining in his face. He was by trade a bandage maker, and in religion an Anabaptist. He read the Bible so assiduously that it passed into his nightly dreams, and while his eyes kept winking he told his wife over their coffee how he had again been honoured by converse with holiest dignitaries, how he had even met the highest Holy Jehovah, and how all the ladies of the Old Testament treated him in the friendliest and tenderest manner. This last occurrence was not at all to the liking of my landlady, and she not unfrequently manifested a jealous mood as to these meetings with the blessed damsels of the early days. "If he had only confined his acquaintance, now," she said, "to the pure mother Mary, or old Martha, or, for all I care, even Mary Magdalen, who reformed; but to be meeting

night after night those drinking hussies of Lot's daughters, and that precious Mrs. Judith and the vagabond Queen of Sheba, and similar dubious dames, could not be endured." But nothing could equal her rage when one morning her husband gave her an inspired account of how he had enjoyed an interview with the beautiful Esther, who had begged him to help in her toilet when enhancing her charms to fascinate Ahasuerus. In vain did the poor man protest that Mordecai himself had introduced him to his fair ward, that she was quite half-clad, and that his attentions had been confined to combing out her long black hair—the enraged wife beat the poor man with his own bandages, poured hot coffee into his face, and would certainly have made away with him if he had not sworn, in the most solemn manner, in future to avoid all Old Testamental intercourse with ladies, and keep company in future only with the patriarchs and prophets.

The results of this ill-treatment were that from that time Mynheer said nothing about his nightly adventures; he became a religious roué, and confessed to me that he had not only become ultra-intimate with the chaste Susanna, but that he had dreamed his way into Solomon's harem, and taken tea with his thousand wives.

CHAPTER XII.

WRETCHED jealousy! Owing to it one of my sweetest dreams—and perhaps the life of little Samson—were brought to a mournful end!

What is dreaming? What is death? Is it only an interruption of life or its full cessation? Yes, for people who only know the Past and the Future, and do not live an eternity in every moment of the Present, death must be terrible! When their two crutches, Space and Time, fall away, then they sink into the eternal Nothing.

And dreams? Why are we not more afraid before going to sleep than to be buried? Is it not terrible that the body can be as if dead all night, while the spirit in us leads the wildest life—a life full of all those terrors of that parting which we have established between life and soul! When in the future both shall be again united in our consciousness, then there will be perhaps no more dreams, or else only invalids, those whose harmony has been disturbed, will dream. The ancients dreamed only softly and seldom; a strong and powerfully impressive dream was for them an event, and it was recorded in their histories.

Real dreaming began with the Jews, the people of the Spirit, and attained its highest development among the Christians, or the

spiritual people. Our descendants will shudder when they read what a ghostly life we led, how Humanity was cloven in us and only one half had a real life. Our time—and it begins with the crucifixion of Christ—will be regarded as the great period of illness of Humanity.

And yet, what beautiful sweet dreams we have been able to dream! Our healthy descendants will hardly be able to understand them! All the splendours of the world disappeared from around us, and we found them again *in our own souls*; yes, there the perfume of the trampled roses, and the sweetest songs of the frightened nightingales took refuge.

Thus I feel, and die of the unnatural anxieties and horrible dainties and sweet pains of our time. When I at night undress and lay me in bed, and stretch myself out at full length, and cover myself with the white sheets, I often shudder involuntarily, it seems so like being a corpse and burying myself. Then I close my eyes as quickly as I can to escape this fearful thought, and to save myself in the Land of Dreams.

It was a sweet, kind, sunshiny dream. The heaven was heavenly blue and cloudless, the sea sea-green and still. A boundless horizon; and on the water sailed a gaily-pennoned skiff, and on its deck I sat caressingly at the feet of Jadviga. I read to her strange and dreamy

love songs, which I had written on strips of rose-coloured paper, sighing yet joyful, and she listened with incredulous yet inclined ear and deeply-loving smiles, and now and then hastily snatched the leaves from my hand and threw them in the sea. But the beautiful water fairies, with snow-white breasts and arms, rose from the water and caught the fluttering love-lays as they fell. As I bent overboard I could see clearly far down into the depths of the sea, and there sat, as in a social circle, the beautiful water-maids, and among them was a young sprite who, with deeply sympathetic expression, declaimed my love-songs. Wild enraptured applause rang out at every verse; the green-locked beauties applauded so passionately that necks and bosoms grew rosy red, and they praised cordially yet compassionately what they heard. "What strange beings these mortals are! How wonderful their lives, how dire their destinies! They love, and seldom dare express that love; and when they give it utterance at last, they rarely understand one another! And withal they do not lead eternal lives like ours; they are mortal. Only a little time is granted them to seek for happiness, they must grasp it quickly and press it hastily unto their hearts, ere it is gone; therefore their songs of love are so deeply tender, so sweetly painful and anxious, so despairingly gay,

such strange blendings of joy and pain. The melancholy shadow of death falls on their happiest hours, and consoles them lovingly in adversity. They can weep. What poetry there is in mortal tears ! ”

“Dost thou hear,” I said to Jadviga, “how they judge of us ? Let us embrace, so that they may pity us no longer, and may envy us ! ” But she the beloved looked at me with infinite love, and without speaking a word. I had kissed her into silence. She grew pale, and a cold shiver thrilled her lovely form. She lay stiff as white marble in my arms, and I had deemed her dead if streams of tears had not poured from her eyes, and these tears flooded me while I held the loved image ever more firmly in my arms.

All at once I heard the keen shrill voice of my landlady, who wakened me from my dream. She stood before my bed with a dark lantern in her hand, and bade me rise quickly and follow her. She absolutely never looked so ugly before ! Without knowing what she wanted, and still half asleep, I went after to where her husband lay, poor man, with night-cap over his eyes, apparently dreaming. He moved his limbs and his lips smiled as if with ineffable happiness, while he rattled and stammered, “Vashti ! Queen Vashti ! Your Majesty—fear not Ahasuerus—beloved Vashti ! ”

With eyes glowing with wrath the wife bent over her sleeping spouse, laid her ear to his head as if listening to his thoughts, and whispered to me, "Are you now convinced, Mynheer Schnabelewopski? He has now a love affair with Queen Esther—the scandalous wretch! I found out this horrid intrigue last night. Yes, he has preferred even a heathen to *me*! But I am wife and a Christian, and you shall see how I will revenge myself!"

Saying this she tore away the bedclothes, and grasping a bandage of tough stag leather, laid it on horribly to the poor sinner. He, awakened so unpleasantly from his Biblical dream, screamed out as loudly as if the capital city of Susa were on fire and all Holland under water, and with his shrieks alarmed the whole neighbourhood.

The next day it was all over Leyden that my landlord had raised this cry because he had caught me by night in company with his wife. This latter had been seen half-undressed through the window, and our housemaid, who was angry at me, and who had been questioned by the landlady of the Red Lion as to the occurrence, told how she herself had seen Myfrow make a nocturnal visit to my room.

Truly I cannot think of this affair without great pain, and what horrible results there were!

CHAPTER XIII.

IF the landlady of the Red Cow had been an Italian she would have poisoned my victuals, but as she was a Dutchwoman she only cooked them as badly as possible. In fact, we experienced the very next day the result of her feminine revenge. The first dish was *no soup*. That was awful, especially for a man brought up decently as I was, who from youth upwards had had soup every day, and who had hitherto never imagined that there was a world where the sun never shone and man soup never knew. The second course was beef, as cold and hard as Myron's cow. Then followed fish, which had indeed an ancient and fish-like smell, and which went untouched in silence as it came. Then came a great, old spectre of a hen, which, far from satisfying our hunger, looked so wretchedly lean and hungry that we, out of sympathetic pity, could not touch it.

"And now, little Samson," cried the burly Dricksen, "dost thou still believe in God? *Is* this just? The Bandage-baggage visits Schnabelwopski in the dark watches of the night, and on that account we must starve by daylight!"

"O God, God!" sighed the little fellow, vilely vexed by such atheistic outbreak, and

perhaps by such a miserable meal. And his irritability increased as the tall Van Pitter let fly his arrows of wit against Anthropomorphists and praised the Egyptians who of yore worshipped oxen and onions; the first because they tasted so well when roasted, and the latter when stuffed.

But little Samson under such mockery became furious, and at last he shot forth his defence of Deism.

"God is for man what the sun is for the flowers. When the rays of his heavenly countenance fall on the flowers, then they grow and open out their calyxes, and unfold their most varied colours. By night, when the sun is gone, they stand sorrowful with closed petals, and sleep or dream of the kisses of the golden rays of the past. Those which are ever in the shadow lose colour and growth, shrink and grow pale, and wilt away miserable and unfortunate. But those which grow entirely in the dark, in old castle vaults, under ruined cloisters, become ugly and poisonous; they twine like snakes; their very smell is unhealthy, evilly benumbing, deadly."

"Oh, you need not spin out your Biblical parable any further," said burly Dricksen, as he poured unto himself a great glass of Schiedam gin. "Thou, little Samson, art a pious blossom who inhales in the sunshine of God the holy

rays of virtue and love to such inspiration that thy soul blooms like a rainbow, while ours, turned away from God, fade colourless and hideous, if we don't indeed spread forth a poisonous stink."

"I once saw in Frankfort," said little Samson, "a watch which did not believe there was any watchmaker. It was of pinchbeck and went very badly."¹

"I'll show you anyhow that such a repeater knows how to strike,"² replied Dricksen, who suddenly became silent and teased Samson no more.

As the latter, notwithstanding his weak little arms, was an admirable fencer, it was determined that the two should duel that day with rapiers. They went at it with great bitterness. The black eyes of little Samson gleamed as if of fire and greatly magnified, and contrasted the more strangely with his little arms, which came forth so pitifully from his rolled-up shirt-sleeves. He became more and more excited; he fought for the existence of God, the old Jehovah, the King of kings. But He aided not in the least His champion, and in the sixth round the little man got a thrust in the lungs.

"O God!" he cried, and fell to the ground.

¹ The famous simile of the watch taken by Paley from Sir Kenelm Digby. *Uhr* in German means both watch and clock.

² *Schlagen*, to strike, also means to fence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THIS scene excited me terribly. But all the fury of my feelings turned against the woman who had directly caused such disaster, and with a heart full of wrath and pain I stormed into the Red Cow.

"Monster, why did you not serve us soup?" These were the words with which I addressed the landlady, who became deadly pale as I entered the kitchen. The porcelain on the chimney-piece trembled at the tone of my voice. I was as desperate as only that man can be who has had no soup, and whose best friend has just had a rapier through his lungs.

"Monster, why did you not serve us soup?" I repeated these words, while the consciously guilty woman stood as if frozen and speechless before me. But at last, as if from opened sluices, the tears poured from her eyes. They flooded her whole face, and ran down into the canal of her bosom. But this sight did not soften me, and with still greater bitterness I cried, "O ye women, I know that ye can weep, but are tears *soup*? Ye are created for our misery. Your looks are lies, and your breath is treason and deceit. Who first ate the apple of sin? Geese saved the Capitol, but a woman ruined Troy.

O Troy, Troy! thou holy fortress of Priam, thou didst fall by a woman! Who cast Marcus Aurelius into destruction? By whom was Marcus Tullius Cicero murdered? Who demanded the head of John the Baptist? Who was the cause of Abelard's mutilation? A woman. History is replete, yea unto repletion, with the terrible examples of man's ruin caused by you. All your deeds are folly, and all your thoughts are ingratitude. We give you the highest, the holiest flame of our hearts, our love—and what do we get for it? Beef that the devil would not eat, and worse poultry. Wretch and monster, why did you serve no soup?"

Myfrow began to stammer a series of excuses, and conjured me, by all the sweet memories of our love, to forgive her. She promised to provide better provender than before, and only charge six florins per head, though the Groote Dohlen landlord asked eight for his ordinary. She went so far as to promise oyster patties for the next day—yes, in the soft tone of her voice there was even a perfume as of truffles. But I remained firm. I was determined to break with her for ever, and left the kitchen with the tragic words, "Farewell; between us two all is cooked out forever!"

In leaving I heard something fall. Was it a pot for cooking or Myfrow herself? I did not

take the pains to look, and went straight to the Groote Dohlen to order six covers for the next day.

After this important business I hurried to little Samson's house and found him in evil case. He lay in an immense old-fashioned bed which had no curtains, and at the corners of which were great marbled wooden pillars which bore above a richly gilt canopy. The face of the little fellow was pale from pain, and in the glance which he cast at me was so much grief, kindness, and wretchedness, that I was touched to the heart. The doctor had just left him, saying that his wound was serious. Van Moeulen, who alone had remained to watch all night, sat before his bed, and was reading to him from the Bible.

"Schnabelewopski," sighed the sufferer, "it is good that you came. You may listen, and 'twill do you good. That is a dear, good book. My ancestors bore it all over the world with them, and much pain, misfortune, cursing and hatred, yes, death itself, did they endure for it. Every leaf in it cost tears and blood: it is the written fatherland of the children of God; it is the holy inheritance of Jehovah."

"Don't talk so much; it's bad for you," said Van Moeulen.

"And indeed," I added, "don't talk of Jehovah, the most ungrateful of gods, for whose existence you have fought to-day."

"O God!" sighed the little man, and tears fell from his eyes, "Thou help'st our enemies."

"Don't talk so much," said Van Moeulen again. "And thou, Schnabelewopski," he whispered to me, "excuse me if I bore thee; the little man would have it that I should read to him the history of his namesake Samson. We are at the fourteenth chapter—listen!

"'Samson went down to Timnath, and saw a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines.'"

"No," said the patient with closed eyes, "we are at the sixteenth chapter. It is to me as if I were living in all that which you read me, as if I heard the sheep bleating as they feed by Jordan, as if I myself had set fire to the tails of the foxes and chased them through the fields of the Philistines, and as if I had slain a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. Oh the Philistines!¹ they enslaved and mocked us, and made us pay toll like swine, and slung me out of doors from the ball-room on the Horse, and kicked me at Bockenheim—kicked me out of doors from the Horse!—oh, by God, that was not fair."

"He is feverish, and has wild fancies," softly said Van Moeulen, and began the sixteenth chapter.

¹ Samson here confuses the Philistines of old with the modern article. All townspeople are called Philistines by the students.

“Then went Samson to Gaza, and saw there an harlot, and went in unto her.

“And it was told the Gazites, saying, Samson is come hither. And they compassed him in, and laid wait for him all night in the gate of the city, and were quiet all the night, saying, In the morning, when it is day, we shall kill him.

“And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron.

“And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek whose name was Delilah.

“And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her and said unto her, Entice him and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him: and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver.

“And Delilah said to Samson, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee.

“And Samson said unto her, If they bind me with seven green withs that were never dried, then shall I be weak and be as another man.

“Then the lords of the Philistines brought up

to her seven green withs which had not been dried, and she bound him with them.

“ ‘Now there were men lying in wait, abiding with her in the chamber. And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he brake the withs, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, the fools of Philistines!’ ” cried the little man, and smiled well pleased; “and they wanted to take me up and put me in the constable’s guard.”

Van Moeulen read on:—

“ ‘And Delilah said to Samson, Behold, thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: now tell me, I pray thee, wherewith thou mightest be bound.

“ ‘And he said unto her, If they bind me fast with new ropes that never were occupied, then shall I be weak, and be as another man.

“ ‘Delilah therefore took new ropes, and bound him therewith, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And there were liers in wait abiding in the chamber. And he brake them from off his arms like a thread.’ ”

“ ‘Fools of Philistines,’ ” cried the little man.

“ ‘And Delilah said unto Samson, Hitherto thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: tell me wherewith thou mightest be bound? And he said unto her, If thou weavest the seven locks of my head with the web.

“ ‘ And she fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awaked out of his sleep, and went away with the pin of the beam, and with the web.’ ”

The little man laughed. “ That was in the Eschenheimer Lane.” But Van Moeulen continued :—

“ ‘ And she said unto him, How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me ? thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth.

“ ‘ And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death ;

“ ‘ That he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head ; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother’s womb ; if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man.’ ”

“ What folly ! ” sighed the little man. Van Moeulen kept on :—

“ ‘ And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath showed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her and brought money in their hand.

“ And she made him sleep upon her knees, and she called for a man and caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head ; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him.

“ And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

“ But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass ; and he did grind in the prison house.”

“ O God ! God ! ” wailed and wept the sick man. “ Be quiet ! ” said Van Moeulen, and read on :—

“ Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven.

“ Then the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice : for they said, Our God hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand.

“ And when the people saw him, they praised their god : for they said, Our God hath delivered into our hands our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, which slew many of us.

“ And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he

may make us sport : and they called for Samson out of the prison house ; and he made them sport : and they set him between the pillars.

“ ‘ And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them.

“ ‘ Now the house was full of men and women ; and all the lords of the Philistines were there ; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport.

“ ‘ And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.

“ ‘ And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.

“ ‘ And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might ; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.’ ”

At this little Samson opened his eyes spectrally wide, raised himself spasmodically, seized with

his slender arms the two pillars at the foot of his bed, and shook them, crying out in wrath, "Let me die with the Philistines!" The strong columns remained immovable ; but, exhausted and smiling sadly, the little man fell back on his pillow, while from his wound, the bandage of which was displaced, ran a red stream of blood.

THE RABBI OF BACHARACH.

A FRAGMENT.

With kindly greeting, the Legend of the Rabbi of Bacharach

IS DEDICATED

to his friend HENRY LAUBE by the AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

ON the Lower Rhine, where its banks begin to lose their smiling aspect, where hills and cliffs with romantic ruined castles rise more defiantly, and a wild and sterner dignity prevails, there lies, like a strange and fearful tale of the olden time, the gloomy and ancient town of Bacharach. But these walls, with their toothless battlements and turrets, in whose nooks and niches the winds blew and the sparrows rest, were not always so decayed and fallen, and in these poverty-stricken, repulsive muddy lanes which one sees through the ruined tower, there did not always reign that dreary silence which is only now and then broken by crying children, scolding women, and lowing cows. These walls were once proud and strong,

and these lanes were alive with a fresh, free life, power and pride, joy and sorrow, much love and much hate. For Bacharach of old belonged to those municipalities which were founded by the Romans during their rule on the Rhine;¹ and its inhabitants, though the times which came after were sadly stormy, and though they had to submit first to the Hohenstaufen, and then to the Wittelsbach authority, managed, after the example of the other cities on the Rhine, to maintain a tolerably free commonwealth. This consisted of an alliance of different social elements, in which the patrician elder citizens and those of the guilds which were subdivided according to their different trades, mutually strove for power, so that while they were bound in union to keep ward and guard against the robber-nobles, they nevertheless were obstinate in domestic dissensions waged for warring interests, the results of which were constant feuds, little social intercourse, much mistrust, and not seldom actual outbursts of passion. The lord warden² sat on the high tower of Sareck, and darted downwards like his falcon, whenever called for, swooping

¹ Bacharach is so called from *Ara Bacchi*, the altar of Bacchus, on account of the wine made there.

“ A jolly place it was in days of yore ;
But something ails it now—the spot is cursed.”

² *Vogt*. Governor, warden, prefect, or provost.

also many a time uncalled. The clergy ruled in darkness by darkening the souls of others. One of the most distracted and helpless of bodies, gradually ground down by local laws, was the little Jewish community. This was first formed in Bacharach in the days of the Romans, and during the later persecution of the people it had taken in many a flock of fugitive co-religionists.

The great oppression of the Jews began with the crusades, and raged most furiously about the middle of the fourteenth century, at the end of the great pestilence, which was, like all other great public disasters, attributed to the Jews, because people declared they had drawn down the wrath of God, and with the help of the lepers had poisoned the wells. The enraged populace, especially the hordes of Flagellants, or half naked men and women, who, lashing themselves for penance and singing a mad hymn to the Virgin, swept over South Germany and the Rhenish provinces, murdered in those days many thousand Jews, torturing others, or baptizing them by force. There was another accusation which had come down from earlier times, and which through all the Middle Ages, even to the beginning of the last century, cost much blood and suffering. This was the ridiculous story, often repeated in chronicle and legend, that the Jews stole the consecrated wafer, and stabbed it through with knives till blood ran from it. And to this

it was added that at the feast of the Passover the Jews slew Christian children to use their blood in the night sacrifice.

Therefore on this festival the Jews, hated for their wealth, their religion, and the debts due to them, were entirely in the hands of their enemies, who could easily bring about their destruction by spreading the report of such a child-murder, and then secretly putting a bloody infant's corpse in the house of a Jew thus accused. Then there would be an attack by night on the Jews at their prayers, where there was murder, plunder, and baptism; and great miracles wrought by the dead child aforesaid, whom the Church eventually canonised. Saint Werner is one of these holy beings, and in his honour the magnificent abbey of Oberwesel was founded. It is now one of the most beautiful ruins on the Rhine, and which, with the Gothic grandeur of its long ogival windows, proudly high-shooting pillars, and marvellous stone-carving, so strangely enchants us when we wander by it on some gay, green summer's day, and do not know what was its origin. In honour of this saint three other great churches were built on the Rhine, and innumerable Jews murdered or maltreated. All this happened in the year 1287; and in Bacharach, where one of these Saint Werner's churches stood, the Jews suffered much misery and persecution. However, they remained for two centuries after, protected from

such attacks of popular rage, though they were continually subject to enmity and threatening.¹

Yet the more hate oppressed them from without, the more earnestly and tenderly did the Jews of Bacharach cherish their domestic life within, and the deeper was the growth among them of piety and the fear of God. The ideal exemplar of a life given to God was seen in their Rabbi Abraham, who, though as yet a young man,

¹ Heine speaks here of the Middle Ages. What would he have said could he have foreseen that in the year 1889 a book would be published devoted to proving that Jews do sacrifice Christian children, and that this book would receive the approbation and sanction of the Pope? Since translating the foregoing passage, I have met with the following remarkable illustration of it in the *Levant Herald*:—

“A few days back two Greeks presented themselves at the palace of the grand rabbi of Smyrna, and asked to see him on very important business. The venerable Abraham Palacci being unwell, they were asked to come another day. Next day they called again; the rabbi not having yet recovered, his son, a man of forty-five, learning that the business was urgent, asked if they could not explain it to him. After some desultory conversation they consented, at the same time requesting to be conducted to some remote compartment where there was no danger of being overheard. This being done, one of them said to him:—‘Every one has his particular religion; we are aware that part of yours is to offer at Easter a Christian child in sacrifice; now we are ready, for the sum of £1400, to furnish you with a fine, plump, and healthy Christian child, a little Greek girl of four years old, for your sacrifice, and the child shall be obtained in such a manner as to insure the most profound secrecy.’ The rabbi’s son, as may be supposed, was thunder-struck at the proposal, but he dissembled his feelings and stated that before he could enter into any definite arrangements with

was famed far and wide for his learning. Born in Bacharach, his father, who had been the rabbi there before him, had charged him in his last will never to leave the place unless for fear of life. This command, and a cabinet full of rare books, was all which his parent, who lived in poverty and learning, left him. However, Rabbi Abraham was a very rich man, for he had married the only daughter of his paternal uncle, who had been a great dealer in jewellery, and whose

them it was necessary he should consult his father. They having consented to this, he withdrew to his father's room and briefly related to him the story of the grim proposal. Speaking in the Hebrew tongue, for fear the men outside should understand, the father told him to despatch a messenger immediately to the headquarters of the police, requesting the chief of police to send immediately an officer with a body of gendarmes, and then to go back and keep the Greeks, under the pretence of discussing the price of their crime. Emin Effendi speedily answered the summons, and on the arrival of the zaptiehs the rabbi posted them behind a door concealed by a heavy curtain, and sent word to his son that the men had come, this message, like the previous one, being delivered in Hebrew. One of these individuals asking what the man had said, Nissim Palacci answered that his father, although ill, wished to see them. Ushered into the presence of the rabbi, he began asking them in Turkish, so that the officials might understand the affair, how and where they got the child, how the sale was to be effected, and many other particulars. The examination of the case satisfactorily concluded, he whistled, the police came in, and, having manacled the men, led them off to prison. As they were led through the streets some inkling of the affair seems to have got abroad, and the police had to be strengthened to repress the people, who looked as if about to take vengeance on the miscreants."

possessions he had inherited. A few mischief-makers¹ in the community hinted now and then that the rabbi had married for money. But the women one and all denied this, declaring it was a well-known story that the rabbi, long ere he went to Spain, was in love with "Beautiful Sara," and how she waited for him seven years till he returned; he having already wedded her against the will of her father, and even her own inclination, by the betrothal-ring. For every Jew can make a Jewish girl his lawful wife, if he can put a ring on her finger, and say at the same time: "I take thee for my wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel." And when Spain was mentioned, the same gossips were wont to smile in the same significant manner, and all because of an obscure rumour that, though Rabbi Abraham had studied the holy law industriously enough at the high school of Toledo, yet that he had followed Christian customs and become imbued with habits of free thinking, like many Spanish Jews who had at that time attained a very remarkable degree of culture.

And yet in their hearts the tale-bearers put no faith in these reports; for ever since his return from Spain the daily life of the Rabbi had been to the last degree pure, pious, and earnest. He carried out the least details of all

¹ *Fuchsbärte*. Red-beards, Judases.

religious customs and ceremonies with painful conscientiousness; he fasted every Monday and Thursday—only on Sabbaths and feast days did he indulge in meat or wine; his time was passed in prayer and study; by day he taught the Law to the students, whom his fame had drawn to Bacharach, and by night he gazed on the stars in heaven, or into the eyes of the beautiful Sara. His married life was childless, yet there was no lack of life or gaiety in the household. The great hall in his home, which stood near the synagogue, was open to the whole community, so that people went and came from it without ceremony, some offering short prayers, others exchanging news, or taking mutual counsel when in trouble. Here the children played on Sabbath mornings while the weekly "section" was read; here many met for wedding or funeral processions, and quarrelled or were reconciled; here, too, those who were cold found a warm stove, and the hungry a well-spread table. And, moreover, the Rabbi had a multitude of relations, brothers and sisters, with their wives and children, as well as an endless array of uncles and cousins, in common with his wife, all of whom looked up to the Rabbi as the head of the family, and so made themselves at home in his house, and never failed to dine with him on all great festivals. Special among these grand gatherings

in the Rabbi's house was the annual celebration of the Passover, a very ancient and remarkable feast which Jews still hold every year in the month Nissen, in eternal remembrance of their deliverance from Egyptian captivity.

Which takes place as follows: As soon as it is dark the matron of the family lights the lamps, spreads the table-cloth, places in its midst three plates of unleavened bread, covers them with a napkin, and places on the pile six little dishes containing symbolical food, that is, an egg, lettuce, horse-radish, the bone of a lamb, and a brown mixture of raisins, cinnamon, and nuts. At this table the father of the family sits among relations and friends, and reads to them from a very curious book called the *Agade*, whose contents are a strange mixture of legends of their forefathers, wondrous tales of Egypt, questions of theology, prayers and festival songs. During this feast there is a grand supper, and even during the reading there is tasting of the symbolical food and nibbling of Passover bread, while four cups of red wine are drunk. Mournfully merry, seriously gay, and mysteriously secret as some dark old legend is the character of this nocturnal festival, and the usual traditional singing intonation with which the *Agade* is read by the father, and now and then re-echoed in chorus by the hearers, at one time thrills the inmost

soul as with a shudder, anon calms it as if it were a mother's lullaby, and anon startles it so suddenly into waking that even those Jews who have long fallen away from the faith of their fathers and run after strange joys and honours, are moved to their very hearts when by chance the old well-known tones of the Passover songs ring in their ears.

And so Rabbi Abraham once sat in his great hall surrounded by relations, disciples, and many other guests, to celebrate the great feast of the Passover. All around was unusually brilliant; over the table hung the gaily embroidered silk canopy, whose gold fringes touched the floor; the plate with the symbolic food shone in a comfortable home-like way, as did the tall wine goblets, adorned with embossed images of holy legends. The men sat in their black cloaks and black broad-brimmed hats, with white collars; the women, in wonderful glittering garments of Lombard stuffs, wore on their heads and necks ornaments of gold and pearls, and the silver Sabbath lamps poured forth their pleasant light on the pleased faces of parents and children, happy in their piety. On the purple velvet cushions of a chair, higher than the others, and reclining as the Law enjoins, sat Rabbi Abraham, and read and sang the *Agade*, while the mixed assembly joined with him, or answered in the

appointed places. The Rabbi also wore the appointed black festival garment, his nobly-formed but somewhat severe features wore a milder expression than usual, his lips smiled in the dark-brown beard as if they would fain tell something agreeable, while in his eyes there was an expression as of happy remembrances allied to some strange foreboding. The beautiful Sara, who sat on the same high velvet cushion as her husband, wore, as hostess, none of her ornaments—only white linen enveloped her slender form and good and gentle face. This face was touchingly beautiful, even as all Jewish beauty is of a peculiarly moving kind; for the consciousness of the deep wretchedness, the bitter scorn, and the evil chances amid which her kindred and friends dwelt, gave to her lovely features a depth of sorrow and an ever-watchful apprehension of love, such as most deeply touches our hearts. So on this evening the fair Sara sat looking into the eyes of her husband, yet glancing ever and anon at the beautiful parchment book of the *Agade* which lay before her, bound in gold and velvet. It was an old heirloom, with ancient wine stains on it, which had come down from the days of her grandfather, and in which were many boldly and brightly-coloured pictures, which she had often as a little girl looked at so eagerly on Passover evenings, and which represented all

kinds of Bible stories—how Abraham broke asunder with a hammer the idols of his father, how the angels came to him, how Moses slew Mizri, how Pharaoh sat in state on his throne, how the frogs gave him no peace even at table, how he—the Lord be praised!—was drowned, how the children of Israel went cautiously through the Red Sea; how they stood open-mouthed, with their sheep, cows, and oxen, before Mount Sinai; how pious King David played the harp; and, finally, how Jerusalem, with its towers and battlements, shone in the splendour of the setting sun.

The second wine-cup had been served, the faces and voices of the guests grew merrier, and the Rabbi, as he took a cake of unleavened bread and raised it, greeting gaily, read these words from the *Agade*: “See! This is the food which our fathers ate in Egypt! Let every one who is hungry come and enjoy it! Let every one who is sorrowful come and share the joys of our Passover! In this year we celebrate it here, but in years to come in the land of Israel. This year we celebrate it in servitude, but in the years to come as sons of freedom!”

Then the hall-door opened, and there entered two tall, pale men, wrapped in very broad cloaks, who said: “Peace be with you. We are men of your faith on a journey, and wish to share the Passover-feast with you!” And the Rabbi replied promptly

and kindly: "Peace be with you, sit ye down near me!" The two strangers sat down at the table, and the Rabbi read on. While the company conversed, he often cast a pleasant, petting word to his wife; and playing on the old saying that on this evening a Hebrew father of a family regards himself as a king, said to her, "Rejoice, oh my Queen!" But she replied, smiling sadly, "The Prince is wanting," meaning by that a son, who, as a passage in the *Agade* requires, shall ask his father, with a certain formula of words, what is the meaning of the festival? The Rabbi said nothing, but only pointed with his finger to a picture on the opened leaves of the *Agade*. It was quaintly and touchingly drawn, showing how the three angels came to Abraham, announcing that he would have a son by his wife Sara, who, meanwhile, urged by feminine curiosity, is listening slyly to it all behind the tent-door. This little sign caused a threefold blush to rise to the cheeks of beautiful 'Sara, who looked down, and then glanced pleasantly at her husband, who went on chanting the wonderful story how Rabbi Jesua, Rabbi Eliezer, Rabbi Asaria, Rabbi Akiba, and Rabbi Tarphen sat reclining in Bona-Brak, and conversed all night long of the Exodus from Egypt till their disciples came to tell them it was daylight, and that the great morning prayer was being read in the synagogue.

As Beautiful Sara listened with devotion while looking at her husband, she saw that in an instant his face assumed an expression as of agony or despair, his cheeks and lips were deadly pale, and his eyes glanced like balls of ice; but almost immediately he became calm and cheerful as before, his cheeks and lips grew ruddy, he looked about him gaily—nay, it seemed as if a mad and merry mood, such as was foreign to his nature, had seized him. Beautiful Sara was frightened as she had never been in all her life, and a cold shudder came over her—less from the momentary manifestation of dumb despair which she had seen in her husband's face, than from the joyousness which followed it, and which passed into rollicking jollity. The Rabbi cocked his cap comically, first on one ear, then on the other, pulled and twisted his beard funnily, sang the *Agade* texts like tavern-songs; and in the enumeration of the Egyptian plagues, where it is usual to dip the forefinger in the full wine-cup and cast the drops adhering to the earth, he sprinkled the young girls near him with the red wine, and there was great wailing over spoiled collars, and ringing laughter. At every instant Beautiful Sara became more awed at this convulsive merriment of her husband, and oppressed with nameless fears she gazed on the buzzing swarm of gaily glittering guests who comfortably

spread or rocked themselves here and there, nibbling the thin Passover cakes, drinking wine, gossiping, or singing aloud full of joy.

Then came the time for supper. All rose to wash, and beautiful Sara brought the great silver basin, richly adorned with embossed gold figures, which was presented to every guest, that he might wash his hands. As she held it to the Rabbi, he gave her a significant look, and quietly slipped out of the door. In obedience to the sign Beautiful Sara followed him, when he grasped her hand, and in the greatest haste hurried her through the dark lanes of Bacharach, out of the city gate to the highway which leads to Bingen along the Rhine.

It was one of the nights in spring which are indeed softly warm and starry withal, yet which inspire the soul with strange uncanny feelings. There was something of the churchyard in the flowers, the birds sang peevishly and as if vexing themselves, the moon cast spiteful yellow stripes of light over the dark stream as it went murmuring away, the lofty masses of the Rhine cliffs looked dimly like quivering giants' heads, the watchman on the tower of Castle Strahleck blew a melancholy tune, and with it rang in jarring rivalry the funeral bell of Saint Werner's. Beautiful Sara carried the silver ewer in her right hand, while the Rabbi grasped her left, and she felt that his fingers were ice-cold, and that his arm trembled;

but still she went on with him in silence, perhaps because she was accustomed to obey blindly and unquestioning—perhaps, too, because her lips were mute with fear and anxiety.

Below Castle Sonneck, opposite Lorch, about the place where the hamlet of Nieder Rheinbach now stands, there rises a cliff which arches out over the Rhine bank. The Rabbi ascended it with his wife, looked around on every side, and gazed on the stars. Trembling and shivering, as with the pain of death, Beautiful Sara looked at his pale face, which seemed spectre-like in the moon-rays, and seemed to express by turns pain, terror, piety, and rage. But when the Rabbi suddenly snatched from her hands the silver ewer and threw it far away into the Rhine, she could no longer endure her agony of uncertainty, and crying out, "*Schadai*, full of mercy!" threw herself at his feet, and conjured him to solve the dark enigma.

Unable at first to speak from excitement, the Rabbi moved his lips without uttering a sound, till at last he cried, "Dost thou see the Angel of Death? There below he sweeps over Bacharach. But we have escaped his sword. Praised be God!" And in a voice still trembling with excitement he told her that while he was happily and comfortably singing the *Agade* he glanced by chance under the table, and saw at his feet the bloody

corpse of a little child. "Then I knew," continued the Rabbi, "that our two guests were not of the community of Israel, but of the assembly of the godless, who had plotted to bring that corpse craftily into the house so as to accuse us of child-murder, and stir up the people to plunder and murder us. Had I given a sign that I saw through that work of darkness I should simply have brought destruction on the instant to me and mine, and only by craft did I preserve our lives. Praised be God! Grieve not, Beautiful Sara. Our relations and friends will also be saved. It was only my blood which the wretches wanted. I have escaped them, and they will be satisfied with my silver and gold. Come with me, Beautiful Sara, to another land. We will leave bad luck behind us, and that it may not follow us I have thrown to it the silver ewer, the last of my possessions, as an offering. The God of our fathers will not forsake us. Come down, thou art weary. There is Dumb William standing by his boat; he will this morning row us up the Rhine."

Speechless, and as if every limb was broken, Beautiful Sara lay in the arms of the Rabbi, who slowly bore her to the bank. There stood William, a deaf and dumb youth, but yet beautiful as a picture, who, to maintain his old foster-mother, who was a neighbour of the Rabbi, was

a fisherman, and kept his boat in this place. It seemed as if he had divined the intention of Abraham, and was waiting for him, for on his silent lips there was an expression as of sweet sympathy and pity, and his great blue eyes rested as with deep meaning on Beautiful Sara, while he lifted her carefully into the canoe.¹

The glance of the silent youth roused Beautiful Sara from her lethargy, and she realised at once that all which her husband had told her was no mere dream, and a stream of bitter tears poured over her cheeks, which were as white as her garment. So she rested in the canoe, a weeping image of white marble, while by her sat her husband and Silent William, who was rowing earnestly.

Whether it was owing to the measured beat of the oars, or the rocking of the boat, or the fresh perfume from the Rhine banks whereon joy grows,² it ever happens that even the most sorrowful being is marvellously calmed when on a night in spring he is lightly borne in a light canoe on the dear, clear Rhine stream. For in truth old, kind-hearted Father Rhine cannot bear that his children shall weep, so, calming their crying, he rocks them on his

¹ *Kahn*. The Rhine boats were almost invariably canoe-like in form, as many are at present.

² *Worauf die Freude wächst*. In allusion to the vineyards of the Rhine.

trusty arm, and tells them his most beautiful stories, and promises them his most golden treasures, perhaps the old, old, long-sunk Nibelungen hoard. Little by little the tears of Beautiful Sara ceased to flow; her worst sorrow seemed to be washed away by the eddying, whispering waves, while the hills about her home bade her the tenderest farewell. Most trustingly of all did the Kedrich, her favourite, give her a farewell greeting; and it seemed as if far up in the strange moonlight, resting on its summit, she saw a lady with outstretched arms, while the daring dwarfs swarmed out of their caverns in the rocks, and a rider came rushing down the rocks in full gallop. And Beautiful Sara felt as if she were a child again, sitting once more in the lap of her aunt from Lorch, who was telling her brave tales of the bold knight who freed the stolen damsel from the dwarfs, and many other true stories of the wonderful Wisperthal "over there," where the birds talk as sensibly as any mortals, and of Gingerbread Land, where good, obedient children go, and of enchanted princesses, singing trees, crystal castles, golden bridges, laughing water-fairies. . . . But all at once among these pleasant tales which began to send forth sounds of music and to gleam with lovely light, Beautiful Sara heard the voice of her father, who scolded the poor aunt for putting such nonsense into the

child's head. Then it seemed to her as if they set her on the little stool before her father's velvet-covered chair, who with a soft hand smoothed her long hair, and smiled as if well pleased, and cradled himself comfortably in his full, Sabbath dressing-gown of blue silk. Yes, it must be the Sabbath, for the flowered cover was spread on the table, all the utensils in the room shone polished like looking-glasses, the white-bearded public messenger¹ sat beside her father, and ate raisins and talked in Hebrew; even little Abraham came in with a very great book, and modestly begged leave of his uncle to expound a portion of the Holy Scripture, that he might prove that he had learned much during the past week, and therefore deserved much praise—and a corresponding quantity of cakes. . . . Then the lad laid the book on the broad arm of the chair, and set forth the history of Jacob and Rachel, and how Jacob lifted up his voice and wept when he first saw his cousin Rachel, how he talked so confidently with her by the well, how he had to serve seven years for her, and how speedily they passed away, and how he at last married and loved her for ever and ever. . . . Then all at once Beautiful Sara remembered how her father cried with merry voice, "Wilt thou not, like that also, marry thy

¹ *Gemeindediener*. Lit., servant of the community.

cousin Sara?" To which little Abraham seriously replied, "That I will, and she shall wait seven years too." These memories stole like twilight shadows through the soul of the young wife, and she saw how she and her little cousin—now so great a man and her husband—played like children together in the leafy tabernacle; how they were delighted with the gay carpets, flowers, mirrors, and gilded apples; how little Abraham petted her more tenderly, till he grew to be little by little larger and less amiable, and at last of full growth and altogether grim. . . . And now she sits in her room alone of a Saturday evening; the moon shines brightly in, and the door flies open, and cousin Abraham, in travelling garb and pale as death, comes in, and grasps her hand and puts a gold ring on her finger, and says solemnly, "I hereby take thee to be my wife, according to the laws of God and of Israel." "But now," he added, with a trembling voice, "now I must go to Spain. Farewell—for seven years thou must wait for me." So he hurried away, and Sara, weeping, told the tale to her father, who roared and raged. "Cut off thy hair, for now thou art a married woman," and he rode after Abraham to compel him to give her a letter of divorcement; but he was over the hills and far away, and the father returned silently to his house. And when Beautiful Sara

helped to draw off his boots, and to soothe him said that Abraham would return in seven years, he cursed and cried, "Seven years shalt thou be a beggar," and so he soon died.

And so old memories swept through her soul like a hurried play of shadows, the images inter-mixing and blending strangely, while between them went and came unknown bearded faces, and great flowers with marvellous broad spreading foliage.¹ Then the Rhine seemed to murmur the melodies of the *Agade*, and from its waters the pictures, large as life and in strange exaggerated guise, came forth one by one. There was the forefather Abraham painfully and hurriedly breaking the idols, who were hastily running out of his way; Mizri defending himself fiercely against the maddened Moses; Mount Sinai flashing and flaming; King Pharaoh swimming in the Red Sea, holding his zigzagged gold crown tight in his teeth, frogs with men's faces swimming in between, and the waves foaming and roaring, while a dark giant-hand rose threatening from the deep.²

That was the Mouse Tower of Bishop Hatto,

¹ *Grosse Blumen mit fabelhaft breitem Blattwerk.* The whole spirit of Gothic decoration, of grotesque figures and faces, twined about with vines and *crochets*, or expanded leaves exaggerated into strange yet beautiful forms, is given in this passage.

² According to magicians and occultists the most awful and terrible apparition which threatens the neophyte in his first introduction to the supernatural world is the giant foot or hand. This one was probably suggested by the romance of King Arthur.

and the canoe shot through the Binger Eddy. By this Beautiful Sara was somewhat aroused from her dreams, and gazed at the hills on the shore, from whose summits the lights gleamed, and at whose feet the mist shimmering in moon-rays began to rise. Suddenly she seemed to see in it her friends and relations, as they, with corpse-like faces and flowing shrouds, passed in awful procession along the Rhine. . . . All grew dark before her eyes, an icy current ran through her soul, and, as if in sleep, she only heard the Rabbi repeating the night-prayer slowly and painfully, as if at a deathbed, and dreamily she stammered the words, "Ten thousand to the right, ten thousand to the left, to protect the king from the terrors of the night."

Then all at once the oppressive gloom and grief passed away, the dark curtain was torn from heaven, and there appeared far above the holy city Jerusalem, with its towers and gates; the Temple gleamed in golden splendour, and in its fore-court Sara saw her father in his yellow Sabbath dressing-gown, smiling as if well pleased. All her friends and relations looked out from the round windows of the Temple, merrily greeting her; in the Holy of Holies knelt pious King David, in his purple mantle and golden crown; sweetly rang his song and harp-tones, and smiling happily Beautiful Sara awoke.

CHAPTER II.

As Beautiful Sara opened her eyes they were almost dazzled by the rays of the sun. The high towers of a great city rose before her, and Silent William stood with his boat-hook upright in the canoe, and pushed and guided it through the lively crowding of many vessels, gay with pennons and streamers, whose crews either looked leisurely at passers-by or were in groups busied in loading with chests, bales, and casks the lighters which should bear them to the shore, and with it all was a deafening noise, the constant halloh cry of steersmen, the calling of traders from the shore, and the scolding of the custom-house officials who, in their red coats with white maces and white faces, jumped from boat to boat.

"Yes, Beautiful Sara," said the Rabbi, cheerfully smiling to his wife, "this is the famous, free, imperial, and commercial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and we are now passing along that river. Do you see those pleasant-looking houses up there, surrounded by green hillocks? That is Sachsenhausen, from which our lame Gumpert brings us the fine myrrhen for the Feast of the Tabernacles. Here thou see'st the strong Main Bridge, with thirteen arches, over which many men, waggons, and horses safely pass, and in the middle stands a little house of which Aunt

Täubchen says that a baptized Jew lives there, who pays every man who brings him a dead rat six farthings, on account of the Jewish community, who are obliged to deliver annually to the State council five thousand rats' tails for tribute."

At the thought of this war, which the Frankfort Jews were obliged to keep up with the rats, Beautiful Sara burst out laughing. The bright sunlight, and the new gay world now before her, had driven all the terrors and horrors of the past night from her soul, and as she was lifted to land from the canoe by Silent William and her husband, she felt inspired as with a sense of joyful safety. But Silent William looked long with his beautiful deep blue eyes into hers, half sadly, half cheerfully, and then with a significant glance at the Rabbi, sprang back into his boat and disappeared.

"Silent William much resembles my brother who died," said Beautiful Sara. "All the angels are alike," answered the Rabbi; and taking his wife by the hand he led her through the dense crowd on the shore, where, as it was the time of the Easter Fair, stood a great number of newly-erected wooden booths. Then passing through the gloomy Main Gate, they found themselves in quite as noisy a multitude. Here in a narrow street one shop stood close by another, every house, as was usual in Frankfort, being specially adapted to trade. There were no windows on

the ground floor, but broad open arches, so that the passer-by, looking in, could see at a glance all there was for sale.¹ And how Beautiful Sara was astonished at the mass of magnificent wares, and the splendour, such as she had never seen before! Here stood Venetians,² who offered cheaply all the elegancies and luxuries of the East and Italy, and Beautiful Sara seemed as if enchanted by the ornaments and jewels, the gay and varied caps and bodices, the gold bangles and necklaces, and the whole display of knick-knackery which women look at so lovingly and wear even more endearingly. The richly embroidered stuffs of velvet and silk seemed to speak to Beautiful Sara, and flash and sparkle back strange wonders into her memory, and it really seemed to her as if she were again a little girl, and that Aunty Täubchen had kept her promise and taken her to the Frankfort Fair, and that she now at last stood before the beautiful garments of which she had heard so much. With a secret joy she reflected what she should take back with her to Bacharach, and which of her two little cousins, Flowery and Birdy, would prefer that blue silk

¹ Such houses still abound in Regensburg, Nuremberg, and the Italian cities.

² The Venetians (as may be seen in the *Facetiae* of Piovano Arlotto) at this time pushed their wares into Paris, London, and Germany with all the enterprise of our modern commercial travellers.

girdle, and whether the green stockings would suit little Gottschalk—when all at once it flashed on her, “Ah, Lord! they are all grown up now, and yesterday they were slain!” She shuddered and shrank into herself, and the shadows of the night seemed to settle again in her soul; but the gold-embroidered cloths glittered once more with a thousand roguish eyes, and drove dark thoughts from her mind, and as she looked into her husband’s face it was free from clouds, and bore its habitual serious gentleness. “Shut your eyes, Sara!” said the Rabbi, and led his wife away, still onward through the crowd.

What a varied, variegated, struggling multitude! First in it were the tradesmen, who loudly outbid one another in offering bargains, or talked together, summing on their fingers, or, followed by porters bearing high-packed loads, who at a dog-trot led the way to their lodgings. By the faces of others one could see that they came from curiosity. The stout councilman was shown by his scarlet cloak and golden chain, while the black, prosperous swelling waistcoat betrayed the honourable and proud Altburger. The iron-peaked helmet, the yellow leather jerkin, and the rattling spurs, weighing one pound, indicated the heavy cavalryman, or squire. Under many a little black velvet cap, which bowed in a point over the brow, there was a rosy girl-face, and the young fellows who

jumped after it, like hunting-dogs on the scent, showed they were finished dandies by their saucily feathered caps, their rattling peaked shoes, and their silk garments of separate colours, where one side was green and the other red, or the right striped like a rainbow, and the left in harlequin squares of many colours, so that the mad youths looked as if they were split in two. Freeing themselves from the crowd, the Rabbi with his wife directed the way to the Römer. This is the great market-place of the city, surrounded by houses with high gables, and takes its name from one immense building, "the Roman," which was bought by the magistracy and dedicated as the court-house or town-hall. In it the German Emperor was elected, and before it tournaments were often held. King Maximilian, who was passionately fond of such sports, was then in Frankfort, and in his honour the day before there had been great tilting in the Römer ground. Many idle men still stood on or about the scaffolding, which was being removed by carpenters, and told how the Duke of Brunswick and the Margrave of Brandenburg had charged one another amid the sound of drums and of trumpets, and how Lord Walter the Blackguard had knocked the Knight of the Bear so soundly out of his saddle that the splinters of the lances flew high in the air, and the tall blonde King Max, standing

upon the balcony among his courtiers, rubbed his hands for joy. The cloths of gold were still to be seen on the balconies and in the Gothic windows of the town-hall. The other houses of the market-place were also still bedecked and adorned with shields, especially the Limburg house, on whose banner was painted a maiden who bore a sparrow-hawk on her hand, while a monkey held out to her a mirror. Many knights and ladies stood on the balcony engaged in gay conversation, while looking at the crowd below, which, in odd groups and as odd attire, shifted here and there. What a multitude of idlers and loiterers crowded together here to gratify curiosity ! There was laughing, grumbling, stealing, naughty pinching, hurraing, while ever and anon was heard in yelling, braying notes the trumpet of the mountebank quack, who, in a red cloak with his Jack Pudding and monkey, stood on a high stand blowing bravely the horn of his own skill, and sounding the praises of his tinctures and marvellous salves, ere he solemnly regarded the glass of water brought by some old woman, or applied himself to pull a poor peasant's tooth. Two fencing-masters, fluttering about in gay ribbons, brandishing their rapiers, met as if by chance, and had a mock duel, with great apparent anger ; but after a long assault-at-arms each declared that the other was invincible, and took up a

collection. Then the newly-organised guild of archers marched by with drummers and pipers, and these were followed by the policeman,¹ who carried a red flag, and led a disorderly mob of travelling adventuresses, who came from the woman's house, known as "the Ass," in Würzburg, and were going to Rosendale, where the highly honourable municipal authority had assigned them their quarters for the fair. "Shut your eyes, Sara," said the Rabbi. For indeed the fantastic crowd of very lightly clad girls, among whom were some who were really beautiful, behaved in a most unbecoming manner, baring their bold white breasts, chaffing those who went by with shameless words, and swinging their long travelling staves. And as they came to the gate of Saint Katherine they rode on them as children play at riding horses, and sang in shrill tones the witch-song—

"Where is the goat? the hellish beast;
Where is the goat? Oh bring him quick!
And if there is no goat, at least
We'll ride upon the stick."

This wild sing-song, which rang afar, was lost in the long-drawn solemn tones of a church procession. It was a mournful train of bare-headed and bare-footed monks, who carried burning wax tapers, banners with pictures of the saints, and

¹ *Stücker*. Constable in charge of the stocks, &c.

great silver crucifixes. Before it ran boys clad in red and white gowns, bearing smoking censers of frankincense. In the midst, under a splendid canopy, were priests in white robes, bedecked with costly lace or in many-coloured stoles, and one of them held in his hand a sun-like golden vessel, which on arriving at a shrine by the market-corner he raised on high, while he half-sang, half-spoke in Latin—when all at once a little bell rang, and all around becoming silent fell on their knees and made the sign of the Cross. “Shut your eyes, Sara!” cried the Rabbi again, and hastily drew her away through a labyrinth of narrow and crooked streets, and at last over the desolate empty place which separated the new Jewish quarter from the rest of the city.

Before that time the Jews dwelt between the Dom or Cathedral and the bank of the Main, that is, from the bridge to the Lumpenbrunnen or Rag-fountain, and from the Mehlwage as far as Saint Bartholomew’s. But the Catholic priests obtained a Papal bull forbidding the Jews to live so near the high church, for which reason the magistrates assigned them a place on the Wollgraben, where they built their present quarter. This was surrounded with high walls, and had iron chains before the gate to shut them in from the mob. Here they lived, crowded and oppressed, and with far more vivid memories of previous suffering than

at present. In 1240 the raging populace had caused an awful "bath of blood" among them, which was remembered as the first Jewish massacre; and in 1349, when the Flagellants, while passing through the town, set fire to it, and accused the Jews of the deed: the latter were nearly all murdered or burned alive in their own houses. This was called the second Jewish massacre. After this the Jews were oftener threatened with similar slaughter, and during the internal dissensions of Frankfort, especially during a dispute of the council with the guilds, the mob often meant to attack the Jewish quarter. This place had two doors, which on Catholic festivals were closed from without and on Jewish celebrations from within, and before each gate was a watch-house with city soldiers.

As the Rabbi came with his wife to the entrance to the Jewish quarter, the soldiers lay, as one could see through the open windows, on the wooden bench of their guard-room, while out before the door sat the drummer playing small caprices on his great drum. He was a powerfully built, heavy fellow, wearing a jerkin and hose of fiery yellow, greatly puffed out on the arms and thighs, and profusely scattered with small red flowing tufts sewed on, which looked as if innumerable fiery tongues were licking him from head to foot. His breast and back were

covered with cushions of black cloth, against which hung his drum ; he bore on his head a flat, round black cap, which was matched by his face in roundness and flatness, and which was in keeping with his dress, being also orange-yellow, picked out with black pimples, and contracted into a gaping smile. So the fellow sat and drummed the air of a song which the Flagellants had sung at the Jewish massacre, while he sang, in a rough, beery voice—

“ Our dear Lady true
Walked in the morning dew,
Kyrie eleison ! ”

“ Hans, that is a terrible tune,” cried a voice from behind the closed gate of the Jewish quarter. “ Yes, Hans, and a bad song too—don’t suit the drum ; don’t suit at all—by my soul—not the fair on Easter morning—bad song—dangerous, Jack, Jacky, little drum-Jacky boy¹—I’m a lonely man—and if thou lovest me, the Star, the tall Star, the tall nose-Star—so stop it ! ”

These words were forced out in fragments by the unseen speaker, now as in hasty anxiety, anon in a sighing drawl, with a tone which alternated from softness to harsh hoarseness, such as one hears in consumptive people. The drummer was not moved, and continued his song—

¹ *Hans-Hänschen, klein Trommelhänschen.*

"There came a little youth,
His beard had run away, in truth,
Halleluja!

"Jack," again cried the voice of the invisible speaker, "Jack, I'm a lone man, and it is a dangerous song, and I don't like it; and I have my reasons for it, and if you love me sing something else, and to-morrow we will drink together."

At the word "drink" Jack ceased his drumming and singing, and said in gentler tone, "The devil take the Jews! but thou, dear Nose-Star,¹ art my friend, I protect thee; and if we should only drink together often enough I will convert thee. Yea, I will be thy godfather, and when baptized thou wilt be eternally happy; and if thou hast genius and wilt study industriously under me thou mayest even become a drummer. Yes, Nose-Star, thou mayest yet become something great. I will drum the whole catechism into thee when we drink to-morrow together; but now open the gate, for here are two strangers who wish to enter."

"Open the gate!" cried Nose-Star, and his voice almost deserted him. "That can't be done in such a hurry, my dear Jack; one can't tell—don't know, you know—and I'm a lone man. Veitel Oxhead has the key, and he is sitting now in the corner mumbling his eighteen-prayer,

¹ *Nasenstern*. *Stern* is a common Jewish name.

and he must not be interrupted. And Jäkel the Fool is here too, but he is busy ; I'm a lone man."

"The devil take the Jews !" cried the drummer, and laughing loudly at this, his own and only joke, he trundled himself to the guard-room and laid down on the bench.

While the Rabbi waited with his wife before the great locked gate, there rose from behind it a strangely ringing, nasal, and somewhat mocking slow voice. "Starry—don't drone and groan so long. Take the keys from Oxheady's coat pockets, or else go stick your nose in the keyhole, and so unlock the gate. The people have been standing and waiting a long time."

"People !" cried the voice of Nose Star, as if frightened. "I thought there was only one ; and I beg you, Fool—dear Jäkel Fool—look out and see who are there."

A small, well-grated window in the gate opened, and there appeared in it a yellow cap with two horns, and the drolly, wrinkled, and twisted jest-maker's face of Jäkel the Fool. At once the window was shut, and he cried angrily, "Open the gate—there is only a man and a woman."

"A man and a wo-man !" groaned Nose Star. "Yes, and when the gate's opened the woman will take her gown off, and become a man ; and there'll be two men, and we are only three !"

"Don't be a hare," replied Jäkel the Fool.
"Pick up your heart and show courage!"

"Courage!" cried Nose Star, with mournful bitterness. "Hare! Hare is a bad comparison. The hare is an unclean beast. Courage! I am not put here to be courageous, but cautious. When too many come I am to call. But I alone cannot keep them back. My arm is weak, I have an issue-sore, and I'm a lone man. Should one shoot me I should be slain. Then that rich man, Mendel Reiss, will sit on the Sabbath at his table, and wipe the raisin-sauce from his mouth, and rub his belly, and perhaps say, 'Tall Nose Star was a brave fellow after all; if it had not been for him perhaps they would have burst the gate. He let himself be shot dead for us. He was a brave fellow; pity that he's dead!'"

Here the voice became tender and tearful, but all at once it rose to a hasty and almost angry tone. "Courage! and because the rich Mendel Reiss wipes away the raisin-sauce from his mouth, and pats his belly, and calls me a brave fellow, I'm to let myself be shot dead! Courage! Be brave! Little Strauss was brave, and yesterday went to the Römer to see the tilting, and thought they would not know him because he wore a frock of violet velvet—three florins a yard—with fox-tails all embroidered with gold—quite magnificent; and they dusted his violet frock

for him till it lost its colour, and his own back became violet and did not look human. Courage, indeed! The crooked, crippled Leser was courageous, and called our blackguardly chief magistrate a blackguard, and they hung him up by the feet between two dogs while Jack drummed. Courage! Don't be a hare! Among many dogs the hare is killed. I'm a lone man, and I am really afraid."

"That I'll swear to," cried Jäkel.

"Yes; I *have* fear," replied Nose Star, sighing. "I know that it runs in my blood, and I had it from my mother"——

"Ay, ay," interrupted Jäkel, "and your mother had it from her father, and he from his, and so all thy ancestors one from the other, back to the forefather who marched with King Saul against the Philistines, and was the first to run away. But look! Oxheady is all ready—he has bowed his head for the fourth time; now he is jumping like a flea at the Holy, Holy, Holy, and seeking cautiously in his pocket."

In fact the keys rattled, the gate grated and creaked as it opened, and the Rabbi and his wife entered the empty Judengasse or Jews' Lane. The man who opened was a little fellow with a good-natured grim face, who nodded absently, like one who did not like to be disturbed in his thoughts, and when he had carefully closed the portal,

slipped without saying a word into a corner, murmuring his prayers. Less taciturn was Jäkel the Fool, a short fellow with curved legs, a full blooming, red, and laughing face, and an enormous leg-of-mutton hand, which he stretched out of the wide sleeve of his chequered jacket in welcome. Behind him a tall, lean figure showed or rather hid itself—the slender neck white feathered with a fine cambric ruff, and the thin pale face strangely adorned with an incredibly long nose, which anxiously peered about in every direction.

“God’s welcome to a pleasant feast-day!” cried Jäkel the Fool. “Do not be astonished that the lane is so empty and silent just now. All our people are in the synagogue, and you are come just in the right time to hear the history of the sacrifice of Isaac. I know it—’tis an interesting tale, and if I had not heard it before, thirty-three times, I would willingly hear it again this year. And—mind you!—’tis an important history, for if Abraham had really killed Isaac and not the goat, then there would have been more goats in the world now—and fewer Jews.” And then, with mad and merry grimaces, Jäkel began to sing the following song from the Agade:¹—

¹ This prototype of “The House that Jack Built” is presumed to be a hymn in Seder Hagadah, fol. 23. The historical interpretation, says Mrs. Valentine, who has reproduced it in her *Nursery Rhymes*, was first given by P. N. Leberecht at Leipsic in 1731, and is printed in the *Christian Reformer*, vol. xvii.

"A kid, a kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money.¹ A kid! a kid!

"There came a cat which ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid!

"There came a dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid!

"There came a stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

"There came a fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

"There came the water, which quenched the fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who

p. 28. The original is in Chaldee. It is throughout an allegory. The kid, one of the pure animals, denotes Israel. The Father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah; the two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron. The cat means the Assyrians, the dog the Babylonians, the staff the Persians, the fire the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great. The water betokens the Roman or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine; the butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders by whom the Holy Land was taken from the Saracens; the Angel of Death the Turkish power to which Palestine is still subject. The tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, and restore the Jews to their own land.

¹ *Suslein*. In Heine's version, every noun in this song assumes the diminutive *lein*, as *Vaterlein*, "little father," *Bocklein*, *Hundlein*, &c.

bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

"There came an ox, who drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

"There came the butcher,¹ who slew the ox, who drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, that ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

"Then came the Angel of Death,² who slew the butcher, who killed the ox, who drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! kid!"³

"Yes, beautiful lady," added the singer, "and the day will come when the Angel of Death

¹ *Schochet*, butcher, meaning the Crusaders. Jews in repeating this in English or German retain this Hebrew word.

² *Malach Hammowes*, the Angel of Death. This is also generally given in Hebrew. There is a great awe attached to the name which gives a peculiar dignity to this verse.—*Translator*.

³ There is a concluding verse which Heine has omitted. "Then came the Holy One of Israel—blessed be he—and slew the Angel of Death, who," &c. Heine goes *usque ad aras*, but no further.—*Translator*.

will slay the slayer, and all our blood come over Edom, for God is a God of vengeance."

But all at once, casting aside with violent effort the seriousness into which he had unconsciously fallen, Jäkel jumped again into his mad fancies, and kept on in his harsh jester tones, "Don't be afraid, beautiful lady, Nose Star will not harm you. He is only dangerous to the old Schnapper-Elle. She has fallen in love with his nose—and, faith! it deserves it. Yea, for it is beautiful as the tower which looketh forth towards Damascus, and riseth like a cedar of Lebanon. Outwardly it gleameth like gold leaf and syrup, and inwardly it is all music and loveliness. It bloometh in summer and in winter it is frozen up—but in summer and winter it is petted and pulled by the white hands of Schnapper-Elle. Yes, she is madly in love with him. She cuddles him, she fuddles and fodders him; for her age he is young enough. When he is fat enough she means to marry him; and whoever comes to Frankfort, three hundred years hence, will not be able to see the heavens for Nose Stars."

"Ah, you are Jäkel the Fool," exclaimed the Rabbi, laughing. "I mark it by your words. I have often heard of you."

"Yes—yes," replied Jäkel, with a comical air of modesty. "Yes, that comes of being famous.

A man is often celebrated far and wide for being a bigger fool than he has any idea of. However, I take great pains and do my very best to be a fool, and jump and shake myself to make the bells ring; other people manage it more easily. But tell me, Rabbi, why do ye journey on a feast-day?"

"My justification," replied the Rabbi, "is in the Talmud, and it says, 'Danger drives away the Sabbath.'"

"Danger!" screamed the tall Nose Star, with an air of deadly terror. "Danger! danger! Drummer Jack!—drum, drum. Danger! danger! Drummer Jack!"

From without resounded the deep beery voice of Drummer Jack, "*Tausend donner sacrament!* The devil take the Jews. That's the third time to-day that you've woke me out of a sound sleep, Nose Star! Don't make me mad! For when I am mad I'm the howling old devil himself; and then as sure as I'm a Christian I'll up with my gun and shoot slap through the grated window of your tower—and then it'll be, old fellow, everybody look out for his nose!"

"Don't shoot! don't shoot! I'm a lonely man," wailed Nose Star piteously, and pressed his face against the wall, and remained trembling and murmuring prayers in this position.

"But say, what has happened?" cried Jäkel

the Fool, with all the impatient curiosity which was even then characteristic of the Frankfort Jews.

But the Rabbi impatiently broke loose from them, and went his way along the Jews' Street. "See, Sara!" he exclaimed, "how badly guarded is our Israel. False friends guard its gates without, and within its watchers are folly and fear."

They wandered slowly through the long and empty streets, where only here and there the head of some bright young girl looked out of a window, while the sun mirrored itself in the brilliant panes. In those days the houses in the Jewish quarter were still neat and new, and much lower than they now are, since it was only at a later time that the Jews, as their number greatly increased, although they could not enlarge their quarter, built one storey over another, squeezed themselves together like sardines, and so cramped themselves both in body and soul.¹ That part of the Jewish quarter which remained after the great fire, and which is called the Old Lane—that series of high, grimly dark houses, where a strangely grimacing, damp race of people bargains and chaffers, is a horrible relic of the Middle Ages. The older synagogue exists no

¹ It is remarkable that in America a narrow-minded, mean man is called a sardine. "A man who has never travelled, and has all his life been packed tightly among those who were his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore called a sardine" (*The Breitmann Ballads*).

more; it was less capacious than the present one, built later, after the Nuremberger exiles came into the community. It lay more to the north. The Rabbi had no need to ask his way. He found it from afar by the buzz of many voices often raised aloud. In the court of the House of God he parted from his wife, and after washing his hands at the fountain there, entered the lower part of the synagogue where the men pray, while Sara went up a flight of stairs and came into the place reserved for women.

This upper portion was a kind of gallery with three rows of seats painted of a reddish brown, whose backs were fitted in a manner very convenient for placing the prayer-books, with a hanging board. Here the women sat gossiping together or standing up in deep prayer. However, they often went and peered with curiosity through the large grating which was on the eastern side, through the thin green lattice of which one could look down into the lower portion of the synagogue. There, behind high praying-desks, stood the men, in their black cloaks, their pointed beards shooting out over white ruffs, and their skull-capped heads more or less concealed by a four-cornered scarf of white wool or silk, furnished with the prescribed tassels, in some instances also adorned with gold lace. The walls of the synagogue were simply white-washed, and no

other ornament was to be seen except the gilded iron grating on the square stage, where the extracts from the Law were recited, and the holy coffer, a costly embossed chest, apparently upheld by marble columns with rich capitols, whose flower and leaf-work flourished charmingly, covered with a curtain of violet velvet, on which a pious inscription was worked in gold spangles, pearls, and many-coloured gems. Here hung the silver memorial-lamp, and there also rose a barred dais, on whose crossed iron bars were all kinds of sacred utensils, among the rest the seven-branched candlestick; while before it, his countenance towards the chest, stood the choir-leader or chief singer, whose song was accompanied as if instrumentally by the voices of his two assistants, the bass and soprano. The Jews have forbidden all instrumental music to be used in their Church, thinking that hymns to God are more true in spirit or edifying when they rise from the glowing breast of man, than from the cold pipes of an organ. Beautiful Sara was charmed like any child when the chief singer, an admirable tenor, raised his voice, and the ancient, deep, and solemn melodies which she knew so well bloomed forth in a fresher loveliness than she had ever dreamed of, while the bass murmured in harmony the deep dark notes, while in the pauses the soprano trilled sweetly

and daintily. Such singing Beautiful Sara had never heard in the synagogue of Bacharach, where the public superintendent, David Levi, was the leader; and when this elderly trembling man, with his broken baa-ing voice, would try to trill like a girl, and in his desperate effort to do so shook his weak and drooping arm feverishly, it rather inspired laughter than devotion.

A something of devotedness, not unmingled with feminine curiosity, drew Beautiful Sara to the grating, where she could look down into the lower division, or the so-called men's school. She had never before seen so many of her faith together, and it cheered her heart to be in such a multitude of those so nearly allied by race, thought, and sufferings. And her soul was still more deeply moved when three old men reverentially approached the sacred repository, unlocked the chest, drew aside the glittering curtain, and very carefully brought forth the Book which God once wrote with His own hand, and to maintain which the Jews have suffered so much—so much misery and hate, disgrace and death—a thousand years' martyrdom. This Book—a great roll of parchment—was wrapped like a princely child in a gaily embroidered scarlet velvet cloak; above, on both the wooden rollers, were two little silver shrines, in which many pomegranates and small bells moved and rang prettily, while before,

on a silver chain, hung gold shields with many coloured gems. The chief singer took the Book, and, as if it had been really a child—a child for whom one has greatly suffered, and whom we love all the more on that account—he rocked it in his arms, skipped with it here and there, pressed it to his breast, and, like one inspired by a holy touch, broke forth into such a devout hymn of praise and thanksgiving that it seemed to Beautiful Sara as if the pillars of the holy shrine began to bloom, and the strange and lovely blossoms and leaves of the capitols shot ever higher, and the notes of the treble were changed to nightingales, while the arch of the synagogue was shattered by the tremendous tones of the bass singer, and the joy and splendour of God gleamed down and through from the blue heavens. Yes, it was a beautiful psalm. The congregation sang over as in chorus the concluding verse, and the chief singer walked slowly to the raised platform in the middle of the synagogue bearing the holy Book, while men and boys crowded hastily about him to kiss its velvet covering or even to touch it. When on the platform, the velvet cover as well as the wrappings covered with illuminated letters were removed, and the chief singer, in the peculiar intonation which in the Passover service is still more peculiarly sounded, read the edifying narrative of the temptation of Abraham.

Beautiful Sara had modestly withdrawn from the grating, and a stout, much ornamented woman of middle age, with a self-asserting, forward, good-natured aspect, had with a nod allowed her to read in company in her prayer-book. This lady was evidently no great scholar, for as she read with a murmuring voice the prayers as the women do, not being allowed to take part in the singing, Sara observed that she made the best she could of many words, and omitted not a few good passages altogether. But after a while the watery blue eyes of the good woman were languidly raised, an insipid smile gleamed over her red and white china-ware face, and in a voice which she strove to make as genteel as possible, she said to Beautiful Sara, "He sings very well. But I have heard far better singing in Holland. You are a stranger, and perhaps do not know that the chief singer is from Worms, and that they will keep him here if he will be content with four hundred florins a year. He is a charming man, and his hands are as white as alabaster. I think a great deal of a handsome hand; it makes one altogether handsome"—saying which, the good lady laid her own hand, which was really a fine one, on the shelf before her, and with a polite bow which intimated that she did not care to be interrupted while speaking, she added, "The little singer is

a mere child, and looks very much worn out. The basso is too ugly for anything, and our Star once said—it was very witty of him—‘The bass singer is a bigger fool than even a basso is expected to be!’ All three eat in my restaurant—perhaps you don’t know that I’m Elle Schnapper?”

Beautiful Sara expressed her thanks for the information, when Schnapper Elle proceeded to narrate in detail how she had once been in Amsterdam, how she had been subjected to base designs on account of her remarkable beauty, how she had come to Frankfort three days before Pentecost and married Schnapper, how he had passed away, and what touching things he had said on his deathbed, and how hard it was to carry on the business of a cook-shop and keep one’s hands nice. Several times she glanced aside with contemptuous looks, apparently directed at some giggling girls, who were apparently quizzing her clothes. Truly this dress was remarkable enough—a very much puffed gown of white satin, on which all the animals of Noah’s Ark were embroidered in gaudy colours; a jacket of cloth of gold like a cuirass, the sleeves of red velvet, yellow slashed; an immensely high cap on her head, with a mighty ruff of stiff white linen round her neck, which also bore a silver chain, to which hung all kinds of coins, cameos,

and curiosities, chief among which was a great image of the city of Amsterdam, which rested on her bosom.¹

But the dresses of the other women were not less remarkable. They consisted of a medley of fashions of different ages, and many a little woman there was so covered with gold and diamonds as to look like a wandering jeweller's shop. It is true that there was a fashion of dress prescribed by law to the Frankfort Jews, and to distinguish them from Christians the men must wear yellow rings on their cloaks, while the women bore very high standing, blue striped veils on their caps. However, in the Jewish quarter these laws were little looked after, and there, especially on Sundays, and in the synagogue, the women put on as much magnificent apparel as they could—partly to be envied of others, and partly to advertise the wealth and standing of their husbands.

Meanwhile, as passages from the laws of Moses were being read from the Book of Moses, the devotion somewhat lulled. Many made themselves comfortable and sat down, whispering perhaps business affairs with a friend, or went

¹ These eccentric ornaments, representing cities, sea-fights, men on horseback, &c., may be seen occasionally in curiosity shops and museums. They are sometimes very large indeed, and few would imagine that they were intended for personal decoration.

out into the court to get a little fresh air. Small boys took the liberty of visiting their mothers in the women's apartment; and here worship was still more loosely observed, as there was gossiping, cluttering together or laughing, while, as will always happen, the young quizzed the elder, while the latter blamed the light-headedness of the girls and the general degeneracy of the age. And just as there was a chief singer in the place below, so was there a head-cackler and gossip in the one above. This was Puppy Reiss,¹ a shallow, buxom woman, who had an inkling of every trouble, and always had a scandal on her tongue. The usual butt of her pointed sayings was the poor Schnapper Elle, and she could mock right well the affected genteel airs and languishing manner with which the latter accepted the mocking compliments of young men.

"Do you know," cried Puppy Reiss, "that Schnapper Elle said yesterday, 'If I were not beautiful and clever, and beloved, I had rather not live.'"

Then there was a loud tittering, and Schnapper Elle, who was not far distant, noting that this was all at her expense, lifted her nose in scorn, and sailed away like a proud galley to some further place. Then Birdie Ochs, a plump and somewhat awkward lady, remarked compassionately that

¹ Hündchen Reiss.

Schnapper Elle might be a little vain and small of mind, but that she was an honest, generous soul, and did much good to many folk in need.

"Particularly to Nose Star," snapped Puppy Reiss. And all who knew of this tender tie laughed all the louder.

"Don't you know," added Puppy spitefully, "that Nose Star now sleeps in Schnapper Elle's house! But just look at Susy Flörsheim down there, wearing the necklace which Daniel Fläsch pawned to her husband! Fläsch's wife is vexed at it—*that* is plain. And now she is talking to Mrs. Flörsheim. *How* amiably they shake hands!—and hate one another like Midian and Moab! How sweetly they smile on one another! Oh, you dear souls, *don't* eat one another up out of pure tenderness! I'll just steal up and listen to them!"

And so, like a sneaking wild cat, Puppy Reiss stole along and heard the two women mutually bewailing to one another how they had worked all the past week to clean up the house and scour the kitchen things, and all they had to do before Passover, so that not a crumb of leavened bread stuck to anything. And such troubles as they had baking the unleavened bread! Mrs. Fläsch had bitter griefs over this—for she had no end of trouble over it in the public bakery, for according to the ticket which she drew she

could not bake there till the afternoon of the very last day, just before Passover Eve ; and then old Hannah had kneaded the dough badly, and the maids had rolled it too thin, and half of it was scorched in baking, and worst of all, rain came pouring through the bake-house roof, and so wet and weary they had to work till late in the night.

"And, my dear Mrs. Flörsheim," said Mrs. Fläsch, with gracious friendliness most insincere, "you were a little to blame for that, because you did not send your people to help me in baking."

"Ah ! pardon," replied the other. "My servants were so busy—the goods for the fair had to be packed—my husband"—

"Yes. I know," said Mrs. Fläsch, with cutting irony in her speech. "I know that you have much to do—many pledges and a good business, and necklaces"—

And a bitter word was just about to glide from the lips of the speaker, and Dame Flörsheim had turned as red as a lobster, when Puppy Reiss cried out loudly, "For God's sake !—the strange lady lies dying—water ! water !"

Beautiful Sara lay insensible, pale as death, while a swarm of women, busy and bewailing, crowded round her. One held her head, another her arm, some old women sprinkled her with the glasses of water which hung behind their

prayer desks for washing the hands in case they should by accident touch their own bodies. Others held under her nose an old lemon stuck full of spices, which remained from the last feast-day, when it had served for smelling and strengthening the nerves. Exhausted and sighing deeply, Beautiful Sara at last opened her eyes, and with mute glances thanked them for their kind care. But now the eighteenth prayer, which no one dare neglect, was heard in thrilling sound below, and the busy women hurried back to their places and offered the prayer as the rite ordains, standing up with their faces turned towards the east, which is that part of the heavens where Jerusalem lies. Birdie Ochs, Schnapper Elle, and Puppy Reiss stayed to the last by Beautiful Sara—the first two to aid her as much as possible, the latter to find out why it was that she fainted so suddenly.

Beautiful Sara had swooned from a singular cause. It is a custom in the synagogue that any one who has escaped a great danger shall, after the reading of the extracts from the Law, appear in public and return thanks for his Divine deliverance. As Rabbi Abraham rose in the multitude to make his prayer, and Beautiful Sara recognised her husband's voice, she also observed how its accents gradually subsided into the mournful murmur of the prayer for the dead. She

heard the names of her dear ones and relations, accompanied by the words which convey the blessing on the departed; and the last hope vanished from her soul, for it was torn by the certainty that those dear ones had really been slain, that her little niece was dead, that her little cousins with flowers and birds were dead, that little Gottschalk was dead too. All murdered and dead. And she too would have died from the agony of this conviction, had not a kind swoon poured forgetfulness over her soul.

CHAPTER THIRD.

WHEN Beautiful Sara, after divine service was ended, went down into the courtyard of the synagogue, the Rabbi stood there waiting for her. He nodded to her with a cheerful expression, and accompanied her out into the street, where there was no longer silence but a noisy multitude. It was like a stream of ants, what with bearded men in black coats, women gleaming along like gold-chafers, boys in new clothes carrying prayer-books after their parents, young girls who, because they could not enter the synagogue, now came bounding to their parents, bowing their curly heads to receive their blessings—all gay and merry, and walking about with the happy antici-

pations of people expecting a good dinner, the exquisite scent of which—causing the mouth to water—rose from many black pots and covers carried by smiling girls from the great public bakery.

In this multitude there was specially to be remarked the form of a Spanish cavalier, whose youthful features bore that fascinating pallor which ladies generally associate with an unfortunate—and men, on the contrary, with a very fortunate—love affair. His gait, naturally careless, had however in it a somewhat affected mincing daintiness; the feathers of his cap were more agitated by the aristocratic waving of his head than by the wind; and his golden spurs, and the jewelled guard of his sword, which he bore on his arm, rattled rather more than was needed. A white cavalier's cloak enveloped his slender limbs in an apparently careless manner, which, however, betrayed the most careful arrangement of the folds. Passing and repassing, partly with curiosity, partly with an air of a connoisseur, he approached the women walking by, looked calmly at them, paused when he thought a face was worth the trouble, gave to many a pretty girl a passing compliment, and went his way heedless as to its effect. He had met Beautiful Sara more than once, but seemed to be repelled every time by her commanding look, or the enigmatical smiling

air of her husband, but at last, proudly subduing all diffidence, he boldly faced both, and with foppish confidence made in a tenderly gallant tone the following speech:—

“I swear, Senora!—list to me!—I swear—by the roses of both the kingdoms of Castile, by the Aragonese hyacinths and the pomegranate blossoms of Andalusia! by the sun which illumines all Spain, with all its flowers, onions, pea-soups, forests, mountains, mules, he-goats, and Old Christians! by the canopy of heaven, of which this sun is the golden tassel! and by the God who sits on the roof of heaven and meditates day and night over the creation of new forms of lovely women!—I swear that you, Senora, are the fairest dame whom I have seen in all the German realm, and if you please to accept my service, then I pray of you the favour, grace, and leave to call myself your knight and bear your colours henceforth in jest or earnest!”

A flush as of pain rose in the face of Beautiful Sara, and with one of those glances which are the most cutting from the gentlest eyes, and with a tone such as is bitterest from a beautiful voice, the lady answered as one deeply hurt:—

“My noble lord, if you will be my knight you must fight whole races, and in the battle there will be little thanks to win and less honour; and if you will wear my colours, then

you must sew yellow rings on your cloak, or bind you with a blue-striped scarf, for such are my colours—the colours of my house, the House of Israel, which is wretched indeed, one mocked in the streets by the sons of good fortune.”

A sudden purple red shot into the cheeks of the Spaniard; an inexpressible confusion seemed to seize him as he stammered—

“Senora, you misunderstood me. An innocent jest—but, by God, no mockery, no jest at Israel. I myself am sprung from that house; my grandfather was a Jew, perhaps even my father.”

“And it is very certain, Senor, that your uncle is one,” suddenly exclaimed the Rabbi, who had calmly witnessed this scene; and with a merry quizzical glance he added, “And I myself will be bound that Don Isaac Abarbanel, nephew of the great Rabbi, is sprung from the best blood of Israel, if not from the royal race of David!”

The chain of the sword rattled under the Spaniard’s cloak, his cheeks became deadly white, his upper lip twitched as with scorn in which there was pain, and angry death grinned in his eyes as in an utterly changed, ice-cold, keen voice he said:—

“Senor Rabbi, you know me. Well, then, you know also who I am. And if the fox

knows that I belong to the blood of the lion, let him beware and not bring his fox-beard into danger of death, nor provoke my anger. Only he who feels like the lion can understand his weakness."

"Oh, I understand it well," answered the Rabbi, and a mournful seriousness came over his brow. "I understand it well, how the proud lion, out of pride, casts aside his princely hide and goes mumming in the scaly armour of a crocodile, because it is the fashion to be a grinning, cunning, greedy crocodile! What can you expect the lesser beasts to be when the lion denies his nature? But beware, Don Isaac, *thou* wert not made for the element of the crocodile. For water—thou knowest well what I mean—is thy evil fortune, and thou wilt perish. Water is not thy element; the weakest trout can live in it better than the king of the forest. Hast thou forgotten how the eddy of the Tagus would swallow thee?"

Bursting into loud laughter, Don Isaac suddenly threw his arms round the Rabbi's neck, covered his mouth with kisses, leapt with jingling spurs high into the air, so that the Jews who were passing by shrank back in alarm, and in his own natural hearty and joyous voice cried—

"Truly thou art Abraham of Bacharach! And

it was a good joke, and more than that, a friendly act, when thou—in Toledo—didst leap from the Alcantara bridge into the water, and grasp by the hair thy friend, who could drink better than he could swim, and drew him to dry land. I was very near making really deep research whether there is actually gold in the sands of the Tagus, and whether the Romans were right in calling it the golden river. I assure you that I shiver even now from only thinking of that water-party."

Saying this the Spaniard made a gesture as if he were shaking water from his garments. The countenance of the Rabbi expressed great joy as he again and again pressed his friend's hand, saying every time—

"I am indeed glad."

"And so indeed am I," answered the other. "It is seven years now since we met, and when we parted I was as yet only a little greenhorn, and thou—thou wert already so staid and serious. But whatever became of the beautiful Donna who in those days cost thee so many sighs, which thou didst accompany with the lute?"

"Hush, hush! the Donna hears us—she is my wife, and thou hast thyself given her to-day a proof of thy taste and poetic skill."

It was not without some trace of his former embarrassment that the Spaniard greeted the beautiful lady, who amiably regretted that she,

by expressing herself so plainly, had pained a friend of her husband.

"Ah, Senora," replied Don Isaac, "he who grasps too snappishly at a rose must not complain that the thorns scratch. When the star of evening mirrors itself, gold-gleaming, in the azure flood"——

"For God's sake!" interrupted the Rabbi, "cease! If we wait till the star of evening mirrors itself, gold-gleaming in the azure flood, my wife will starve, for she has eaten nothing since yesterday, and suffered much meantime."

"Well, then, I will take you to the best cook-shop of Israel," said Don Isaac, "to the house of my friend Schnapper Elle, which is not far away. I already smell the sweet perfume of the kitchen! Oh, didst thou but know, O Abraham, how this perfume woos and wins me. This it is which, since I have dwelt in this city, has so often lured me to the tents of Jacob. Intimacy with God's peculiar people is not a weakness of mine, and truly it is not to pray but to eat that I visit the Jews' Street."

"Thou hast never loved us, Don Isaac."

"Well," continued the Spaniard, "I like your cookery much better than your creed—which wants the right sauce. I really never could rightly digest you. Even in your best days, under the rule of my ancestor David, who

was king over Judah and Israel, I never could have held out, and certainly I should some fine morning have run away from Mount Zion and emigrated to Phœnicia or Babylon, where the joys of life foamed in the temple of the gods."

"Thou blasphemest, Isaac, blasphemest the one God," murmured the Rabbi grimly. "Thou art much worse than a Christian—thou art a heathen, a servant of idols."

"Yes, I am a heathen, and the melancholy self-tormenting Nazarenes are quite as little to my taste as the dry and joyless Hebrews. May our dear Lady of Sidon, holy Astarte, forgive me, that I kneel before the many sorrowed Mother of the Crucified and pray. Only my knee and my tongue worship death—my heart remains true to life."

"But do not look so sourly," continued the Spaniard, as he saw how little gratification his speech seemed to give the Rabbi. "Do not look at me with disdain. My nose is not a renegade. When I once by chance came at dinner time into this street, and the well-known savoury odours of the Jewish kitchen rose to my nose, I was seized by the same yearning which our fathers felt for the fleshpots of Egypt—pleasant tasting memories of youth came unto me. I saw again in spirit the carp with brown raisin sauce which my aunt prepared so sustainingly for Friday eve—I saw once more the steamed

mutton with garlic and horse-radish which might raise the dead, and the soup with dreamily swimming force-meat balls—the Klösschen—and my soul melted like the notes of an enamoured nightingale—and since then I eat in the cook-shop of my friend Donna Schnapper Elle.”

Meanwhile they had arrived at the place so highly praised, where Schnapper Elle stood at the door greeting in a friendly manner the strangers come to the fair, who, led by hunger, streamed in. Behind, and putting forth his head over her shoulder, was the tall Nose Star, anxiously and inquisitively observing them. Don Isaac approached the landlady with exaggerated grand style, who returned his satirically deep reverences with endless curtses, after which he drew the glove from his right hand, wound it about with the fold of his cloak, and grasping that of Schnapper Elle, drew it over his moustaches and said:—

“Senora! your eyes rival the glow of the sun! But as eggs the longer they are boiled the harder they become, so on the contrary my heart grows softer the longer it is cooked in the flaming flashes of your eyes. From the yolk of my heart flies up the winged god Amor and seeks a confiding nest in your bosom. And oh, Senora, wherewith shall I compare that bosom? For in all the world there is no flower, no fruit,

which is like to it! This growth is only of its kind alone! Though the storm wind tears away the leaves from the tenderest rose, your bosom is still a winter rose which defies all storms. Though the sour lemon the older it grows becomes yellower and more wrinkled, your bosom rivals in colour and softness the sweetest pineapple. Oh, Senora, if the city of Amsterdam be as beautiful as you told me yesterday, and the day before, and every day, yet is the ground on which it rests far lovelier still."

The cavalier spoke these last words with affected earnestness, and squinted as if yearning at the great picture-plate which hung from Schnapper Elle's neck. Nose Star looked down with inquisitive eyes, and the much-bepraised bosom heaved so that the whole city of Amsterdam rocked from side to side.

"Ah!" sighed Schnapper Elle, "virtue is worth more than beauty. What use is my beauty to me? My youth is passing away, and since Schnapper is gone—anyhow, he had handsome hands—what avails beauty."

With that she sighed again, and like an echo all but inaudible Nose Star sighed behind her.

"Of what avail is your beauty?" cried Don Isaac. "Oh, Donna Schnapper Elle, do not sin against the goodness of creative Nature! Do not scorn your most charming gifts. She will

terribly revenge herself. Those blessed blessing eyes will be like dim glasses, those winsome lips grow flat and commonplace, that chaste and charming form be changed into a barrel of tallow hardly pleasing to any one, and the city of Amsterdam at last rest on a spongy bog."

So he sketched piece by piece the appearance of Schnapper Elle, so that the poor woman was bewildered, and sought to escape the uncanny compliments of the cavalier. She was delighted at this instant to see Beautiful Sara appear, as it gave her an opportunity to inquire whether she had quite recovered from her swoon. Thereupon she rushed into lively chatter, in which she fully developed her sham gentility, mingled with real kindness of heart, and related with much more sensibility than common sense the awful story how she herself had almost fainted with horror when she, as innocent and inexperienced as could be, came in a canal boat to Amsterdam, and the rascally porter who carried her trunk led her—not to a respectable tavern, but oh, horrors!—to an infamous place! She saw what it was the moment she entered, by the brandy-drinking; and, oh!—the immorality that was going on!—and she would, as she said, "really have swooned, if it had not been that during the six weeks she stayed there she only once ventured to close her eyes."

"I dared not," she added, "on account of my virtue. And all that took place because of my beauty! But virtue will stay—when good looks pass away."¹

Don Isaac was beginning to go somewhat critically into the details of this story when, fortunately, Squinting Aaron Hirschkuh from Hamburg on the Lahn came, a white apron on his arm, and bitterly bewailed that the soup was already served, and that the boarders were seated at table, but that the landlady was missing.

(The conclusion and the chapters which follow are lost, not from any fault of the author.)

¹ Aber Schönheit vergeht und Tugend besteht.



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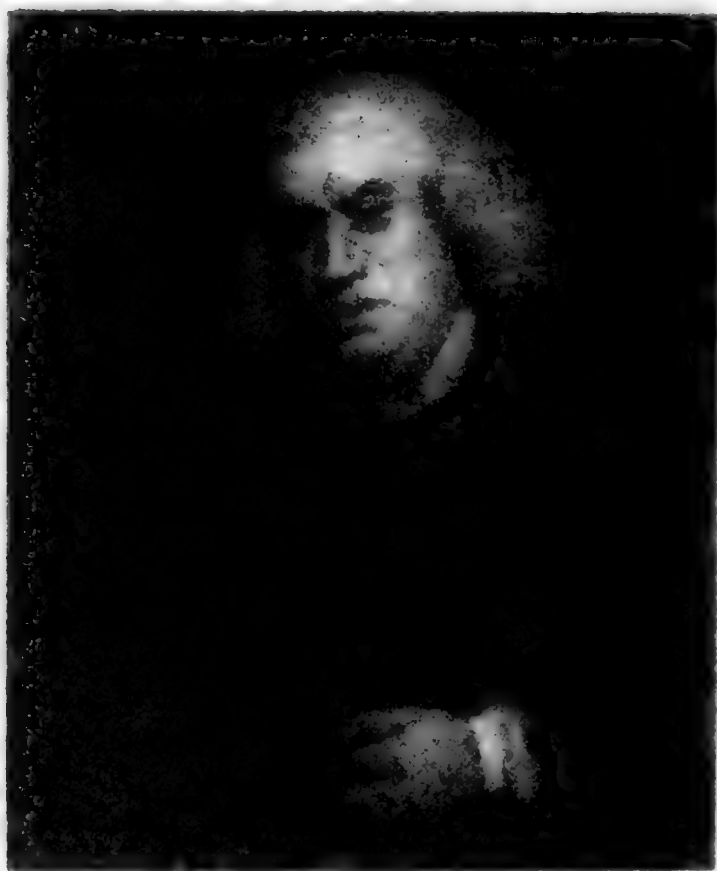
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DR. JOHNSON

From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



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SHAKESPEARE'S
MAIDENS AND WOMEN
Etc.

VOLUME TWO

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SHAKESPEARE'S
MAIDENS AND WOMEN.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It is a rule with rare exceptions that the more a literary work is inspired with genius, the more necessary it is for us to form a true conception of the habits of thought of the author, his principles or "morals," his excellences or demerits. This is particularly the case with writers who gossip about themselves, who take wild or eccentric flights of fancy, and above all with those who, believing themselves to be perfectly informed or correct, often unconsciously mingle error and prejudices with great truths, and also noble inspirations, and the combination of great learning with the charm of poetry. Henry Heine was pre-eminently such a writer, and the work on Shakespeare's "Maidens and Women" by him, which is here presented in English, deserves careful study, as being from this point of view the most characteristic of all his works. It is a small book, it bears intrinsic evidence of having been a *pièce de manufacture* recklessly

put together, and it is professedly merely "written up" to supply the letterpress for a series of engravings. The fact that *all* the female characters of the comedies of Shakespeare are only illustrated by quotations, would seem to indicate either that the author's or publisher's original intention was to confine the text to such citations, or that the former, becoming weary of his task, finished the work with this lame and impotent conclusion. In several chapters the lady character serves as a mere peg whereon to hang some brilliant garment of an essay, behind which she is quite concealed, and in many cases the citations from the comedies are far from being apt or well chosen. That carelessness prevailed is shown in the fact that none of the numerous quotations in the tragedies are given in the German original, with references to act or scene—an omission which has been a cause of annoyance to many a reader—while several of these references in the comedies are incorrectly numbered.

On the other hand, it may be fairly said that, making every allowance for every error of commission or omission, there is probably no small work of the kind in any language which is so well worth reading. The tribute to the genius of Shakespeare, whom the author sincerely believed to be immeasurably the greatest genius in the world, as contrasted to his narrow-

mindful hatred of the English, is in the highest degree interesting and piquant. Not less able are his accounts of the development of the influence of Shakespeare in Germany and France, while the vivacity of expression, the brilliancy of tone and colour, and the accurate though miraculously *rapid* sketching of outline of the tragical characters, or of others connected with them, is not surpassed, if it be equalled, by any writer of this century. If it be a test of the original merit or character of men or books that we can remember something of them, this work should rank among the best, since few who read it will ever forget its valuable information, or the brilliant style in which it is conveyed—apples of gold on plates of silver.

These apples are not all, however, of purest gold, and I have, I trust judiciously, pointed out in notes what I believed to be the admixtures of baser metal. It is so much the habit of translators, like biographers, to swallow their subjects whole "without winking," and to exalt them as perfect in every conceivable respect, that the idea of pointing out or admitting errors in mine will seem to many to be simply an unpleasant paradox. This will certainly be the case with those who read merely for pastime, and who dislike anything which calls for thought or disturbs the even current of their waking dream,

and still more so with the fanatical *æsthete* or Heine worshipper, who believes, like all idolaters, that his idol is perfection and all solid gold, even though the wooden core appears visibly through cracks in the plating. But the sensible critic knows that it is after all of immense value, and makes allowance for defects.

I believe that Heine himself would have approved in his heart of such fair treatment. He was as a rule only an enemy to such as had reviled him with *personal* insult, as did Platen. In the chapter on Anna Bullen he praises Queen Elizabeth because she desired that Shakespeare should set forth the English sovereigns, including her own father, with perfect impartiality. Heine *knew* his own defects—his contradictions of character, inconsistencies, and errors—he admits them sadly and sincerely enough, and rather touchingly attempts, like a child, to put them off on something else—"on this horrid age."

But Heine was also conscious of his own stupendous genius, and knew that the bell, though it had a flaw in it, could ring forth tones which should be heard to all times. Therefore he would not have objected even to the closest criticism, if it were truthful, and accompanied with sincere and enlightened appreciation of his merits. The latter indeed speak for themselves so loudly and clearly as to require no comment.

With his errors it is another affair, and one of these glides so subtly into all his works, and into every expression of opinion, be it on subjects social, political, or æsthetic, that the reader should be in all fairness now and then reminded of it. This error is the inconsistency which sprang from his education and life. Professedly a revolutionary or radical, *ami du peuple* or socialist, more or less here and there—or now and then—and an exile for liberty, *et cetera*, there seldom lived a man who loved aristocracy or “gentility” more, and this is shown in an absolutely amusing manner in several passages in this work, especially in his comments on Queen Margaret, where he taunts English chivalry as being tainted with the shop-keeping spirit, and sneers at the battle of Cressy, as I have pointed out in a note. Bearing this in mind, the reader need not be puzzled, as many have been, with apparent contradictions. With less genius and more settled principles Heine would have been unquestionably a far greater man, and probably not less brilliant. There is a popular belief that without some inconsistency or eccentricity there can be no genius; but Shakespeare, the very type of genius, is a proof to the contrary.

THE TRANSLATOR.

SHAKESPEARE'S MAIDENS AND WOMEN.



INTRODUCTION.

I KNOW a good Hamburg Christian who can never reconcile himself to the fact that our Lord and Saviour was by birth a Jew. A deep dissatisfaction seizes him when he must admit to himself that the man who, as the pattern of perfection, deserves the highest honour, was still of kin to those snuffling, long-nosed fellows who go running about the streets selling old clothes, whom he so utterly despises, and who are even more desperately detestable when they—like himself—apply themselves to the wholesale business of spices and dye-stuffs, and encroach upon his interests.

As Jesus Christ is to this excellent son of Hammonia, so is Shakespeare to me. It takes the heart out of me when I remember that he is an Englishman, and belongs to the most repulsive race which God in His wrath ever created.

What a repulsive people, what a cheerless, unrefreshing country! How strait-ruled, hide-

bound, home-made; how selfish, how angular, how Anglican!¹ A country which would long ago have been swallowed up by the sea if it had not feared that it would cause internal pain . . . a race, a grey gaping monster, which breathes only nitrogen² and deadly ennui, and which will certainly at last hang itself with a colossal cable.

And in such a land and among such people William Shakespeare first saw the light in 1564.

But the England of those days where—in the Northern Bethlehem called Stratford-upon-Avon—the man was born to whom we are indebted for the world's gospel known as the Shakesperian Drama—that England was certainly very different from that of to-day; it was even termed Merry England, and it flourished in gleaming colour, masque-merriment, deep meaning frolicsome folly, sparkling earnest action, transcendent-

¹ *Wie eng, wie Englisch*. Literally, how narrow or close; implying also angular, contracted movements. Heine was much given to these little, old-fashioned *quodlibets* and puns which are so much admired by certain readers as "untranslatable graces," and brilliant points of "ineffably graceful style" or "wealth of imagery." Out of justice to Heine it may be here recalled that, many years after, he expressed to Lady Duff Gordon deep regret for all this early abuse of everything English, confessing that it was mere ill-tempered caprice, and that he was quite ignorant of the people.—"*Ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt*." It is probable that false second-hand ideas as to English "Puritanism," and a desire to please his French readers, had a great deal to do with it.—*Translator*.

² *Nitrogen*. In German, *Stickstoff*, literally strangling-stuff.

dreaming passion. Life was there still a gay tournament, where the knight of noble birth certainly played in jest or earnest the leading part, but where the clear ringing trumpet-tone also thrilled the heart of the citizen. Instead of heavy beer, people then drank light-hearted wine, that democratic drink which makes all men alike when inspired by it, though they still on the sober stages of real life divide themselves according to rank and birth.

All of this gay and many-coloured life has faded; silent are the joyful trumpet-tones, the sweet intoxication is gone for aye! And the book which is called the "Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare" is now a consolation in evil times, and a proof still extant in the hands of the people that a merry England really did exist.

It is lucky for us that Shakespeare came just at the right time, that he was a contemporary of Elizabeth and James, while Protestantism, it is true, expressed itself in the unbridled freedom of thought which prevailed, but which had not yet entered into life or feeling, and the kingdom lighted by the last rays of setting chivalry still bloomed and gleamed in all the glory of poetry. True, the popular faith of the Middle Ages, or Catholicism, was gone as regarded doctrine, but it existed as yet with all its magic in men's hearts, and held its own in manners, customs,

and views. It was not till later that the Puritans succeeded in plucking away flower by flower, and utterly rooting up the religion of the past, and spreading over all the land, as with a grey canopy, that dreary sadness which since then, dispirited and debilitated, has diluted itself to a lukewarm, whining, drowsy pietism. Nor had the kingdom, any more than the religion, in Shakespeare's time, suffered that heavy languid change now known to us as the constitutional form of government, which, however it may have benefited European freedom, has in no way advanced or aided *Art*.¹

¹ In this passage we perceive to perfection Heine's great weakness, that is, his inconsistency and his real inability to be a *leader* in politics or thought. He was fond of assuming to be the first of the reformers of his time, but no London "aesthete" ever surpassed him in practically preferring "Art," or what he found personally agreeable, refined, and elegant, to great principles, or in being now one thing and then another. He was very vain of his intimate knowledge of everything English, but it did not go beyond *superficial* characteristics. He curses the Anglican in the beginning of this chapter as "the most repulsive race ever created by God in His wrath," apparently because he did not like their beer, cookery, and piety, and manifests in his amusing attempts at political economical criticism an incredible ignorance of, and indifference to, the real influence of the national debt and commerce. He was a genius within his sphere, but unfortunately he too often attempts to show himself as one without its limits. A brave and leading soldier of freedom who deserves the name does not regard it as inferior to "Art." In the next sentences the reader will find him bewailing the death of Charles I. as a great calamity and out-

With the blood of Charles I., the great, true, and last king, all the poetry ran from the veins of England, and thrice happy was the poet who did not live to witness this sorrowful event, which he had perhaps foreboded. Shakespeare has in our time often been called an aristocrat. This I would not deny. I would very much rather excuse his political inclinations when I reflect that his foreseeing poet's eye perceived the dead-levelling Puritan times which were to make an end, with the kingdom, of all enjoyment of life, all poetry, and all bright and cheerful Art.

Yes, during the rule of the Puritans in England, Art was outlawed; as when the evangelical zeal raged against the theatre, and even the name of Shakespeare was long extinguished in popular remembrance. It awakens our astonishment when we read in the current literature of that time—for instance, in the "*Histrio-Mastix*" of the famous Prynne—the outbreak of wrath with which the anathema of the drama is croaked. Shall we blame the Puritans too severely for such zealotry. Truly not; every one is, in history, in the right if he remains true to his indwelling principle, and the rage, while in other places he exults in the guillotine, the French revolution, and regicide. "The age" is no excuse for such inconsistency. The more chaotic an age is, the more it becomes a genius to form inherent principles, and act or write up to them.—*Translator.*

gloomy Roundheads only followed the consequences of that anti-artistic spirit which had already manifested itself in the first centuries of the Church, and made its iconoclastic power felt more or less to this day.

This old, irreconcilable antipathy against the theatre is nothing but one side of that enmity which for eighteen hundred years has raged and ruled between two utterly dissimilar views of life, one of which first grew on the arid, barren soil of Judæa, and the other in blooming Greece. For full eighteen hundred years has the grudge and rancour between Jerusalem and Athens, between the Holy Sepulchre and the cradle of Art, between life in the spirit and the spirit in life, prevailed, and the irritation or friction, and public and private feuds which it has caused, reveal themselves plainly to the esoteric reader in the history of mankind. When we read to-day in the newspapers that the Archbishop of Paris has refused Christian burial¹ to a poor dead actor, such action is not influenced by any priestly caprice, and only a short-sighted person can perceive in it narrow-minded malice. What here inspires is rather the spirit of an ancient strife, a battle to death against Art, which was often employed by the Hellenic spirit as a

¹ *Gebührenden Begräbnisschren*, "the usual honours of burial."

rostrum from which to preach life against deadening, benumbing Judaism—the Church persecuted in the actors the agents of Hellenism, and this persecution often followed the poets who derived their inspiration only from Apollo, and assured a refuge to the proscribed heathen gods in the land of poetry.

Or was there perhaps some spite in the game? The most intolerable foes of the oppressed Church, during the first two centuries, were the players, and the *Acta Sanctorum* often tell how these “infamous actors” often devoted themselves for the amusement of the heathen mob to mocking the manner of life and mysteries of the Nazarenes. Or was it a mutual jealousy which begot such bitter enmity between the servants of the spiritual and the worldly word?

Next to ascetic, religious zeal was the republican fanaticism which inspired the Puritans in their hatred for the old English stage, in which not only heathenism and heathenish tastes, but also royalism and nobility were exalted. I have shown in another place¹ how much resemblance there was in this respect between the Puritans of those days and the Republicans of ours. May Apollo and the eternal Muses protect us from the rule of the latter!

In the whirlpool of the priestly and political

¹ In discussing the characters in *Julius Cæsar* in the following pages.—Note by H. Heine.

upsettings and revolutions described, the name of Shakespeare was long lost, and it was nearly a century ere he again rose to fame and honour. Since then his renown has risen from day to day—and he was indeed as a spiritual sun for that country where the real sun is wanting twelve months in the year, for that island of damnation, that Botany Bay without a southern climate, that stone-coal-stinking,¹ machinery-buzzing, church-going, and vilely drunken England! Benevolent nature never quite disinherits her creatures, and while she denied the English all which is beautiful or worthy of love, and gave them neither voice for song nor sense of enjoyment—and perhaps endowed them with leathern porter bottles or jacks, instead of human souls—bestowed on them for recompense a large portion of municipal freedom, the talent to make themselves comfortably at home, and William Shakespeare.

Yes, this is the sun which glorifies that land with its loveliest light, with its gracious beams. Everything there reminds us of Shakespeare, and by it the most ordinary objects appear transfigured and idealised. Everywhere the wings of his genius rustle round us, his clear eye gleams on us from every significant occurrence, and in great events we often seem to see him nod—nod gently—softly and smiling.

¹ *Steinkohlenqualmige.*

This unceasing memory of and through Shakespeare became significantly clear to me during my residence in London, while I, an inquisitive traveller, ran about from early morn till deep into the night, to see the so-called noteworthy objects. Every lion recalled the greater lion Shakespeare. All the places which I visited live an immortal life in his historical dramas, and were known to me from my earliest youth. But these dramas are known in England not only by the cultivated, but by the people, and even the stout beefeater who with his red coat and red face acts as guide to the Tower, and shows you behind the middle gate the dungeon where Richard caused the young princes, his nephews, to be murdered, refers you to Shakespeare, who has described minutely the details of this harrowing history. Also the verger who leads you round through Westminster Abbey always speaks of Shakespeare, in whose tragedies those dead kings and queens whose stony counterfeits here lie stretched out on their sarcophagi—and whom he shows to you for eighteenpence—play such a wild or lamentable part.

He himself, or the image of the great poet, stands there the size of life, a noble form with a thoughtful head, holding in his hand a roll of parchment. There may be magic words inscribed on it, and when he moves at midnight his white

lips, and calls the dead who rest in the vaults below, they rise with rusted armour and antiquated court dresses—the knights of the white and red rose; even the ladies come forth sighing from their resting-place, and a clatter of swords, laughter and curses, rings around, just as at Drury Lane, where I so often saw Shakespeare's historical dramas played, and where Kean moved my soul so mightily when he rushed desperately across the stage crying—

“A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!”

But I must copy the Guide-book of London if I would mention every place where Shakespeare was brought to my mind. This happened most significantly in Parliament; not so much because its place is the Westminster Hall, so often spoken of in the Shakesperian dramas, but because while I there listened to the debates, Shakespeare was alluded to several times, and his verses were quoted, not with reference to their poetical, but to their historical importance. To my amazement, I remarked that Shakespeare is not only celebrated in England as a poet, but recognised as a writer of history by the highest state or parliament officials.

This leads me to the remark that it is unjust, when reading the historical dramas of Shakespeare, to require what only a poet can give, or

one to whom poetry and its artistic surroundings are the highest aim. Shakespeare's theme, or task, was not merely poetry, but also history. He could not model the subject-matter as he chose, he could not create events and characters at his caprice, and just as little as he could determine unity of time and place could he regulate that of interest for particular persons or deeds. And yet in these historical dramas poetry streams forth more powerfully, richly, and sweetly than in the tragedies of those writers who either invent or vary their own plots at will, who aim at the most perfect symmetry of form, and who in "art proper," especially in the *enchaînement des scènes*, far surpass poor Shakespeare.

Yes—there we have it—the great Briton is not only a poet, but a historian; he wields not only the dagger of Melpomene, but the still sharper stylus of Clio.¹ In this respect he is like the earliest writers of history, who also knew no difference between poetry and history, and so gave us not merely a nomenclature of the things done, or a dusty *herbarium* of events, but who enlightened truth with song, and in whose song was heard only the voice of truth.² The so-

¹ The stylus for writing was often used as a dagger among the Romans (*Adams*).—*Translator*.

² Herein lies the value of folk-lore as an aid to the study of history, that it supplies the inner life of the people in all things

called objectivity of which we at present hear so much is nothing else than a dried up lie; it is not possible to sketch the past without giving it the colour of our own feelings. Yes, the so-called objective writer of history, directing his words to the men of his time, writes involuntarily in the spirit of his time; and this spirit will be perceptible in his writings, just as in letters which betray not only the character of the writer but of the receiver. That so-called objectivity which, puffed up with its lifelessness, enthrones itself on the Golgotha of actual deeds, is on that very account to be rejected, because we need for historical truth not only the exact statement of facts, but also *certain* information of the impression which a fact produced on contemporaries. To give such information is, however, the hardest problem, since it requires not only the usual imparting of actual facts, but also the capacity of perception¹ in the poet to whom, as Shakespeare says, the being and the body of past times have become visible.

And not only had the phenomena of his own national history become visible to him, but also—that is to say, it does this so long as its students do not turn it into mere tables of comparison of tales and superstitions.—*Translator.*

¹ *Anschauungsvermögen. Selbstanschauungsvermögen*, the faculty of self-perception (*Kant*). *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*.—*Translator.*

those of which the annals of antiquity have given us knowledge, as we behold to our amazement in the dramas where he paints the Roman realm, long passed away, with truest colours. As he saw to the inner life the knights of the Middle Ages, so did he that of the heroes of the antique world, and bade them speak out the deepest word of their souls. And he always knew how to raise Truth to Poetry; and how to set forth in poetic light that hard and sober race of prose, those combinations of rude rapine and refined legal shrewdness, that casuistic *soldatesca*, the unsentimental Romans.

But yet as regards his Roman dramas, Shakespeare must needs incur the reproach of being without form, and a highly-gifted author, Dietrich Grabbe, even called them¹ "poetically adorned chronicles," wherein all central motive was wanting, where no one knew who was the leading or side character, and where, even if we dispensed with unity of time and place, we can find no unity of interest. A strange error of the shrewdest critics! For neither is this last-named unity, nor those of place and time, at all wanting to our great poet. Only that the *ideas*² are

¹ In an essay on the Shakespearomania, in the second volume of "Dramatic Poems," by Grabbe, Frankfort, 1827.—Note by the German Publisher.

² *Begriffe*, conceptions.

somewhat broader in his mind than in ours : the stage of his dramas is the whole wide world, and that is his unity of place ; eternity is the time in which his pieces played, and that is his unity of time ; and in keeping with both is the hero of his dramas, who forms the central point, and represents the unity of interest. And humanity is that hero who ever dies and comes to life again ; who ever loves and hates, yet loves the most ; who bends like a worm to-day, and soars to-morrow like an eagle to the sun—deserving to-day a cap and bells, to-morrow a laurel wreath, and oftener both together : the great dwarf, the little giant, the homœopathically prepared divinity, in whom that which is divine is indeed terribly diluted, but still there. Ah ! let us not speak too much of the heroism of this hero, out of very modesty and shame.

The same fidelity and truth which Shakespeare manifests as regards history is found as to Nature. People are wont to say that he held the mirror up to it. The expression is incorrect, for it leads us astray as to the relations of the poet to Nature. In the poetic soul not only Nature is mirrored, but an image of it which, being like the most faithful reflection of a looking-glass, is born in the spirit of the poet ; he brings at the same time the world forth unto the world, and if he, awaking from the dreaming age of child-

hood, attains to self-consciousness, *then* every portion of the outer world of seeming is at once grasped by him in all its mutual relations, for he bears a likeness of the whole in his soul, he knows the deepest foundation of all phenomena which are riddles to common minds, and which, when investigated by the ordinary methods, are understood with difficulty, or not at all. And as the mathematician, when only the smallest portion of a circle is given, infallibly deduces from it the whole circle and the centre, so the poet, when only the merest fragments of the world of things which seem is presented, then to him appear clearly all that is connected with it; he knows at once the periphery and centre of all things, yea, he understands them in their widest comprehension and deepest central point.

But some fragment of the outer world must always be given before the poet can develop that wonderful process of completing a world; and this perfect apprehension of a part of the world of perception is effected by sensation, and is simultaneously the external occurrence, the inner revelations of which are determined, and to which we owe the art-works of the poet. The greater these works, the more anxiously desirous are we to know those external occurrences which inspired the motive. We gladly investigate memoranda of the actual life of the poet. This curiosity is

the more ridiculous because, as appears from what has been said, the greatness of external events is in no proportion to the greatness of the creations thereby called forth. These events may be very trifling and invisible, and, in fact, generally are so, just as the external life of the poet is usually small and unnoted—I say small and unnoted, for I will not use harsher expressions. The poets show themselves to the world in the splendour of their works, and it is specially when one sees them from afar that the beholder is dazzled by the rays. Let us never look too closely into their ways. They are like the lovely lights which gleam so gloriously of summer evenings from grassy banks and foliage, that one might believe they were the stars of the earth, or diamonds and emeralds, or jewels rich and rare, which kings' children who had been playing in the garden had left hanging on the bushes and there forgotten; or glowing sun-drops lost amid the grass, and which now, revived by the cool night, awake and gleam with joy till the morning returns, and the red flaming star draws them up again unto himself. Ah, seek not by broad daylight the traces of those stars, jewels, and sun-drops! In their place you will find a poor miscoloured wormlet which crawls wretchedly along, whose look repels you, and whom you do not tread under foot out of sheer pity.

And what was the private life of Shakespeare? In spite of all research we have learned almost nothing of it, and it is fortunate that we have not. Only all kinds of unverified, foolish tales have been told continually about his youth and life. So he is said, while employed by his father who was a butcher, to have slaughtered oxen. This was probably the surmise of certain English commentators who, probably out of ill feeling, attribute to him general ignorance and want of art. Then he was a dealer in wool, and did not succeed. Poor fellow, he thought perhaps that from wool he would come to sit on the woolsack. I do not believe a word of it all—'tis simply a great cry and little wool. I am more inclined to believe that he was a poacher, and came to prison through a fawn; for which, however, I do not condemn him. "Even Honour once stole a calf," says a German proverb.¹ Then he fled to London, and held gentlemen's horses for a fee before theatre doors. Something like this are the fables which one old woman chatters after the other in literary history.

The sonnets of Shakespeare are more authentic documents as to his life, which I, however, would not discuss, yet which, from the deep human misery

¹ There is a pun here, something of the spirit of which may be given by translating this as "even Pride once fawned."—*Translator.*

which is therein revealed, tempted me into my previous remarks as to the private life of the poet.

The want of more accurate information as to Shakespeare's life is readily explained when we recall the political and religious storms which burst wildly out soon after his death—calling forth for a time an absolute Puritan dominion, which long after had a cold, deadening influence, and not only destroyed the golden age of Elizabethan literature, but brought it into absolute oblivion. When in the beginning of the last century the works of Shakespeare again came to the full light of day, all traditions which could aid in analysing the text were utterly wanting, and commentators were obliged to take refuge in a criticism which drew from superficial empiricism, and a more lamentable materialism, their last dregs. With the exception of William Hazlitt, England has given us no commentator of any consequence; in all the works of all the others we find only petty huckstering of trifles, self-reflecting shallowness, enthusiastic mysticism, pedantic puffed-upness which threatens to burst for joy, when they can convict the poor poet of an antiquarian, geographical, or chronological error, and thereby bewail that he unfortunately did not study the ancients in the original tongues, and had thereunto but little schooling. He makes



his Romans wear hats,¹ lets ships land in Bohemia, and suffers Aristotle to be quoted in the time of Troy! Which was more than an English scholar who had graduated *Magister Artium* at Oxford could endure! The only commentator on Shakespeare whom I cited as an exception, and who is indeed unique in every aspect, was the late Hazlitt, a mind which was as brilliant as deep, a comingling of Diderôt and Börne, combining flaming zeal for the revolution with the most glowing sense of art, ever sparkling with *verve* and *esprit*.

The Germans have comprehended Shakespeare better than the English. And here I must again recall that great name which is ever to be found where there is question of a great beginning. Gottlob Ephraim Lessing was the first man who raised his voice in Germany for Shakespeare. He it was who bore the first and greatest stone for a temple to the greatest of all poets, and, what was more praiseworthy, he took the pains to clear the ground on which this temple was to be raised of all its ancient rubbish. Without pity he tore down the light French stage-show which spread wide over the place, so inspired was he with a genial love of building. Gottsched shook the locks of his peruke so despairingly that all

¹ Which they certainly did, occasionally. The putting on a hat was the ceremony by which a slave was made free."—*Translator*.

Leipzig trembled, and the cheeks of his spouse grew white with fear—or from pearl-powder. One may say that the whole dramaturgy of Lessing was written in the interest of Shakespeare.

Next to Lessing we have Wieland. By his translation of the great poet he increased more practically the recognition of his merits in Germany. Strange that the poet of Agathon and of Musarion, the trifling, toying *cavalière servante* of the Graces, the hanger-on and imitator of the French, was the man who all at once grasped the British *earnestness* so powerfully that he himself raised on his shield the hero who was to put an end to his own supremacy.

The third great voice which rang for Shakespeare in Germany was that of our dearly-loved Herder, who declared himself with unconditional enthusiasm for the British bard. Goethe also paid him honour with a grand flourish on his trumpet; in short, it was an array of kings, who, one after the other, threw their votes into the urn, and elected William Shakespeare the Emperor of Literature.

This Emperor was already firmly seated on his throne when the knight August Wilhelm von Schlegel and his squire, Count Councillor Ludwig Tieck, succeeded in kissing his hand, and assured all the world that now his realm and reign were really sure—the thousand-year-long rule of the great William.

But it would be unjust should I deny to A. W. von Schlegel the merit which he won by his translation of Shakespeare's dramas, and his lectures on them. Honourably confessed the latter lack the philosophic basis, they sweep along too superficially in a frivolous dilettantism, and certain ugly reserved reflections or back-thoughts came too visibly forward for me to pronounce unreserved praise over them. Herr A. W. von Schlegel's inspiration is always artificial, a deliberately intended shamming one's self into an intoxication without drunkenness; and with him, as with all the rest of the romantic school, the apotheosis of Shakespeare is indirectly meant for a degradation of Schiller. Schlegel's translation is certainly the best as yet, and fulfils every requisition which can be made for a metrical version. The feminine nature of his talents is here an admirable aid to the writer, and in his artistic ready skill without character, he can adapt himself admirably and accurately to the foreign spirit.

And yet I confess that, despite these merits, I often prefer to read the old translation of Eschenburg (which is all in prose) to that of Schlegel, and for these reasons:—

The language of Shakespeare is not peculiarly his own, but was derived from his predecessors and contemporaries; it is the traditional theatrical

language which the dramatic poet of those days must use, whether he found it fitted to his genius or not. One has only to look superficially over Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and observe that in all the tragedies and comedies of the time there prevails the same manner of speech, the same euphuism, the same exaggeration of refinement, the same forced meaning of words, and the same "conceits," jests, witty flourishes, and elaborate fancies which we find in Shakespeare, and which are blindly admired by men of small or narrow minds, but which are excused by the intelligent reader—when he does not blame them—as extraneous, or belonging to the conditions of an age which exacted them. Only in the passages where his highest revelations are shown, and where the whole genius of Shakespeare appears, does he voluntarily strip away that traditional language of the stage, and show himself in grandly beautiful nakedness, in a simplicity which vies with unadorned Nature and fills us with delighted awe.

Yes, in such passages Shakespeare manifests, even in language, a decided originality, but one which the metrical translator who comes limping along behind on the feet of the measure fitted to the thought cannot faithfully reflect. With such a translator these unusual passages are lost in the ordinary wheel-ruts of theatrical language, and even Schlegel cannot avoid this fate. But

why then take the trouble to translate metrically, when the best work of the poet is thereby lost and only the faulty reproduced. A prose translation which more easily reproduces the unadorned, plain, natural purity of certain passages therefore deserves preference to the metrical.¹

While directly following Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck deserves credit as an elucidator of Shakespeare. This was set forth in his *Dramaturgic Pages*, which appeared fourteen years ago in the *Abendzeitung*, and which awoke the utmost interest in "the theatre-going public," as well as among actors. Unfortunately there prevails in these pages a wide-ranging or straying, wearisome, pedantic tone, which the delightful good-for-nothing, as Gutzkow called him, assumed with a certain lurking spirit of roguery. What he lacked in a knowledge of classic tongues, or even in philosophy, he made up in decorum and gravity, and we are reminded of Sir John in the chair, when he delivers his harangue to the Prince. But in spite of the puffed-out doctrinal gravity under which little Ludwig sought to conceal his philologic and philosophic deficiencies or *ignorantia*, there are

¹ Heine is here far too sweeping and "general," assuming that faults which are few and far between in Schlegel and Tieck's translation are universal. Nor is the principle absolutely true. Shelley's translation of a portion of Goethe's "Faust" is incomparably better than that of Hayward.

to be found here and there in these leaves the shrewdest comments on the character of the Shakespearean heroes, and ever and anon we find that poetic power of perception which we ever admired in his earlier writings, and recognised with joy.

Ah, this Tieck, who was once a poet, and reckoned, if not among the highest, at least with those who had the highest aims, how low has he fallen since then! How miserably mournful is the negligently reeled off task, which he gives us annually, compared to the free outpourings of his muse from the early moonlit time of *Fairy Tale*! As dear as he once was, even so repulsive is he now—the powerless *Neidhart*,¹ who calumniates the inspired sorrows of German youth in his gossiping novels. Unto him are truly applicable those words of Shakespeare:—

“For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.”²

Among the German commentators on the great poet, the late Franz Horn should not be omitted. His elucidations of Shakespeare are certainly the fullest, and are in five volumes. There is, indeed, in them the spirit of wit and intelligence, but it is a spirit so diluted and thinned down, that it is even less refreshing than the most spiritless narrow-mindedness. Strange that this man, who

¹ *Neidhart*, grudger, grumbler.

² *Sonnets*, xciv.

out of love for Shakespeare devoted a whole life to his study of him, and was one of his most zealous worshippers, was a pitifully petty pietist. But it may be that a sense of his own wretched weakness of soul awoke in him an endless amazement at Shakespeare's power, and so, whenever and anon the British Titan, in his most passionate scenes, piles Pelion on Ossa and storms the heights of heaven, then the poor elucidator in awe lets fall his pen and pauses, mildly sighing and grimacing. As a pietist he must naturally, according to his canting-pious nature, hate the poet whose soul, inspired with the spring-like air of the gods, breathes in every word the most joyous heathenism—yes, he should hate that believer in life, to whom the faith of death is in secret detestable, and who, revelling in the most enchanting delirium of antique heroic power, shuns the pitiful pleasures of humility, self-denial, and abasement! And yet he loves him all the same, and in his unwearied love would fain convert Shakespeare to the true Church; he comments a Christian sense into him—be it pious fraud or self-delusion; he finds this Christian feeling everywhere in Shakespeare's dramas, and the holy water of his commentary is also a bath of baptism in five volumes, which he pours on the head of the great heathen.

And yet, I repeat, these comments are not quite without wit and sense. Many a time Franz

Horn brings forth a happy thought,—then he makes wearisome, sweet-sourish grimaces, and groans and twists and twines himself round on the stool of childbirth; and when finally the clever idea has come to light, he looks at it with emotion and wearied smiles, like a midwife who has got through with her job. It is really both vexations and amusing that just this weak and pious Franz commented Shakespeare. In a comedy by Grabbe the affair is delightfully reversed, and Shakespeare is represented in hell as writing explanations of Horn's works.¹

But all the glosses and explanations and laborious laudation of commentators was of less practical use as regarded making Shakespeare known to the public than the inspired love with which talented actors produced his dramas, and thereby made them a subject for popular judgment. Lichtenberg, in his letters from England, gives us important intelligence as to the skill and method by which Shakespeare's characters were given on the London stage in the middle of the last century. I say characters—not the works in their fulness, since to this day British actors have only felt or known what is charac-

¹ *Scherz, Satire, Ironie und tiefere Bedeutung*. A comedy in three acts. Dramatic Works of Grabbe, vol. ii. The passage occurs in the second scene of act ii. p. 125.—*Note by the German Publisher.*

teristic, not the poetry, and still less the art. Such one-sidedness of apprehension is found, but in far more limited degree, among the commentators, who were never able to see through the dusty spectacles of erudition that which was the simplest and nearest, or the nature which was in Shakespeare's dramas. Garrick saw more clearly into the Shakespearean thoughts than did Dr. Johnson the John Bull of Learning, on whose nose Queen Mab doubtless cut the drollest capers while he wrote on the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" truly he never knew why he, when at work on Shakespeare, felt more tickling o' the nose and wish to sneeze than over any other poet whom he criticised.

While Dr. Johnson dissected the Shakespearean characters like dead corpses, dealing out thereby his dullest dogmatisms in Ciceronian English, balancing himself with heavy self-conceit on the antitheses of his Latin periods, Garrick on the stage thrilled all the people of England, as he called with thrilling invocation the dead to life, that they might set forth to all their fearful, bloody or gay, and festive work. But Garrick loved the great poet, and as reward for that love he lies buried in Westminster near the pedestal of Shakespeare's statue, like a faithful dog at the feet of his master.

We are indebted to the celebrated Schröder for

a transference of Garrick's acting to Germany. He also adapted several of Shakespeare's best dramas to the German stage. Like Garrick, Schröder understood neither the poetry nor art which is revealed in those dramas—he only cast an intelligent glance at the nature which expresses itself in them; nor did he so much attempt to reproduce the charming harmony and inner perfection of a piece, as to give the single characters with the most one-sided truth to nature. I am guided in this opinion by the traditions of his plays as they are preserved till to-day in the Hamburg theatre, and also his "make up" of the dramas for the stage, in which all poetry and art are wiped out, and in which only a certain generally attainable naturalness and sharp outline of character appears to be developed by a combination of the most striking traits.

The method of the great Devrient was developed out of this system of naturalness. I saw him once at Berlin at the same time with the great Wolf, who, however, in his play manifested a deeper feeling for art. But though they took opposite directions—one from nature, the other from art—both were one in poetry, and they thrilled or enraptured the souls of their audience by the most dissimilar methods.

The muses of music and of painting have done less than might have been expected to exalt

Shakespeare. Were they envious of their sisters Melpomene and Thalia, who won their most immortal¹ wreaths by means of the great Briton. With the exception of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*, no play by Shakespeare has inspired any composer of any note to any great creation. The value of those sweetly sounding flowers which sprung from the exulting nightingale heart of Zingarelli I need not praise, any more than those sweetest sounds with which the swan of Pesaro sung the bleeding tenderness of Desdemona, and the black flames of her lover! Painting, and especially the arts of design, have still more scantily sustained the fame of our poet. The so-called Shakespeare gallery in Pall Mall shows a good will, but at the same time the chilly weakness of British painters. There we see sober portrayals, quite in the spirit of the old French school, but without the taste which the latter never quite lost. There is something in which the English are as ridiculous bunglers as in music. That is, painting.² Only in portraits have they shown the world anything remarkable, and when they execute them with the graver—not with

¹ *Unsterblichsten* /

² As Heine generally wrote intelligently and well on art, I can only attribute the absolute absurdity of this sweeping remark to great ignorance. He might with quite as much truth have extended the remark to British engraving.—*Translator*.

colours—they surpass the artists of the rest of Europe. What can the cause be that the English, to whom sense of colour is so scantily allotted, are still the most remarkable draughtsmen and produce masterpieces of copper and steel engraving? That this last remark is shown by the portraits of Women and Maidens from the dramas of Shakespeare which are given with this work.¹ Their superior excellence requires no comment, but the question or subject here is not of comment at all. These pages are only intended as a fleeting introduction or greeting to the delightful work, as use and custom go. I am the porter who opens this gallery to you, and what you have so far heard is only the rattling of my keys. And while I lead you round I shall often intrude a brief word of gossip on your reflections, and often imitate the cicerone who never allows a man to become too deeply inspired amid his own reflections while looking at a picture, and is ever ready with a trivial word to wake you from your contemplative dream.

In any case, I trust with this publication to cause some pleasure to my friends at home. May the sight of these beautiful women's faces drive from their brows the shadows, which at present have only too much cause to be there! Ah that

¹ The original German edition was accompanied by forty-five steel engravings, illustrating the text.—*Translator*.

I could offer you more substantial consolation than is afforded by these shadowy forms of beauty!—alas that I cannot give you the rosy reality! Once I would fain have broken the halberds with which the Gardens of Delight are guarded; but my hand was too weak, and the halberdiers laughed and thrust their points against my breast, and the too forward, great-souled heart was silent for shame, if it was not from fear. Ye sigh!



TRAGEDIES.

CRESSIDA.

[TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.]

It is the strictly honourable daughter of the priest Calchas whom I here present to the most honourable public. Pandarus was her uncle, a most admirable pander indeed; but his active aid, as regarded his calling, was here hardly called for. Troilus, a son of the very productive Priam, was her first lover. She fulfilled with him all the usual formalities, swore him endless truth, broke her oath with befitting propriety, and delivered a mournful monologue on the weakness of the female heart before transferring herself to Diomed. The eavesdropper Thersites, who ever ungallantly calls a spade a spade, speaks of her as a strumpet; but he should certainly have softened the word, for it may come to pass that the beauty, transferred from one hero to another, and ever sinking lower, will at last fall as a sweetheart to him.

Not without good and many reasons have I placed the portrait of Cressida at the portal of this gallery. Truly it was not for her virtue, and not because she is a type of the ordinary average woman, did I give her preference to so

many glorious and ideal forms of Shakespeare's art; no—I opened the dance with that dame of dubious fame because I, should I publish Shakespeare's works, would begin with the drama entitled *Troilus and Cressida*. Steevens, in his magnificent edition, did the same; I do not know why, but I conjecture that this English publisher had a reason, which I will here set forth.

Troilus and Cressida is the only drama by Shakespeare in which he puts upon the stage the same heroes which the Greek poets also chose for a subject of their dramas, so that the method of Shakespeare is very clearly revealed by comparison with the manner and style in which the elder poets treated the same theme. While the classical poets of Greece strove for the most elevated transfigurations of real life and soared to ideality, our modern tragedian penetrates more into the depth of things, digging with a sharply whetted spiritual spade into the silent soil of *what appears* to be, and lays bare before us its hidden roots. In opposition to the ancient tragedians who, like the sculptors of their time, only aimed at beauty and nobility, and glorified the form at the expense of the subject, Shakespeare directed his views first to truth and the thing in itself, hence his mastery of the characteristic, whence it comes that he often touches on the most provoking caricature,

and strips the glittering armour from his heroes, showing them in the most ridiculous of dressing-gowns. Therefore critics who judge of *Troilus and Cressida* by the principles which Aristotle drew from the greatest dramas of Greece, must fall into great perplexity, if not into the absurdest errors. As a tragedy the piece was not sufficiently serious or sad, because everything in it went so naturally from the beginning, just as in our own life, and the heroes behaved just as stupidly, not to say vulgarly, as we ourselves do—and the hero is a puppy, and the heroine just such a common bit of calico¹ as we have met many a time among our most intimate acquaintances. Even the most famed bearers of great names, renowned in the heroic olden time, for example, the great Achilles, the brave son of Thetis—how wretchedly they seem before us here! And yet, on the other hand, the piece cannot be treated as a comedy, for the blood flows through it in tremendous stream, and the longest speeches of wisdom ring therein with grand dignity—as, for instance, in the remarks which Ulysses makes as to the necessity of Authority, and which to this day deserve the most serious consideration.

“No, no—a play in which such speeches are

¹ “Der Hauptheld ist ein Laps und die Heldin eine gewöhnliche Schürze.” *Schürze* is literally a petticoat; jocosely, a girl or woman.

interchanged can be no comedy," said the critics; and still less could they admit that a poor rogue, who, like the teacher of gymnastics, Massmann, had small Latin and less Greek,¹ could dare be so bold as to use the great classic heroes to a comedy.

No, *Troilus and Cressida* is neither a comedy nor tragedy, in the common sense of the words; it does not belong to any determined class of the drama, and still less can it be measured with the current standard rules—it is Shakespeare's own and most peculiar creation. We can only in general principles recognise its eminent excellence; for a close criticism of it we need an Aesthetic, which is not as yet written.

Since I have registered this drama under the heading of Tragedy, let me first show how strictly I hold to the title. My old teacher of poetry in the gymnasium of Düsseldorf once remarked very shrewdly that all plays in which the melancholy of Melpomene prevailed over the gay and joyous spirit of Thalia, belonged to the realm of tragedy. Perhaps I had that comprehensive definition in my mind when it occurred to me to place *Troilus and Cressida* among the tragedies. And in truth there prevails in it an exultant bitterness, a world-mocking irony, such as we never met in

¹ This was originally said of Shakespeare himself by Ben Jonson. In Heine's text it reads, "Blutwenig Latein und gar kein Griechisch."—*Translator*.

the merriment of the comic muse. It is the tragic goddess who is very much more before us in this play, only that she here would fain be gay for once, and move to mirth. It is as if we saw Melpomene at a grisette-ball, dancing the *chahut*, bold laughter on her pale lips and death in her heart.

CASSANDRA.

[TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.]

It is the prophetic daughter of Priam whose picture is here presented. She bears in her heart the awful foreknowledge of the future, she announces the fall of Troy, and now she stands and wails where Hector weapons himself to battle with the dreadful Pelides. She sees in the spirit her beloved brother bleeding from the open wound of death, she groans and grieves—in vain ! No one heeds her counsel, and as hopeless of rescue as the whole deluded race, she sinks into the abyss of a dark destiny.

Shakespeare gives the beautiful seeress scanty and not very significant speech ; she is to him only an ordinary prophetess of evil who, with her

cries of woe, sweeps about in the outlawed town—

“ Her eyes madly rolling,
Her hair wildly flying,”

as the picture indicates.

Our great Schiller has exalted her in more attractive form in one of his sweetest poems. Here she laments to the Pythian god, with the keenest cutting tones of grief, that fearful fate which he holds over his priestess. Once I had to declaim in school in public trial that poem, and I stopped and could get no further than the words—

“ What avails to lift the curtain,
Hiding danger dire and dread ?
Life's an error—that is certain,
Knowledge puts us with the dead.”

HELENA.

[TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.]

THIS is the beautiful Helen, whose whole history I cannot tell, or make clear; for then I must really begin with Leda's egg.

Her titular father was called Tyndarus, but her real and secret begetter was a god, who in

the form of a fowl fructified her blessed mother—as very often took place in the olden time. Married when very young, she went to Sparta, and, as is easy to suppose, was there, owing to her extraordinary beauty soon seduced, and cuckolded her husband Menelaus.

Ladies—the one among you who is perfectly conscious of purity, will please cast the first stone at the poor sister! I do not say here that there can be no really true women. The first wife, the celebrated Eve, was a pattern of conjugal fidelity. Without the least idea of adultery, she wandered in Eden by the side of her husband (the celebrated Adam), who was then the only man in the world, and wore an apron of fig leaves. She conversed willingly with the Serpent, but that was only to learn the beautiful French language, which she thereby acquired, because she was *so* desirous of culture. Oh, ye daughters of Eve, what a beautiful example did your first mother leave behind her!

Dame Venus, the undying goddess of all delight, managed for Prince Paris the favour of fair Helen; he violated the holy law of hospitality, and fled with his charming booty of beauty to Troy—the safe citadel—as we all under the same circumstances should doubtless have done.¹ We all, by which I specially mean we Germans,

¹ We, *id est*, I (*Heine*).—*Translator*.

who, being more learned than other races, busy ourselves more from youth upwards with Homer's songs. The beautiful Helen is our first love, and even in our boyhood's days, when we sit on the school-bench and the master explains to us the exquisite Greek verses in which the Trojan grey-beards were enraptured at the sight of Helen, the most enchanting feelings beat in our young inexperienced breasts—with blushing cheeks and stammering tongues we answer the questions in grammar put by our preceptor. Later in life, when we are older and fully taught, and have ourselves become wizards, and can raise the very devil himself, then we exact from our attendant sprite that he shall obtain for us the beautiful Helen from Sparta. I have already said¹ that John Faust is the true representative of the Germans, of the people, who satisfy their deepest longing in knowledge and not in life. Although this famed doctor—the normal German—craves and yearns for sensual pleasure, he by no means seeks the subject of his gratification in the flowery fields of reality, but in the learned mould of the world of books; and while a French or Italian necromancer would have demanded of Mephistopheles the fairest woman living, the German wants one who died thousands of years

¹ In referring to Goethe's *Faust*. Romantic School, first book.—*Note by the German Publisher.*

ago, and who smiles at him as a lovely shade from ancient Greek parchment times—the Helen of Sparta. How deeply and significantly does this yearning set forth the inner being of the German people!

In *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare has treated of Helen as sparingly as he did Cassandra in the previous chapter. We see her appear with Paris, and she exchanges with the grey-haired pander, Pandarus, a few lively mocking passages. She rallies him, and at last asks that he shall sing, with his old bleating voice, a love-song. But sad, sorrowful shadows of forebodings, the foregoing feelings of a terrible end, often come before her frivolous heart; the serpents stretch out their black heads from the rosiest jests, and she betrays her deeper feeling in the words:—

“Let thy song be love. This love will undo us all. O Cupid! Cupid! Cupid!”¹

VIRGILIA.

[CORIOLANUS.]

SHE, the wife of Coriolanus, is a shy dove who dares not so much as coo in the presence of her over-

¹ *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 1.

haughty husband. When he returns victorious from the field, and all is exultation and loud rejoicing over him, she in humility looks down, and the smiling hero calls her "My gracious Silence!"¹ In this silence lies her whole character; she is silent as the blushing rose, as the chaste pearl, as the yearning evening star, as the enraptured human heart—a perfect, precious, glowing silence, which tells more than eloquence, more than all rhetorical bombast.² She is an ever mild and modest dame; and in her tender loveliness forms the clearest contrast to her mother-in-law, the Roman she-wolf Volumnia, who once suckled with her iron milk the wolf Caius Marcius. Yes, the latter is the real matron, and from her aristocratic nipples the young brood sucked nothing but wild self-will, unbridled defiance, and scorn of the people.

How a hero may win the laurel crown of fame from the early imbibing of such virtues and vices, but on the other hand lose the civic oaken wreath,

¹ *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. i.

"My gracious Silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph! Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons."

² *Wortschwall*, bounding billows of talk. "But 'rigmarole' I deem the better word."—*Translator*.

and finally descending to the most atrocious crime, or treason to his native land, disgracefully perish, is shown by Shakespeare in his drama entitled *Coriolanus*.

After *Troilus and Cressida*, in which our poet took his material from the old Greek heroic time, I take up *Coriolanus*, because we here see how he understood treating Roman affairs. In this drama he sketches the partisan strife of the patricians and plebeians in ancient Rome.

I will not directly assert that this portrayal agrees exactly in every detail with the annals of Roman history; but our poet has understood and depicted the real life and nature of that strife with deepest truthfulness. We can judge of this the more accurately because our own times afford so many subjects which recall those of the troubled discord which once raged in old Rome between the privileged patricians and the degraded plebeians. We might often deem that Shakespeare was a poet of the present day, who lived in the London of our own life, sketching the Tories and Radicals of our own time disguised as Romans. What might confirm us in such a fancy is the great resemblance which really exists between the ancient Romans and modern Englishmen, and the statesmen of both races. In fact, a certain prosaic hardness, greed, love of blood, unwearying perseverance and firmness of character, is as

peculiar to the English of to-day as to the old Romans, only that the latter were more land-rats than water-rats; but in the *unamiableness*, in which both attained the utmost height, they are perfectly equal and alike. The most striking elective affinity is to be observed between the nobility of both races.¹ The English nobleman, like the same character of yore in Rome, is patriotic; love for his native land keeps him, in spite of all political-legal differences, intimately allied to the plebeian, and this sympathetic bond so brings it about that the English aristocrats and democrats, like the Romans before them, form one and an united race. In other countries where nobility is bound, less to the land than to the person of him who is their prince, or are devoted to the peculiar interests of their class, this is not the case. Then again we find among the English, as once among the Roman nobles, a striving towards established authority as the highest, most glorious, and also indirectly the most profitable—I say *indirectly* the most profitable, because, as once in Rome, so now in England, the management of the highest offices under government are made profitable only by misuse of influence and

¹ These are true comparisons on the whole. Many years ago I remarked the astonishing likeness between many busts of old Romans of the better class and certain modern Englishmen.—*Translator.*

traditional exactions, that is to say, indirectly. Those offices are the aim of youthful education in the great families of England, just as they were among the Romans, and with the one as with the other, skill in war and oratory avail as the means to future position. So among the English, as it was among the Romans, the tradition of reigning and of administration is the hereditary endowment of noble families, and through this it may be that the English Tories will long be indispensable—yes, and so long in power as were the senatorial families of old Rome.

But nothing under present circumstances in England is so resemblant as the “soliciting suffrages,” as we see it depicted in *Coriolanus*. With what bitter and restrained sourness, with what scornful irony, does the Roman Tory beg for the votes of the good citizens whom he so deeply despises in his soul, and whose approbation is to him so absolutely necessary that he may become consul. There being, however, this difference—that most English lords have got their wounds, not in battle but in fox-hunting, and being better trained by their mothers in the art of dissimulation, do not when electioneering manifest their ill-temper and scorn as did the stubborn Coriolanus.

As in all things, Shakespeare has exercised in

this drama the strictest impartiality. The aristocrat is here quite in the right when he despises his plebeian masters of votes, for he feels that he was braver in war—such bravery being among the Romans the greatest virtue. Yet the poor electors, the people, are withal quite right in opposing him, despite this virtue, for he distinctly declared that as consul he would oppose giving bread to the people, although bread is the people's first right.¹

PORTIA.

[JULIUS CÆSAR.]

THE chief basis of Cæsar's popularity was the magnanimity with which he treated the people, and his generosity. The multitude felt that in him might be the founder of those better days which they were to know under his descendants the Emperors ; for these secured to the people its just right—they gave them their daily bread. We willingly forgive the Cæsars the bloodiest caprices by which they arbitrarily disposed of hundreds of patrician families and mocked their

¹ Heine here indicates an opinion, which he manifests in other passages of his works, that the rich possess, and keep from the poor, abundant means to support the latter.—*Translator*.

privileges; we recognise in them, and that gratefully, the destroyers of that aristocratic rule which gave the people for the hardest service the least possible payment; we praise them as worldly saviours who, humiliating the lofty and exalting the lowly, introduced a civic equality. That advocate of the past, the patrician Tacitus, may describe as he will the private vices and mad freaks of the Cæsars with the most poetic poison, we know better things of them—they fed the people.¹

It was Cæsar who led the Roman aristocracy to ruin, and prepared the victory of democracy. Meanwhile there were many old patricians who still cherished in their hearts the spirit of republicanism; they could not endure the supremacy of a single man, they would not live where one raised his head above all theirs, even though it were the lordly head of Julius Cæsar—so they whetted their daggers and slew him.

Democracy and monarchy are not enemies, as people falsely assert, in these our times. The best democracy will ever be that where one person stands as incarnation of the popular will at the

¹ That is to say that on the evil principle of unlimited "out-of-door relief," they, like the monks of later date with their doles, deliberately created an army of incurable paupers, who were thereby forced into being retainers and partisans. They plundered the world to feed a lazy mob of Roman citizens.—*Translator.*

head of the state, like God at the head of the world's government, for under that incarnate will of the people, as under the majesty of God, blooms the safest human equality, the truest democracy. Aristocracy and republicanism are not really opposed to one another, and that we see most clearly in the drama before us, where the spirit of republicanism speaks directly out with its sharpest traits of character in the proudest aristocrats. These traits are even more marked in Cassius than in Brutus. We have long since observed that the spirit of republicanism consists in a certain asthmatic close jealousy which will tolerate nothing over itself, in a dwarfish envy which hates all that is higher than itself, which would not willingly see even virtue represented by a man, for fear lest such a representative would turn his high personality to private profit. The republicans are therefore to-day the humblest of deists, and see in humanity only paltry figures of clay, which, kneaded all in one common likeness by the hands of a Creator, have no right whatever to proud distinctions and ambitions, or displays of splendour. The English republicans once cherished such a principle in Puritanism, and such was the case with the old Romans, who were Stoics. If this be borne in mind, we cannot fail to be struck by the shrewd sagacity with which Shakespeare has

sketched Cassius in his dialogue with Brutus, when he hears how the people have greeted with hurrahs Cæsar, whom they wish to raise to kingship :—

“*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter’s cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar’st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,
Accouter’d as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar’d ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone."

Cæsar himself knows his man well, and on this subject lets fall deeply significant words in a dialogue with Anthony.

"*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous."

Cassius is a republican, and, as we often see in such men, is more attracted by noble friendship in men than by the tender love of women. Brutus, on the contrary, sacrifices himself for the republic—not because he is by nature a republican, but because he is a hero of virtue, and sees in sacrifice the highest demand of duty. He is susceptible to all soft feelings, and clings with tenderest love to his wife, Portia.

Portia, a daughter of Cato, altogether a Roman woman, is, however, worthy of love, and even in her highest flights of heroism betrays the most feminine feeling and shrewdest womanly nature. With anxious looks of love she watches every shadow on the brow of her husband, betraying his troubled thoughts. She will know what torments him, she *will* share the burden of the secret which oppresses his soul ; and when at last she knows it, she is after all a woman, and being well nigh conquered by the frightful care, cannot conceal it, and must needs confess.

"I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for a woman to keep counsel !"

CLEOPATRA.

[ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.]

YES, this is the famed Queen of Egypt who ruined Antony.

He knew perfectly that this woman was leading him to destruction, and he would fain tear himself away from the magic fetters:—

“ I must with haste from hence ! ”

He flies—only to return all the sooner to the flesh-pots of Egypt, to his serpent of old Nile, as he calls her ; soon finding himself again with her in the luxurious mud of Alexandria, and there, as Octavius relates—

“ I’ the market-place, on a tribunal silver’d,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron’d : at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father’s son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the ’stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen. . . .
I’ the common show-place, where they exercise,
His sons he there proclaim’d the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign’d
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : she

In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.¹

The Egyptian sorceress holds not only his hand captive, but even his brain, and bewilders his talent as a general. Instead of fighting on firm land where he had always conquered, he gives battle on the treacherous sea, where his bravery was of less avail ; and there, where the capricious woman obstinately followed him, she fled with all her ships in the critical instant of the combat, and Anthony, "like a doting mallard,"² with outspread sail-wings fled after her, leaving fortune and honour in the lurch.

But it was not merely from the womanish caprices of Cleopatra that the unfortunate hero suffered the most disgraceful defeat ; for she afterwards treated him with the blackest treason, and in complicity with Octavius went with her whole fleet over to the enemy. She betrayed him in the most despicable manner, either to save her own goods in the shipwreck of his fortunes, or to fish some greater advantage for herself out of the troubled waters. She drives him to despair and death by deceit and lies, and yet to the very last he loves her with all his heart—yes, after every treachery his love flashes up the more wildly.

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 6.

² *Ibid.*, act iii. sc. 8.

He curses her of course after every trick, he knows all her faults, and his better judgment expresses itself in the coarsest abuse, when he says with bitterest truth :—

“ You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha ?
Have I my pillow, left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't !) the wise gods seal our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.”¹

But like the spear of Achilles, which could heal the wounds which it gave, the mouth of the beloved one can heal again with its kisses the deadliest stabs which his sharp words had given to her feelings. And after that infamy which the serpent of old Nile had inflicted on the Roman

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, act. iii. sc. 11.

wolf, and after every curse which he had howled at her—the pair kiss *à la Florentine* the more tenderly,¹ even in dying he presses on her lips the last of so many kisses.

And she, the Egyptian snake, how she loves her Roman wolf! Her betrayals are only the external irrepressible twinings and coils of her evil serpent nature; she practises them mechanically, because they are in her inborn or habitual habit, but in the depth of her soul there is the deepest unchanging love for Antony. Yes, she herself knows not how strong it is. Many a time she thinks she can conquer or play with it, but she errs, and the error will appear to her at the moment when she loses the man whom she loves, and her agony bursts forth in the sublime words:—

“*Cleo.* I dream’d, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

¹ *Züngeln*, to kiss, touching the tongues together—the *baïser à la Florentine*. In that remarkable work, *Delle Bizzarrie Accademiche*, by Gio. Francesco Loredano, Venice, 1667, there is a chapter on this subject, but according to him this peculiar osculation is effected by holding the ears of the subject, and kissing lip to lip. French writers define it as I have done.

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
 Crested the world : his voice was propertyed
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping : His delights
 Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above
 The element they lived in : In his livery
 Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket. " ¹

For Cleopatra is—a woman. She loves and betrays at the same time. It is a mistake to believe that women when they betray us have ceased to love. They only follow their inborn nature ; and if they will not empty the forbidden cup, they like at least a sip from it, or lick the brim, just to see what poison tastes like. Next to Shakespeare, no one has sketched this fact so well as old Abbé Prevost in his novel "*Manon Lescaut*." The intuition of the greatest poet here coincides with the sober observation of the coldest writer of prose.

Yes, this Cleopatra is a woman in the blesseddest and cursedest sense of the word ! She reminds me of that saying of Lessing, " When God made woman He took clay of too fine a quality ! " The extreme tenderness of His material does not agree with the requirements of life. This creature is at

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2.





once too good and too bad for this world. The most charming attractions are here the cause of the most repulsive frailties. With enchanting truth Shakespeare sketches even at the first appearance of Cleopatra the variegated fluttering spirit of caprice which is always rioting in the brain of the beautiful queen, which often jets and sprays in the most notable questions and fancies, and is perhaps really the basis of all her actions and behaviour. Nothing is more characteristic than the fifth scene of the first act, where she asks her maid for mandragora, so that this narcotic may fill up her time while Antony is gone. Then the devil teases her to call her eunuch Mardian. He humbly asks what his mistress requires. I will not hear singing, she says, for naught that an eunuch can do pleases me now ; but tell me, Dost ever feel passion ? " Hast thou affections ? "

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed ?

Mar. Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing
But what, in deed, is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
 And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
 For so he calls me ; Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison :—Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.”¹

If I may boldly speak out all my thought, fearing no slanderous sarcastic smiles, I would say that, candidly confessed, this helter-skelter thought and feeling of Cleopatra—the result of an irregular, idle, and troubled life—reminds me of a certain class of spendthrift women, whose expensive housekeeping is defrayed by an out-of-wedlock generosity, and who torment and bless their titular spouses very often with love and fidelity ; though not seldom with love alone, but always with wild whims. And was she in reality different from them—this Cleopatra, who could not maintain her unheard-of luxury with the Egyptian crown-revenue, and who took from Antony, her Roman *entreteneur*, the squeezed-out treasures of whole provinces for “presents”—and in the true sense of the word, was a kept—queen !

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. sc. 5.

In the ever excited, irregular mind of Cleopatra, made of extremes tossed together by reckless chance, a soul oppressively sultry, there flashes like heat-lightning all the time a sensuous, wild, and brimstone-yellow wit, which rather frightens than pleases. Plutarch gives us an idea of this wit, which shows itself more in deeds than words, and even in school I laughed with all my heart at the mystified Antony, who went with his queenly love fishing, but drew up on his line a salt fish—the crafty Egyptian dame having employed divers, one of whom had fastened it on his hook. Our teacher indeed frowned at this anecdote, and blamed the wicked wantonness with which the queen risked the lives of her subjects, the poor divers, to carry out a jest; but our teacher was not a friend to Cleopatra, and he made us specially observe how Antony, through her, destroyed his whole public career, got himself involved in domestic difficulties, and at last plunged headlong into ruin.

Yes, my old teacher was quite right—it is utterly dangerous to enter into intimate relations with such a person as Cleopatra. A hero can go to the devil in this way, but only a hero. Good commonplaceness suffers no danger here—nor anywhere.

The *position* of Cleopatra was as intensely droll as her character. This capricious-peevish,

pleasure-seeking, weather-vain, feverishly coquet-tish woman, this Parisienne of the olden time, this goddess of life, juggled and ruled over Egypt, the stark silent land of the dead. You know it well, that Egypt, that Mizraim full of mystery, that narrow Nile strip, looking like a coffin. In the high reeds still grinned the crocodile or the deserted child of Revelation. . . . Rock temples with colossal pillars, on which recline grotesque wild forms of horribly varied hues . . . in the portal nods the monk of Isis, with hieroglyphed head-gear . . . in luxurious villas, mummies are taking their siestas, and the gilded masks protect them from the swarms of flies of decay . . . there stand the slender obelisks and plump pyramids, like silent thoughts . . . in the background we are greeted by the mountains of the Moon of Ethiopia, which hide the sources of the Nile—everywhere death, stone, and mystery. And over this land, the beautiful Cleopatra ruled as queen.

How witty God is!

LAVINIA.

[TITUS ANDRONICUS.]

IN Julius Cæsar we see the last throbs of the republican spirit, which struggles in vain with

the monarchy; the republic has outlived itself, and Brutus and Cassius can only murder the man who first grasped at the royal crown, but are in no degree able to kill the royal form of government which is deeply rooted in the needs of the age. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we see how, in place of a fallen Cæsar, three other Cæsars stretch forth daring hands to the sovereignty of the world, the problem of principles is solved, and the strife which breaks out between these *triumvirs* is only the personal question, "Who shall be Emperor, lord of all men and lands?" The tragedy entitled *Titus Andronicus* shows us that even unlimited autocracies in the Roman realm follow the law of all earthly events, that is, to pass into decay, and nothing is more repulsive than those later Cæsars who, to the madness and crimes of Nero and Caligula, added the windiest weakness. Nero and Caligula indeed grew giddy on the vast height of their power; thinking themselves above humanity they became inhuman, believing they were gods they became godless; but in contemplating their monstrosity we can no longer measure them with the rule of reason. The later Cæsars, on the contrary, are rather subjects of our pity, our dislike, our disgust; they are wanting in the heathen self-deification, the intoxication of a sense of their own majesty, their terrible irresponsibility;

they are Christianly crushed, and the black confessor has crept into their consciences and spoken, and they feel that they are only poor worms, that they die dependent on the grace of a higher God, and that they in due time for their earthly evil doings must be boiled and roasted in hell.

Although the outer stamp of heathendom still prevails in *Titus Andronicus*, still the character of the later Christian time begins to show itself in this piece, and the perversion in moral and civic relations which it displays is already quite Byzantine. The play certainly belongs to Shakespeare's earliest productions, though many critics deny it to him altogether; for there is in it that cruelty, that cutting predilection for the repulsive, a Titanic struggle with divine powers, such as we are wont to find in the first works of great poets. The hero, in opposition to his utterly demoralised surroundings, is a real Roman, a relic of the stern and hard old time. Did such men then still exist? It is possible, for Nature loves to preserve examples of all the creatures whose kind is perishing or undergoing change, though it be in petrifications, such as we find on mountain-tops. *Titus Andronicus* is such a petrified Roman, and his fossil virtue is a real curiosity in the time of the latest Cæsars.

The disgrace and mutilation of his daughter Lavinia belongs to the most horrible scenes to be

found in any author. The history of Philomela, in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," is not by far so awful, for the very hands of the wretched Roman maiden are hacked off lest she should betray the prime movers of the dreadful piece of wickedness. As the father by his stern manliness, so the daughter by her grand feminine dignity, reminds us of the more moral past; she dreads not death but dishonour; and deeply touching are the words with which she implores mercy of her enemy, the Empress Tamora, when the sons of the latter will defile her person:—

"'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eyes may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer."¹

In this virginal purity Lavinia forms the fullest contrast to the Empress Tamora; and here, as in most of his dramas, Shakespeare places two entirely different types of woman together, and renders their characters clearer by the contrast. This we have already seen in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where our dark, unbridled, vain and ardent Egyptian comes forth more statuesquely by the white, cold, moral, arch-prosaic and domestic Octavia.

¹ *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 3.

And yet that Tamora is a fine figure, and I think it is an injustice that the English graver has not traced her portrait in this Gallery of Shakespearean ladies. She is a magnificently majestic woman, an enchanting and imperial figure, on whose brow are the marks of a fallen deity, in her eyes a world-devouring lust, splendidly vicious, panting with thirst for red blood. Pitying and far-seeing as our poet ever is, he has beforehand justified, in the first scene where Tamora appears, all the horrors which she at a later time inflicted on Andronicus.¹ For this grim Roman, unmoved by her most agonised mother's prayers, suffers her son to be put to death before her eyes; and as soon as she sees in the wooing favour of the young Emperor the rays of hope of future vengeance, there roll forth from her lips the exultant and darkly foreboding words:—

“I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.”²

¹ This sympathy with Tamora and her vindication are not creditable to Heine. It is difficult to understand how the sacrifice of Alarbus, in accordance with the custom of the times, justifies the outraging and mutilation of Lavinia. The traces of divinity in Tamora are indeed very faint.—*Translator*

² *Titus Andronicus*, act i. sc. 2.

As her cruelty is excused by the excess of sufferings which she endured, so the harlot-like looseness with which she abandons herself to a disgusting negro is to a degree ennobled by the romantic poetry which is manifested in it. Yes, that scene in which the Empress, having left her *cortège* during a hunt, finds herself alone in the wood with her beloved black, belongs to the most terribly sweet magic pictures of romantic poetry—

“My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rollèd in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise;
And,—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe to sleep.”*

* *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 3.

But while the gleams of passion flash from the eyes of the beautiful Empress and play on the black form of the negro, like decoy lights or curling flames, *he* thinks of far more serious things—on the execution of the most infamous intrigues, and his answer forms the rudest contrast to the impassioned appeal of Tamora.

CONSTANCE.

[KING JOHN.]

It was in the year 1827 after the birth of Christ that I gradually went to sleep in the theatre in Berlin during the first representation of a new tragedy by Herr E. Raupach.

For the highly cultured public which does not go to the theatre, and only reads that which is strictly literature, I must here remark that the Herr Raupach referred to is a very useful man, who supplies tragedies and comedies, and provides the stage of Berlin every month with a new masterpiece. The Berlin stage is admirable, and one especially useful for Hegelian philosophers who wish to refresh themselves by repose in the evening after hard work during the heat of the day. The soul reinvigorates

itself there far more in accordance with nature, than by Wisotzki. One goes into the theatre, stretches himself carelessly on the velvet seat, looks through his opera-glass at the faces of his fair neighbours or the legs of the lady-dancers, and if the fellows on the stage don't shout too loudly, he goes to sleep comfortably and peaceably—even as I did on the 29th of August 1827. P. M. C.

When I awoke all was dark and drear around me, and by the light of a dim flickering lamp I saw that I was alone in the theatre. I determined to pass the rest of the night there, and tried to softly sink again to slumber, which did not succeed so easily as it had done some hours before, when the poppy perfume of the Raupach rhymes had risen to my brain; and I was, moreover, much disturbed by the squeaking and cheeping of mice. Near the orchestra rustled and bustled a whole colony of the *gens* Mus; and as I understand not only Raupachian verses, but also the languages of all other kinds of animals, I involuntarily overheard all the mice said. They conversed on subjects such as would naturally interest a thinking being—the ultimate basis of all phenomena, the nature of things in and for themselves, fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute, and the great Raupachian tragedy, which had with all conceivable horrors not long before unfolded,

developed itself, and ended before their very eyes.

"You young people," slowly said an old mouse of stately and commanding presence, "you have only seen a single play—at best but a few—but I am grey, and have lived through many and marked them all with care. And I have found that in reality they are all alike, that they are generally variations on the same theme; and that very often the same situations, entanglements, and catastrophes are set before us. They are always the same men with the same passions, who only change costumes and figures of speech. There are always the same motives of action, love or hate, or ambition, or envy or jealousy, whether the hero wears a Roman toga or old German mail, a turban or a felt hat, and whether he speaks simply or in flowery verse, in bad iambics, or even worse trochees. The whole history of mankind, which people are so prone to divide into different dramas, acts and entrances, is after all one and the same story, only a masked come-round-again procession of the same natures and occurrences, an organic rotation in orbit, which begins anew from the same initial; and when one has once realised this, he no longer bewails the bad nor rejoices too readily over the good—he smiles at the folly of the heroes who sacrifice themselves for the perfection and prosperity of

the human race, and amuses himself, with calm composure."

A tittering, giggling little voice, which seemed to be that of a small shrewd mouse, here quickly interposed.

"I too have seen a thing or two, and that not merely from a single place or view. I never spared myself in jumping high nor balked a leap for knowledge; I left the pit and looked at things behind the stage itself, where I made startling discoveries. The hero whom I had just admired is no hero, for I saw how a young fellow called him a drunken rascal, and gave him kicks which he quietly received. The virtuous princess who appeared as sacrificing her life to save her virtue, is no more a princess than she is virtuous; I have seen how she took red powder from a china cup to colour her cheeks—and this passed in the play for the blush of modesty; and, after all, she threw herself yawning into the arms of a lieutenant of the guards, who told her on his word of honour she'd find in his room a stunnin' herrin' salad and a glass of punch.¹ What you thought was thunder and lightning is only the rolling of tin cylinders and the burning of a few crumbs of pulverised rosin. Even that portly, honourable citizen who seemed to be all unselfishness and

¹ *Einen guten Heringsalat nebst einem Glase Punsch.* J (i.e., Y) for G is characteristic of the Prussian dialect.

generosity, quarrelled most miserly about money with a meagre man whom he called the chief manager, and from whom he wanted a few thalers of extra pay. Yes, I have seen all with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, all the greatness and nobility which is acted before us is all sham and flam. Self-interest and selfishness are the secret springs of all actions, and an intelligent being will not let itself be humbugged by outside show."

Here, however, there rose a sighing, sorrowful voice which seemed familiar to my ears, though I know not whether it was of a mouse male or a mouse feminine. She began with a wail over the frivolity of the age, lamented its unbelief and scepticism, and said a great deal about her love for everything and everybody. "I love you," she sighed, "and I tell you the truth. And Truth revealed itself to me through grace in a blessed hour. I was on a pilgrimage, going about here and there trying to attain to a revelation or comprehension of the various deeds which are done on this earthly stage, and also to pick up some crumbs to satisfy my bodily hunger—for I love you. And it came to pass that I found a spacious hole—yes, my friends—a chest, in which there sat crouching a thin grey dwarf,¹ who held in his hand a roll of paper, and with a slow monotonous voice he repeated to himself

¹ This refers to the prompter in his box.—*Translator.*

all the speeches which are declaimed before us so loudly and passionately on the stage. A mystic shudder flurried all my fur. I knew that, despite my unworthiness, I had attained grace to see into the Holy of Holies. I found myself in the blessed presence of the mysterious First-being—the pure Spirit who rules the corporeal world with his will, who creates it with a word, inspires it with a word, and with a word destroys—for I saw that the heroes on the stage whom I had a little while before so greatly admired, only spoke confidently when they, in absolute confiding faith, my dear friends, repeated the text exactly as he gave it—yea, and that they stumbled and stuttered when they in their pride turned from his ways and listened not unto the sound of his voice. All beings I beheld depended on him. He was the only self-existent one in his all-holiest ark. On every side thereof glowed the mystic lamps, rang the violins, and softly pealed the flutes; around him was light and music—he swam in harmonious rays and flashing harmonies.” . . .

Then the speech became so nasal and weepingly whispering that I understood but little more, only now and then I caught the words, “Deliver us from cats and mouse-traps—give us each day our daily bread crumbs—I love ye—in eternity. Amen!”

By giving this dream I endeavour to set forth

my views as to the different philosophical points of view whence men regard history, at the same time showing why I do not load these light leaves with any peculiar philosophy of English history.

For I will not, above all things, analyze or dogmatically elucidate that in which Shakespeare has ennobled the great events of English chronicle, but only decorate with a few arabesques of words the portraits of the women who bloom in those poems. And as in these English historical dramas the women play anything but chief parts, and as the poet never lets them appear as female characters and figures, as we generally see them in other plays, but simply because the plot requires their presence, so will I speak the more sparingly of them.

Constance begins the dance, or is first in the procession, and that sorrowfully enough. She bears her child, like a *Mater dolorosa*, on her arm—the oppressed boy

“Who is not plagued for her sin,¹
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
Of this removed issue.”

I once saw the part of this mourning queen admirably acted on the Berlin stage by Madame Stich. Much less brilliant was the queen, Maria

¹ That of Queen Elinor. *King John*, act i. sc. 2.

Louisa, who, during the French invasion, played Queen Constance in the royal French theatre. But miserable beyond all measure in this part was a certain Madame Caroline, who acted about in the provinces. She wanted neither beauty, talent, nor passion—unfortunately she had too big a belly, which always injures an actress when she must act grandly tragic parts.¹

LADY PERCY.

[KING HENRY IV.]

I HAD imagined her face, and especially her form, less plump, or *embonpoint*, than is here represented. But it may be that the sharp traits and slender form which are apparent in her words, and which her spiritual physiognomy presents, contrast the more interestingly with her well-rounded outer form. She is cheerful, cordial, and sound in body and soul. Prince Henry, who would fain make a jest of this agreeable personage, thus parodies her and her Percy:—

¹ Notwithstanding the cleverness of the fable of the mice, these comments on Constance must be pronounced an utter failure as regards appreciation of the character, while the conclusion, containing an allusion to a political personage, which is not worth explaining, is like the last whoop with an unseemly gesture of a clown leaving the ring.—*Translator*.

"I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North ; he that kills me some six or seven dozens of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—*Fy upon this quiet life ! I want work. O my sweet Harry,* says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day ? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he ; and answers, *Some fourteen, an hour after ; a trifle, a trifle."*¹

This scene, in which we see the real domestic life of Percy and his wife, is as delightful as it is succinct—a scene in which she checks the boisterous hero with the boldest words :—

Lady Percy. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly unto this question that I ask :
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hotspur. Away,
Away, you trifler !—Love ?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse !—
What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me !

Lady Percy. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
Well, do not, then ; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hotspur. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :

¹ *First Part of King Henry IV., act ii. sc. 4.*

Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise ; but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."¹

PRINCESS KATHARINE.

[KING HENRY V.]

DID Shakespeare really write the scene in which the Princess Katharine takes a lesson in the English language, and are all the French phrases in it with which John Bull is so much pleased, his own? I doubt it. Our poet might have produced the same comic effect by means of an English jargon, and all the more easily because the English language has this peculiarity, that, without being ungrammatical, it can by the mere use of Latin² words and constructions bring out a certain French expression of thought. In

¹ *First Part of King Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 3.

² *Romanische Wörter*, not literally Latin words, but those of Latin derivation.—*Translator*.

the same manner an English dramatist could indicate or suggest a German style of thought, if he would use old Saxon expressions and inflections. For the English language consists of two heterogeneous elements, the Latin and the German, which, being merely squeezed together, do not form an organic whole, and which easily fall apart—when we cannot decide as to which side the real English belongs. One has only to compare the language of Doctor Johnson or of Addison with that of Byron or Cobbett. It was really quite unnecessary for Shakespeare to let the Princess Katharine talk French.

This leads me back to a remark which I have already made. It is a defect in the historical drama of Shakespeare that he does not contrast the Norman French spirit of the higher nobility with the Saxon British spirit of the people by means of characteristic forms of speech. Walter Scott did this in his novels, and thereby attained his most startling effects.

The artist who has contributed to this gallery the portrait of the French princess has, perhaps inspired by English malice, given her features more expressive of drollery than beauty. She has here a true bird face, and her eyes look as if they belonged to some one else. Are those parrot's feathers which she wears on her head, and are they intended to indicate her babbling

echoes and docility? She has little white inquisitive hands, her whole soul is the vain love of adornment and coquetry, and she can flirt most charmingly with her fan. I would wager that her feet coquet with the ground on which she walks.

JOAN OF ARC.

[FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.]

HAIL to thee, great German, Schiller, who didst purify gloriously the great monumental statue from the smutty wit of Voltaire, and the black spots with which it was libelled even by Shakespeare's song.¹ Yes, whether it was British national hatred or mediæval superstition which darkened his mind, our poet has represented the heroic maid as a witch allied to the dark powers of hell. He makes her evoke the demons of the underworld, and her dire and cruel execution is justified by this assumption. A deep discontent is

¹ *Den schwarzen Flecken, die ihm sogar Shakespeare angelichtet.* *Dichten*, to compose as an author. *Andichten*, to invent a charge against one, to libel, to impute falsely against.—*Translator.*

always in my mind when I walk over the little market-place of Rouen, where the Maid was burned, and where a bad statue immortalises the bad deed. To put to death by torture! That was your fashion then towards fallen foes! Next after the rock of St. Helena, the market-place of Rouen gives the most revolting proof of the magnanimity of Englishmen.

Yes, even Shakespeare sinned against the Maid, and if he does not manifest decided enmity, he treats the noble virgin who freed her fatherland in a manner which is both unfriendly and un-amiable. And, had she done it with the help of hell, she would have deserved for it honour and admiration.

Or are the critics in the right when they deny that the play in which the Maid is introduced, as well as the second and third parts of *Henry VI.*, were not written by the great poet? They declare that this trilogy belongs to the older dramas, which he only worked over. I would gladly, if it were only for the sake of the Maid of Orleans, assent to this. But the arguments adduced are not tenable. These disputed dramas manifest in many places far too decidedly the perfect stamp of the genius of Shakespeare.¹

¹ Heine in this paper assumes as a settled thing that all the details and truths as regards Joan of Arc are perfectly known, and that they are fully set forth by Schiller. In fact it is a

MARGARET.

[FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.]

HERE we see the beautiful daughter of Count Reignier as yet a maid. Suffolk enters, leading her as captive, but ere he himself is aware she

very doubtful matter whether the Maid was ever burned at all, and whether she did not marry and become the mother of a large family. As regards witchcraft, had Heine lived in Shakespeare's time he would certainly have believed in it heart and soul. But there is no proof that Shakespeare was superstitious in any respect. Joan of Arc gave it out, and perhaps herself believed, that she was visited by spirits, and in a credulous age she naturally brought upon herself the charge of being a sorceress. Shakespeare simply used the generally accredited tradition as a dramatist. Heine appears here to have totally forgotten that in Germany, long after the time of Joan of Arc, many thousands of witches, who did not pretend to supernatural gifts, and who had not made themselves violently obnoxious to great political powers, were put to death far more cruelly. If the very doubtful death of Joan of Arc in a very Catholic age is a proof of British barbarism, what do the witch burnings of the Protestants in the seventeenth century indicate as regards German humanity?

It may be remarked that in the concluding paragraph Heine remarks that Shakespeare could not have worked over or retouched (*bearbeitet*) this play on Henry VI. because they bear 'in many parts' the *Vollgepräge* or perfect stamp of his genius. It might be asked to what purpose he reworked or finished up the dramas, if it was not to give them such a stamp or effect? The whole article indicates that it was intended to flatter the Germans through Schiller, and especially to gratify the French by abuse of England.

has enchained him. He quite reminds us of the recruit who cried from the guard-post to his captain that he had made a captive. "Bring him here then to me!" answered his chief. "I can't," was the reply, "for he won't let me."¹

Suffolk speaks:—

"Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]

O stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, de la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

¹ As usually told, the soldier cried that he had caught a Tartar. "Bring him in then." "He winna let me go!" This is the usually accredited sense of the saying, "He has caught a Tartar."—*Translator.*

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won."¹

He at last finds it best to keep the prisoner, and, wedding her to his king, become at once her public subject and her private lover.

Has this connection of Margaret with Suffolk any historical basis? I do not know. But Shakespeare's eye of divination often sees things of which chronicles say nothing, yet are none the less true. He knows even those fleeting dreams of bygone days which Clio forgot to write. There lie perhaps upon the stage of events all kinds of varied images or forms, which do not flit as common shadows with the real shapes, but come like ghostly things upon the ground, unnoted by the busy world of men who, naught surmising, carry on their work. Yet they are often visible enough, as clear in colour as distinct in form unto the eyes of seers born on Sunday whom we call poets!

¹ *First Part of King Henry VI., act v. sc. 3.*

QUEEN MARGARET.

[SECOND AND THIRD PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.]

IN this likeness we see the same Margaret as queen, and as wife of the sixth Henry. The bud has blossomed; she is now a full-blown rose, but a repulsive worm lies hid therein. She has become a hard-hearted, evil-minded woman. Horrible beyond all comparison, be it in the world of reality or poetry, is the scene where she gives to the weeping York the ghastly handkerchief dipped in the blood of his son, and jeering bids him dry his tears on it. The words are dreadful:—

“Look, York; I stain’d this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier’s point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee, grieve to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.”¹

Had the artist who designed the beautiful Margaret for this gallery represented her with more

¹ *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, act i. sc. 3.

widely opened lips, we might have seen that she has teeth like a beast of prey.¹

In the next drama, or in *Richard III.*, she appears as personally repulsive, for the sharp teeth have been broken, she can no longer bite, but only ban, and so as a ghostly old woman wanders through the royal chambers, and the toothless old mouth murmurs words of evil omen and execrations.

Yet through her love for Suffolk—"the wild Suffolk"—Shakespeare awakes in us some spark of sympathy even for this un-woman. Sinful or shameful as this love may be, we cannot deny it truth nor earnestness. How rapturously beautiful are the two lovers' parting words, and what tenderness in those of Margaret!—

"Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[Kisses his hand.

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

¹ "She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France."

—*Third Part of King Henry VI.*, act i. sc. 4.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
 Adventure to be banished myself :
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone.—
 O, go not yet !—Even thus two friends, condemn'd,
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.
 Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence :
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world :
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life ;
 Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.*¹

And later, when Margaret, bearing the bloody
 head of her beloved in her hand, wails forth the
 wildest despair, she reminds us of the terrible
 Chrimhilda of the "Nibelungenlied." What iron-
 mailed agonies whence all words of comfort
 glance aside in vain !

I have already shown in the introduction that
 I intended as regarded the English historical
 dramas of Shakespeare to refrain from historical
 and philosophical reflections. The theme of those
 dramas will never be fully discussed, so long as
 the strife of the modern requirements of indus-

¹ *Second Part of King Henry VI.*, act iii. sc. 2.

trial development with that of mediæval feudalism in all its various surviving forms continues. It is not so easy here as in the Roman dramas to express a decided opinion, and every bold free utterance might meet with a dubious or displeased reception. But I cannot here refrain from one remark.

It is unintelligible to me how certain German commentators take side with the English party, and that very decidedly, when they speak of those French wars which are depicted in the dramas of Shakespeare. For, in truth, in those wars the English had with them neither justice nor poetry. For they partly concealed the coarsest spirit of robbery under worthless claims of succession, and in part made war as mean mercenaries in the vulgar interests of mere merchants or shopmen—just as they do to-day in these our times, only that in the nineteenth century they deal more in coffee and sugar, whereas in the fourteenth and fifteenth it was in sheep's wool.¹

Michelet, in that genial work, his "History of France," remarks very truly:—

"The secret of the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, &c., is to be sought in the counting-houses of the merchants of London, of Bordeaux and Bruges. . . . Wool and meat founded the original Eng-

¹ Or, as men say in the American stock-market, "lambs," meaning victims. The allusion may be taken to drawing the wool over one's eyes, to blind a victim to its fate, as well as to literal trade in wool.—*Translator*.

land, and the English race. Before England became a great woollen-mill and iron factory for the whole world, it was a meat factory. From the earliest times this race busied itself with cattle-raising and nourished itself with meat. Hence the freshness of complexion of this (snub-nosed and back-of-the-head-less) beauty. May I here be permitted to mention a personal experience.

"I had seen London and a great part of England and Scotland; I had stared with amazement at more than I had understood. And it was on my return journey, as I went from York to Manchester, cutting across the breadth of the island, that I first began to form a true idea of England. It was a damp, foggy morning, when the country seemed not to be merely surrounded but inundated by the ocean. A pale sun hardly lit up half the landscape. The new tile-red houses would have contrasted harshly with the sap-green banks if these screaming colours had not been subdued by the fleeting sea-mists. Fat farm meadows, covered with sheep, over-topped by the flaming chimneys of factories. Cattle-raising, agriculture, industry, all were crowded together in this little space, one over the other, one feeding the other—the grass fed by the fog, the sheep by the grass, and man by blood.

"Man in this devouring climate, where he is always tormented by hunger, can only sustain life

by hard work. Nature compels him to it. But he knows how to revenge himself on her; he compels her to work, and subdues her with iron and fire. All England pants with this strife. Man there seems to be enraged, and as if beside himself. See yon red face, that wildly gleaming eye! One might suppose that he was drunk. But his head and hand are firm and sure. He is only intoxicated with blood and strength. He manages himself like a steam-machine, which he crams to excess with fuel, to get from it as much work and speed as is possible.

"During the middle ages the Englishman was much the same as he now is, far too well fed, driven to trade, and warlike when industrial pursuits were wanting.

"England, though vigorously pursuing agriculture and cattle-raising, did not then manufacture. The English produced the raw material, other people turned it to profit. Wool was on one side of the Channel and workmen on the other. But while princes quarrelled and fought, the English cattle-dealer and the Flemish cloth-factors lived in the best accord, and in an undisturbed alliance. The French, who wished to break this bond of union, atoned for the beginning of it with a hundred years of war.¹ The English

¹ Heine has previously declared that the English begun these wars, *vide* p. 331.—*Translator*.

kings wished to conquer France, but the people wanted only freedom of trade, free ports, free markets for English wool. Gathered round a great wool-sack, the commons consulted over the king's demands, and willingly granted him subsidies and armies.

"Such a mixture of industry and chivalry imparts a strange and wonderful aspect to all the history of the time. That Edward who swore on the Round Table a proud oath to conquer France, those solemn and silly knights who in pursuance of their vows covered one eye with red cloth, were not, however, such fools as to go to war at their own expense. The pious innocence of the Crusaders was no longer in keeping with the age. These knights were in reality mercenaries, paid mercantile agents, and armed and armoured commercial travellers for the merchants of London and Ghent. Edward himself was obliged to give pledges, to lay aside all pride, to flatter the clothier and weaver guilds, to hold out his hand to his gossip the beer brewer Artevelde, and mount the desk of a cattle-dealer to address the multitude.

"The English tragedies of the fourteenth century have very comical sides. There is always something of Falstaff in their noblest knights. In France, in Italy, in Spain, in the fair lands of the South, they always show themselves as rapacious and gluttonous as they are brave. It is

Hercules, the devourer of oxen. They came to devour the land, in the literal sense of the word. But the land retaliates and conquers them with fruit and wine. Their princes and armies surfeit themselves with food and drink, and die of indigestion and dysentery."

Compare with these hired and gluttonous heroes the French, that most temperate race, which was less intoxicated with its wine than by innate enthusiasm. This, indeed, was the cause of their misfortune, and so we can see how it happened that even in the middle of the fourteenth century they, by the very excess of chivalry, succumbed to the English foe. It was at Cressy where the French appear more glorious in their defeat than do the English by their victory, which they in unknightly fashion gained by employing infantry. Hitherto war had been only a great tournament of knights of equal birth; at Cressy this romantic cavalry, this poetry, was disgracefully shot down by modern infantry, by prose in strongest disciplined order of battle—yes, even cannon here appear. The grey-bearded King of Bohemia, who, blind and old, was in this battle as a vassal of France, marked well that a new era had begun, that all was at an end with chivalry, that in future the man on horseback would be beaten by the man on foot, and so said to his knights: 'I beg you most earnestly, carry me so far into the fight, that I may once more

strike one good blow with my sword!' They obeyed him, bound their horses to his, rushed with him headlong into the wildest of the fray, and the next morning all were found dead on their dead horses, all still bound together. And as this King of Bohemia perished with his knights, so the French fell at Cressy; they died—but on horseback. England won the victory, France the fame. Yes, even in their defeat, the French cast their conquerors into the shade. The triumphs of the English are ever a shame to humanity, from the days of Cressy and Poitiers to that of Waterloo. Clio is always a woman in spite of her impartial coolness, she is sensitive to knighthood and heroism, and I am convinced that it is with gnashing teeth that she inscribes in her tablets the victories of England.¹

¹ Of this chapter it may be said emphatically, "fine writing but foolish." For there can be no greater folly than to rake into the remote past for reasons to ridicule the present conditions of society, which are now entirely changed. And when we consider that all this exaltation of pure aristocracy and chivalry over base mechanicals and mere money-making merchants comes from Heine, who elsewhere modestly requests the world to lay a sword on his grave because he had been such a brave soldier in the war against aristocracy and ancient wrongs in the cause of the people, this abuse of the English for not being knightly is simply comic. But when we find him wailing over the first great manifestation of the power of the people in the employment of infantry at Cressy, and speaking with blue-blooded, bitter scorn of vulgar foot-soldiers and cannon, the inconsistency rises to broad absurdity. Our author asserts that in this battle the victory was with the English and its glory to the French;

LADY GREY.

[THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.]

SHE was a poor widow who came trembling before King Edward, and begged him to restore to her children the small estate which, after the death of her husband, had reverted to the enemy. The licentious king, who could not stir her chastity, was so enchanted by her beauty, that he placed the crown on her head. Her history, known to all the world, announces how much misery to both came from this match.

Did Shakespeare really describe the character of this king with strict regard to history? Here I must repeat the remark that he perfectly understood how to fill historical gaps. His royal characters are all drawn with such truth, that, as an English writer remarked, we might often suppose that he had been all his life the Chancellor of the monarch whom he makes act in many dramas. My own memories of the striking similarity be- but in truth it was a double victory and glory to the former; one over the enemy, and another and far more glorious over the old order of things, in which all renown was for the few and none for the many. It was absolutely this battle which has since made England victorious in a thousand fields, and it was the rise of the "wool-growers and merchants," or of the middle class, which sustained and supported the national military spirit.
—*Translator.*

tween his ancient kings, and certain kings of the present day, whom as contemporaries we can best judge, are tests of his truth to life.

What Friederich Schlegel says of the writer of history holds good of our poet. He is a prophet looking into the past. Were it permissible to hold the mirror up to one of the greatest of our crowned contemporaries, every one would perceive that Shakespeare made out his public notification¹ two hundred years ago. In fact, when we contemplate this great, admirable, and certainly also glorious monarch, a certain strange thrill comes over us, such as we might experience should we in broad daylight meet a form which we had before seen only in nightly dreams. When we saw him eight years ago, riding through the streets bare-headed, humbly greeting all on every side, we thought continually of the passage in which York describes Bolingbroke's entry to London. His cousin, the later Richard II., knew him well, studied him closely, and expressed himself once very accurately:—

“Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people :—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy ;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;

¹ *Steckbrief*, writ of arrest, the public notice of a runaway, including a description of him.

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their effects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;—*
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope."¹

Yes, the likeness is startling. The present Bolingbroke develops himself before our eyes accurately like the one of yore who, after the fall of his royal cousin, mounted the throne, and little by little made firm his seat—a clever, crafty hero, a creeping giant, a Titan of dissimulation, terribly, yes, tremendously calm, the claws in a velvet glove, and while caressing with it and cajoling public opinion, watching his prey far in the distance, and never leaping on it till it is near. May he ever conquer his blustering enemies, and keep peace in his kingdom until the hour of his death, when he may address his son in the words which Shakespeare long ago wrote for him :—

“Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel,
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown : and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :

¹ *King Richard II.*, act i. sc. 4.

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered :
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument ; and now my death
 Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchased,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanced,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced : which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !"¹

¹ *First Part of King Henry IV.*, act iv. sc. 4.

LADY ANNE.

[KING RICHARD III.]

THE favour of fair women, like fortune, is a free gift—we receive it without knowing how or why. But there are men who know how to force it with iron will from fate, and these attain their aim either by flattery or inspiring terror in women, by awaking their sympathy, or by artfully giving them opportunities to sacrifice themselves. This last—that is, self-sacrifice—is the favourite part of women in the play of love, for it sets them off so well before the world, and assures them so many raptures of tears and woe when alone.

Lady Anne is impelled by all these forces at once. Words of flattery flow like virgin honey from his terrible lips. Richard flatters her—that same Richard who inspires her with all the horrors of hell—he who has murdered her loved husband, and the paternal friend whose corpse she is accompanying to the grave. He commands the pall-bearers with imperious voice to set down the coffin, and at this moment begins to woo the beautiful sufferer. The lamb sees with dread the gnashing teeth of the wolf—but the terror at once tunes his voice to the sweetest sounds of flattery, and this flattery from a wolf works so prevailingly, so like

intoxication on the poor lamb's soul, that every feeling in it is reversed.

And King Richard speaks of his sufferings, of his grief, so that Anne cannot withhold her pity, all the more because this wild being is far from being of a plaintive nature. . . . And this wretched murderer has qualms of conscience—speaks of repentance—a good woman might perhaps lead him to the better path if she would sacrifice herself for him! And so Anne determines to be Queen of England.

QUEEN KATHARINE.

[KING HENRY VIII.]

I CHERISH an insuperable prejudice against this queen, to whom I must, however, ascribe every virtue. As a wife she was a pattern of domestic fidelity. As queen she bore her part with the highest dignity and majesty. As a Christian she was piety itself. But Doctor Samuel Johnson was inspired by her to the most extravagantly soaring laudation. She is, among all Shakespeare's women, his choicest darling; he speaks of her with tenderness and emotion . . . and that

is intolerable. Shakespeare has employed all the might of his genius to glorify her, but all this is in vain when we see that Doctor Johnson, that great pot of porter, falls into sweet rapture at her sight and foams with eulogy. If she had been my wife such praise would have induced me to get a divorce. Perhaps it was not the charms of Anna Bullen which tore the poor king from her, but the enthusiasm with which some Doctor Johnson of the time spoke of the faithful, dignified, and pious Katharine. Did Thomas More, perhaps, who, with all his surpassing excellence was rather pedantic, hide-bound, and indigestible—even as Doctor Johnson was—exalt the queen too much towards heaven? The brave Chancellor, however, paid rather too dearly for his enthusiasm; the king exalted him for it to heaven itself.

I do not really know at which I am most amazed—that Katharine endured her husband for fifteen years, or that he so long put up with her? The king was not only very full of whims, irritable, and in constant contradiction with all his wife's inclinations—that is common enough in marriages, which, however, endure in admirable fashion till death makes an end of all—but the king was also a musician and theologian, and both to perfect wretchedness! I heard not long ago, as a delightful curiosity, a choral com-

posed by him, which was quite as bad as his treatise, *De Septem Sacramentis*. He certainly did bore his poor wife terribly with his musical compositions and theological authorship. The best in Henry was his feeling for plastic art, and it may be that his worst sympathies and antipathies were due to his predilection for the beautiful. Katharine of Arragon was still attractive in her twenty-fourth year when Henry at eighteen married her, though she was the widow of his brother. But her beauty in all probability did not increase with years, all the more since she, from pious motives, chastised the flesh with flagellation, fasting, vigils, and afflictions sore. Her husband bewailed bitterly these ascetic practices, and truly they would have been a source of desperation to any of us.

And there is something else which strengthens my prejudice against this queen. She was the daughter of Isabella of Castile, and the mother of Bloody Mary. What could come from a tree which grew from such sinful seed, and which bore such evil fruit?

And though we find in history no evidences of her cruelty, still the wild pride of her race breaks out on every opportunity where she will vindicate her rank or press its claims. In spite of her long-practised Christian humility, she bursts into almost heathen wrath when any one offends the

etiquette due to her, or refuses her the queenly title. Even to death she retains this unquenchable pride, and Shakespeare himself gives these as her last words—

“Embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen’d, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.”¹

¹ This paper suggests the reflection that to Heine every woman who disregarded the seventh commandment was an angel, and every one who kept it a devil. He finds something divine, adorable, or attractive in Tamora, Cressida, and Cleopatra, even in Margaret, but Queen Katharine is to him altogether repulsive. And all her great and noble qualities are to him absolutely nothing—*because* Doctor Samuel Johnson admired her ! All the power of Shakespeare’s genius, he declares, failed to exalt her, *because* “this great pot of porter” praised her. Call you this criticism ? It is not even excellent fooling, it is the *fade* frolicking of a freshman trying to seem wicked, while the suggestions that Henry bored his wife with his accomplishments, and she him with her virtues, are wretchedly forced fun of a kind which “has not even novelty for merit.” This misapplied trifling is carried out to the very end, for the last words of Queen Katharine, as given in full in the original text, are inspired with anything but the heathen wrath and evil pride which Heine

directly declares are to be found in them. They are as follows :—

“ I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be used with honour ; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet *like*
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more.”¹

Truly a singular specimen of heathen wrath and unquenchable pride ! Even the garbling or misrepresentation is very bunglingly done, for the Queen declares that she has no longer the title, but simply wishes to be buried as becomes one of her royal birth—only this and nothing more—not *as* a queen, but *like* one. The heathen wrath is here all on the side of Heine. He was a great genius and a learned scholar, but he had his limits, and a character like that of Katharine was as much out of his range of comprehension as his would have been to her.—*Translator.*

¹ *King Henry VIII.*, act iv. sc. 2.

ANNE BULLEN.

[KING HENRY VIII.]

It is generally believed that King Henry's gnawings of conscience for his marriage with Katharine were due to the charms of the beautiful Anne. Even Shakespeare betrays this opinion, and when the new queen appears in the coronation procession he puts these words into the mouth of a young nobleman:—

“Heaven bless thee !
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady ;
I cannot blame his conscience.”¹

The poet also gives us an idea of the beauty of Anne Bullen in the next scene, where he depicts the enthusiasm which her appearance at the coronation produced.

How deeply Shakespeare was devoted to his sovereign, the stately Elizabeth, shows itself perhaps most beautifully in the precision of detail with which he represents the coronation of her mother. All of these details gave colour

¹ *King Henry VIII.*, act iv. sc. 1. It is remarkable that a passage extremely like this occurs in a poem by one of the earlier Icelandic skalds. *Vide* notes to *Thorstens Saga*. Also another in the *Carmina Burana*.

and sanction to the royal rights of the daughter, and the poet well knew how to make the contested legitimacy of his queen clear to the entire public. And this queen deserved such zealous attachment. She thought it no sacrifice of queenly dignity when she authorised the poet to present on the stage with absolute impartiality all her ancestors and even her own father. And it was not only as a queen but as a woman that she proved she would never encroach on the rights of poetry, and as she had granted our poet the greatest liberty of speech in political matters, so she permitted him the boldest expression as to the relations of the sexes. She was not shocked at the most reckless jests of a healthy sensuality, and she, "the maiden queen," the royal virgin, even requested that Sir John Falstaff should show himself as a lover. To her smiling nod¹ we owe the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Shakespeare could not have brought his English historical dramas to a better conclusion than by having the new-born infant, Elizabeth, carried over the stage—the glorious future of England in swaddling-clothes.

But did Shakespeare really depict to the life Henry VIII., the father of his queen? Yes,

¹ *Wink*, a sign of intelligence, nod, hint, or wink. In German a nod is truly "as good as a wink."—*Translator*.





for though he did not set forth the truth so vigorously, or in such harsh utterances as in his other dramas, he did at least present it fairly and honestly, and the subdued tone only makes the shadows more impressive. This Henry VIII. was the worst of all kings, for while other evil princes only raged against their foes, he was furious at his friends, and his love was even more dangerous than his hatred. The matrimonial history of this royal Bluebeard is horrible. And with all its horrors he mingled a certain imbecile and cruel gallantry. When he ordered the execution of Anne Bullen he sent her word that he had provided for it the best headsman in all England. The Queen thanked him obsequiously for such a delicate attention, and in her trifling, merry manner, spanned her throat with both hands and said, "It will be easy to behead me, for I have but a little neck!"

Nor is the axe with which she was decapitated a very large one. It was shown me in the armoury of the Tower, and as I held it in my hands a strange thought struck me.

"If I were Queen of England, I would have that axe sunk in the depths of the sea."

LADY MACBETH.

[MACBETH.]

I TURN from the authentic historical drama to those tragedies whose plots are either purely invented or else drawn from old legends and romances. *Macbeth* forms a transition to such poems, in which the genius of the great Shakespeare spreads its wings most freely and boldly. The substance of it is taken from an old legend, it does not belong to history, and yet the drama makes some demand on historical faith, because the ancestor of the royal house of England played a part in it. For *Macbeth* was first played before James I., who, as is well known, descended from the Scottish Banquo. In this relation the poet has interwoven several prophecies in honour of the reigning dynasty.

Macbeth is a favourite subject with critics, who here find opportunity enough to set forth in widest opposition their views as to the antique fatalistic tragedies in comparison with conception of fate by modern tragedians. On this subject I will make merely a fleeting remark.

Shakespeare's idea of destiny differs from that of the ancients, just as the prophetic sorceresses who in the Norse legend meet *Macbeth* promis-

ing sovereignty, differ from the witch-sisterhood which appears in Shakespeare's tragedy. Those wondrous women in the Northern tale are plainly Valkyries, terrible divinities of the air, who, sweeping over battle-fields, determine victory or defeat, and who are to be regarded as the true directresses of human destiny, the last, in the warlike North, being dependent on the issue of battle. Shakespeare changed these into mischief-making witches, stripped them of all the terrible grace and charm of Northern enchantment, made of them hybrid half-women who practise tremendous ghostly delusions, and brew destruction from malicious mischief or at the bidding of hell. They are servants of the evil one, and he who is befooled by their sayings goes body and soul to destruction. Shakespeare has therefore translated the old heathenish deities of fate and their dignified magic blessing into Christian, and the ruin of his hero is therefore not a predetermined necessity, or something absolutely and sternly unavoidable, as in the ancient fate, but the result of those allurements of hell which cast their nets around the human heart. Macbeth succumbs to Satan, the prime evil.¹

It is interesting to compare the witches of Shakespeare with those of other English poets. We observe that Shakespeare after all could not

¹ Dem Urbösen.

free himself from the old heathen view, and his magic sisters are far more strikingly grand and respectable than those of Middleton, who show far more a meanly malicious, beggarly nature, who practise smaller and more spiteful tricks, who vex the body but have far less power over the soul, and at their utmost can only crust our hearts over with envy, spite, lust, or wantonness, or similar skin eruptions on the heart.

The notoriety of Lady Macbeth, who for two centuries passed for a very bad character, about twelve years ago in Germany took a turn in her favour. The pious Franz Horn—*videlicet*—made the remark in the "Conversations-Lexicon of Brockhaus" that the poor lady had been quite misunderstood, that she was devotedly attached to her husband, and, above all, was really a remarkably amiable person. Herr Ludwig Tieck soon after supported this view with all his science, erudition, and philosophical depth, so that it was not long before we saw Madame Stich on the royal court stage, cooing and turtle-doveing so feelingly, that every heart in Berlin was touched by such tones of tenderness, and many a lovely eye was moved to tears at the sight of that dear sweet Macbeth.¹ This happened, as I said, twelve years ago, in the soft times of the Restoration when we all had so much love in our hearts.

¹ *Beim Anblick der guten Macbeth.* Berlin provincialism.—*Translator.*

Since then there has been a great bankruptcy, and if we do not now allot to many crowned personages the transcendent love which they deserve, those people are to blame who, like the Queen of Scotland in the period of the Restoration, made utter booty of our hearts.

Whether men still defend in Germany the amiability of this lady, I do not know. Since the revolution of July many views of many things have greatly changed, and it may be that even in Berlin they have learned to perceive that that dear nice Lady Macbeth may be an awfully horrid beast, don'cher know.¹

In this paper our author has a little too authoritatively, though very ingeniously, set forth a theory of *Macbeth*, which will hardly bear examination. That the weird sisters were derived from the Valkyries, is just possible. But at a very early time there were, in the North, variations on these, down to witches of the vulgar devilish sort, and all the accounts which were current in Shakespeare's time represent these of Macbeth as being of the latter kind, and as deliberately deceiving and leading him to deadly ruin. That this was so understood in the sixteenth century is absolutely shown by the fact that Grosius, in his *Magica seu mirabilium Historiarum de Spectris et variis Præstigiis et Impos-*

¹ *Das die gute Macbeth eine sehr böse Bestie sint.*

turis malorum Dæmonum (1597), gives under the heading of "Prophecies of devils or evil spirits," the following from Cardanus' *De Rerum Varietate*, lib. 16, cap. 93:—

"Machabeus (i.e., Macbeth) was in fear, being warned by soothsayers. And a prophetess—*fatidica mulier*—foretold that he would not be slain by a hand born of woman, nor conquered till the wood of Birnen should come to the fortress of Donusinam, not far from where he was. Yet before he was conquered the wood of Birnen came thither, being cut down and carried, so that it surrounded the fortress. And he was finally slain by Magduffus, who was not born but cut from his mother's belly."

Cardanus took the story from Hector Boethius, who simply states that the prophecy was uttered by three women with unusual faces—*tres mulieres insolita faciæ*. Boethius, who was Shakespeare's authority, evidently regarded them as common witches. The same Boethius (Lib. 2, *Hist. Scotorum*) tells us that Duffus, King of the Scots, had a mistress—*cujus mater venefica erat*—whose mother was a poisoning or malicious witch, that is, of the lowest and vilest type. There are a hundred stories in the Norse sagas and chronicles which plainly show that Shakespeare had much more reason to make his prophetesses vulgar witches than Valkyries. And it is certainly absurd to accuse him of stripping from certain characters a *furchtbaren Grazie*, or terrible grace, which he certainly did not find in *his* originals. So far from degrading these originals, the poet actually elevated them, by bestowing that terrible grace, and refining them above the witches of his own time.—*Translator*.

OPHELIA.

[HAMLET.]

THIS is the poor Ophelia whom Hamlet the Dane loved. She was a beautiful blonde girl, and there was—especially in her speech—a magic which touched my heart, most of all when I would journey to Wittenberg, and went to her father to bid him farewell. The old lord was so kind as to give me on the way all the good counsels of which he himself made so little use, and at last called Ophelia to give us the parting cup. When the dear girl modestly and gently approached me with the salver, and raised her gleaming eyes to mine, in my distraction I grasped an empty instead of a full cup. She laughed at my mistake. Her smile was so wondrous gleaming, and there stole over her lips that intoxicating, melting softness which doubtless came from the kiss-fairies who lurked in the dimples of the mouth.

When I returned from Wittenberg, and the smile of Ophelia gleamed on me again, I forgot all the crafty casuistry of the scholastics, and my deep researches were only on the charming question: "What does this smile set forth—what is the inner meaning of that voice with its mysterious deeply yearning flute-tones? Whence do those

eyes derive their blessed rays? Is it a gleam of heaven, or is heaven but the reflect of those eyes? Is that sweet smile in concord with the silent music of the spheres in their unending dance, or is it but the earthly signature¹ of the most super-sensual harmony?" One day while we wandered in the castle garden of Helsingor, tenderly jesting and wooing, our hearts in the full bloom of hopeful love,—it will ever live in my memory how beggarly the song of the nightingales contrasted with the heavenly breathing voice of Ophelia, and how flat and poor the flowers seemed with their variegated faces without smiles, when I by chance compared them with her excelling-sweet mouth. And the fair slender form like wandering grace swept around and near me—all as in a dream!

Ah! that is the curse of weak mortals, that they ever, when a great mischance occurs, vent their ill temper on the best and dearest. And so poor Hamlet, with his reason—that glorious jewel—flawed, cast himself by a feigned aberration of mind into the most terrible abyss of real madness, and tortured his poor love with scornful jeers. Poor child! All that was wanting was that the beloved should take her father for a rat and stab

¹ *Signatura*, mystical correspondence of the thing created to its archæus or archetypal creator—e.g., *Signatura Rerum* of Swedenborg.—*Translator*.

him dead. Then she must of course go mad. But her madness is not so black and gloomily brooding as that of Hamlet, since it deludes, soothing with sweet songs her poor distracted head. Her soft voice melts away in music, and flowers, and still more flowers, entwine themselves in all her thoughts. She sings while plaiting wreaths to deck her brow, and smiles with gleaming smiles—alas, poor child!

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."¹

Yet why should I tell you this sad history?
You all knew it from your childhood, and have

¹ *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7.

wept often enough over the old tragedy of Hamlet the Dane, who loved the fair Ophelia far more than a thousand brothers could, with all their united love, and who went mad because the ghost of his father appeared to him, and because the world was out of its course and he felt himself too weak to set it straight, and because he in German Wittenberg had from too much thinking forgotten practical business, and because he had the choice to go mad or do something desperate—and finally because he, as a mortal man, had above all things in himself a strong tendency to madness.

We know Hamlet as well as we do our own face, which we so often see in the mirror, and yet which is far less known to us than one would think; for if we were to meet any one in the street who looked exactly like ourselves, we would gaze at the startling, strange, familiar face only instinctively, and with a secret dread, without remarking that it is our features which we have just seen.

CORDELIA.

[KING LEAR.]

"THERE are in this play," says an English author, "man-traps and spring-guns for the

reader." Another remarks that this tragedy is a labyrinth in which the commentator may go astray and be in danger of death from the Minotaur who lurks therein, therefore he should only use the critical scalpel in self-defence. And as it is indeed always a delicate and doubtful task to criticise Shakespeare, from whose words the sharpest criticism of our own thoughts and deeds laughs out, so it is almost impossible to judge him in this tragedy, where his genius leaped and climbed to the giddiest height.

I dare venture no further than the gate of this marvellous mansion, only to the introduction, which of itself awakens our astonishment. The introductions in Shakespeare's tragedies are indeed worthy of all wonder and admiration. In these first scenes we are at once rapt out of our work-day feelings and business thoughts, and transported to the midst of the vast events with which the poet will convulse and purify our souls. So the tragedy of *Macbeth* begins with the meeting of the witches, and their weird sayings subdue not only the heart of the Scottish war-chief, who appears intoxicated with victory, but also the hearts of us the spectators, so that we are bound fast till all is fulfilled and ended. As in *Macbeth* the desolate, sense-and-soul-benumbing horror of the bloody world of magic at once seizes on us, so we are frozen by the awe of the pale realm of

shadows in the scene of *Hamlet*, and we cannot free ourselves from the spectral feelings of the night, or from the nightmare pressure of the uncanny gloomy dread, till all is accomplished, and till the air of Denmark, which was redolent of human corruption, is once again made pure.

In the first scenes of *Lear* we are in like manner directly drawn into the strange destinies which are announced, unfolded, and ended before our eyes. The poet here gives us a drama which is more appalling than all the horrors of the world of magic and the realm of ghosts; for he shows us human passion breaking all the bounds of reason, and raging forth in the royal majesty of a monarch's madness—vieing with stormy nature in her wildest commotion. But I believe that here there is an end to the immense power, the wondrous play of *will*, with which Shakespeare ever masters his material. Here his own genius bears him away, and sways him far more than in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, where he, with perfectly artistic self-possession, depicts the darkest shadows of the night of the soul mingled with the rosier gleams of wit, and the brightest and most cheerful still-life by the wildest deeds. Yes, in the tragedy of *Macbeth* a soft and soothing nature smiles on us; to the turrets of the towers of the castle where the bloodiest deed is done cleave quiet swallows' nests; a cheerful Scottish summer

air, not too warm or cool, blows through the whole play; everywhere there are beautiful trees and green foliage, and at the end an entire forest comes marching in, when Birnam wood doth come to Dunsinane. In *Hamlet* also the loveliness of nature contrasts with the heat of the action; though it may be black night in the heart of the hero, the sun rises not less beautifully in morning red, and Polonius is an amusing fool, and comedies are calmly played, and poor Ophelia sits among green trees, and with pretty motley posies binds her wreath.

But in *Lear* no such contrasts prevail between the action and nature, and the unbridled elements howl and storm in emulation with the mad king. Does a moral event of most unusual kind also act on the so-called soulless nature? Is there indeed between this and the mind of man an external visible relationship? Had our poet ever experienced this, and did he strive to depict it?

With the first scene of this tragedy we are, as I have said, put at once into the midst of events; and clear as the sky may be, a sharp eye can foresee the coming storm. There is a little cloud already in the intellect of *Lear*, which will thicken anon to the blackest mental night. He who in such fashion gives all away, must be already mad. We learn perfectly the spirit of the hero, and the character of the daughter, even in the first act,

and we are deeply moved by the mute tenderness of Cordelia, the modern Antigone, who in depth of soul and feeling surpasses her antique sister. Yes, she is a pure soul, as the king first sees when he is mad. Quite pure? I believe that she is a little self-willed, and this small spot is a birth-mark from the father. But true love is very modest, and hates all cram of words; she can only weep and bleed. The sad bitterness with which Cordelia plays upon the hypocrisy of her sisters is of the most delicate kind, and has all the character of that irony which the Master of all Love, the hero of the gospel, sometimes employed. Her soul relieves itself of the justest indignation, and displays all her nobility in the words:—

“Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.”¹

JULIA.

[ROMEO AND JULIET.]

EVERY Shakespearean play has its peculiar climate, its own time of year, and its local attributes. And like the characters in every one of these dramas, so have the soil and sky their own marked physiognomy. Here, in *Romeo and Julia*,² we

¹ *King Lear*, act i. sc. i.

² Heine gives this name as *Julie*, Shakespeare as *Juliet*.

have crossed the Alps, and find ourselves in that fair garden called Italia :—

“Know'st thou the country where the lemon blows,
And in dark leaves the golden orange glows?”

It is sunny Verona which Shakespeare has chosen for the stage of the great deeds of love which he has glorified in *Romeo and Julia*. Yes, it is not this loving pair, but Love himself, who takes the leading part in this drama. Here we see love rising in youthful daring, defying all opposing circumstance, and all conquering. For he fears not in the great battle to take refuge with his most terrible, yet truest ally, Death. Love hand in hand with death is invincible. Love! It is the highest and most victorious of all passions. But its world-subduing strength lies in its illimitable grandeur of soul, its almost supernatural unselfishness, in its unsacrificing scorn of life. There is for it no yesterday, and it thinks of no to-morrow. It asks only for to-day, but asks for it all in full and free from care—untroubled, undiminished. It will save nothing up for future time, and scorns the warmed-up leavings of the past. “Night be before me and the night behind.” It is a wandering flame between two darknesses. Whence came it? From an infinitely petty spark. How will it end? Without a trace, and unintelligibly. The wilder it burns the sooner it is

quenched. But that does not hinder it when it has once given itself up to the flaring impulse, as if the fire would last for ever.

Ah, when one feels for the second time in life the great glow, unfortunately the faith in its eternal durance fails, and the bitterest recollection whispers to us that this in the end, too, will devour itself. Hence the difference in melancholy in the first love and in the second. In the first, we think that our passion can only end tragically by death, and indeed when the opposing threatening difficulties are invincible we easily make up our minds to hurry with the loved one to the grave. On the contrary, in a second love we know that our wildest and noblest feelings will turn with time into a tender tameness, and that we shall yet regard with calm indifference the eyes, the lips, the limbs which now inspire us so wildly. Ah, this thought is more melancholy than that of death. For it is a sad comfortless feeling when we in the glow of intoxication think of future sobriety and coolness, and know from experience that the highly poetic heroic passion must have such a pitifully prosaic end!

These highly poetic heroic passions! How the princesses of the theatre bear themselves, and warmly rouged, splendidly dressed, laden with flashing gems, walk proudly o'er the scene declaiming in measured iambics. But when the

curtain falls the poor princess once more puts on her common clothes, washes the rouge from her cheeks, hands over her adornments to the one who has care of the costumes, and dangling slovenly she hangs on the arm of the first best young third-rate legal official¹ who may come along, talks bad Berlin German, climbs with him up to a garret, and yawns, stretching herself out, hardly heeding the sweet assurance that *Sie spielten jettlich, auf Ehre!* "You played divinely—you just did—'pon honour!"

I do not venture to find the least fault with Shakespeare, and would only express my wonder that he makes Romeo feel a passion for Rosalind before he brings him to Julia. Though he gives himself up utterly to this second love, there still nestles in his heart a certain scepticism, which makes itself known in ironical expressions, and often reminds us of Hamlet. Or is the second love the strongest in the man because it is coupled with clear self-consciousness? With woman there is no second love, her nature is too tender to suffer her to survive a second time the most terrible earthquake of feeling. Look at Julia! Is *she* able to twice endure the

¹ *Und schlotternd hängt sie sich an dem Arm des ersten besten Stadtgerichtsreferendarii.* This portentous name is applied to a lawyer without salary attached to the municipal administration of justice; naturally a man of limited means.

transcendent raptures and terrors, and, defying all anguish, empty again the dreadful cup. I believe she had quite enough of it the first time, the poor blest creature, this pure sacrifice of the great passion.

Julia loves for the first time, and loves with the full healthiness of love and soul. She is fourteen years old, which in Italy means as much as seventeen by the Northern standard. She is a rosebud which is kissed before our eyes by Romeo's lips, and which blossoms out in youthful fulness and beauty. She has not learned what love is from worldly or religious books, the sun has told it to her and the moon repeated it, and her heart re-echoed it when she by night believed herself to be alone. But Romeo stood beneath the balcony and heard it all, and took her at her word. The character of her love is truth and earnestness. The maid breathes honesty and truth, and it is touching to the heart when she speaks thus :—

“Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
 Dost love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st
 Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered."¹

In this paper there is a great relapse from excellence, so much so that it may be almost classed as a pure *pièce de manufacture*. The remarks on first love are merely a repetition of commonplaces which have been better uttered "many a time and oft" by others, and the actress princess, with her rouge and third-class lover, and Berlin dialect, is a careless repetition of the same simile, in almost the same words, in the comment on Constance. Heine assumes in these remarks that all men have their full mental development at the time of their first love, and that it is the same tremendous and overwhelming phase of passion in all, whereas in most cases it is true that no man ever became a fully developed lover, any more than a fully fledged criminal, all at once. For the development even of a critical taste in food and wines is a matter of education and

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

experience, and love, like every passion, is guided, though it may not be created, by culture, on which view Heine himself could have written congenially, genially, and ingeniously, had his heart been, like the Irish poet's, "in his pen."

Shakespeare has shown in every utterance which he has given to lovers the fullest conviction that the greatest love occurs where highly cultivated intellect combines with passion—and of this idea there is not a trace in the present remarks of Heine. Heine expresses astonishment that Shakespeare makes Romeo first feel a passion for Rosalind, because he had not learned that the poet wished to show that in a man "who is like Hamlet" passion and culture go hand in hand and advance. And though this is less the case with women, yet in Cleopatra love's strongest passion is its last.

DESDEMONA.

[OTHELLO.]

I HAVE incidentally remarked in the foregoing paper that the character of Romeo has in it something of Hamlet. In fact, a Northern serious earnestness casts its side-shadows on this glowing mind. And if we compare Julia with Desdemona, the same Northern element appears in all the power of her passion ; she is always self-conscious,

and in clearest self-consciousness mistress of her deeds. Julia loves and thinks and acts—Desdemona loves, feels and obeys not her own will, but the stronger impulse. Her admirable excellence lies in this, that the bad can in no respect act on her noble nature like the good. She would certainly have remained in the palazzo of her father, a modest child fulfilling household duties; but the voice of the Moor was heard, and though she looked down she saw his countenance in his words, in his stories of his life, or, as she says, in his soul, and this suffering, magnanimous, beautiful white face of the soul wrought on her heart with irresistibly attracting magic. Yes, her father, the dignified and wise Brabantio, was quite in the right; she was so bound in chains of magic that the timid, tender child felt herself drawn to the Moor, and had no fear of the hideous black mask which the multitude regarded as the face of Othello.

Julia's love is active, that of Desdemona passive. She is the sunflower, herself unconscious that her head is ever turned toward the high star of day. She is a true daughter of the South—tender, sensitive, patient, like those slender, great-eyed lights of women who beam so lovingly, so softly and dreamily, from the Sanscrit poems or plays. She ever reminds me of the Sakuntala of Kalidasa, the Indian Shakespeare.

The English engraver to whom we are indebted for the present picture of Desdemona has given to her great eyes a somewhat too strong expression of passion. But I believe that I have already remarked that the contrast between face and character always has its peculiar charm. In any case this face is very fair, and it must specially please the writer of these pages that it recalls that noble and beautiful woman who, thank God!—never found any deep defect in his own face, and who as yet has only seen it in his soul.

"*Othello*. Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake ;
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it."¹

This tragedy is believed to be the last work
 of Shakespeare, as *Titus Andronicus* was the first.
 In both the love of a fair lady for an ugly negro
 is treated with predilection. The man matured,
 returned to the problem which had busied his
 youth. Has he here found the solution of it?
 Is this solution as true as it is beautiful? A
 gloomy grieving seizes me when I give place to

¹ *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

the thought that the honourable Iago, with his evil comments on the love of Desdemona for the Moor, is not all in the wrong. Most repulsive of all to me are Othello's remarks on the damp hand of his wife.

There is just such a marvellous and significant example of love for a negro, such as we see in *Titus Andronicus* and *Othello*, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," where a beautiful princess, who is also a sorceress, keeps her husband bound in a statue-like immovability, and beats him daily with rods because he slew her negro lover. Heartrending are the wails of the princess over the bier of the black corpse, which she by her magic art keeps in a kind of apparent life and covers with the kisses of despair, and which she would fain, by the greater magic of love, wake from its twilight-dimmering half death to the full truth of life. Even as a boy I was struck in reading the Arabian tale with this picture of passionate and incomprehensible love.¹

¹ There are among the legends of the peasants in the Romagna Toscana two which strangely recall this comment. One is of a lady who becomes *enecinte* by merely looking at a black or Moorish wizard, the other is of a young girl who keeps under her bed in a chest the petrified body of her dead lover, which she every night "covers with the kisses of despair," as Heine describes it.—*Translator*.

JESSICA.

[THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.]

WHEN I saw this piece played in Drury Lane there stood behind me in the box a pale British beauty who, at the end of the fourth act, wept passionately, and many times cried out, "The poor man is wronged!" It was a countenance of noblest Grecian cut, and the eyes were large and black. I have never been able to forget them, those great black eyes which wept for Shylock!

When I think of those tears I must include the *Merchant of Venice* among the tragedies, although the frame of the work is a composition of laughing masks and sunny faces, satyr forms and amorets, as though the poet meant to make a comedy. Shakespeare perhaps intended originally to please the mob, to represent a thorough going wehr-wolf, a hated fabulous being who yearns for blood, and pays for it with daughter and with ducats, and is over and above laughed to scorn. But the genius of the poet, the spirit of the wide world which ruled in him, was ever stronger than his own will, and so it came to pass that he in Shylock, despite the glaring grotesqueness, expressed the justification of an unfortunate sect which was oppressed by providence, from inscrutable motives, with the

hatred of the lower and higher class, and which did not always return this hate with love.¹

But what do I say? The genius of Shakespeare rises still higher over the petty strife of two religious sects, and his drama shows us neither Jews nor Christians, but oppressors and oppressed, and the madly agonised cries of exultation of the latter when they can repay their arrears of injuries with interest. There is not in this play the least trace of difference in religion, and Shakespeare sets forth in Shylock a man whom nature bade hate his enemies, just as he in Antonio and his friends by no means expresses the disciples of that divine doctrine which commands us to love our enemies. When Shylock says to the man who would borrow money of him:—

“Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

¹ This assertion that Shakespeare meant to make a wild beast of Shylock, but was compelled *volens volens* by his better nature to depict him as “the only decent man in the play,” recalls the fact that when the German army entered Paris there was a small part of the city to which the invaders did not penetrate. On which the local press declared that the barbarian foe, struck by the moral grandeur of the French, had not *dared* to advance further. It is probable, if not certain, that Shakespeare knew what he meant to write quite as well as any critic of the present day, or even Heine.

For suffrance is the badge of all our tribe :
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well, then, it now appears you need my help :
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
 'Shylock, we would have monies : '—you say so ;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold : monies is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say
 'Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?' or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this,—
 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
 You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
 You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies ?'”¹

To which Antonio replies :—

“ I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.”

Where is the Christian love in this ? Truly Shakespeare would have written a satire against Christianity if he had made it consist of those characters who are the enemies of Shylock, but who are hardly worthy to unlace his shoes. The bankrupt Antonio is a weak creature without energy, without strength of hatred, and as little

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

of love, a melancholy worm-heart whose flesh is really worth nothing save "to bait fish withal." He does not repay the swindled Jew the three thousand ducats. Nor does Bassanio repay him—this man is, as an English critic calls him, a real fortune-hunter; he borrows money to make a display so as to win a rich wife and a fat bridal portion, for as he says to his friend:—

" 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe."¹

As for Lorenzo, he is the accomplice of a most infamous theft, and according to the laws of Prussia he would have been branded, set in the pillory, and condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, notwithstanding his susceptibility to the beauties of nature, landscapes by moonlight, and music. As for the other noble Venetians who appear as allies of Antonio, they do not seem to have

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

any special antipathy to money, and when their poor friend is in difficulties they have nothing for him but words or minted air. Our good pious friend Franz Horn here makes the following very thin and watery, but still quite correct, remark: "Here it is but fair to inquire: How is it possible that Antonio's misfortune went so far? All Venice knew and esteemed him, his excellent acquaintances knew all about the terrible bond, and also that the Jew would not abate so much as a point of punctuation from it. Yet they let one day pass after another, till at last the three months expired, and with them every hope of rescue. Surely it would have been an easy thing for those good friends, of whom the royal merchant had a multitude, to raise three thousand ducats to save a human life—and such a life!—but such a thing is always rather inconvenient, and so the dear good friends, because they are only so-called friends, or half or three-quarter friends, do—nothing, nothing still and naught again. They pity the excellent merchant who formerly gave them such fine feasts; scold terribly with all their hearts and tongues, though only at fitting opportunity, at Shylock, a thing incurring no danger, and then think they have done all that friendship requires. Much as we must hate Shylock we can hardly take it amiss of him that he despises this folk a little, as he well may do. Indeed he seems to confuse

even Gratiano, who is excused by his absence, in one and the same class, when he dismisses summarily the previous lack of deeds and present fulness of words with the remark :—

“Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.”¹

Or is, perhaps, Launcelot Gobbo here the representative of Christianity? Singularly enough, Shakespeare has nowhere expressed himself so clearly as to this, as in the dialogue which this rogue holds with his mistress. To Jessica's assertion—

“I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.”

Launcelot Gobbo replies—

“Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.”²

In fact, with the exception of Portia, Shylock is the most respectable person in the whole piece. He loves money, he does not conceal it—he cries it aloud in the public market-place. But there is one thing which he esteems above money, it

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

² *Ibid.*, act iii. sc. 5.

is satisfaction for his injured feelings—the just retribution for unspeakable insults; and though the borrowed sum be offered him tenfold he refuses it, and he does not regret the three thousand, or ten times three thousand, ducats if he can buy a pound of the flesh of the heart of his enemy. “Thou wilt not take his flesh: what’s that good for?” asks Salarino. And he replies:—

“To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what’s his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suffrance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.”¹

No, Shylock loves money, but there are things which he loves more, among others his daughter.

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 1.

"Jessica, my child." Though he curses her in the greatest passion of wrath, and would fain see her dead at his feet, with the jewels in her ears and with the ducats in her coffin, he still loves her more than all ducats and jewels. Excluded from public life and Christian society, and forced into the narrow consolation of domestic happiness, there remain to the poor Jew only family feelings, and these come forth from him with the most touching tenderness. The turquoise, the ring which his wife Leah once gave him, he would not exchange for "a wilderness of monkeys." When in the judgment scene Bassanio speaks thus to Antonio :—

"Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you."

To which Gratiano adds :—

"I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew."¹

Then there awakes in Shylock a dreadful apprehension as to the fate of his daughter, married

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

among men who will sacrifice their wives for their friends, and aside, not aloud, he says to himself:—

“These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!”¹

This passage—this casual word—is the basis of the condemnation which we must pronounce of the fair Jessica. It was not an unloving father whom she robbed and abandoned. Shameful deceit! She even makes common cause with the enemies of Shylock, and when they at Belmont say all manner of evil things of him, Jessica does not cast down her eyes, nor do her lips grow white—no, Jessica herself says the worst things of her father. Atrocious wickedness! She has no feeling, only a love of what is remarkable and romantic. She is wearied and *ennuyée* in the closely shut “honourable” house of the stern and bitter Jew, which at last appears to her to be a hell. Her frivolous heart was all too easily attracted by the lively notes of the drum, and the wry-necked fife. Did Shakespeare here mean to sketch a Jewess? Indeed no; what he depicts is only a daughter of Eve, one of those beautiful birds, who, when they are fledged, fly away from the paternal nest to the beloved man. So Desde-

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

mona followed the Moor, so Imogene Posthumus. That is woman's way. We may remark in Jessica a certain timid shame which she cannot overcome when she must put on a boy's dress. It may be that in this we recognise the remarkable chastity which is peculiar¹ to her race, and which gives its daughters such a wonderfully lovely charm. The chastity of the Jews is perhaps the result of an opposition which they always maintained against that Oriental religion of sense and sensuality which once flourished among their neighbours the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, and Babylonians in rankest luxuriance, and which in continual transformation has survived to the present day.¹ The Jews are a chaste, temperate, I might say an abstract race, and in purity of morals they are most nearly allied to the Germanic races. The chastity of the women among Jews and Germans is perhaps of no real value in itself, but its manifestation makes the most

¹ *Eigen*, own, proper. *Eigens*, particularly, especially.

² Of all which charming chastity and opposition to sensual worship, Heine elsewhere in many places expresses a very sincere detestation; as, for instance, in the "Rabbi of Bacharach," where he unquestionably portrays himself as the Spanish Jew, and declares that if he had lived of old in Judea he would have skipped over some fine morning to jolly Babylon. As he certainly would have done. And it may be also remarked, as regards the next sentence, that it is hardly consistent to declare that anything can be in itself *worthless* and yet always produce marvellous results!—*Translator*.

fascinating, charmingly sweet, and deeply moving impression. It is touching even to tears when we read that after the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutones, the women begged Marius not to give them over to the soldiery, but to make them slaves in the temple of Vesta.

It is indeed wonderful what a deep elective affinity prevails between both races, Jews and Germans. This chosen alliance did not originate in a historical course, because the great family chronicle of the Jews, or the Bible, was used by the whole Germanic world, nor because both races were from early times foes to the Romans, and were thereby naturally allies; it has a deeper ground, the two being so much alike that one might regard primæval Palestine as an Oriental Germany, just as one might regard the Germany of to-day as the home of the Holy Word, for the mother-soil of prophetdom, for the citadel of the Holy Spirit.¹

But it is not Germany alone which bears the physiognomy of Palestine; all Europe raises itself to the Jews. I say raises itself, because in the beginning the Jews had the modern principle in themselves which is at the present day developing itself for the first time.

Greeks and Romans held as if inspired to their native soil—to the Fatherland. The later

¹ *Geistheit*, spirit-hood, spirituality.

Northern immigrants to the Græco-Roman world were attached to the persons of their chiefs, and instead of antique patriotism the Middle Ages witnessed the faith of vassals and loyalty to princes. But the Jews always held to and revered that *Law* or an abstract conception, like our new cosmopolite republicans, who care neither for the country of their birth nor the persons of princes, but regard laws as leading principles or the highest. Yes, cosmopolitanism sprung from the land of Judea alone, and Christ, who, despite the displeasure of the before-mentioned Hamburg grocer, was a real Jew, actually founded a propaganda of cosmopolitanism. As for the republicanism of the Jews, I remember to have read in Josephus that there were in Jerusalem republicans who opposed the royally-inclined Herodians, fought them fiercely, and called no man "master," and hated Roman absolutism most bitterly. Freedom and equality was their religion. What madness!

But what is the real reason for that hatred which we see here in Europe between the adherents of the Mosaic law and the teaching of Christ to the present day, and of which the poet, illustrating general principles by facts, gives us a terrible picture in *The Merchant of Venice*. Is it the original fraternal hatred which we saw flame forth between Cain and Abel caused by different

methods of sacrifice? Or is religion only a pretence, and do men hate one another simply to hate, just as they love to love? On which side is the guilt in this animosity? I cannot here refrain from giving as an answer to this question an extract from a private letter, which also justifies the foes of Shylock:—¹

“I do not condemn the hatred with which the common people persecute the Jews, I condemn the unfortunate errors which caused that hatred. The people are always in the right; in their hate as in their love there is always at bottom a perfectly correct instinct, but they do not know how to put emotions properly into shape, and so, instead of the proper subject, their grudge falls on the innocent scapegoat of the disorders and dissensions of time or place. The mob is in want, it lacks the means to enjoy life, and though the high priest of the religion of state assures it that man is here on earth to endure and suffer, and to obey the authorities in spite of hunger and thirst, still the people have secret yearnings for what gratifies their senses, and they hate those in

¹ Our author here appears to have quite forgotten that he has already perfectly and very piously accounted for all the persecution of the Jews, by informing us that it was due to “a mysterious dispensation of Providence.” *Die Vorsehung aus geheimnissvollen Gründen*. Surely after this it was hardly consistent to attempt to explain it like a mere irreligious rationalist!

whose chests and safes their means thereunto lie hoarded up, they hate the rich, and are glad when religion permits them to give full swing to this hatred. The common people hated in the Jews only the owners of money—it was always the heaped-up metal which attracted the lightning of popular wrath to the Jews. The spirit of the times gave its password or parole to that hatred. In the Middle Ages it bore the gloomy colour of the Catholic Church and people, killed Jews and plundered their houses because they crucified Christ, with quite the same logic certain black Christians at the time of the massacre in San Domingo paraded about with a picture of Christ on the cross and fanatically cried: *Les blancs l'ont tué, tuons nous les blancs!*¹

My friend, you laugh at the poor negroes; but I assure you that the West Indian planters did

¹ Heine would have been charmed (had he ever heard of it) with an incident which once occurred in California. A Chinaman who had heard some dim account of the Crucifixion, and of which all he remembered was that it had been an exceedingly discreditable transaction to all concerned, had a quarrel with a Jew, and in anger, cried: "My savvy you—you one-piece bad man—you velly bad man—you killee Melican man's Joss." The conduct of the St. Domingo blacks recalls a passage from a negro sermon which was delivered in Philadelphia: "My hyarers—bress de Lawd, dere was'n no cullered folks at de Crucifixion. De Bible doesn't mention one single nigga's bein' dar. Of cose dere was plenty of 'em in Jerusalem, else who'd a done de wite-washin' an' waitin'? But dey had too much sense to 'tend to any such doin's as crucifyin' folks."—*Translator*.

not laugh when they were massacred in expiation to Christ, as the European Jews had been a few centuries before. But the black Christians of San Domingo were quite in the right. The whites lived idly in full enjoyment of all pleasures, while the negro who worked for them in the sweat of his black brow got for pay a little rice-meal and very many lashes—the blacks were the common folk.

“We no longer live in the Middle Ages; the common folk themselves are more enlightened,—they no longer kill the Jews dead at sight, nor palliate their hatred with religion; our age is no longer so hot with religious zeal, the traditional grudge veils itself with modern figures of speech, and the lower orders in the pot-houses declaim against the Jews, like their betters in the chamber of deputies, with mercantile, industrial, scientific, or even philosophical arguments. Only utter hypocrites continue to give their hatred a religious hue and persecute Jews on account of Christ; the great multitude confesses that material interests are what are really at stake, and will by all possible means make the realisation of their industrial capacities impossible to Jews. Here in Frankfort, for example, only twenty-four believers in the law of Moses can be married annually, lest their population should increase and thereby too much competition with Christian business people

be created. Here the real reason for hating the Jews shows itself with its true face, and this face has not the gloomy fanatical features of a monk, but the flabby tricky traits of a tradesman who with fear works in business, as in behaviour, to keep from being beaten by the Jewish commercial spirit.

"But is it the fault of the Jews that this business-spirit has twined itself round them in such a threatening manner? The guilt lies entirely in that lunacy with which man in the Middle Ages ignored the meaning of industry, regarding trade as something ignoble, even that in money as something accursed, and therefore gave that most profitable part of all business over to the Jews, so that these latter, being excluded from all other occupations, necessarily became the most refined and expert merchants and bankers. The world *compelled* them to become rich, and then hated them for their wealth, and though Christianity has laid aside its prejudices against industry, and the Christians have become in trade and industry as great rascals and as rich as the Jews, still the old popular hatred against the latter survives, the people persist in seeing in them always the representatives of money, and hate them. You see that in history every one is in the right, the hammer as well as the anvil."

It is much to be regretted that our author should in this paper have so much lost sight of his text or subject, or that, as regards these last sentences, his "friend" should, in his lofty scorn for "finance" and "tradesmen," have employed the worn-out, false, and feeble plea that Jews were *forced* into becoming bankers and men of business. In this *fin de siècle*, when business is regarded as a great and noble science, and allied to, when not identical with, diplomacy, social science, and philanthropy, it is no discredit to have been the great agents of commerce, even in the days of chivalry. It is very evident, indeed, that the Jews, in common with the Phœnicians and all Semitic races, were always keen men of business, even while they were warriors. The buying up of grain by Joseph, and the testimony of Latin writers, indicate that this was recognised long before the Middle Ages. A race who could have invented, or introduced, bills of exchange in the tenth century, but who were in all probability familiar with them in the great banking houses of Assyria during the Captivity, probably required no extreme pressure to make them discount bills. As Heine informed the reader in the paper on Queen Margaret, that all the English chivalry and knighthood was mere greed and managed in the interests of bankers and shopmen, he should in fairness have made this exception when subsequently declaring that gentlemen in the Middle Ages never had anything to do with such repulsive occupations. The Jews were not forced into business, they entered Europe already passed grand-masters of it—to their great credit be it spoken—and, aided by

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other influences, they forced society into it. It never seems to have occurred to Heine that this was a subject for pride; he invariably appears like the swell in *Punch*, who had a great horror of business. And he also forgets something, of which his text should have reminded him, that in Italy, especially in Venice, the noblest and most aristocratic Christian families were engaged in commerce and banking. It is not yet settled whether the three balls of the pawn-brokers were derived from the arms of the Lombards, or from the pills of the Medici.

PORTIA.

[THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.]

"It is probable that all art-critics are so dazzled and captured by the astonishing character of Shylock that they fail to do justice to Portia, although Shylock is not richer artistically, nor more complete in his way, than Portia in hers. The two brilliant figures are both worthy of honour, worthy to be placed in the rich realm of enchanting poetry and admirable charming forms. By the terrible, unpitying Jew, against his mighty shadow, strongly contrasted with her brilliant light, she hangs like a magnificent Titian, breathing beauty, near a glorious Rembrandt.

"Portia has her full share of the agreeable

qualities which Shakespeare has given to many of his female characters; but with the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which especially characterise her sex, she possesses quite peculiar or special endowments—great intellectual power, inspired mind, decided firmness, and a sprightliness which plays over all. These are inborn, but she has still other remarkable external gifts, which result from her position and relations. Thus she is heiress to a princely name and incalculable wealth; she is always surrounded by a host of gay pleasures; from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere spiced with perfume and the fragrance of flattery. Hence a commanding but charming manner, an aristocratic elevated tenderness, a spirit of magnificence in all which she does and says, as of one familiar from birth with splendour. She wanders ever as if in marble palaces, under gold-embroidered canopies; on floors of cedar and mosaics of jasper and porphyry; in gardens with statues, flowers, and fountains, and spiritual whispering music. She is full of penetrating wisdom, truest tenderness, and lively wit. And never having known poverty, grief, fear, or adversity, her wisdom has no trace of gloom or sadness; all her actions are inspired with faith, hope, and joy, and her wit is not in the least malicious or biting.”¹

¹ These are not Mrs. Jamieson's own words, but a close translation of Heine's version of them.—*Translator*.

I have taken the foregoing passages from a work by Mrs. Jamieson, entitled, "Moral, Poetical, and Historical Characters of Women."

In this work only the women of Shakespeare are discussed, and what is here cited indicate the spirit of the writer, who is probably a Scotch lady. What she says of Portia, as opposed to Shylock, is not only beautiful but true. Should we take the latter, according to the usual conception, as the representative of the stern, earnest, art-detesting representative of Judea, Portia, on the contrary, appears to us as setting forth that after-blossoming of Greek spirit which spread forth its delicious perfume in the sixteenth century from Italy all over the world, and which we love and esteem to-day as the Renaissance. Portia is also the type of gay prosperity in anti-thesis to the gloomy adversity which Shylock presents. How blooming, rose-like, pure ringing, is her every thought and saying, how glowing with joy her every word, how beautiful all the figures of her phrases, which are mostly from the mythology. And how dismal, sharp, pinching, and ugly are, on the contrary, the thoughts and utterances of Shylock, who employs only similes from the Old Testament. His wit is cramped and corroding, he seeks his metaphors amid the most repulsive subjects, and even his words are discords squeezed together, shrill, hissing, and whirring.

As the people, so their homes. When we see how the servant of Jehovah will not endure an image of either God or man in his "honourable house," and even closes its ears—the windows—lest the sounds of heathenish masquerading should pierce therein, and then see on the contrary the costly and exquisitely tasteful villegiatura-life in the beautiful palace of Belmont, where all is light and music, where among pictures, marble statues, and high laurel-trees, the elegantly clad wooers wander and discuss enigmas of love, while through and amid all this splendour fair Signora Portia gleams like a goddess whose sunny locks—

"Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."¹

By such a contrast the two chief personages of the drama are so individualised that one might swear they were not the feigned fantasies of a poet, but real people and of woman born. Yes, they seem to us to be even more living than the common creatures of the world, for neither time nor death have part in them, and in their veins runs immortal blood, that of undying poetry. When thou goest to Venice and wanderest through the Doge's palace, thou knowest well that neither in the hall of the senators, nor on the Giant's Stair, wilt thou meet Marino

¹ *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

Faliero. Of the old Dandolo thou wilt indeed be reminded in the Arsenal, but on none of the golden galleys wilt thou seek the blind hero. Seest thou on one corner of the Via Santa a snake carved in stone, and on the other a winged lion, which holds the head of the serpent in his claws, you may remember the proud Carmagnolo, but only for an instant. But far more than all such historical persons wilt thou think in Venice of Shakespeare's Shylock, who is ever living while they are long mouldered in the grave.

And when thou crossest the Rialto thine eye will seek him everywhere, and thou deemest he must be there behind some pillar with his Jewish gaberdine, his mistrusting, reckoning face, and thou believest many a time that thou canst hear his harsh voice—"Three thousand ducats—well!"

I at least, a wandering hunter of dreams, looked around me on the Rialto to see if I could find Shylock. I had something to tell him which would have pleased him; which was, that his cousin Monsieur de Shylock in Paris had become the greatest baron of all Christendom, and received from their Catholic Majesties the Order of Isabella, which was originally instituted to celebrate the expulsion of Jews and Moors from Spain. But I found him not on the Rialto, so I determined to look for my old acquaintance

in the Synagogue. The Jews happened to be just then celebrating their holy Feast of Expiation, and stood wrapped up in their white *Schau-fäden-Talaren*,¹ with strange, mysterious noddings of their heads, looking like a company of spectres. The poor Jews who stood there fasting and praying since early in the morning had not tasted food nor drink since the yester-evening, and had also first of all begged pardon of all their acquaintances for any evil things which they might have said of them during the past year, that God might in like manner forgive them their sins—a beautiful custom, which very strangely exists among this race, which has, however, remained afar from the teachings of Christ.

But while looking round for old Shylock and passing in careful review all the pale suffering faces of the Jews, I made a discovery which I—more is the pity!—cannot suppress. I had the same day visited the madhouse of San Carlo, and now it occurred to me in the Synagogue that there glimmered in the glances of the Jews the same dreadful, half staring, half unsteady, half crafty, half stupid expression which I had previously seen in the eyes of the lunatics in San Carlo. This indescribable, perplexing look did not so much indicate absence of mind as rather the supremacy of a fixed idea. Has perhaps the

¹ A peculiar head-dress, worn by Jews in the synagogue.

faith in that extra-mundane thunder-god whom Moses preached, become the fixed idea of a whole race, so that, though they have for two thousand years suffered from it in strait-jackets and shower-baths, yet for all that will not give it up—like that lunatic lawyer whom I saw in San Carlo, who would not be persuaded but what the sun was an English cheese, the rays of which were long red maggots, and that one of these worm-rays was eating away his brain.

I will here by no means deny the value of that fixed idea, but I will only say that those who have it are much too weak to manage it, and therefore being oppressed by it have become incurable. What tremendous martyrdom have they suffered from it! what greater martyrdoms await them in future! I shudder at the thought, and an infinite pity ripples through my heart. During the whole Middle Ages, till to-day, the predominant view of all things was not in direct contradiction with that idea with which Moses burdened the Jews, lashed it into them with holy straps, and cut it deeply into their flesh—in fact, they did not differ materially from Christians and Mahometans, nor by an antagonistic synthesis, but only by analysis and shibboleth. But if Satan, or the sinful pantheism—from which may all the saints of the Old and New Testament as well as the Koran protect us!—should conquer, there will

fall on the heads of the poor Jews a tempest of persecution which will far surpass all their previous sufferings.

Though I looked all around in the synagogue of Venice, on every side I could nowhere see the face of Shylock. And yet it seemed to me he must be there, hidden under one of those white *talars*, praying more fervently than any of his fellow-believers, with stormy, wild passion, yes, with madness, to the throne of Jehovah, the severe, divine monarch. I saw him not. But towards evening when, according to the belief of the Jews, the gates of heaven are closed and no further prayer can enter, I heard a voice in which tears flowed as they were never wept from eyes. There was a sobbing which might have moved a stone to pity—there were utterances of agony such as could only come from a breast which held shut within itself all the martyrdom which an utterly tormented race had endured for eighteen centuries. It was the death-rattle of a soul which, weary to death, sinks to the ground before the gates of heaven. And this voice seemed to be well known to me—as if I had heard it long long ago, when it wailed just as despairingly, “Jessica, my child!”

MAIDENS AND WOMEN
IN THE
COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

MIRANDA.

[THE TEMPEST, *Act III. Scene 1.*]

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

TITANIA.

[MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *Act II. Scene 3.*]

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

PERDITA.

[WINTER'S TALE, *Act IV. Scene 3.*]

Per. Come, take your flowers :
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;

Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
 No other function : Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

IMOGENE.

[CYMBELINE, Act II. Scene 2.]

Imo. To your protection I commend me, gods !
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, *from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becomest thy bed ! fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do 't !—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
 Bows towards her : and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under those windows,—white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.

JULIA.

[TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, *Act IV. Scene 4.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?
 Alas, poor Proteus ! Thou hast entertain'd
 A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs :
 Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him
 That with his very heart despiseth me ?
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will :
 And now am I (unhappy messenger)
 To plead for that which I would not obtain ;
 To carry that which I would have refused ;
 To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
 I am my master's true confirmed love ;
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet I will woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
 As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

SILVIA.

[TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, *Act IV. Scene 4.*]

Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
 Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers ;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes as grey as glass, and so are mine :
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective to myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

HERO.

[*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act IV. Scene 1.*]

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know none :
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,

Prove you, that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

BEATRICE.

[MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, *Act III. Scene I.*]

Hero. O God of love ! I know, he doth deserve
 As much as may be yielded to a man :
 But nature never framed a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self endeared.

Ura. Sure, I think so ;
 And therefore, certainly, it were not good,
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
 But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
 She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister ;
 If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;

If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No : not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

HELENA.

[ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, *Act I. Scene 3.*]

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son :—
My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,

That he is loved of me : I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit ;
 Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
 Nor yet know how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,
 For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love, O then give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

CELIA.

[AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act I. Scene 2.*]

Ros. From henceforth, I will, coz, and devise sports :
 let me see,—What think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal : but

love no man in good earnest ; nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so : for her benefits are mightily misplaced : and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true : for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's : fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

ROSALIND.

[AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act III. Scene 2.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

OLIVIA.

[TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL,
Act I. Scene 5.]

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? you are now out of your text : but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present. Is't not well done ?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

VIOLA.

[TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL,
Act II. Scene 4.]

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
and all the brothers too.

MARIA.

[TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL,
Act I. Scene 3.]

Sir And. An' you part so, mistress, I would I might
never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you
have fools in hand ?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttry-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so : I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir : I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

ISABELLA.

[MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *Act II. Scene 4.*]

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
 (As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
 Finding yourself desired of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this supposed, or else let him suffer :
What would you ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself.
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

[*LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, Act IV. Scene I.*]

Cost. God dig-you-den all ! Pray you which is the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

THE ABBESS.

[COMEDY OF ERRORS, *Act V. Scene 1.*]

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :
 In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
 At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
 Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
 In company, I often glanced it ;
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that thy man was mad :
 The venom clamours of a jealous woman
 Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
 It seems, his sleep was hinder'd by thy railing :
 And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
 Thou say'st, his meat was sauced by thy upbraidings :
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;)
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life !
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast ;
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

MRS. PAGE.

[MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *Act II. Scene 2.*]

Quick. That were a jest, indeed ; they have not so little grace, I hope :—that were a trick, indeed ! But Mrs. Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves ; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page : and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ; and, truly, she deserves it : for if there be a kind woman in Windsor she is one. You must send her your page : no remedy.

MRS. FORD.

[MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *Act I. Scene 3.*]

Fal. No quips now, Pistol : Indeed I am in the waist two yards about : but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife ; I spy entertainment in her ; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar style ; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff*.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well—out of honesty into English.

ANNE PAGE.

[MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *Act I. Scene 1.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir.

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

KATHARINA.

[TAMING OF THE SHREW, *Act II. Scene 1.*]

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here,—
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail,—why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say, that she frown,—I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word,—
Then, I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence ;
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week ;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banna, and when be married.—
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing ;

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

In the introductory pages to this picture-gallery I have related how the popularity of Shakespeare spread over England and Germany, and how, here and there, appreciation of his works was developed. Unfortunately I could impart no such pleasant information as regards the Latin lands. In Spain, the name of our poet has remained even to this day unknown. Italy ignores him—probably intentionally, in order to protect

the fame of its own great poet from transalpine rivalry ; and France, the home of traditional taste and refined tone, long believed it had sufficiently honoured the great Briton when it called him a genial barbarian, and made as little mockery as might be of his strange roughness. Meantime the political revolution which animated this country also developed a literary one, which, as regards Terrorism, perhaps surpasses the first ; and when it came, Shakespeare was lifted on the shield. Of course, just as in their attempts at political changes, the French are seldom quite honourable in their literary revolutions—in the one as in the other they praise and exalt a hero, not for his true innate worth, but on account of the momentary advantage which their cause may gain by such exalting and glorifying, and so it happens that they to-day praise what they to-morrow cast down, or the contrary. For ten years Shakespeare has been for the party of the present literary revolution a subject of the blindest adoration. But whether he has had among these men of the Movement a truly scientific recognition, or even a proper comprehension, is the great question. The French are too truly the children of their mother, they have taken in social falsehoods with their mothers' milk too much to absolutely give their taste or even full intelligence to the poet who breathes the truth of nature in every word.

It is certainly true that for some time there has prevailed among their writers an unbounded striving towards such naturalness; they have even torn the garments of conventionalism from their limbs, and show themselves in hideous nakedness. Yet ever some rag of fashion which clings to them betrays the old unnaturalness, and awakens in the German looker on an ironic smile. These writers put me in mind of the copperplate engravings in certain novels where the indecent amours of the eighteenth century are imitated, and where, in spite of the Eden costume of nature of gentlemen and ladies, the former keep their queued periwigs, and the latter their towering *fristed* head-dresses.

It is not by direct criticism, but indirectly in dramatic compositions which are more or less imitations of Shakespeare, that the French attain to some knowledge of the great poet. As a mediator in this manner Victor Hugo deserves great praise, not that I regard him, however, as a mere imitator of the Briton. Victor Hugo is a genius of the highest order, and his powers of flight and of creation are wonderful; he has the form and the word, he is the greatest poet of France, but his Pegasus has a morbid fear of the roaring torrents of the present, and goes most unwillingly to water where the light of day is mirrored in fresh floods—he loves far better to

seek among the ruins of the past those forgotten springs where of old the majestic winged horse of Shakespeare once quenched his immortal thirst. Whether it is that those ancient springs, half ruined and half bogged, no longer supply pure draughts, it is enough to say that Victor Hugo's dramatic poems contain more of the turbid mud than of the reviving spirit of the old English Hippocrene—there is wanting in them its joyous brightness and harmonious health; and I must confess I am often seized with the dreadful thought that this Victor Hugo is the ghost of some English poet of the golden age of Elizabeth, a dead poet who has risen from his grave in an ill-temper to write some posthumous works in a time and country where he will be safe from competition with the great William.¹ In truth, Victor Hugo reminds me of such people as Marlow, Decker, or Heywood, who in language and manner were so much like their great contemporary, and only lacked his deep perception and sense of beauty, his terrible and laughing grace, his revealing mission from nature. And, ah! to all the shortcomings of Marlow, Decker, and Heywood there is in Victor Hugo the saddest want of all—that of

¹ Can it be that the well-known French expression "*le grand Williams*," attributed to Janin, originated in some recollection of Heine's German phrase, "*der Konkurrenz des grossen Williams*"? The genitive may possibly have been taken for a nominative.—*Translator*.

life. They suffered from an over-boiling copiousness, the wildest fulness of blood, and their poetic creation was written breath, shouting for joy or sobbing with woe; but Victor Hugo, with all the honour which I grant him, I must confess has something dead, uncanny, ghostly, grave-risen, vampyre-like in him. He does not awaken inspiration in our hearts—he sucks it out; he does not win our feeling by poetic transfiguration, but terrifies it by repulsive grotesques. He suffers from death and horrors.

A young lady with whom I am very intimate expressed herself recently as to this craving for horrors by Hugo's muse in very apt words. She said, "The muse of Victor Hugo reminds me of the eccentric princess who was determined to marry only the ugliest man alive, and so sent forth through the land a summons that all young men who were remarkably misshapen should on a certain day repair to the royal castle as candidates for marriage. As may be supposed there was a fine collection of cripples and grotesques, and one might have supposed that he had before him all the caricatures—I mean characters—of one of Hugo's novels. But Quasimodo bore the bell and took the bride home."¹

¹ *Aber Quasimodo, führte die Braut nach Hause.* A neat adaptation of the old proverb: *Wer's gluck hat, der führet die Braut heim, und wer's Roeth hat, der schläft bei ihr.* Also English.—Translator.

Next to Victor Hugo I must mention Dumas; and he also has to a certain degree promoted an appreciation of Shakespeare in France. If the former by extravagance in ugliness accustomed the French to seek in the drama not merely a beautiful garb for passion, Dumas so influenced them that they took great pleasure in the natural expression of it. But this passion passed with him for the highest ideal, and in his poems it took the place of poetry. The natural result was that he had all the more effect on the stage. He familiarised the public in this sphere, and in the representation of passions, with the boldest conceptions of Shakespeare, and he who had once found pleasure in *Henry III.* and Richard Darlington, could no longer complain of want of taste in *Othello* and *Richard III.* The accusation of plagiarism which was urged against him was as foolish as it was unjust. It cannot be denied that Dumas has here and there in his passionate scenes taken something from Shakespeare, but our Schiller had done this more boldly without incurring the least reproach. And as for Shakespeare himself—how much was he indebted to his predecessors! Yes, and it happened even to *him* that a sour-souled pamphleteer once assailed him with the charge that “the best of his dramas were taken from earlier writers.” Shakespeare,

according to this amusing incident, appears as a jackdaw dressed out in peacock's feathers. The Swan of Avon was silent, and probably thought in his divine mind—"I am neither daw nor peacock!" and rocked himself carelessly in the blue waves of poetry, oft smiling at the stars, those golden thoughts of heaven.

Count Alfred de Vigny must also be mentioned here. This writer, quite familiar with the English idiom, studied Shakespeare most thoroughly, translated with great cleverness several of his dramas, and this study exercised a most favourable influence on his own works. Owing to the ready ear and keen perception of art, which it must be admitted de Vigny possessed, we may assume that he heard and saw more deeply into the spirit of Shakespeare than most of his compatriots. But the talent of this man, like all his manner of thought and feeling, is in the dainty, delicate, and miniature-like, and his works are chiefly valuable for their elaborate finish. Therefore I can well imagine that he often stood stupefied before those stupendous beauties which Shakespeare had hewed, as it were, from the most tremendous granite blocks of poetry. . . . He certainly gazed at them with anxious admiration, like a goldsmith who in Florence stares at the colossal gates of the Baptistery which, though made at one cast of bronze, are

still as delicate and dainty as if cut by hand, and which look like the finest jewellery.¹

If it be hard enough for the French to understand Shakespeare's tragedies, it must be admitted that an appreciation of his comedies is almost utterly denied to them. The poetry of passion is to them intelligible, and they can also to a certain extent comprehend the truth of the characteristic, for their hearts have learned to glow, the impassioned is their own peculiar line,² and with their analytical intelligence they can separate every given character into its minutest elements, and calculate the phases or situations into which that character would fall when reduced to the realities of life. But in the magic garden of the Shakespearean comedy all this empirical knowledge is of no avail. At its very gate their understanding fails them, their heart knows nothing definite, and they lack the mysterious divining rod at the touch of which the lock opens. There they stare with amazed eyes through the golden grate, and see how lords and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, fools and sages, wander about under the tall trees; how the lover and his loved one rest in the cool shadows and exchange tender

¹ "Jewellery in iron" has also been very happily applied to the great lanterns of the Strozzi Palace in Florence. There is something of this grand elaborateness in Cellini's "Perseus."—*Translator.*

² *Das passionirte ist so recht ihr Fach.*

words; how now and then a fabulous animal, perhaps a stag with silver horns, comes by, or else a chaste unicorn, leaping from the thicket, lays his head in the lovely lady's lap. And they see how the water-ladies rise with green hair and glittering veils, and how all at once the moon rises, and they hear how the nightingale trills—and they shake their wise heads at all the incomprehensibly nonsensical stuff! Yes, the French can comprehend the sun but not the moon, and least of all the rapturous sobbing and melancholy ecstasy of the nightingales.

Yes, neither their empirical familiarity with human passions, nor their positive knowledge of the world, is of any avail to the French, when they would unriddle the visions and sounds which gleam and ring forth from the magic gardens of Shakespearean comedy; they often think they see a human face, yet when near by it is a landscape fair—what they believed were eyebrows was a hazel-bush, and the nose was a rock, and the mouth a little fountain, as we see them in changing puzzle-pictures. And, on the other hand, what the poor Frenchmen mistake for a strangely gnarled old tree, or marvellous stone, appears on closer view to be a real human face of tremendous expression. And if they succeed in overhearing with strained ears some dialogue which two lovers are holding in the

forest-shade, they are still more bewildered, for they hear familiar words in changed sense, and so they swear that these people know nothing of flaming feeling, and the great passion. What they had ordered for refreshment was witty water-ice, not a blazing bowl of love-drink. Nor do they observe that these people are only disguised doves, who converse in a jargon of their own,¹ which one can only learn in dreams or in earliest infancy. But it is worst of all for the French standing outside the grated gate of Shakespearean comedy, when ever and anon a pleasant west wind sweeps over a garden-bed and wafts to their noses most unknown perfume—"What's that?"

Justice demands that I here mention a French writer who, with a cleverness quite his own, imitated Shakespearean comedies, and manifested even in the choice of his models a strange susceptibility to true poetry. This is Alfred de Musset. He wrote, about five years ago, several small dramas which, so far as construction and style are concerned, are altogether after the comedies of Shakespeare. And he has with French facility mastered the caprice, not the humour, of his original. And what is more,

¹ *Koteriesprache*, the peculiar language of a set. "Society slang," and, as Heine here suggests, nursery-talk. Jargonizing is specially applied to the language of birds by old English poets. *Liebestrank* or *Liebestrank*, "love-drink," also means a philtre to cause love.—*Translator*.

there is not wanting in these pretty trifles some of the pure gold of poetry, though it be drawn into the thinnest wire. It was only to be regretted that the then youthful composer had read, in addition to a French translation of the works of Shakespeare, also a version of Byron's poems, and was thereby led into affecting in the costume of the spleeny lord that satiety and weariness of life which it was the fashion of French youth to assume. The rosiest little boys, the healthiest saucy striplings,¹ declared in those days that their sense of enjoyment was quite blunted; they feigned the coldness of old age, and affected a distrained and yawning expression.

Since which time our poor Monsieur de Musset has seen the error of his ways and returned from them, and now plays no more the part of Used-up in his poems; but, alack, those poems now contain, instead of simulated ruin, the far more inconsolable traces of a real decline of bodily and mental power. Ah, this writer reminds me of those artificial ruins which we see in castle-gardens of the eighteenth century, which were

¹ *Gelbschnabel*, a yellow bill, so called from certain birds whose bills are yellow while very young. A greenhorn, a freshman, an innocent, an unsophisticated gosling, or, in some parts of America, a *loppus*. The Byronism which Heine here ridicules has had its parallel of late years in the pessimism of certain popular philosophers, which unfortunately lacks its Byron.—*Translator*.

once weak inventions of a childish fancy, but which in the course of time awaken in us a mournful pity, when they have become weather-beaten and mouldering in earnest, and run into real decay.

The French are, as I have said, little inclined to grasp the spirit of the Shakespearean comedy, and I have found, with one exception only, none among their critics who has even a vague idea of it. Who is this man? Who is the exception. Gutzkow says that the elephant is the *doctrinaire* among animals. And just such a reasonable and perfect paragon of a ponderous elephant has most sagaciously grasped the real being of the Shakespeare comedy. Yes, one can hardly believe it, but it is Monsieur Guizot who has best written on those graceful and most mischievously wanton airy images of the modern muse, and hereupon I translate for the amazement and edification of the reader a passage from a work which was published in 1822 by Ladvocat in Paris, and which is called *De Shakespeare et de la Poésie dramatique, par F. Guizot*:—

“The Shakespearean comedies resemble neither those of Molière, nor of Aristophanes, nor of the Romans. Among the Greeks, and in modern times among the French, comedy was the result of a free but careful study of the real world of life, and the problem, or result, was its represen-

tation on the stage. The distinctions between comedy and tragedy are to be found in the beginning of dramatic art, and as they were developed the division became more marked. The reason for this lies in the things themselves. The destiny of man, like his nature, his passions and pursuits, character and occurrences, all in and around us, have serious as well as comic sides, and may be ranged as one or the other, according to our special point of view. This double-sidedness of man and the world has pointed out to dramatic poetry—naturally enough—two very different paths, but while men chose this or that as a place for rivalry or action, art never deviated from the study and representation of reality. Though Aristophanes lashes with unrestrained freedom of fancy the vices and follies of the Athenians, though Molière censures and cuts the errors or abuses of scepticism, avarice, envy, pedantry, courtly etiquette, and of virtue itself—all there is in it is that the two poets handle very different subjects, one bringing on the stage a whole life and people, the other on the contrary the incidents of private life, or the inner life of families, and what is laughable in individuals—this difference in comic material being a result of a difference in time, place, and civilisation. But to Aristophanes, as to Molière, reality or the real world is always the

stage of their representations. What inspire and sustain their poetic mood are the customs and ideas of their age, the vices and follies of their fellow-citizens—above all, nature and the life of man. Comedy therefore springs from the world which surrounds the poet, and she adapts herself far more closely than tragedy to the external action of reality.

“Not so with Shakespeare. In his time, in England, the material of the drama, Nature and human action, had not yet received from the hands of Art that distinction and classification. When the poet pleased to work this material up for the stage, he took it as a whole with all which was mixed with it, with all the contrasts which were gathered round, and public taste found no fault with such proceeding. The comic, an element of human reality, could manifest itself wherever truth required or would tolerate it, and it was quite in accordance with the character of that English civilisation that even tragedy, with which the comic was to a certain degree associated, lost in nothing the dignity of truth. In such conditions of the stage, and such tastes in the public, what kind of comedy would be likely to manifest itself? How could the latter be considered as a special kind, and bear its settled name as ‘Comedy’? It succeeded in doing this by freeing itself from those

realities or conditions in which the limits of its natural realm were neither defended nor defined. This comedy did not confine itself to the representation of accurately described manners and exact characters, it sought no more to depict men and things in a manner laughable yet true to life, it became a fantastic and romantic spirit-work,¹ a refuge for all delightful improbabilities, which Fantasy, from idleness or inertness, freak or fancy, strings on the thinnest of threads, so as to form all kinds of varied combinations which delight and interest us, without being consistent with the judgment of reason. Pleasant pictures, surprises, jovial intrigues, excited curiosity, disappointed hopes, changes, witty problems, which lead to disguises. Such was the material of those innocent, easily combined plays. The fabric of the Spanish pieces, which the English people began to like, gave these plays all kinds of varied frames and patterns, which applied well to those chronicles and ballads from those French and Italian novels which, next to romances of chivalry, were the favourite reading of the public. It is intelligible how this rich mine and this easy style soon attracted the attention of Shakespeare. No

¹ *Geisteswerk*, or work of genius. The very Hibernian mixture of similes in this sentence is neither the fault of the translator, much less of Heine, but of Guizot himself. A spirit-work refuge for improbabilities, strung like beads, could only occur to the sublime genius of an academician.—*Translator*.

one need wonder that his youthful and brilliant imagination gladly cradled itself in those materials where, freed from the strong yoke of reason, it could produce every variety of serious or startling effects in defiance of probability. This poet, whose spirit and hand moved with equal restlessness, whose manuscripts had hardly a trace of correction or improvement, must certainly have abandoned himself with special delight to that unbridled and adventuresome play of the imagination in which he could develop without restraint all his varied powers. He could cast with a free hand all things into his comedies, and indeed he did pour in everything except what was utterly intolerable in such a system—that is, that logical connection which subordinates every part of the piece to the main object, and sets forth in every detail the depth, extent, and unity of the work. In the tragedies of Shakespeare we seldom find a conception, a situation, an act of passion, a degree of crime or of virtue, which one cannot also find in one of his comedies; but what there expands itself in the abysmal depth, what manifests itself abundantly in overwhelming results, what weaves itself powerfully into a series of causes and effects, *that* is here hardly intimated—it is only cast in for an instant, to produce a fleeting effect, to lose itself as quickly in a new combination."

In truth the Elephant is in the right: the soul

of the Shakespearean comedy is in the gaily-varied butterfly humour in which it flits from flower to flower, seldom touching the ground of reality. Only in opposition to the realistic comedy of the ancients, and of the French, can anything definite be declared of the Shakespearean comedy.

Last night I meditated long as to whether I could not give some positive explanation or clearing up of this infinite, illimitable kind of the comedy of Shakespeare. Thereupon, after long thinking here and there, I fell asleep and dreamed:—

Dreamed that it was a starry night, and I swam in a small boat on a wide, wide sea, where all kind of barks filled with masks, musicians, and torches gleaming, music sounding, many near or afar, rowed on. There were costumes of all countries and ages, old Greek tunics, mediæval knightly cloaks, Oriental turbans, shepherd's hats with fluttering ribbons, masks of beasts wild or tame—now and then I thought I saw a well-known face, sometimes I heard familiar greetings—but all passed quickly by and far away, and the merry music grew softer and fainter, when instead of the gay fiddling I heard near me the mysterious, melancholy tones of hunters' horns from another boat. Sometimes the night-wind bore the strains of both to my ear, and then the mingled melody made a happy harmony. The

water echoed ineffably sweet sounds and burned as with a magical reflection of the torches, and the gaily-pennoned pleasure-boats with their wondrous masquerades swam in light and music. A lovely lady, who stood by the rudder of one of the barks, cried to me in passing, "Is it not true, friend—thou would'st have a definition of the Shakespearean comedy?" I know not whether I answered "Yes," but in that instant the beautiful woman dipped her hand in the water and sprinkled the ringing sparks in my face, so that there was a general laughter, and I awoke.

Who was that charming woman who in such wise made merry with me in my dream? On her ideally beautiful head was a horned cap¹ of variegated colours with bells, a white satin garment with fluttering ribbons enclosed her almost too slender limbs, and on her breast she bore

¹ In allusion to the *hennin*, or the two-horned cap, often worn by ladies during the Middle Ages, but which was characteristic of witches, and termed "the triumphal *barret* of the devil" (vide *La Sorcière de G. Michelet*, vol. i. chap. v.). By the thistle, Heine refers to what is thus expressed by Friedrich (*Symbolik d. Natur*), "It is an emblem of sarcastic, biting wit," and is associated with the mottoes *Non nisi aculeos* (nothing if not stinging) and *Nemo me impune lacessit* (*Asthetik der Pflanzenswelt*, p. 241). It is also an emblem of Venus, of beauty, and in elfin lore signifies the presence of a fairy. Heine has here with exquisite ingenuity and grace employed the symbols of witchcraft, piquancy and beauty, as attributes of his imagined goddess.—*Translator*.

a red, blooming thistle. Perhaps it was the Goddess of Caprice, that strange muse who was present at the birth of Rosalind, Beatrice, Titania, Viola, and all the rest, however they may be called, of the dear charming children of the Shakespearean comedy, and kissed their brows. She, indeed, kissed all the freaks and fancies, dainty dreams and droll devices into their young heads, whence they passed to their hearts. As among the men so with the women in Shakespeare's comedies, passion is entirely devoid of that terrible earnestness, quite without the fatalistic necessity with which it reveals itself in the tragedies. Cupid, indeed, is there blind, and carries a quiver with arrows. But these arrows are far more gaily-feathered than deadly-tipped, and the little god often squints roguishly at us over his blind. Even the flames give far more light than heat, but they are always true flames, and in the tragedies of Shakespeare, as well as in his comedies, love always bears the character of truth. Yes, truth is the token of Shakespearean love, no matter what the form may be in which it appears, be it called Miranda, or Juliet, or Cleopatra.

While I mention these names rather by accident than with intention, it occurs to me that they really represent the three most deeply significant types of love. Miranda is the representative of a love which, without previous influences of any

kind, could only develop its highest ideality as the flower of an unpolluted soil which only the feet of spirits had trodden. Ariel's melodies have trained her heart, and sensuality has never been known to her, save in the horribly hideous form of a Caliban. The love which Ferdinand awakes in her is therefore not really naïve but of a happy true-heartedness, of an early-world-like, almost terrible purity. Juliet's love shows like her age and all around her, a more romantic-mediseval character, and one blooming into the Renaissance: it glitters in colours like the court of the Scaligeri, and yet is strong as of those noble races of Lombardy which were rejuvenated with German blood and loved as strongly as they hated. Juliet represents the love of a youthful, rather rough, but of an unspoiled and fresh era. She is entirely inspired with the sensuous glow and strength of belief of such a time, and even the cold decay of the burial vault can neither shake her faith nor cool her flame. Our Cleopatra!—ah, she sets forth the love of a sickly civilisation—an age whose beauty is faded, whose locks are curled with the utmost art, anointed with all pleasant perfumes, but in which many a grey hair may be seen, a time which will empty the cup held out to it all the more hastily because it is full of dregs. This love is without faith or truth, but for all that none the less wild or glowing. In the vexed consciousness that this heat is not to be

subdued the impatient woman pours still more oil into it, and casts herself like a Bacchante into the blazing flame. She is cowardly, and yet inspired with desire for her own destruction. Love is always a kind of madness, more or less beautiful; but in this Egyptian queen it rises to the most horrible lunacy. Such love is a raging comet, which with its flaming train darts into unheard-of orbits through heaven, terrifies all the stars, even if it does not injure them, and at last, miserably crackling together, is scattered like a rocket into a thousand pieces.

Yes, thou wert like a terrible comet, beautiful Cleopatra, and thou didst glow not only unto thine own ruin, but wert ominous of evil for those of thy time! With Antony the old heroic Roman spirit came to a wretched end.

But wherewith shall I compare you, O Juliet and Miranda? I look again to heaven, seeking for a simile. It may be behind the stars where my glance cannot pierce. Perhaps if the glowing sun had the mildness of the moon I could compare it to thee, O Juliet! And were the gentle moon gifted with the glow of the sun, I would say it was like thee, Miranda!

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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS
OF
HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

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From a Drawing by M. Kraus, 1776

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



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The Works of
Heinrich Heine

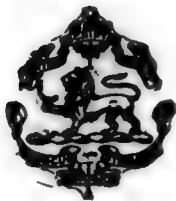
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1823-1826

VOLUME THREE

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

No modern German writer has exerted an influence comparable to that of Heine, and it is not less true that since Goethe no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society. Universality of popularity is the surest test of the existence of genius, just as a faithful reflex of the spirit of the age in which it was conceived is the surest test of the genuineness of a work of art. That which grows from and is extolled by a class may owe its birth to prejudice, and its subsequent life to the spirit of rivalry to which it ministers, and we consequently find at times writers endowed with the faintest talent achieving a world-wide reputation, not by the force of innate genius, but by dexterously turning to account the enthusiasm of a faction. But where, as in Heine's case, we find friend and enemy alike *interested*, and the adherents of all parties

▼

unanimous as to his abilities, then we become at once convinced that we have before us that rarest and most brilliant phenomenon, a true genius, and one who as such imperatively demands the attention of all who lay claim to information and intelligence.

Whether Heine's genius and influence has been *invariably and immediately* exerted for good or for evil is, and ever should be, for the impartial student of literature and of history, a matter of supreme indifference. The greatest and most important developments are those whose real aims and value are first appreciated by posterity. If progress be the peculiar law of humanity, it is not less certain that *agitation* is the mainspring of progress, and that as a general rule all agitations, however disagreeable they may have appeared to contemporaries, have advanced the world. Such goods as happiness and improved social culture can only be bought by blood and suffering.

Heine most emphatically belongs to that class of writers who are a scandal to the weaker brethren, a terror to the strong, and a puzzle to the conservatively wise of their own day and generation, but who are received by the intelli-

gent contemporary with a smile, and by the after-comer with thanks. He is one of that great band, whose laughter has been in its inner soul more moving than the most fervid flow of serious eloquence—the band which numbered Lucian and Rabelais and Swift among its members—men who lashed into motion the sleepy world of the day, with all its “baroque-ish” virtues and vices.

Heine has endeared himself to the German people by his universality of talent, his sincerity, and by his weaknesses. His very affectations render him more natural, for there is no effort whatever to conceal them, and that which is truly natural will always be attractive, if from no other cause than because it is so readily intelligible. He possesses in an eminent degree the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind (of a sympathetic cast) refined secrets of art and criticism; and this he does, not like a pedantic professor, *ex cathedra*, as if every word were an apocalypse of novelty, but rather like a friend, who, with a delicate regard for the feelings of his auditor, speaks as though he supposed him already familiar with the subject in question. Pedantry and ignorant self-sufficiency appear equally and instinctively to provoke his attacks,

and there is scarcely a modern form of these reactionary negative vices which he has not severely lashed.

Perhaps the most characteristic position which Heine holds is that of interpreter or medium between the learned and the people. He has popularised philosophy and preached to the multitude those secrets which were once the exclusive property of the learned. His writings have been a "flux" between the smothered fire of universities and the heavy ore of the public mind. Whether the process will evolve pure and precious metal or noxious vapours—in simple terms, whether the knowledge thus popularised, and whether the ultimate tendency of this "witty, wise, and wicked writer," has been for the *direct* benefit of the people, is not a question open to discussion. All that we know is, *that he is here*—that he cannot be thrust aside—and that he exerts an incredible and daily increasing influence. But to judge from every analogy and precedent, we must conclude that the agitation which he has caused, though eminently disagreeable to many, even friends, who are brought within its immediate action, will be eminently beneficial in the end.

It were worse than folly to attempt to palliate Heine's defects. That they exist engrained, entwined, and integrate with his better qualities, admits no doubt or denial. But they have been in every age so strikingly characteristic of every writer of his class, that we are forced to believe them inseparable. They are the shades which render the lights of the picture apparent, without which the picture would in all probability never have excited attention. It is a striking characteristic of true humour that it is "all-embracing," including the good and the bad, the lofty and the low. There is no characteristic appreciable by the human mind which does not come within the range of *humour*, for wherever *creation* is manifested, *there* will be contradiction and opposites, striving into a law of harmony. Humour appreciates the contradiction—the lie disguised as truth, or the truth born of a lie—and proclaims it aloud, for it is a strange quality of humour that it must out, be the subject what it may. Unfortunately, no subject presents so many and such absurdly vulnerable points as the proprieties and improprieties of daily life and society. Poor well-meaning Civilisation, with her allies Morality and Tradition, maintain a

ceaseless warfare with nature, vulgarity, and a host of "outside barbarian" foes, while Humour, who always had in his nature more of the devil than the angel, stands by laughing as either party gets a fall.

To understand the vagaries of Heine's nature, we must regard him as influenced by humour in the fullest sense of the word. For as humour exists in the appreciation and reproduction of the contrasts, of contrarities and of *appearances* it would not be humour did its existence consist merely of merriment. The bitterest and saddest tears are as often drawn forth by humour as by mere pathos—nay, it may be doubted if grief and suffering be ever so terrible as when supported by some strange coincidence or paradox. Consequently we find in his works some of the most sorrowful complaints ever uttered by suffering poet, but contrasted with the most uproarious hilarity. Nay, he often contrives to delicately weave the opposing sentiments into one. "Other bards," says a late review of Heine in the *Athenæum*, "have passed from grave to gay within the compass of one work; but the art of constantly showing two natures within the small limit of perhaps three ballad verses was reserved

for Herr Heine. No one like him understands how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiment for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. No one like him approaches his reader with doleful countenance—pours into the ear a tale of secret sorrow—and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh. It seems as though nature had endowed him with a most delicate sensibility and a keen perception of the ridiculous, that his own feelings may afford him a perpetual subject for banter.”

A writer of Heine's character can be judged only by the broadest and most comprehensive rules of criticism, if indeed, in many instances, he be open to criticism at all. A reviewer is said to have remarked of Carlyle, that one might as well attempt to criticise a porcupine, and this may be said with much greater truth of Heine. He can, in fact, only be fully comprehended as a whole, and the *more* we read him, the better we appreciate him. This is a characteristic of all truly great writers who do not reproduce themselves.

This present translation of the *Reisebilder* (of which more than ten thousand copies have been

published in America) was on its first appearance very favourably received by all reviewers. That Heine himself was gratified by it appears from the following extract from a letter to Mr. Calmann-Levy :—

“A piece of good news that I forgot to communicate to you the other day. An English translation of the *Reisebilder* which has appeared in New York¹ has met with an enormous success, according to a correspondence in the *Augsburger Zeitung* (which does not love me enough to invent successes for me).

“HENRI HEINE.”

“Paris, Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1855.”

But to know his work as a whole, it is not necessary that *nothing* should be omitted. There are humourists who have the strange talent of communicating the attraction of the genial even to the immoral. In the works of Rabelais, Sterne, and even Swift, the passages which modesty would taboo are like dirty spice floating in wine; but in the *Reisebilder* they are like dead blue-bottles, or rather spiders, not agreeable to the most depraved tastes, and such as would be gladly omitted even by an appreciative reader of the *Moyen de Parvenir*. I can hardly understand

¹ Philadelphia, none ever appeared in New York.

what a certain biographer of Heine means by saying that he is "never vulgar." If he is not in many places as rankly vulgar as mortal man can be, then is the Père Duchêne not vulgar, nor any of his kind. In more than one passage Heine glorifies himself cynically on this, as if it completed his many-sidedness and his democracy. In many places this vulgarity, half real, half affected, where it takes the form of intense admiration of style, aristocracy, fashion, and elegance, or when Heine, as he says—

"Blest sensation—felt *genteel*,"

he is only naïvely amusing. He very often indeed dwells on the attributes and characteristics of his beloved "gentility," far too appreciatingly for us not to perceive that they have not always been *ab initio* entirely familiar to him. Heine was, however, perfectly conscious of this weakness for "quality," and we can let it pass with the little protest that it is not fair to make him out better than he himself pretended to be. But there is a vulgarity of another kind, such as he poured forth on Platen, which is in striking contrast to his brilliancy, wit, and artistic power, since it is with very little exception coarse, un-

attractive, and unpleasant, not even good of its kind, and often quite untruthful. This was in later years his own opinion of it, since he cancelled an entire chapter of such stuff, not in the least because it was immodest—that would never have influenced him—but because it was absolutely wanting in any kind of merit whatever, and was cruelly dishonest. In fine, the reader may rest assured that there was never a book written in which so *little* that is piquant was lost by careful cleansing and revision as the *Reisebilder*, and in this I think that even the most liberal lovers of the prohibited will all agree with me. In the present version these omissions are confined almost entirely to what Heine in later years himself altered or deleted.

As regards the method of translating Heine's poetry or prose, there is one thing which has escaped many who have attempted it. This is, that in all his lyrical efforts, he took *extraordinary* pains to make his sentences as much like simple prose as is compatible with melody. He strove with might and main to avoid what is even more of a blemish in English poetry than in German—the old-fashioned conventional phrases involving inversion, and words and terms seldom or never

heard in conversation. Had he been an Englishman, he would probably have entirely avoided "Quaker talk," such as "thou" and "thy," "dost," "walketh," and "standeth." Unfortunately for the translator, this Quaker talk is still common and familiar conversational prose in German, and it very often happens that it is *almost* impossible to omit it, or to perfectly transfer the original spirit of glorified and clarified prose to English. To attain this, Heine very often wrote a little ballad *six* times over, *simplifying* it at every effort.

My own translation is very far from being perfect as regards this simplicity of language allied to melody and brilliancy, but I have at least been aware of it in the original, and done my best, such as it was, to reproduce it. And I have certainly not sinned as regards forcing into it worn-out artificial tawdry specimens of "handsome talkee," as the Chinese call the conventional platitudes in which their souls delight.

Heine has been called the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, and the most humorous German of any time. But between wit and humour there is another quality, which may be called applied fun or piquant drollery; and in this he, with Dickens and Sydney Smith, are probably the three

great leaders of the century. It is almost characteristic of Heine that these piquant drolleries, as succinctly expressed as Wellerisms, are employed by him—exactly as Abraham Lincoln employed comic anecdotes—not to be “funny” for fun’s sake, but to illustrate great and even serious truths. They are the glints of light on diamonds, the beeswings in wine, which give impressive beauty to the whole. They are to be found scattered here and there alike in his disquisitions on German metaphysics, poetry, art, or human characters, in all his works on all subjects. The reviewer who can cast aside even his fragments, such as the *Rabbi von Bacharach*, or *Schnabelewopski*, or *The Florentine Nights*, as “failures as novels,” or imperfect (as many have done), has no true appreciation of the author.

It is a proof of being well-read that the reader is not absolutely ignorant of any real work of genius whatever, and, inversely, every work of genius is absolutely generally known. Heine is distinctly a writer of whom no person of true culture can afford to be ignorant—“not to know him argues one’s self unknown,” beyond all question. Many geniuses may be known by a single one of their works; but Heine, far more than

most, requires some familiarity with *all* that he has written to be rightly judged. For as different flowers in a garden are believed to mutually give and take beauty and perfume, so the works of this author reflect intelligence and enjoyment one to the other. And as in education—or the binding of sticks—a dozen items collectively grouped are stronger than a hundred scattered here and there at intervals, so I trust that this complete collection in English of Heine's works—the first ever undertaken—will be of value to those who know what an advantage it is to be able to consult at any time all that any great author has written.

That Heine was really in the fullest sense of the word a *genius*, and not a clever imitator of genius, much less “a quack or charlatan in literature,” as one who ought to have known better called him, is shown by his many and marvellous prophecies or intuitions, of which a remarkable collection might be made. Thus in his account of the Salon of 1830, he selected for commendation with unerring insight those pictures which in due time became “world-famous,” and his prediction that if Germany should ever become united it would be to conquer France, also that the Germans would show that they had not for-

gotten or forgiven any wrong since the murder of Conradin, indicate the spirit of divination which is always found in the true poet. In a single book by any author such instances are apt to strike the reader as merely *glückliche Einfälle*—happy hits; but when they recur in all his works, then we admit his inspiration.

There is yet another point which may well be borne in mind by all who read Heine for the first time, because he is one who says many things which will be remembered, and who often exercises a great influence on the young. He combined with genius and many good and humane qualities many demerits, weaknesses, and inconsistencies. He was deeply impressed with the romantic spirit at least of religion, and he was irreligious; in the *Reisebilder* he alternately worships and blasphemes, as the word is generally understood, and he was at heart aristocratic, yet tells us that he withdrew his sympathy from Napoleon I. when the latter manifested the same tendency. It is true that he was quite aware of the chaotic state of his principles—nay, I believe that he deeply regretted it; but when we find him, like too many of his admirers of the present day, attributing it all to “this horrid age

in which we live," we can, or should, only pity the wretched weakness of a man of real genius who does not strive all the more on that very account to form consistent ideals, and to rise above the age and reform it. There are many women, and not a few men, who think, because they are pretty, brilliant, gifted, or reckless, that they have patent and privilege to say or do everything foolish or capricious. These beggars for places as spoiled pets in popularity "admire" Heine, faults and all, but do not feel, as he did at heart, the meanness of a want of coherent principles, and the fact that it is really conducive to Pessimism and absolutely opposite to that spirit of Hellenism, or the beauty of Nature, health, and humanity, to which Heine, like Goethe, was passionately devoted. For Hellenism was founded on ideals, and Pessimism on the absence of their existence.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE FRENCH VERSION.



It will always be difficult to determine how a German writer should be translated into French. Should we smuggle out of sight here and there thoughts and figures when they are not according to the civilised taste of the French, and appear to them perhaps as unpleasant, if not ridiculous exaggeration; or should we boldly introduce to the elegant world of Paris the unlicked Teuton with all his trans-Rhenish originality fantastically adorned with Germanisms and overloaded with hyper-romantic decoration? I, for my part, do not think that the unlicked German can be translated into smoothly licked French, and therefore present myself in my primitive barbarous condition, like the Chaomas (Carib) Indians who were so well received last summer. I too am a warrior, as was the great Takuabeh. He is dead

now, and his mortal envelope reposes, most carefully preserved, in the Zoological Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, that Pantheon of the animal world.

My book is a theatrical show. Enter without fear! I am not so evilly disposed as I seem. I have only painted my face with such wild colours the better to frighten my foes in battle. At heart I am meek as a lamb. Be of good cheer, therefore, and shake my hand. Nay, you may handle my weapons, even the quiver and the arrows, for I have blunted their points, as we barbarians are accustomed to do when we approach consecrated places. Between us, these arrows were not only sharp but well poisoned. To-day they are hurtless and harmless, and you can for pastime examine the variegated feathers on them, and your children even use them for playthings.

But I will lay aside the tattooed style and express myself in French. The style, the connected trains of thought, the grotesque sudden fancies, the oddities of expression—in short, the whole character of the German original, have been repeated so far as is possible, word for word, in this French translation of the *Reisebilder*.

Taste, elegance, grace, or charm and nice refinement have been sacrificed everywhere without mercy to literal truth. It is now a German book in French speech, a book which does not pretend to please the French public, but rather to enable it to learn a strange and foreign style of originality. For I will teach or inform, and not merely amuse. In such fashion have we Germans translated foreign authors, not without advantage, for by so doing we have gained new views, new forms of words, and new forms of speech. A similar acquisition would do you no harm.

After I had determined to make you before all things familiar with the foreign character of this work, it seemed to me to be of much less consequence to present it unabridged; firstly, because many passages referring to or depending on local or temporal allusions, plays on words, and similar specialties, cannot be reproduced in French; secondly, because many passages which were directed in a spirit of bitter enmity against persons and circumstances quite unknown here, might occasion the most disagreeable misunderstandings. Thus, for instance, I have suppressed a leading chapter which contained a description of the island Norderney and the German nobility. The

English fragments are abridged by more than one half; what was expunged was limited entirely to political questions of those times.¹ In the part devoted to Italy, which was written in the year 1828, the same reasons induced me to omit several chapters; though, to tell the truth, I should have struck out the whole had I allowed myself to be influenced by similar considerations as regards all that refers to the Catholic Church. I considered it my duty to annul a very harsh passage in which Protestant zeal assumed a bitterness which in merry France would have been an offence to good taste. In Germany, such earnestness would have been all in the right place; for in my character as Protestant I could strike the lovers of darkness² and sham holy hypocrites, or the German Pharisees and Sadducees, far more effective blows than if I had spoken as a philosopher. But that it may not be possible for readers who may compare the original with this translation to accuse me on account of these omissions of unmeasured concession, I will here speak plainly on this question.

This book was, with the exception of a few

¹ Restored in this edition.

² *Obscuranten*, reactionaries.

pages, composed before the Revolution of July. At that time political pressure had caused a general silence ; all souls were sunk in a lethargy of doubt and dread, and he who then dared to speak must express himself with all the more passion, the more he despaired of the victory of freedom, and the more bitterly the priestly and aristocratic party attacked him. I here use the words "priestly" and "aristocratic" simply from habit, since I always used them at that time when I alone sustained the conflict with the champions of the past. These words were intelligible to every one, and as I must confess I still retained at that time the terminology of 1789, and wasted a vast expenditure of words against the clergy and nobility, or, as I called them, "priestdom"¹ and "aristocracy." But I have advanced since then on the road of progress, and my dear Germans, who, awakened from sleep by the cannons of July, followed my footsteps, and now speak the language of 1789 or even of 1793, are now so far away as to have lost sight of me, and fancy

¹ *Pfaffenhum*. The word *Pfaffe*, a priest, is used, as Professor Whitney truly and succinctly declares, "gen'ly contemptly," i.e., not contemplatively or deliberately, but contemptuously—very much as "parson" often is in England.

that I am far behind. I am accused of far too great moderation, of an understanding with the aristocracy,¹ and I see the day approaching when an inclination towards the priesthood will be urged against me. The truth is that I, to-day, understand by the word aristocracy, not only those who are noble by birth, but all, however called, who live at the expense of the people. The admirable formula, "The exploitation of mankind by man,"² for which we are indebted, with so much that is excellent, to the Saint-Simonians, lifts us above all declamation regarding privileges of birth. The business in hand is not to break the old Church by force to fragments, but much more to build up a new one, and far from wishing to destroy the priesthood, we ourselves now earnestly endeavour at present to become priests.

In Germany, doubtless, the time of negations or contradictions is so far from being over, that it

¹ Not altogether without cause. It might truthfully be said of Heine, as it was of his Socialist friend Lasalle, that there never lived a man who would as gladly have written *de* or *von* before his name. At the time the above was written, or not long after, he was actually enjoying a pension from Louis Philippe, and living "at the expense of the people."

² *Ausbeutung des Menschen durch den Menschen*, or the robbery of man by man.

rather seems to have recently begun. In France, on the contrary, it seems to be drawing to an end ; at least it seems to me as if one must here devote himself to positive efforts, and build up or restore all that there is good or beautiful which the past has left us as a heritage.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, May 20, 1834.



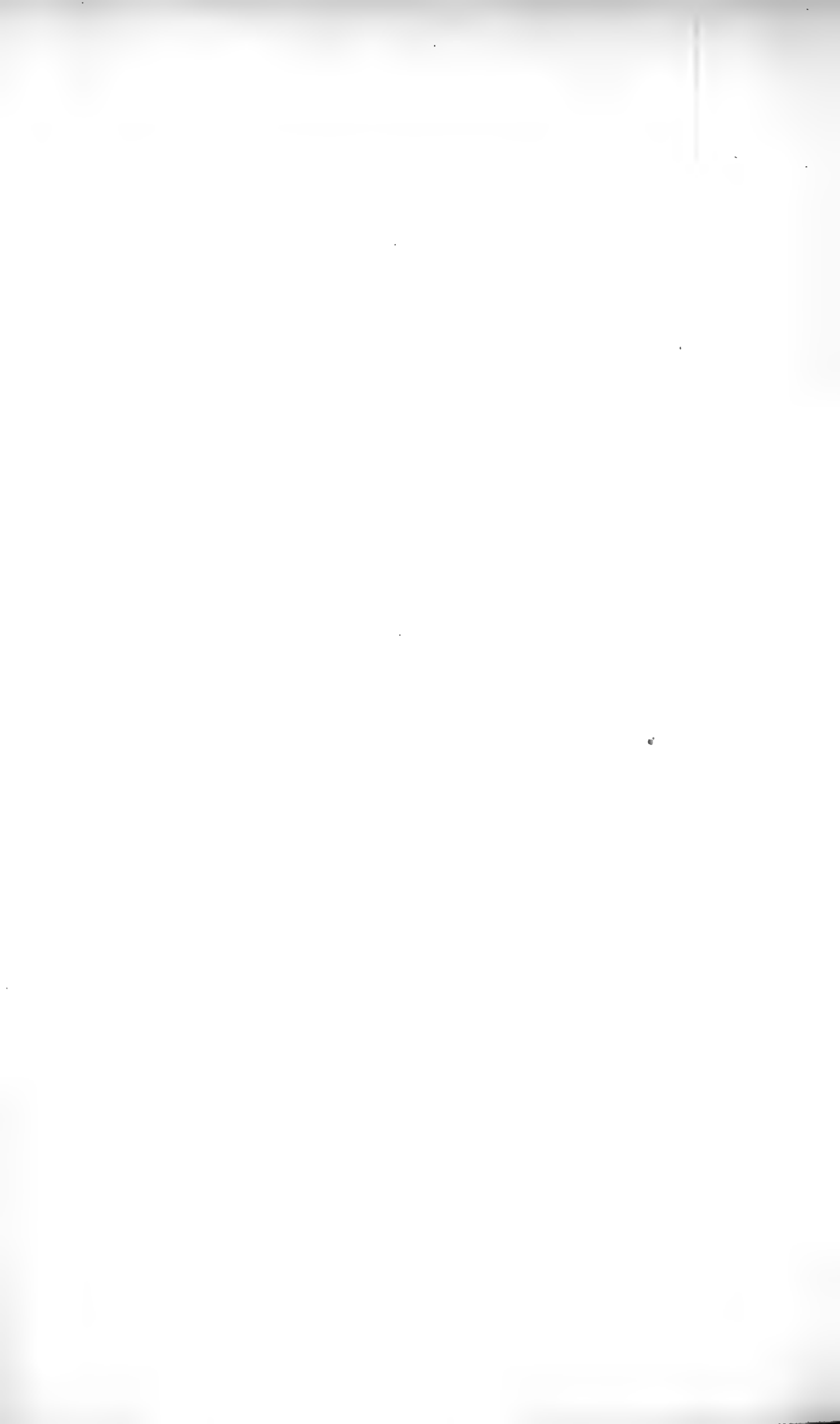
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PICTURES OF TRAVEL.



THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

(1823-1824.)

"Trivial half-way joys we hate,
Hate all childish fancies :
If no crime weigh down the soul,
Why should we endure control
And groan in death-like trances !
The puling wight looks down and sighs,
But the brave man lifts his eyes
Up to Heaven's bright glances."
—IMMERMANN.

I.

IN my life too dark and dreary
Once there gleamed an image bright ;
Now that lovely form has vanished,
I am wrapped about with night.

As when children stray in darkness,
And dark fears around them throng,
They, to drive away their terror,
Loudly sing a cheering song :

Like a foolish child I'm singing
As Life's darker shades draw near;
And although my lay lack music,
Still it drives away my fear.

2.

I KNOW not what sorrow is o'er me,
What spell is upon my heart;
But a tale of old times is before me—
A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peaks of the mountains gleaming
In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden
Sits high in glory there;
Her robe with gems is laden,
And she combs out her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,
Still singing in harmony;
And the song has a mystical measure,
And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she has bound him,
Is lost in a wild sad love:
He sees not the black rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.

I believe that the billows springing,
The boat and the boatman drown,
And that, with her magical singing,
The Loré-lay has done.

3.

My heart, my heart is weary,
Although in the month of May,
And I lean against the linden,
High up on the terrace gray.

The town-moat far below me
Runs silent and sad, and blue;
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture
Spreads out beyond the flood,
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
And cattle, and meadow, and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen,
They leap as they go and come;
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds,
I list to its far-away hum.

And high on yon old grey castle
A sentry-box peeps o'er;
While a young red-coated soldier
Is pacing beside the door.

He plays with his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red,
He halts, he presents, and shoulders:—
I wish that he'd shoot me dead!

4.

In the woods I wander weeping,
The thrush sits on the spray;
She springs and sings while peeping:
“Oh, why so sad to-day?”

Your sister, dear, the swallow,
Knows well why my spirit grieves,
For she builds her nest in the hollow,
Beneath my darling's eaves.

5.

THE night is wet and stormy,
A starless heaven above,
Through the wood, 'neath rustling branches,
All silently I rove.

From the lonely hunter's cottage
A light beams cheerily,
But it will not tempt me thither,
Where all is sad to see.

The blind old grandmother's sitting
Alone in the leathern chair;
Uncanny and stern as an image,
And speaking to no one there.

The red-headed son of the woodman
Walks cursing up and down,
And casts in a corner his rifle,
With a bitter laugh and a frown.

A maiden is spinning and weeping,
And moistens the flax with tears,
While at her small feet whimpering
Lies a hound with drooping ears.

6.

As I once by chance on a journey,
My lady-love's family found,
Little sister, and father, and mother,
Came joyfully flocking around.

They asked, of course, "How I found me?"
Hoping my health would not fail;
For although quite the same as ever,
My countenance seemed to be pale.

I asked of the aunts and the cousins,
Of the many bores whom we know,
And then of the little greyhound,
With his bark so soft and low.

Of the loved one—long since married—
Then I asked by the way, though late ;
And her father, smiling, whispered
Of her "interesting state."

And I smiled congratulations
On the delicate event,
And to her and to all relations
"Best remembrances" were sent.

But the little sister shouted
That the dog which once was mine
Had gone mad in early summer,
"So we drowned him in the Rhine."

That child is so like her sister,
Especially when they smile ;
She has the same soft glances,
Which tortured me a while

7.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide ;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse
The lamps shone out on high,
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors who live on the deep,
And how between sky and water
And terror and joy they sweep.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there.

Of perfume and lights on the Ganges,
Where trees like giants tower,
And beautiful silent beings
Still worship the lotus flower.

Of the dirty dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

8.

THOU gentle ferry-maiden,
Come, draw the boat to land,
And sit thee down beside me,
Caressing with hand in hand.

Lay thy head against my bosom
And have no fear of me ;
Dost thou not venture boldly
Each day on the roaring sea ?

My heart is like the ocean,
It hath storm, and ebb, and flow ;
And many a pearl is hidden
In its silent depths below.

9.

THE moon is high in heaven,
And shimmers o'er the sea ;
And my heart throbs like my dear one's,
As she silently sits by me.

With my arm around the darling,
I rest upon the strand ;
" What sound is in the night-wind ?
Why trembles thy snow-white hand ? "

" Those are no evening breezes,
But the mermaids singing low—
The mermaids, once my sisters,
Who were drowned long, long ago."

10.

THE quiet moon upon the clouds
Like a giant orange is glowing,
While, far beneath, the old grey sea,
All striped with silver, is flowing.

Alone I wander on the strand,
Where the white surf is broken,
But hear full many a gentle word
Amid the waves soft spoken.

But, oh! the night is far too long;
Silence too long has bound me:
Fair water-fairies come to me,
And dance and sing around me!

Oh, take my head upon your lap,
Take body and soul in keeping!
But sing me dead—caress me dead!—
And kiss me to endless sleeping!

11.

ALL wrapped up in grey-cloud garments,
Now the great gods sleep together;
And I hear their thunder-snoring,
For to-night we've dreadful weather.

Dreadful weather! what a tempest
Threats our ship with dire disaster!
Who will check the mighty storm-wind,
And the waves without a master?

Can't be helped, though, if all nature
A mad holiday is keeping ;
So I'll wrap me up and slumber,
As the gods above are sleeping.

12.

THE wild wind puts his breeches on—
His foam-white water breeches ;
He lashes the waves, and every one
Roars out and howls and pitches.

From yon wild height, with furious might,
The rain comes roaring and groaning,
It seems as if the old black Night
The old dark sea were drowning.

The snow-white seagull to our mast
Clings, screaming hoarse and crying ;
And in those screams I hear what seems
A deathly prophesying.

13.

THE wind pipes up for dancing,
The waves in white are clad ;
Hurrah !—how the ship is leaping ;
And the night is merry and mad.

And living hills of water
Sweep up as the storm-wind calls ;
Here a black gulf is gaping,
And there a white tower falls.

And sounds as of sickness and swearing
From the depths of the cabin come ;
I keep a firm hold on the bulwarks,
And wish that I now were at home.

14.

THE night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea,
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

The mermaid rises singing,
Sits by me, fair and pale ;
Her snow-white breasts are springing
Like fountains from her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
Till I wished her arms away :
Why hast thou so caressed me,
Thou lovely Water Fay ?

" Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,
That thy arms in mine I fold ;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold."

The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away,
And tears down thy cheeks are falling,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis the water which drips from my locks."

The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The seamews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

15.

"WHEN early in the morning
I pass thy window, sweet,
Oh, what a thrill of joy is mine
When both our glances meet!"

"With those dark flashing eyeballs,
Which all things round thee scan,
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou strange and suffering man?"



Thomas Carlyle (Chelva, 1865)

" I am a German poet,
Well known in the German land
Where the first names are written,
Mine own may rightly stand.
" And what I seek, my fairest,
Is that for which many pine ;
And where men speak of sorrows,
Thou'lt hear them speak of mine."

16.

THE ocean shimmered far around,
As the last sun-rays shone ;
We sat beside the fisher's hut,
Silent and all alone.
The mist swam up—the water heaved—
The seamew round us screamed,
And from thy dark eyes, full of love,
The scalding tear-drops streamed.
I saw them fall upon thy hand ;
Upon my knee I sank,
And from that white and yielding hand
The glittering tears I drank.
And since that hour I waste away,
'Mid passion's hopes and fears ;
Oh, weary heart ! that wretched girl
Hath poisoned thee with tears.

17.

HIGH up on yonder mountain
There stands a lordly hall,
Where dwell three gentle maidens,
And I was loved by all.

On Saturday Hetty loved me,
The Sabbath was Julia's day,
And on Monday, Kunigunda
Half kissed my breath away.

On Tuesday, in their castle
My ladies gave a ball,
And thither, with coaches and horses,
Went my neighbours, their wives and all.

But I had no invitation—
Which puzzled you, by the by!—
And the gossiping aunts and cousins
Observed it and laughed—on the sly!

18.

FAR on the dim horizon,
As in a land of dreams,
Rises a white tower'd city,
Fading 'mid sunset gleams.

The evening breeze is wreathing
The water where I float,
And in solemn measure the boatman
Keeps time as he rows my boat.

Once more the sunlight flashes
In wondrous glory round,
And lights up the foaming water,
Where she I loved was drowned.

19.

ONCE more in solemn ditty
I greet thee, as I melt
In tears, thou wondrous city,
Where once my true love dwelt.

Say on, ye gates and tower,
Does she I loved remain?
I gave her to your power—
Give me my love again!

Blame not the trusty tower!
No word his walls could say,
As a pair, with their trunks and luggage,
So silently travelled away.

But the wicket-gate was faithless,
Through which she escaped so still:
Oh, a wicket is always ready
To ope when a wicked one will.¹

¹ *Die Thore jedoch, die liessen
Mein Liebchen entzwischen gar still;
Ein Thor ist immer willig,
Wenn eine Thörrinn will.*

20.

AGAIN through the streets well known of old
 I wander with footsteps weary ;
 Again before her house I come,
 And the house is empty and dreary.

The streets are all so narrow here !
 The pavement seems to tear me !
 The roofs are falling ! I haste away
 As fast as my feet will bear me !

21.

I ENTERED her home, recalling
 The faith she had pledged while weeping :
 Where I saw her tear-drops falling,
 I now found serpents creeping.¹

¹ This is the same metre as the original. My original version was as follows :—

I wandered through the silent hall,
 Where once she loved and wept,
 And where I saw the false tears fall,
 Now winding serpents crept.

There can be no greater mistake than to believe that a version in the same metre as the original is on that account any better or nearer its spirit. The same associations or emotions are often awakened in people of different races by very different melodies, or *vice versa* ; thus the measure of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," which is comic to all Anglo-Saxons, is grand and heroic to a modern Greek. This same principle is often applicable even in languages so nearly allied as English and German.

22.

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping,—
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair ;
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping,
But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case :
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance
 baring—
Oh, heaven ! he shows me my own sad face !

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing,
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,
Many a night in the days of old ?

23.

How canst thou sleep so calmly,
 While I alive remain ?
Old griefs may yet be wakened,
 And then I'll break my chain.

Know'st thou the wild old ballad,
 How a dead, forgotten slave
Came to his silent lady,
 And bore her to his grave ?

Believe me, gentle maiden,
Thou child so wondrous fair,
I live, and still am stronger
Than all the dead men are.

24.

THE maiden sleeps in her chamber,
The moonlight steals quivering in ;
Without, there's a ringing and singing,
As of waltzing about to begin.

" I will see who it is 'neath my window,
That gives me this strange serenade !"
She saw a pale skeleton figure,
Who fiddled, and sang as he played :

" A waltz thou once didst promise,
And hast broken thy word, my fair.
To-night there's a ball in the churchyard,
So come—I will dance with thee there !"

A spell came over the maiden,
She could neither speak nor stay ;
So she followed the Form, which, singing
And fiddling, went dancing away.

Fiddling, and dancing, and hopping,
And rattling his arms and spine,
The white skull grinning and nodding
Away in the dim moonshine.

25.

I STOOD in shadowy dreaming,
I gazed upon her form ;
And in that face, so dearly loved,
Strange life began to warm.

And on her soft and child-like mouth
There played a heavenly smile,
Though in her dark and lustrous eyes
A tear-drop shone the while.

And my own tears were flowing too,
In silent agony ;
For oh ! I cannot deem it true
That thou art lost to me.

26.

I, A most wretched Atlas, who a world
Of bitterest griefs and agonies must carry,
And bear the all-unbearable, till, breaking,
The heart is lost within me.

Wild daring heart !—it was thine own mad
choice ;
Thou would'st be happy, infinitely happy,
Or wretched beyond measure :—Daring heart !
Now thou art truly wretched.

27.

AGES may come and vanish,
Races may pass away ;
But the love which I have cherished
Within can ne'er decay.

Once more I fain would see thee,
And kneel where e'er thou art ;
And dying, whisper—" *Madam,*
Be pleased to accept my heart !"

28.

It seemed that the pale moon sadly shone,
And the stars were sadly gleaming ;
I was borne away to my own love's town,
A hundred leagues—while dreaming.
I came to the house where she had slept,
I kissed the stair, while weeping,
Where oft her little foot had stept,
Which had known her garments sweeping.
Long was the night, cold was the night
I sat there chilled, despairing ;
From the window looked a phantom white,
At the chilly moonlight staring.¹

¹ ORIGINAL VERSION.

I dreamed :—the moon shone grimly down,
The stars seemed sad and grey ;
And I was in my true love's town,
Full many a league away.

29.

WHAT means this lonely tear-drop
Which dims mine eye to-day ?
It is the last now left me,
Where once so many lay.

It had many a shining sister
Which rolled in glittering light ;
But now, with my smiles and sorrows,
They're lost in wind and night.

And, like the mists, have faded
The light-blue sparkling stars,
Which flashed their joys or sorrows
Down through life's prison-bars.

Oh, love—wild love—where art thou ?
Fled like an idle breath :
My silent lonely tear-drop,
Go fade in misty death !

I stood before the house and wept,
I kissed the shadowy stone
Where oft her little foot had stepped,
Where oft her robes had flown.

The cold step chilled my lip and arm,
I lay in shivering swoon ;
While from above a phantom form
Looked out upon the moon.

30.

THE pale half-moon is floating
Like a boat 'mid cloudy waves,
Lone lies the pastor's cottage
Amid the silent graves.

The mother reads in the Bible,
The son seems weary and weak ;
The eldest daughter is drowsy,
While the youngest begins to speak :

" Ah me !—how every minute
Rolls by so drearily ;
Only when some one is buried,
Have we anything here to see ! "

The mother murmured while reading :
" Thou'rt wrong—they've brought but four
Since thy poor father was buried
Out there by the churchyard door."

The eldest daughter says, gaping :
" No more will I hunger by you ;
I'll go to the Baron to-morrow,
He's wealthy, and fond of me too."

The son bursts out into laughter :
" Three hunters carouse in " The Sun ; "
They all can make gold, and gladly
Will show me how it is done."

The mother holds the Bible
To his pale face in grief :
“ And wilt thou—wicked fellow—
Become a highway thief ? ”

A rapping is heard on the window,
There trembles a warning hand ;
Without, in the priest's black surplice,
They see their dead father stand.

31.

TO-NIGHT we have dreadful weather,
It rains and storms and snows,
I sit at my window, gazing
Where blacker the darkness grows.

There glimmers a lonely candle,
Which moves to weary feet ;
An old dame with a lantern
Comes hobbling across the street.

It seems that for eggs, and flour,
And butter, she forth has come,
To make a cake for her daughter,
Her grown-up darling at home,

Who, at the bright lamp blinking,
In an arm-chair lazily lies,
And golden locks are waving
Above her beautiful eyes.

32.

THEY say that my heart is breaking
With love and sorrow too ;
And at last I shall believe it,
As other people do.

Sweet girl, with eyes dark beaming,
I have ever told thee this,
That my heart with love is breaking,
That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber
Dared I thus boldly speak ;
Alas ! when thou wert present,
My words were sad and weak.

For there were evil angels
Who quickly hushed my tongue ;
And oh ! these evil angels
My heart with grief have wrung.

33.

OH, thy lovely lily-fingers !
If I once again could kiss them,
Press them once upon my heart,
And then die in silent weeping !

For thy clear deep eyes like violets
Sweep before me day and night ;
And I vex my soul in guessing
At the soft, sweet, blue enigmas.

34.

HAS she never really noticed
 That you long with love were burning ?
 Saw you never in her glances
 Any sign of love returning ?
 Could you never with your glances
 Wake *that* look which thrills and flatters ?
 You, who surely are no donkey,
 Friend of mine, in these small matters.¹

35.

THEY tenderly loved, and yet neither
 Would venture the other to move ;
 They met as if hate were between them,
 And yet were half dying with love.
 They parted, and then saw each other
 At times in their visions alone ;
 They had long left this sad life together,
 Yet scarcely to either 'twas known.

¹ THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

And hath she never noticed
 That thou with love didst burn ?
 And saw'st thou in her glances
 No sign of love's return ?
 And could'st thou then read nothing
 In all her words and airs :
 Thou, who hast such experience,
 Dear friend, in these affairs ?

36.

WHEN first my afflictions you heard me rehearse,
 You gaped and you stared :—" God be praised
 'twas no worse !"

But when I repeated them smoothly in rhyme,
 You thought it was " wonderful," " glorious,"
 " sublime !"

37.

I CALLED the Devil, and he came ;
 In blank amaze his form I scan ;
 He is not ugly, is not lame,
 But a refined, accomplished man.
 One in the very prime of life,
 At home in every cabinet strife,
 Who, as diplomatist, can tell
 Church and State news extremely well.
 He is somewhat pale, and no wonder either,
 Since he studies Sanscrit and Hegel together.
 His favourite poet is still *Fouqué*,
 Of criticism he makes no mention ;
 Since all such matters, unworthy attention,
 He leaves to his grandmother, *HECATE*.
 He praised my legal efforts, and said
 That he also, when younger, some law had read,
 Remarking that friendship like mine would be
 An acquisition, and bowed to me :—

Then asked if we had not met before
At the Spanish minister's *soirée*?
And as I scanned his face once more,
I found I had known him for many a day!

38.

MORTAL!—sneer not at the Devil,
Soon thy little life is o'er,
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.

Mortal!—pay the debts thou owest;
Long 'twill be ere life is o'er;
Many a time thou yet must borrow,
As thou oft hast done before.

39.

“WHICH is the way to Bethlehem?
Is there no one to show it?”
So asked the three kings from the Eastern
land;
“Dear children, do you know it?”
Neither old nor young could tell them the
road.
The kings went on. Before them
There went a beautiful golden star,
Which gleamed in its glory o'er them.

The star stood still over Joseph's house ;
They entered, their offerings bringing,
The oxen lowed, the Infant cried,
While the three wise kings were singing.¹

40.

My child, we once were children,
Two children gay and small ;
We crept into the hen-house,
And hid ourselves, heads and all.

We clucked, just like the poultry,
And when folks came by, you know—
Kickery-kee !—they started,
And thought 'twas a real crow.

¹ THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

The three wise monarchs of the East
Asked in each city near :
" Which is the way to Bethlehem,
Tell us, ye children dear ? "

But neither old nor young could tell.
The three wise kings went on :
Still following a golden star
Which gleamed in glory down,

Until it paused o'er Joseph's house,
Before the shrine they bowed ;
The oxen lowed, the infant cried,
The three kings sang aloud.

The chests which lay in our courtyard
We papered so smooth and nice ;
We thought they were beautiful houses,
And lived in them, snug as mice.

When the old cat of our neighbour
Dropped in for a social call ;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.

We asked of her health, and kindly
Inquired how all had sped :—
Since then, to many a tabby
The self-same things we've said.

And oft, like good old people,
We talked with sober tongue,
Declaring that all was better
In the days when we were young.

How piety, faith, and true love
Had vanished quite away ;
And how dear we found the coffee,
How scarce the money to-day.

So all goes rolling onward,
The merry days of youth,—
Money, the world and its seasons ;
And honesty, love, and truth.

41.

My heart is sad, and with misgiving
I ponder o'er the ancient day,
When this poor world was fit to live in,
And calmly sped the time away.

Now all seems changed which once was cherished,
The world is filled with care and dread ;
As if the Lord in Heaven had perished,
And down below the Devil were dead.

But care of all hath so bereft us,
So little pleasure Life doth give ;
That were not some faint Love still left us,
No more I'd wish on earth to live.

42.

As the summer moon shines rising
Through the dark and cloud-like trees,
So my soul 'mid shadowy memories
Still a gleaming picture sees.

All upon the deck were seated,
Proudly sailing on the Rhine,
And the shores in summer verdure
Gleamed in sunset's crimson shine.

And I rested, gently musing,
At a lovely lady's feet ;
And the golden sun was playing
On her face so pale and sweet.

Lutes were ringing, boys were singing,
Wondrous rapture o'er me stole ;
Bluer, bluer grew the heavens,
Fuller, higher, swelled my soul.

Like a legend, wood and river,
Hill and tower before me flies ;
And I see the whole reflected
In the lady's lovely eyes.

43.

IN dreams I saw the loved one,
A sorrowing, wearied form,
Her beauty blanched and withered
By many a dreary storm.

A little babe she carried,
Another child she led,
And poverty and trouble
In glance and garb I read.

She trembled through the market,
And face to face we met ;
And I calmly said, while sadly
Her eyes on mine were set :

"Come to my house, I pray thee,
For thou art pale and thin ;
And for thee, by my labour,
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

" And to thy little children
I'll be a father mild ;
But most of all thy parent,
Thou poor unhappy child.

" Nor will I ever tell thee
That once I held thee dear ;
And if thou diest before me
I'll weep upon thy bier."

44.

FRIEND of mine, why are you ever
Through the same old measures moving ?
Will you, brooding, sit for ever
On the same old eggs of loving ?

'Tis an endless incubation :
From their eggs the chicks scarce risen,
When the chirping generation
In a book you coop and prison.

45.

BUT, I pray, be not impatient
At the same old chords still ringing,
If you find the same old sorrows
In the newest songs I'm singing.

Wait; for ye shall yet hear fading
All this echo of my sorrow,
When a fresher spring of poems
Bubbles from my heart to-morrow.

46.

Now it's time that my mind from this folly I
free,—

Yes, time I were guided by reason:
You've been playing the part of an actress with
me,

I fear, for too lengthened a season.

In the warmest style of the highest romance
Our scenery all was new-fangled,
I thought but of lady, of helmet and lance,
And my armour was splendidly spangled.

But I sigh now to think that such parts I could
fill

With this frippery lying before me;
And a feeling as though I played comedy still
Comes wretchedly wandering o'er me.

Ah! Heaven, I spoke what in secret I felt;
Unconscious I did it, and jesting;
As the Dying Athlete before you I knelt,
While Death in my own heart was resting.

47.

THE great King *Wiswa-mitra*
Is lost in trouble now ;
For he through strife and penance
Will win *Wasishta's* cow.

Oh, great King *Wiswa-mitra* !
Oh, what an ox art thou !
To bear such strife and penance
All for a single cow.

48.

HEART, my heart !—Oh, be not shaken,
And still calmly bear thy pain !
For the spring will bring again
What a dreary winter's taken.

And how much is still remaining,
And how bright the world still beams ;
And, my heart, what pleasant seems,
Thou may'st love with none complaining.

49.

THOU'RT like a lovely flower,
So fair, and pure, and sweet ;
I gaze on thee, and sadly
My tender heart doth beat.

I fain would lay my hands
Upon thy head in prayer
To God, that He will keep thee
So sweet, and pure, and fair.

50.

CHILD!—it were thine utter ruin,
And I strive, right earnestly,
That thy gentle heart may never
Glow with aught like love for me.

But the thought that 'twere so easy,
Still amid my dreams will move me,
And I still am ever thinking
That 'twere sweet to make you love me.

51.

WHEN on my bed I'm lying
In night and pillows warm,
There ever floats before me
A sweet and gentle form.

But soon as silent slumber
Has closed my weary eyes,
Before me, in a vision,
I see the image rise.

Yet with the dream of morning
It will not pass away,
For I bear it in my bosom
Around the live-long day.

52.

MAIDEN with a mouth of roses,
And with eyes serene and bright!
Thou, my little darling maiden,
Dearest to my heart and sight!

Long the winter nights are growing—
Would I might forget their gloom,
By thee sitting—with thee chatting,
In thy little friendly room.

Often to my lips, in rapture,
I would press thy small white hand;
Often with my eyes bedewing
Silently that small white hand.

53.

THOUGH without the snow-drifts tower,
Though hail falls, and tempests shower,
On the window-pane loud rattling,
Little will I heed their battling,
For her form doth ever bring
To my heart the joys of spring.

54.

MANY pray to the Madonna,
Others run to Paul or Peter;
I will only pray to you, love,
Fairest sun of starry women!

Grant me kisses—you have won me!—
Oh, be merciful and gracious!
Fairest sun among the maidens!
'Neath the sun, of girls the fairest!

55.

AND do not my pale cheeks betray
The pains at heart distressing?
And would you hear so proud a mouth
The beggar's prayer confessing?

Ah me! this mouth is far too proud;
It knows but jests and kisses,
And may have spoken mocking words
To hide the heart's distresses.

56.

DEAREST friend! you are in love;
Tighter draws the chain and tighter;
In your head 'tis growing dark,
While your heart is getting lighter.

Dearest friend ! you are in love ;
Yet from confidence you're turning,
When I see your glowing heart
Through your very waistcoat burning !

57.

I FAIN would linger near thee,
But when I sought to woo,
There was no time to hear me,
There was " too much to do."

I told you, shortly after,
That all your own I'd be ;
And, with a peal of laughter,
You made a courtesy.

At last you did confuse me
More utterly than this ;
For you did e'en refuse me
A trifling parting kiss !

Fear not that I shall languish,
Or shoot myself—oh, no !
I've gone through all this anguish,
My dear, long, long ago.

58.

BRIGHT sapphires are thy beaming eyes,
Dear eyes, so soft and sweet ;
Ah me ! thrice happy is the man
Whom they with true love greet.

Thy heart's a diamond, bright and clear,
Whence rays of splendour flow ;
Ah me ! thrice happy is the man
For whom with love they glow.

Thy lips are rubies melting red,
No brighter need we seek,
Ah me ! thrice happy is the man
To whom with love they speak.

Oh, could I meet that happy man
But once, I'd ask no more ;
For all alone in the gay green wood
His joys would soon be o'er.

59.

With love vows I long have bound me,
Firmly tied me to thy heart ;
Now, with my own meshes round me,
Jesting turns to pain and smart.

But if thou,—with right before thee,—
Now shouldst turn away thy head ;
Then the devil would soon come o'er me,
And, by Jove, I'd shoot me dead.

60.

THIS world and this life are too scattered, we
know,
And so to a German professor I'll go.

He can well put all the fragments together,
Into a system convenient and terse;
While with his night-cap and dressing-robe
tatters
He'll stop up the chinks of the wide uni-
verse.

61.

TO-NIGHT they give a party,
The house gleams bright above;
And over the lighted window
I see thy shadow move.

You see me not in the darkness,
I stand alone, apart;
Still less can you cast your glances
Into my gloomy heart.

This gloomy heart still loves you
It loves:—though long forgot.
Breaking, convulsed, and bleeding;
Alas!—you see it not!

62.

I WOULD I could pour my sorrows
All into a single word;
It should fly on the wilful breezes,
As wildly as a bird.

They should carry to thee, my loved one,
That saddest, strangest word;
At every hour it would meet thee,
In every place be heard.

And as soon as those eyes in slumber
Had dimmed their starry gleam,
That word of my sorrow should follow
Down to thy deepest dream.

63.

THOU hast diamonds and dresses and jewels,
And all that a mortal could crave;
Thou hast eyes that are fairer than any,
My dearest! what more wouldst thou have?

To those eyes which are brighter than jewels,
I have written, both lively and grave,
An army of poems immortal,
My dearest! what more wouldst thou have?

Ah! those eyes, which are brighter than diamonds,
Have brought me well-nigh to the grave;
I am tortured, tormented, and ruined,
My dearest! what more wouldst thou have?

64.

HE who for the first time loves,
Though unloved, is still a god ;
But the man who loves a second,
And in vain, must be a fool.

Such a fool am I, now loving
Once again, without return ;
Sun and moon and stars are smiling,
And I smile with them—and perish.

65.

No, the tameness and the sameness
Of your soul would not agree
With my own soul's ruder braveness,
Which o'er rocks went leaping free.

Your love-paths were graded turnpikes ;
Now with husband, every day,
Arm in arm I see you walking
Bravely,—in the family way !

66.

THEY gave me advice which I scarcely heeded,
Piled on me praises I never needed ;
Said that I only should "wait awhile."
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honour and approbation,
I should long ago have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow!—he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him—though *other* folks *can*,
For I myself am this excellent man!

67.

I CAN never speak too highly
Of this amiable young fellow;
Oft he treated me to oysters,
Good old hock and cordials mellow.

Neatly fit his coat and trousers;
His cravats are worth admiring;
And he sees me every morning,
Of my state of health inquiring.

Of my great renown still speaking,
Of my wit and condescension;
And to aid me, or to serve me,
Does his best without pretension.

Every evening, to the ladies,
In the tones of one inspired,
He declaims my "heavenly poems,
Which the world has so admired."

Oh, but is it not refreshing
Still to find such persons flying;
And in times like these, when truly
All the better sort seem dying?

68.

I DREAMED that I was Lord of all,
High up in Heaven sitting,
With cherubim who praised my verse
Around in glory flitting.

And cakes I ate, and sugar-plums,
Worth many a shining dollar,
And claret-punch I also drank,
With never a bill to follow.

And yet ennui vexed me sore,
I longed for earthly revels,
And were I not the Lord himself,
I sure had been the Devil's.

"Come, trot, tall Angel Gabriel,
To thee broad wings are given;
Go find my dearest friend *Eugene*,
And bring him up to Heaven!

"Ask not for him in lecture-rooms,
But where Tokay inspires;
Seek him not in the Hedwig's Church,
Seek him at Ma'msell Meyer's!"

Abroad he spreads his mighty wings,
To earth his course descends ;
He catches up the astonished youth,
Right from among his friends.

" Yes, youth, I now am Lord of all,
The earth is my possession ;
I always told you I was bound
To rise in my profession.

" And miracles I too can work,
To set you wild with pleasure ;
And now I'll make the town Berlin
Rejoice beyond all measure :

" For every stone which paves the street
Shall now be split in two ;
And in the midst shall sparkle bright
An oyster fresh as dew.

" A gentle shower of lemon-juice
Shall give the oysters savour ;
The gutters of the streets must run
With hock of extra flavour."

How the Berliners go to work !
What cries of joy they utter !
The council and the aldermen
Are swilling up the gutter.

And how the poets all rejoice,
To see things done so neatly ;
The ensigns and lieutenants, too,
Have cleaned the streets completely .

The wisest are the officers,
For, speculation scorning,
They sagely say, " Such miracles
Don't happen every morning."

69.

FROM sweetest lips have I been forced and driven,
From fairest arms and beauty captivating ;
Long had I gladly rested in this heaven,
But with his horses stood the post-boy waiting.

And such is life, my child—an endless plaining,
A long adieu, a lasting parting hour.
Could not your heart charm mine into remaining ?
Could not your glances keep me by their
power ?

70.

WE rode in the dark post-carriage,
We travelled all night alone ;
We slept and we jested together,
We laughed until morning shone.

But as daylight came dawning o'er us,
 My dear, how we started to find
 Between us a traveller named CUPID,
 Who had ventured on "going it blind."¹

71.

LORD knows where the wild young hussy
 Whom I seek has settled down ;
 Swearing at the rain and weather,
 I am scouring all the town.

I have run from inn to tavern—
 Ne'er a bit of news I gain ;
 And of every saucy waiter
 I've inquired—and all in vain.

¹ *Doch als es Morgens tagte,
 Mein Kind, wie staunten wir !
 Denn zwischen uns sass Amor
 Der blinde Passagier.*

I have heard "a blind passenger" described as the one who sits at the end of the *Kilwagen* (or Diligence), where there is no window. But in popular parlance, "the blind passenger" is one who, to translate a bit of German slang by its American equivalent, may be termed a "self-elected dead-head," or an individual who slips in and out of an entertainment, coach, steamboat, or the like, without paying for his admission.

Literally this verse reads:—"But when day dawned, my child, how we were astonished, for between us sat *Amor*, the blind passenger."—*Note by Translator.*

There she is!—at yonder window—
Smiling, beckoning to me. Well!
How was I to know you quartered,
Miss, in such a grand hotel?

72.

LIKE dusky dreams, the houses
Stand in a lengthened row;
And wrapped in my Spanish mantle,
Through the shadow I silently go.

The tower of the old cathedral
Announces that midnight has come;
And now, with her charms and her kisses,
My dearest is waiting at home.

The moon is my boon companion,
She cheerily lights my way,
Till I come to the house of my true love,
And then to the moon I say:

Many thanks for your light, old comrade;
Receive my parting bow;
For the rest of the night I'll excuse you;
Go shine upon other folks now.

And if you should "light" on a lover,
Who drearily sorrows alone,
Console him as you have consoled me,
In the wearisome times long gone.

73.

WHAT lies are hid in kisses,
What delight in mere parade !
To betray may have its blisses,
But more blest is the betrayed.

Say what thou wilt, my fairest,
Still I know what thou'lt receive ;
I'll believe just what thou swearest,
And will swear what thou'lt believe.

74.

UPON your snowy bosom
I laid my weary head,
And secretly I listened
To what thy heart-throbs said.

The blue hussars come riding
With trumpets to the gate,
And to-morrow she who loves me
Will seek another mate.

But though you leave to-morrow
To-day you still may rest,
And in your lovely arms, love,
Will I be doubly blest.

75.

BLUE hussars, with their trumpets loud
sounding,
Through the town-gate are riding away ;
So again to you, darling, I'm bringing
Fresh roses—a lovely bouquet.

Oh, that was the craziest business,
Much trouble in every part ;
And many a fine blade was “drawn,” dear,
And “quartered ” besides on—your heart !

76.

I too, in life's early season,
Had my pains beyond all reason,
From love's burning mood.
But now I find that wood is dear,
And fire burns lower every year,
Ma foi !—and that is good.

Think of that, my dear young beauty ;
Dry your tears, since joy is duty ;
Heed no false alarms.
While your veins with young love quiver,
Let the old love be lost forever,
Ma foi !—in my fond arms.

77.

How the eunuchs were complaining
At the roughness of my song ;
Complaining and explaining
That my voice was much too strong.

Then delicately thrilling,
They all began to sing ;
Like crystal was their trilling,
So pure it seemed to ring.

They sang of *passion* sweeping
In hot floods from the heart ;
The ladies all were weeping,
In a rapturous sense of Art !

78.

'Twas just in the midst of July that I left you,
And now in mid-winter I meet you once more ;
Then, as we parted, with heat ye were glowing,
Now ye are cool, and the fever is o'er.

Once more I leave !—should I come again hither,
Then you will be neither burning nor cold ;
Over your graves,—well-a-day !—I'll be treading,
And find that my own heart is weary and old.

79.

Now, then, do you really hate me ?
Are you really changed so sadly ?
I'll complain to everybody
That you've treated me so badly.
Oh, ye red lips, so ungrateful !
Say, how could you speak unkindly
Of the man who kissed so fondly,
And of him who loved so blindly ?

80.

STILL the same those eyes beguiling,
Which once lent to love completeness ;
Still the same those soft lips smiling,
Which to life gave all its sweetness.
Still the same that voice, whose music
I have listened to with yearning :
But I am the same no longer,
Changed as strangely since returning.
By the fair white arms so firmly,
Passionately now surrounded,
I upon her heart am lying
Melancholy and confounded.¹

¹ THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

And those are still the heavenly eyes,
Which mine would gently greet ;
And those are still the coral lips,
Which once made life so sweet.

81.

ROUND the walls of Salamanca
Soft the summer breeze is blowing ;
There I wander with my Donna,
When the evening red is glowing.
Round the lady's slender body
My embracing arm still lingers,
And I feel her bosom proudly
Swelling 'neath my happy fingers !

Yet a murmur as of anguish
Through the linden flowers comes streaming,
And the gloomy stream below us
Murmurs as if evil dreaming.

Ah, Señora ! dark forebodings
Of "expulsion" round are stalking ;
On the walls of Salamanca
We no more can then go walking.

'Tis the same voice of melody,
I once so gladly heard ;
I, only, am no more the same,
But changed in thought and word.

Now by those white and rounded arms
I'm passionately pressed ;
And lie upon her heart and feel
Gloomy and ill at rest.

82.

SCARCE had we met, when in tones and in
glances

I saw that you liked me, and nothing I missed ;
And had not your mother been there with her
fancies,

Right certain I am that at once we'd have kissed.

To-morrow I'll leave while the world will be
sleeping ;

Away, as of old, in my journey I'll go ;

And then, my blonde girl, from the window'll
be peeping,

And glances of love at the window I'll throw.

83.

THE sunlight is stealing o'er mountain and
river,

The cries of the flocks are heard over the plain ;

My love and my lamb and my darling for ever,

How glad I would be could I see thee again.

Upwards I look, and with glances full loving,

"Darling, adieu ! I must wander from thee."

Vainly I wait, for no curtain is moving ;

She lies and she sleeps, and she's dreaming of
me.

84.

IN the market-place of Halle
There stand two mighty lions;
Oh, thou lion-pride of Halle,
How greatly art thou tamed!

IN the market-place of Halle
There stands a mighty giant;
He hath a sword, yet never stirs,—
He's petrified with terror.

IN the market-place of Halle
A mighty church is standing,
Where the *Burschenschaft* and the *Lands-*
*mannschaft*¹
Have plenty of room for praying.

85.

SUMMER eve with day is striving,
Softly gaining wood and meadow;
'Mid blue heavens the golden moonlight
Gleams, in perfumed air reviving.

Crickets round the brook are cheeping,
Something stirs amid the water;
And the wanderer hears a plashing,
And a breath amid the sleeping:

¹ Student associations, the *Burschenschaft* being general and political in its objects, while the *Landsmannschafter* are local.—
Note by Translator.

There alone, beside the river,
See!—a fair Undine is bathing.
Arms and bosom, white and lovely,
In the shimmering moon-rays quiver.

86.

ON strange roads the night is lying,
Weariness and pain before me!
When, like blessings softly flying,
The sweet moon-rays quiver o'er me.

Gentle moon, by that bright gleaming,
Nightly terrors soon you banish;
And my eyes with tears are streaming,
As my fears and sorrows vanish.

87.

DEATH is a cool and pleasant night,
Life is a sultry day.
'Tis growing dark—I'm weary;
For day has tired me with his light.

Over my bed a fair tree gleams,
There sings a nightingale;
She sings of naught save love;
I hear it even in dreams.

88.

SAY, where is your own fair darling,
Whom you once were sweetly singing,
When the flames of magic power
Wildly in your heart were springing ?

Ah ! those flames no more are burning,
And my cold heart feels no flashes ;
And this book's the urn containing,
Of that love the dreary ashes.¹

¹ THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

Say, where is thine own sweet love,
Whom thou hast so sweetly sung,
When the flames of magic power
Strangely through thy wild heart sprung !

Ah ! those flames no longer burn,
And my heart is slow to move ;
And this book's the burial urn,
With the ashes of my love.

THE HARTZ JOURNEY.

(1824.)

"Nothing is permanent but change, nothing constant but death. Every pulsation of the heart inflicts a wound, and life would be an endless bleeding, were it not for Poetry. She secures to us what Nature would deny,—a golden age without rust, a spring which never fades, cloudless prosperity and eternal youth."—BÖRNE.

Black dress coats and silken stockings,
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah! I'm wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lovers' woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the dark-green fir-trees grow;
Brooks are rustling—birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall !
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

THE town of *Göttingen*, celebrated for its sausages and University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in-asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "council-cellar," where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the *Leine*, and is used in summer for bathing, its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad, that LUDER¹ was obliged to take quite a run ere he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at—backwards. It must be very ancient, for I well remember that five years ago, when I matriculated there (and shortly after "summoned"), it had already the same grey, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, dissertations, tea-parties, with a little dancing, washerwomen, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors ordinary and extraordinary, pipe-heads, court-counsellors, and law-counsellors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every Ger-

¹ The name of a dog.

man tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members, and that from these descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others, who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the colour of their caps and pipe-tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the *Rasenmill*, *Ritschenkrug*, and *Bovden*, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their princevally ancient law-book, known as the "Comment," which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors; besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen

Philistines must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created.

More accurate information of the town of Göttingen may be very conveniently obtained from its "Topography," by K. F. H. Marx. Though entertaining the most sacred regard for its author, who was my physician, and manifested for me much esteem, still I cannot pass by his work with altogether unconditional praise, inasmuch as he has not with sufficient zeal combatted the erroneous opinion that the ladies of Göttingen have *not* enormous feet. On this point I speak authoritatively, having for many years been earnestly occupied with a refutation of this belief. To confirm my views, I have not only studied comparative anatomy, and made copious extracts from the rarest works in the library, but have also watched for hours, in the Weender Street, the feet of the ladies as they walked by. In the fundamentally erudite treatise, which forms the result of these studies, I speak Firstly, of feet in general; Secondly, of the feet of antiquity; Thirdly, of elephants' feet; Fourthly, of the feet of the Göttingen ladies; Fifthly, I col-

lect all that was ever said in Ulrich's Garden on the subject of female feet; Sixthly, I regard feet in their connection with each other, availing myself of the opportunity to extend my observation to ankles, calves, knees, &c.; and finally and Seventhly, if I can manage to hunt up sheets of paper of sufficient size, I will present my readers with some copperplate facsimiles of the feet of the fair dames of Göttingen.

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned * * *, beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate, I met two native and diminutive schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore; he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of *Mensa*." Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record—nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen, for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded

academic pride so characteristic of the "highly learned" Georgia Augusta.

Fresh morning air blew over the road, the birds sang cheerily, and little by little, with the breeze and the birds, my mind also became fresh and cheerful. Such a refreshment was needed for one who had long been imprisoned in a stall of legal lore. Roman casuists had covered my soul with grey cobwebs; my heart was cemented firmly between the iron paragraphs of selfish systems of jurisprudence; there was an endless ringing in my ears of such sounds as "Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, and Blockheadian," and a sentimental brace of lovers seated under a tree appeared to me like an edition of the *Corpus Juris* with closed clasps. The road began to wear a more lively appearance. Milkmaids occasionally passed, as did also donkey-drivers with their grey pupils. Beyond Weende, I met the "Shepherd" and "Doris." This is not the idyllic pair sung by Gessner, but the well-matched University beadles, whose duty it is to keep watch and ward, so that no students fight duels in Bovden, and above all that no new ideas (such as are generally obliged to maintain a decennial quarantine before Göttingen) are smuggled in by speculative private teachers. SHEPHERD greeted me very collegially and congenially, for he too is an author, who has frequently mentioned my

name in his semi-annual writings. In addition to this, I may mention that when, as was frequently the case, he came to summon me before the university court and found me "not at home;" he was always kind enough to write the citation with chalk upon my chamber door. Occasionally a one-horse vehicle rolled along, well-packed with students, who travelled away for the vacation—or for ever. In such a university town there is an endless coming and going. Every three years beholds a new student-generation, forming an incessant human tide, where one vacation-wave washes along its predecessor, and only the old professors remain upright in the general flood, immovable as the Pyramids of Egypt. Unlike their Oriental cotemporaries, no tradition declares that in them treasures of wisdom are buried.

From amid the "myrtle leaves," by Rauschenwasser, I saw two hopeful youths appear. A female, who there carried on her business, accompanied them as far as the highway, clapped with a practised hand the meagre legs of the horses, laughed aloud as one of the cavaliers, inspired with a very peculiar spirit of gallantry, gave her a "cut behind" with his whip, and travelled off for Bovden. The youths, however, rattled along towards *Nörten*, trilling in a highly intelligent manner, and singing charmingly the Rossinian lay of "Drink beer, pretty, pretty 'Liza!" These

sounds I continued to hear when far in the distance, and after I had long lost sight of the amiable vocalists, as their horses, which appeared to be gifted with characters of extreme German deliberation, were spurred and lashed in a most excruciating style. In no place is the skinning alive of horses carried to such an extent as in Göttingen; and often, when I beheld some lame and sweating hack, who, to earn the scraps of fodder which maintained his wretched life, was obliged to endure the torment of some roaring blade, or draw a whole waggon-load of students, I reflected: "Unfortunate beast! most certainly thy first ancestors, in some horse-paradise, did eat of forbidden oats."

In the tavern at Nörten I again met my two vocalists. One devoured a herring-salad and the other amused himself with the leathern-complexioned waiting-maid, Fusia Canina, also known as Stepping-Bird.¹ He passed from compliments to caresses, until they became finally "hand-in-glove" together.² To lighten my knapsack, I extracted from it a pair of blue pantaloons, which were somewhat remarkable in a historical point of view, and presented them to the little waiter,

¹ *Trittwogel*, or "Step-bird," signifies, in German student slang, one who demands money, a Manichean, or creditor, &c.—*Note by Translator.* It has also a more vulgar signification.

² Hand-in-glove—*Hand-gemein*.

whom we called Humming-Bird. The old landlady, Bussenia, brought me bread and butter, and greatly lamented that I so seldom visited her, for she loved me dearly.

Beyond Nörten the sun flashed high in heaven. He evidently wished to treat me honourably, and warmed my heart until all the unripe thoughts which it contained came to full growth. The pleasant Sun Tavern in Nörten should not be passed over in silence, for it was there that I breakfasted. All the dishes were excellent, and suited me far better than the wearisome, academical courses of saltless, leathery dried fish and cabbage *rechauffée*, which characterised both our physical and mental pabulum at Göttingen. After I had somewhat appeased my appetite, I remarked in the same room of the tavern a gentleman and two ladies, who appeared about to depart on their journey. The cavalier was clad entirely in green, even to his eyes, over which a pair of green spectacles cast in turn a verdigris glow upon his copper-red nose. The gentleman's general appearance was that which we may presume King Nebuchadnezzar to have presented after having passed a few years out at grass. The Green One requested me to recommend him to a hotel in Göttingen, and I advised him when there to inquire of the first convenient student for the *Hotel de Brübach*. One lady was evidently his wife:

an altogether extensively constructed dame, gifted with a red mile-stone countenance, with dimples in her cheeks, which looked like hide-and-go-seek holes for well-grown cupids. A copious double-chin appeared below, like an imperfect continuation of the face, while her high-piled bosom, which was defended by stiff points of lace and a many-cornered collar, as if by turrets and bastions, reminded one of a fortress. Still, it is by no means certain that this fortress would have resisted an ass laden with gold, any more than did that of which Philip of Macedon spoke. The other lady, her sister, seemed her extreme anti-type. If the one were descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the other was as certainly derived from the lean. Her face was but a mouth between two ears; her breast was as inconsolably comfortless and dreary as the Lüneburger heath; while her altogether dried-up figure reminded one of a charity-table for poor students of theology. Both ladies asked me, in a breath, if respectable people lodged in the Hotel de Brübach? I assented to this question with certainty and a clear conscience, and as the charming trio drove away, I waved my hand to them many times from the window. The landlord of the Sun laughed, however, in his sleeve, being probably aware that the Hotel de Brübach was a name bestowed by the students of Göttingen upon their University prison.

Beyond *Nordheim* mountain ridges begin to appear, and the traveller occasionally meets with a picturesque eminence. The wayfarers whom I encountered were principally pedlars, travelling to the Brunswick fair, and among them were swarms of women, every one of whom bore on her back an incredibly large pack, covered with linen. In these packs were cages, containing every variety of singing birds, which continually chirped and sung, while their bearers merrily hopped along and sang together. It seemed droll to thus behold one bird carrying others to market.

The night was dark as pitch as I entered *Osterode*. I had no appetite for supper, and at once went to bed. I was as tired as a dog, and slept like a god. In my dreams I returned to Göttingen, even to its very library. I stood in a corner of the Hall of Jurisprudence, turning over old dissertations, lost myself in reading, and when I finally looked up, remarked to my astonishment that it was night, and that the hall was illuminated by innumerable overhanging crystal chandeliers. The bell of the neighbouring church struck twelve, the hall doors slowly opened, and there entered a superb colossal female form, reverentially accompanied by the members and hangers-on of the legal faculty. The giantess, though advanced in years, retained in her coun-

tenance traces of extreme beauty, and her every glance indicated the sublime Titaness, the mighty Themis. The sword and balance were carelessly grasped in her right hand, while with the left she held a roll of parchment. Two young *Doctores Juris* bore the train of her faded grey robe; by her right side the lean Court Counsellor Rusticus, the Lycurgus of Hanover, fluttered here and there like a zephyr, declaiming extracts from his last legal essay, while by her left, her *cavaliere servante*, the privy legal counsellor Cajacius, hobbled gaily and gallantly along, constantly cracking legal jokes, laughing himself so heartily at his own wit, that even the serious goddess often smiled and bent over him, exclaiming as she tapped him on the shoulder with the great parchment roll, "Thou little scamp, who cuttest down the tree from the top!" All of the gentlemen who formed her escort now drew nigh in turn, each having something to remark or jest over, either a freshly worked up system, or a miserable little hypothesis, or some similar abortion of their own brains. Through the open door of the hall now entered many strange gentlemen, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrious order; mostly angular suspicious-looking fellows, who with extreme complacency blazed away with their definitions and hair-splittings, disputing

over every scrap of a title to the title of a pandect. And other forms continually flocked in, the forms of those who were learned in law in the olden time,—men in antiquated costume, with long counsellor's wigs and forgotten faces, who expressed themselves greatly astonished that they, the widely famed of the previous century, should not meet with especial consideration; and these, after their manner, joined in the general chattering and screaming, which like ocean breakers became louder and madder around the mighty Goddess, until she, bursting from impatience, suddenly cried, in a tone of the most agonised Titanic pain, "Silence! Silence! I hear the voice of the loved Prometheus. Mocking cunning and brute force are chaining the Innocent One to the rock of martyrdom, and all your prattling and quarrelling will not allay his wounds or break his fetters!" So cried the Goddess, and rivulets of tears sprang from her eyes, the entire assembly howled as if in the agonies of death, the ceiling of the hall burst asunder, the books tumbled madly from their shelves, and in vain the portrait of old Münchausen called out "Order" from his frame, for all crashed and raged more wildly around. I sought refuge from this Bedlam broke loose in the Hall of History, near that gracious spot where the holy images of the Apollo Belvedere and the

Venus de Medici stand near together, and I knelt at the feet of the Goddess of Beauty. In her glance I forgot all the wearisome barren labour which I had passed, my eyes drank in with intoxication the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her infinitely blessed form; Hellenic calm swept through my soul, while above my head Phœbus Apollo poured forth like heavenly blessings the sweetest tones of his lyre.

Awaking, I continued to hear a pleasant musical ringing. The flocks were on their way to pasture, and their bells were tinkling. The blessed golden sunlight shone through the window, illuminating the pictures on the walls of my room. They were sketches from the War of Independence, and among them were placed representations of the execution of Louis XVI. on the guillotine, and other decapitations which no one could behold without thanking God that he lay quietly in bed drinking excellent coffee, and with his head comfortably adjusted upon neck and shoulders.

After I had drunk my coffee, dressed myself, read the inscriptions upon the window-panes, and set everything straight in the inn, I left Osterode.

This town contains a certain quantity of houses and a given number of inhabitants, among whom are divers and sundry souls, as may be ascertained in detail from "Gottschalk's

Pocket-Book for Hartz Travellers." Ere I struck into the highway I ascended the ruins of the very ancient Osteroder Burg. They consisted of merely the half of a great, thick-walled tower, which appeared to be fairly honeycombed by time. The road to *Clausthal* led me again uphill, and from one of the first eminences I looked back into the dale where Osterode with its red roofs peeps out from among the green fir woods, like a moss-rose from amid its leaves. The pleasant sunlight inspired gentle, child-like feelings. From this spot the imposing rear of the remaining portion of the tower may be seen to advantage.

There are many other ruined castles in this vicinity. That of Hardenberg, near Nörten, is the most beautiful. When one has, as he should, his heart on the left, that is, the liberal side, he cannot banish all poetic feeling on beholding the rocky nests of those privileged birds of prey, who left to their effete descendants only their fierce appetites. So it happened to me this morning. My heart thawed gradually as I departed from Göttingen; I again became romantic, and as I went on I made this poem:—

Rise again, ye dreams forgotten;
Heart-gate, open to the sun!
Joys of song and tears of sorrow
Sweetly strange from thee shall run.

I will rove the fir-tree forest,
Where the merry fountain springs,
Where the free proud stags are wandering,
Where the thrush, my darling, singa.

I will climb upon the mountain,
On the steep and rocky height,
Where the grey old castle ruins
Stand in rosy morning light.

I will sit awhile reflecting
On the times long passed away,
Lineages which once were famous,
Glories sunk in deep decay.

Grass now grows upon the tilt-yard,
Where the proud and daring man
Overcame another champion,
And the prize of battle wan.

O'er the balcony twines ivy,
Where the fairest gave the prize,
Conquering the haughty warrior
Who had conquered—with her eyes.

Knightly conqueror—lady victor,
Both o'ercome by Death's cold hand;
So the scythe-knight, dry and ghastly,
Lays us all low in the sand.¹

¹ The preceding passage, from "There are many other ruined castles," including the ballad, is omitted in the original edition, and also in the American version. Apropos of the poem, which was evidently suggested by that of Goethe—

"Dort droben auf jenem Berge,"

I may remark that the reis no *Raubritternest* in all Germany to which this ballad could be more appropriately applied than

After proceeding a little distance, I overtook and went along with a travelling journeyman, who came from Brunswick, and related to me, that it was generally believed in that city that their young Duke had been taken prisoner by the Turks during his tour in the Holy Land, and could only be ransomed by an enormous sum. The extensive travels of the Duke probably originated this tale. The people at large still preserve that traditional fable-loving train of ideas which is so pleasantly shown in their "Duke Ernst." The narrator of this news was a tailor, a neat little youth, but so thin, that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's misty ghosts. Altogether, he formed an eccentric mixture of affectation and lower-class melancholy. This was peculiarly expressed in the droll and affecting manner in which he sang that extraordinary popular ballad, "A beetle sat upon the hedge, *summ, summ!*" That is a pleasant peculiarity of us Germans. No one is so crazy but that he may find a crazier comrade who will understand him. Only a German *can* appreciate that song, and in the same breath

to the Falkenstein, which rises before me as I translate. It is famous in popular songs for the cruelty of its ancient possessors, as in the one beginning:—

"Ausritt der Herr von Falkenstein."

—*Note by the Translator.*

laugh and cry himself to death over it. On this occasion, I also remark the depth to which the words of Goethe have penetrated into the national life. My lean comrade trilled occasionally as he went along. "Joyful and sorrowful, thoughts are free!" Such a corruption of a text is usual among the multitude. He also sang a song in which "Lottie by the grave of Werther" wept. The tailor ran over with sentimentalism in the words, "Sadly by the rose-beds now I weep, where the late moon found us oft alone! Moaning where the silver fountains sleep, which rippled once delight in every tone." But he soon became capricious and petulant, remarking, that "We have a Prussian in the tavern at Cassel, who makes exactly such songs himself. He can't sew a single decent stitch. When he has a penny in his pocket, he always has two-pence worth of thirst with it; and when he has a drop in his eye, he takes heaven to be a blue jacket, weeps like a roof-spout, and sings a song with double poetry." I desired an explanation of this last expression, but my tailoring friend hopped about on his walking-cane legs and cried incessantly, "Double poetry is double poetry, and nothing else." Finally, I ascertained that he meant doubly rhymed poems or stanzas. Meanwhile, owing to his extra exertion and an adverse wind, the Knight of the Needle became sadly

weary. It is true that he still made a great pretence of advancing, and blustered, "Now I will take the road between my legs." But he immediately after explained that his feet were blistered, and that the world was by far too extensive; and finally sinking down at the foot of a tree, he moved his delicate little head like the tail of a troubled lamb, and woefully smiling, murmured, "Here am I, poor vagabond, already again weary!"

The hills here became steeper, the fir-woods below like a green sea, and white clouds above sailed along over the blue sky. The wildness of the region was, however, tamed by its uniformity and the simplicity of its elements. Nature, like a true poet, abhors abrupt transitions. Clouds, however fantastically formed they may at times appear, still have a white, or at least a subdued hue, harmoniously corresponding with the blue heaven and the green earth; so that all the colours of a landscape blend into each other like soft music, and every glance at such a natural picture tranquillises and reassures the soul. The late Hoffman would have painted the clouds spotted and chequered. And like a great poet, Nature knows how to produce the greatest effects with the most limited means. *There* she has only a sun, trees and flowers, water and love. Of course, if the latter be lacking in

the heart of the observer, the whole will, in all probability, present but a poor appearance; the sun will be so and so many miles in diameter, the trees are for fire-wood, the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet.

A little boy who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle pointed out to me the village of *Lerrbach*, whose little huts with grey roofs scatter along for two miles through the valley. "There," said he, "live idiots with goitres, and white negroes." By white negroes the people mean *albinos*. The little fellow lived on terms of peculiar understanding with the trees, addressing them like old acquaintances, while they in turn seemed by their waving and rustling to return his salutations. He chirped like a thistle-finch; many birds around answered his call, and ere I was aware, he had disappeared with his little bare feet and his bundle of brush amid the thickets. "Children," thought I, "are younger than we; they can perhaps remember when they were once trees or birds, and are consequently still able to understand them. We of larger growth are, alas! too old for that, and carry about in our heads too much legal lore, and too many sorrows and bad verses." But the time when it was otherwise recurred vividly to me as I entered Clausthal. In this pretty little mountain town, which the

traveller does not behold until he stands directly before it, I arrived just as the clock was striking twelve, and the children came tumbling merrily out of school. The little rogues, nearly all red-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, sprang and shouted, and awoke in me melancholy and cheerful memories—how I once myself, as a little boy, sat all the forenoon long in a gloomy Catholic cloister school in Düsseldorf, without so much as daring to stand up, enduring meanwhile such a terrible amount of Latin, whipping, and geography, and how I too hurrahed and rejoiced beyond all measure when the old Franciscan clock at last struck twelve. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and greeted me in the most hospitable manner. One of the boys told me that they had just had a lesson in religion, and showed me the Royal Hanoverian Catechism, from which they were questioned on Christianity. This little book was very badly printed, so that I greatly feared that the doctrines of faith made thereby but an unpleasant blotting-paper sort of impression upon the children's minds. I was also shocked at observing that the multiplication table contrasted with the Holy Trinity on the last page of the catechism, as it at once occurred to me that by this means the minds of the children might, even in their earliest years, be led to the most sinful scepti-

cism. We Prussians are more intelligent, and, in our zeal for converting those heathens who are familiar with arithmetic, take good care not to print the multiplication table behind the catechism.

I dined in the "Crown," at Clausthal. My repast consisted of spring-green parsley-soup, violet-blue cabbage, a pile of roast veal, which resembled Chimborazo in miniature, and a sort of smoked herrings, called *Bückings*, from their inventor, William Bücking, who died in 1447, and who, on account of the invention, was so greatly honoured by Charles V. that the great monarch in 1556 made a journey from Middleburg to Bievelied in Zealand for the express purpose of visiting the grave of the great fish-drier. How exquisitely such dishes taste when we are familiar with their historical associations! Unfortunately, my after-dinner coffee was spoiled by a youth, who, in conversing with me ran on in such an outrageous strain of noise and vanity that the milk was soured. He was a counter-jumper, wearing twenty-five variegated waistcoats, and as many gold seals, rings, breast-pins, &c. He seemed like a monkey, who, having put on a red coat, had resolved within himself that clothes make the man. This gentleman had got by heart a vast amount of charades and anecdotes, which he continually repeated in the most inappropriate places. He asked for the news in

Göttingen, and I informed him that a decree had been recently published there by the Academical Senate, forbidding any one under penalty of three dollars to dock puppies' tails, because during the dog-days mad dogs invariably ran with their tails between their legs, thus giving a warning indication of the existence of hydrophobia, which could not be perceived were the caudal appendage absent. After dinner I went forth to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries.

In the silver refinery, as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this I have never been able to advance. On such occasions mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe that if it should rain dollars from heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp in my hand, and said to it, "Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue! how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering!

how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until, finally laden with trespasses and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an Abraham, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being, perhaps to an innocent little tea-spoon, with which my own great-great-grandson will mash his porridge."

I will narrate in detail my visit to "Dorothea" and "Caroline," the two principal Clausthaler mines, having found them very interesting.

Half a German mile from the town are situated two large dingy buildings. Here the traveller is transferred to the care of the miners. These men wear dark, and generally steel-blue coloured jackets, of ample girth, descending to the hips, with pantaloons of a similar hue, a leather apron bound on behind, and a rimless green felt-hat, which resembles a decapitated nine-pin. In such a garb, with the exception of the "back-leather," the visitor is also clad, and a miner, his "leader," after lighting his mine-lamp, conducts him to a gloomy entrance, resembling a chimney-hole, descends as far as the breast, gives him a few directions relative to grasping the ladder, and carelessly requests him to follow. The affair is entirely devoid of danger, though it at first appears quite otherwise to

those unacquainted with the mysteries of mining. Even the putting on of the dark convict-dress awakens very peculiar sensations. Then one must clamber down on all fours,¹ the dark hole is so *very* dark, and Lord only knows how long the ladder may be! But we soon remark that this is not the only ladder in the black eternity around, for there are many of from fifteen to twenty rounds apiece, each standing upon a board capable of supporting a man, and from which a new hole leads in turn to a new ladder. I first entered the *Caroline*, the dirtiest and most disagreeable of that name with whom I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. The rounds of the ladders were covered with wet mud. And from one ladder we descended to another with the guide ever in advance, continually assuring us that there is no danger so

¹ In this the "Hartz Journey" Heine was evidently indebted for many ideas or expressions to a very rare work, the *Blockesberges Verrichtung*, by M. Johannes Prætorius (Leipzig, 1669). It would appear that even in Heine's time the entrance to the mine had not been improved for two centuries, for Prætorius tells us of it that: "The leader, providing us with light, went before. The entrance to the hole was low and narrow, so that we had to squeeze down into it, one after the other, on hands and feet; then it became a little broader, but even as it increased in width, so it did in steepness, till it was like clambering and descending hills and precipices."

Heine had read this work by Prætorius, as he cites it in his "Elementary Spirits."—*Note by Translator.*

long as we hold firmly to the rounds and do not look at our feet, and that we must not for our lives tread on the side plank, where the buzzing barrel-rope runs, and where two weeks ago a careless man was knocked down, unfortunately breaking his neck by the fall. Far below is a confused rustling and humming, and we continually bump against beams and ropes which are in motion, winding up and raising barrels of broken ore or of water. Occasionally we pass galleries hewn in the rock, called "stulms," where the ore may be seen growing, and where some solitary miner sits the livelong day, wearily hammering pieces from the walls. I did not descend to those deepest depths where it is reported that the people on the other side of the world, in America, may be heard crying, "Hurrah for Lafayette!" Where I went seemed to me, however, deep enough in all conscience; amid an endless roaring and rattling, the mysterious sounds of machinery, the rush of subterranean streams, the sickening clouds of ore dust continually rising, water dripping on all sides, and the miner's lamp gradually growing dimmer and dimmer. The effect was really benumbing, I breathed with difficulty, and held with trouble to the slippery rounds. It was not *fright* which overpowered me, but oddly enough, down there in the depths, I remembered that a

year before, about the same time, I had been in a storm on the North Sea, and I now felt that it would be an agreeable change could I feel the rocking of the ship, hear the wind with its thunder-trumpet tones, while amid its lulls sounded the hearty cry of the sailors, and all above was freshly swept by God's own free air. Yes, air!—Panting for air, I rapidly climbed several dozens of ladders, and my guide led me through a narrow and very long gallery towards the Dorothea mine. Here it is airier and fresher, and the ladders are cleaner, though at the same time longer and steeper, than in the Caroline. I felt revived and more cheerful, particularly as I observed indications of human beings. Far below I saw wandering, wavering lights; miners with their lamps came one by one upwards, with the greeting, "Good luck to you!" and receiving the same salutation from us, went onwards and upwards. Something like a friendly and quiet, yet at the same time terrific and enigmatical, recollection flitted across my mind as I met the deep glances and earnest pale faces of these men, mysteriously illuminated by their lanterns, and thought how they had worked all day in lonely and secret places in the mines, and how they now longed for the blessed light of day, and for the glances of wives and children.

My guide himself was a thoroughly honest, honourable, blundering German being.¹ With inward joy he pointed out to me the "stulm" where the Duke of Cambridge, when he visited the mines, dined with all his train, and where the long wooden table yet stands, with the accompanying great chair, made of ore, in which the Duke sat. "This is to remain as an eternal memorial," said the good miner, and he related with enthusiasm how many festivities had then taken place, how the entire "stulm" had been adorned with lamps, flowers, and decorations of leaves; how a miner boy had played on the cithern and sung; how the dear, delighted fat Duke had drained many healths, and what a number of miners (himself especially) would cheerfully die for the dear, fat Duke, and for the whole house of Hanover. I am moved to my very heart when I see loyalty thus manifested in all its natural simplicity. It is such a beautiful sentiment! And such a purely *German* sentiment! Other people may be more intelligent and wittier, and more agreeable, but none are so faithful as the real German race. Did I not know that fidelity is as old as the world, I would believe that a German had invented it. German fidelity is no modern "yours

¹ *Pudeldeutsche Natur*, "poodle German," implying blind, doglike fidelity.—*Note by Translator.*

very truly," or "I remain your humble servant." In your courts, ye German princes, ye should cause to be sung, and sung again, the old ballad of *The trusty Eckhart and the base Burgund* who slew Eckhart's seven children, and still found him faithful. Ye have the truest people in the world, and ye err when ye deem that the old, intelligent, trusty hound has suddenly gone mad, and snaps at your sacred calves!

And like German fidelity, the little mine-lamp has guided us quietly and securely, without much flickering or flaring, through the labyrinth of shafts and stulms. We jump from the gloomy mountain-night—sunlight flashes around:—
"Luck to you!"¹

Most of the miners dwell in Clausthal, and in the adjoining small town of *Zellerfeld*. I visited several of these brave fellows, observed their little household arrangements, heard many of their songs, which they skilfully accompany with their favourite instrument, the cithern, and listened to old mining legends, and to their prayers, which they are accustomed to daily

¹ "And as we left the cave, where we suffered from cold, holding in our hands the burning lights—two only of ours had been extinguished (which is doubtless done by the spirits of earth)—and relighted, we came forth into great heat, owing to the clear sunlight, as if we had gone from cool air into a warm bath."—*J. Prætorius, Appendix Summaria, Blockesberge Ver-richtung.*

offer in company ere they descend the gloomy shaft. And many a good prayer did I offer up with them. One old climber even thought that I ought to remain among them, and become a man of the mines; and as I, after all, departed, he gave me a message to his brother, who dwelt near *Goslar*, and many kisses for his darling niece.

Immovably tranquil as the life of these men may appear, it is, notwithstanding, a real and vivid life. That ancient trembling crone who sits before the great clothes-press and behind a stove, may have been there for a quarter of a century, and all her thinking and feeling is, beyond a doubt, intimately blended with every corner of the stove and the carvings of the press. And clothes-press and stove *live*,—for a human being hath breathed into them a portion of its soul.

Only a life of this deep-looking into phenomena and its “immediateness” could originate the German popular tale whose peculiarity consists in this,—that in it not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently inanimate, speak and act. To thinking, harmless beings, who dwelt in the quiet homeness of their lowly mountain cabins or forest huts, the inner life of these objects was gradually revealed; they acquired a necessary and consequential character, a sweet blending of fantasy and pure human

reflection. This is the reason why, in such fables, we find the extreme of singularity allied to a spirit of perfect self-intelligence, as when the pin and the needle wander forth from the tailor's home and are bewildered in the dark; when the straw and the coal seek to cross the brook and are destroyed;¹ when the dust-pan and broom quarrel and fight on the stairs; when the interrogated mirror of "Snow-drop" shows the image of the fairest lady, and when even drops of blood begin to utter dark words of the deepest compassion. And this is the reason why our life in childhood is so infinitely significant, for then all things are of the same importance, nothing escapes our attention, there is equality in every impression; while, when more advanced in years, we must act with design, busy ourselves more exclusively with particulars, carefully exchange the pure gold of observation for the paper currency of book definitions, and win in the *breadth* of life what we have lost in depth.

¹ This story of the straw, the coal, and the bean is curiously Latinised in the *Nugæ Renales*:—

"Pruna, Faba, et Stramen rivum transire laborant, seque idio in ripis Stramen utrimque locat. Sic quasi per pontem Faba transit, Pruna sed urit Stramen, et in medias præcipitatur aquas. Hoc cernens nimio risu faba rumpitur imo parte sui, hancque quasi tacta pudore tegit."

Heine's remarks on the subject of the origin of attributing mind to inanimate objects deserve serious attention from all students of Folk-Lore.—*Note by Translator.*

Now, we are grown-up, respectable people, we often inhabit new dwellings; the house-maid daily cleans them, and changes at her will the position of the furniture, which interests us but little, as it is either new, or may belong to-day to Jack, to-morrow to Isaac. Even our very clothes are strange to us, we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat we wear,—for we change our garments as often as possible, and none of them remain deeply identified with our external or inner history. We can hardly remember how that brown vest once looked, which attracted so much laughter, and yet on the broad stripes of which the dear hand of the loved one so gently rested!

The old dame who sat before the clothes-press and behind the stove wore a flowered dress of some old-fashioned material, which had been the bridal-robe of her long-buried mother. Her great-grandson, a flashing-eyed blonde boy, clad in a miner's dress, knelt at her feet, and counted the flowers on her dress. It may be that she has narrated to him many a story connected with that dress; seriously pretty stories, which the boy will not readily forget, which will often recur to him when he, a grown-up man, works alone in the midnight galleries of the Caroline, and which he in turn will narrate when the dear grandmother has long been dead, and he him-

self, a silver-haired, tranquil old man, sits amid the circle of *his* grandchildren before the great clothes-press and behind the oven.

I lodged that night in "The Crown," where I had the pleasure of meeting and paying my respects to the old Court Counsellor B——, of Göttingen. Having inscribed my name in the book of arrivals, I found therein the honoured autograph of Adalbert von Chamisso, the biographer of the immortal *Schlemihl*. The landlord remarked of Chamisso that the gentleman had arrived during one terrible storm and departed in another.

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many shaded green trees were gilded by the sun, and over all the blue silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, and which I could not banish.



It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns, which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then—O Heavens!—I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased

each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many-coloured harlequin, —and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea-monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me, with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight, in fact, when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep, and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love-dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

The name of *Goslar* rings so pleasantly, and there are so many very ancient and imperial associations connected therewith, that I had hoped to find an imposing and stately town. But it is always the same old story when we examine celebrities too closely. I found a nest

of houses, drilled in every direction with narrow streets of labyrinthine crookedness, and amid which a miserable stream, probably the Gose, winds its flat and melancholy way. The pavement of the town is as ragged as Berlin hexameters. Only the antiquities which are imbedded in the frame or mounting of the city—that is to say, its remnants of walls, towers and battlements—give the place a piquant look. One of these towers, known as the *Zwinger*, or donjon-keep, has walls of such extraordinary thickness that entire rooms are excavated therein.¹ The open place before the town, where the world-renowned shooting matches are held, is a beautiful large plain surrounded by high mountains. The market is small, and in its midst is a spring fountain, the water from which pours into a great metallic basin. When an alarm of fire is raised, they strike strongly on this cup-formed basin, which gives out a very loud vibration. Nothing is known of the origin of this work. Some say that the devil placed it once during the night on the spot where it stands. In those days people

¹ Of the *Reinstein* Prætorius writes : " It is a quaint, strange building, in which many rooms . . . are hewn out of the stone ; go where you will in them, there is naught save stone." He then describes the tremendous echo or vibration of the air produced by firing a gun there, and then a pit, which the devil keeps full of pebbles. Though there be no plagiarism here, the suggested sequence of thought is interesting.—*Note by Translator.*

were as yet fools, nor was the devil any wiser, and they mutually exchanged gifts.

The town-hall of Goslar is a white-washed police-station. The Guildhall, hard by, has a somewhat better appearance. In this building, equidistant from roof and ceiling, stand the statues of the German emperors. Partly gilded, and altogether of a smoke-black hue, they look, with their sceptres and globes of empire, like roasted college beadles. One of the emperors holds a sword instead of a sceptre. I cannot imagine the reason of this variation from the established order, though it has doubtless some occult signification, as Germans have the remarkable peculiarity of meaning something in whatever they do.

In Gottschalk's "Handbook" I had read much of the very ancient *Dom* or cathedral, and of the far-famed imperial throne at Goslar. But when I wished to see these curiosities, I was informed that the church had been torn down, and that the throne had been carried to Berlin. We live in deeply significant times, when millennial churches are shattered to fragments, and imperial thrones are tumbled into the lumber-room.

A few memorials of the late cathedral of happy memory are still preserved in the church of St. Stephen. These consist of stained glass

pictures of great beauty, a few indifferent paintings, including a Lucas Cranach, a wooden Christ crucified, and a heathen altar of some unknown metal. This latter resembles a long square box, and is supported by four caryatides, which, in a bowed position, hold their hands over their heads, and make the most hideous grimaces. But far more hideous is the adjacent wooden crucifix of which I have just spoken. This head of Christ, with its real hair and thorns and blood-stained countenance, represents, in the most masterly manner, the death of a *man*,—but not of a divinely-born Saviour. Nothing but physical suffering is portrayed in this image,—not the sublime poetry of pain. Such a work would be more appropriately placed in a hall of anatomy than in a house of the Lord.

The sacristan's wife—deeply artistic—who led me about, showed me a special rarity. This was a many-cornered, well-planed black board covered with white numerals, which hung like a lamp in the middle of the building. Oh, how brilliantly does the spirit of invention manifest itself in the Protestant Church! The numbers on this board are those of the Psalms for the day, which are generally chalked on a common black tablet, and have a very sobering effect on an æsthetic mind, but which in the form above described even ornament the church, and fully

make up the want of pictures by Raphael. Such progress delights me infinitely, since I, as Protestant, and, in fact, Lutheran, am ever deeply annoyed when Catholic opponents ridicule the empty, God-forsaken appearance of Protestant churches.

I lodged in a tavern near the market, where I should have enjoyed my dinner much better if the landlord, with his long superfluous face, and his still longer questions, had not planted himself opposite to me. Fortunately I was soon relieved by the arrival of another stranger, who was obliged to run in turn the gauntlet of *quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?*¹ This stranger was an old, weary, worn-out man, who, as it appeared from his conversation, had been all over the world, had resided very long in Batavia, had made much money, and lost it all, and who now, after thirty years' absence, was returning to Quedlinburg, his

¹ Prætorius gives this series amusingly, as follows, applying it to inquiries as to the names of witches:—

1. Person—*Quis?*
2. Journey—*Quid?*
3. Place—*Ubi?*
4. Vehicle—*Quibus auxiliis?*
5. Intentions—*Cur?*
6. Place and kind—*Quomodo?*
7. Time when—*Quando?*
8. Extent of time—*Quamdiu?*

—*Blockesberges Verrichtung. Translator.*

native city,—“for,” said he, “our family has there its hereditary tomb.” The landlord here made the highly intelligent remark that it was all the same thing to the soul where the body was buried. “Have you scriptural authority for that?” retorted the stranger, while mysterious and crafty wrinkles circled around his pinched lips and faded eyes. “But,” he added, as if nervously desirous of conciliating, “I mean no harm against graves in foreign lands,—oh, no! The Turks bury their dead more beautifully than we ours; their churchyards are perfect gardens, and there they sit by their white turbaned gravestones under cypress trees, and stroke their grave beards and calmly smoke their Turkish tobacco from their long Turkish pipes; and then among the Chinese it is a real pleasure to see how genteely they walk around, and pray and drink tea among the graves of their ancestors, and play the violin; and how beautifully they bedeck the beloved tombs with all sorts of gilt lacquered work, porcelain images, bits of coloured silk, fresh flowers and variegated lanterns—all very fine indeed. How far is it yet to Quedlinburg?”

The churchyard at Goslar did not appeal very strongly to my feelings; but a certain very pretty blonde-ringletted head which peeped smilingly from a parterre window *did*. After

dinner I again took an observation of this fascinating window, but instead of a maiden, I beheld a vase containing white bell-flowers. I clambered up, stole the flowers, put them neatly in my cap and descended, unheeding the gaping mouths, petrified noses, and goggle eyes with which the street population, and especially the old women, regarded this qualified theft. As I, an hour later, passed by the same house, the beauty stood by the window, and as she saw the flowers in my cap, she blushed like a ruby and started back. This time I had seen the beautiful face to better advantage; it was a sweet transparent incarnation of summer evening air, moonshine, nightingale notes, and rose perfume. Later, in the twilight hour, she was standing at the door. I came—I drew near—she slowly retreated into the dark entry. I followed, and seizing her hand, said, "I am a lover of beautiful flowers and of kisses, and when they are not given to me I steal them." Here I quickly snatched a kiss, and as she was about to fly, I whispered apologetically, "To-morrow I leave this town, and never return again." Then I perceived a faint pressure of the lovely lips and of the little hand, and I—went smiling away. Yes, I must smile when I reflect that this was precisely the magic formula by which our red and blue-coated cavaliers more frequently win female hearts than by their

mustachioed attractiveness. "To-morrow I leave, and never return again!"

My chamber commanded a fine view towards Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a "man in the moon"? The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named Clotar, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little, they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible "Hand of Glory" had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality — dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremburg, who with nightcap on his head and white clay pipe in mouth sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort that it would be right pleasant if, with unextinguishable pipe and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover who in the

arms of his loved one thought the immortality-thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside? Love! Immortality! it speedily became so hot in my breast that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love;—it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded, yet ashamed, appear to await for concealing darkness that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings and breathe them out in sweet odours. Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! *Now* she lies in slumber; at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep, it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, the birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.

During these philosophical reflections I was surprised by a visit from Court Councillor B., who had recently arrived in Goslar. I had never before felt so sensibly the benevolent good-nature of this man. I honour him greatly for his remarkable and practically successful cleverness,¹ and yet more for his modesty. I found him unusually cheerful, fresh, and active. That he is the last, he recently proved by his new book, "The Religion of the Future," a work which so much delighted the Rationalists, vexed the Mystics, and set the great public astir. I myself am just at present a Mystic, following the advice of my physician to avoid all stimulants to thought. Still I do not fail to appreciate the inestimable value of Paulus, Gurlitt, Krug, Eichhorn, Bouterwek, Wegscheider, and others. By chance it is greatly to my advantage that these people clear away so much ancient rubbish, particularly the old ecclesiastical ruins and refuse which shelter so many snakes and stinks. The air in Germany is too dense and sultry, and I often fear lest I smother or am strangled by my beloved fellow-mystics in their heat of love. Therefore I will have anything but ill-feeling towards my good rationalists, even if they cool the air a little too much. Fundamentally,

¹ *Erfolgreichen scharfsinns.* The quickness of perception or shrewdness which is followed by useful results.

Nature has appointed limits even to rationalism itself; man cannot exist under an air-pump or at the North Pole.¹

During the night which I passed at Goslar, a remarkably curious occurrence befell me. Even now I cannot think of it without terror. I am not by nature cowardly, but I fear *ghosts* almost as much as the "Austrian Observer." What is fear? Does it come from the understanding or from the natural disposition? This was a point which I frequently disputed with Dr. Saul Ascher, when we accidentally met in the *Café Royal* in Berlin, where I for a long time dined. The Doctor invariably maintained that we feared anything, because we recognised it as fearful, owing to certain determinate conclusions of the reason. Only the reason was an active power,—not the disposition. While I ate and drank to my heart's content, the Doctor demonstrated to me the advantages of reason. Towards the end of his dissertation, he was accustomed to look at his watch and remark conclusively, "Reason is the highest principle!" Reason! Never do I hear this word without recalling Dr. Saul Ascher, with his abstract legs, his tight-fitting transcendental grey long coat, his immovably

¹ This passage, which forms an essential introduction to what follows, is not to be found in the early editions, nor in the American translation.

icy face, which resembled a confused amalgam of geometrical problems. This man, deep in the fifties, was a personified straight line. In his striving for the positive, the poor man had philosophised everything beautiful out of existence, and with it everything like sunshine, religion, and flowers, so that there remained nothing for him but a cold positive grave. The Apollo Belvedere and Christianity were the two especial objects of his malice, and he had even published a pamphlet against the latter, in which he had demonstrated its unreasonableness and untenableness. In addition to this, he had, however, written a great number of books, in all of which *Reason* shone forth in all its peculiar excellence, and as the poor Doctor meant what he said in all seriousness, they were, so far, deserving of respect. But the great joke consisted precisely in this, that the Doctor invariably cut such a seriously absurd figure in not comprehending that which every child comprehends, simply because it is a child. I visited the Doctor several times in his own house, where I found him in company with very pretty girls; for Reason, it seems, however abstract, does not prohibit the enjoyment of the things of this world. Once, however, when I called, his servant told me that the "Herr Doctor" had just died. I experienced as much emotion on this occasion

as if I had been told that the "Herr Doctor" had just stepped out.

To return to Goslar. "The highest principle is Reason," said I, consolingly to myself as I slid into bed. But it availed me nothing. I had just been reading in Varnhagen von Ense's "German Narrations," which I had brought with me from Clausthal, that terrible tale of a son, who went about to murder his father, and was warned in the night by the ghost of his mother. The wonderful truthfulness with which this story is depicted, caused while reading it a shudder of horror in all my veins. Ghost-stories invariably thrill us with additional horror when read during a journey, and by night in a town, in a house, and in a chamber where we have never before been. We involuntarily reflect, "How many horrors may have been perpetrated on this very spot where I now lie?" Meanwhile, the moon shone into my room in a doubtful, suspicious manner; all kinds of uncalled for shapes quivered on the walls, and as I laid me down and glanced fearfully around, I beheld—

There is nothing so uncanny as when a man sees his own face by moonlight in a mirror. At the same instant there struck a deep-booming, yawning bell, and that so slowly and wearily, that I firmly believed that it had been full twelve hours striking, and that it was now time

to begin over again. Between the last and next to the last tones, there struck in very abruptly, as if irritated and scolding, another bell, who was apparently out of patience with the slowness of her friend. As the two iron tongues were silenced, and the stillness of death sank over the whole house, I suddenly seemed to hear, in the corridor before my chamber, something halting and waddling along, like the unsteady steps of a man. At last the door slowly opened, and there entered deliberately the late departed Dr. Saul Ascher. A cold fever drizzled through marrow and vein—I trembled like an ivy leaf, and scarcely dared I gaze upon the ghost. He appeared as usual, with the same transcendental-grey long coat, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face; only this latter was a little yellower than usual, and the mouth, which formerly described two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, was pinched together, and the circles around the eyes had a somewhat greater radius. Tottering, and supporting himself as usual upon his Malacca cane, he approached me, and said, in his usual drawling dialect, but in a friendly manner, "Do not be afraid, nor believe that I am a ghost. It is a deception of your imagination, if you believe that you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Define one. Deduce for me the conditions of the possibility

of a ghost. In what reasonable connection does such an apparition coincide with reason itself? *Reason*, I say, *reason!*" Here the ghost proceeded to analyse reason, cited from Kant's "Critic of Pure Reason," part 2, 1st sect., chap. 3, the distinction between phenomena and noumena, then proceeded to construct a hypothetical system of ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there are absolutely no ghosts. Meanwhile the cold sweat beaded over me, my teeth clattered like castanets, and from very agony of soul I nodded an unconditional assent to every assertion which the phantom doctor alleged against the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and which he demonstrated with such zeal, that finally, in a moment of abstraction, instead of his gold watch, he drew a handful of grave-worms from his vest-pocket, and remarking his error, replaced them with a ridiculous but terrified haste. "The reason is the highest——!" Here the clock struck *one*, and the ghost vanished.

I wandered forth from Goslar the next morning, half at random, and half intending to visit the brother of the Clausthaler miner. I climbed hill and mount, saw how the sun strove to drive afar the mists, and wandering merrily through the trembling woods, while around my dreaming head rang the bell-flowers of Goslar.

The mountains stood in their white night-robcs, the fir trees were shaking sleep out of their branching limbs, the fresh morning wind curled their down-drooping green locks, the birds were at morning prayers, the meadow-vale flashed like a golden surface sprinkled with diamonds, and the shepherd passed over it with his bleating flock. I had gone astray. Men are ever striking out short cuts and bye-paths, hoping to abridge their journey. It is in life as in the Hartz. However, there are good souls everywhere to bring us again to the right way. This they do right willingly, appearing to take a particular satisfaction, to judge from their self-gratified air and benevolent tones, in pointing out to us the great wanderings which we have made from the right road, the abysses and morasses into which we might have sunk, and, finally, what a piece of good luck it was for us to encounter betimes people who knew the road as well as themselves. Such a guide-post I found not far from the Hartzburg, in the person of a well-fed citizen of Goslar—a man of shining, double-chinned, slow-cunning countenance, who looked as if he had discovered the murrain. We went along for some distance together, and he narrated many ghost-stories, which would have all been well enough if they had not all concluded with an explanation that there was no

real ghost in the case, but that the spectre in white was a poacher, that the wailing sound was caused by the new-born farrow of a wild sow, and that the rapping and scraping on the roof was caused by cats. "Only when a man is sick," observed my guide, "does he ever believe that he sees ghosts;" and to this he added the remark, that as for his own humble self, he was but seldom sick,—only at times a little wrong about the head, and that he invariably relieved this by dieting. He then called my attention to the appropriateness and use of all things in nature. Trees are green, because green is good for the eyes. I assented to this, adding that the Lord had made cattle because beef-soup strengthened man; that jackasses were created for the purpose of serving as comparisons, and that man existed that he might eat beef-soup, and realise that he was no jackass. My companion was delighted to meet with one of sympathetic views; his face glowed with a greater joy, and on parting from me he appeared to be sensibly moved.

As long as he was with me, Nature seemed benumbed, but when he departed the trees began again to speak, the sun-rays flashed, the meadow-flowers danced once more, and the blue heavens embraced the green earth. Yes, I know better. God hath created man that he may admire the beauty and the glory of the world. Every author,

be he ever so great, desires that his work may be praised. And in the Bible, that great memoir of God, it is distinctly written that he hath made man for his own honour and praise.

After long wandering here and there, I came to the dwelling of the brother of my Clausthaler friend. Here I staid all night and experienced the following beautiful poem :—

I.

On yon rock the hut is standing
Of the ancient mountaineer ;
There the dark-green fir-trees rustle,
And the moon is shining clear.

In the hut there stands an arm-chair,
Which quaint carvings beautify ;
He who sits therein is happy,
And that happy man am I.

On the footstool sits a maiden,
On my lap her arms repose,
With her eyes like blue stars beaming,
And her mouth a new-born rose.

And the dear blue stars shine on me,
Full as heaven is their gaze,
And her little lily finger
Archly on the rose she lays.

“Nay, thy mother cannot see us,
For she spins the whole day long ;
And thy father plays the cithern
As he sings a good old song.”

And the maiden softly whispers,
So that none around may hear;
Many a solemn little secret
Hath she murmured in my ear:

"Since I lost my aunt who loved me,
Now we never more repair
To the shooting-ground at Goslar,
And it is *so* pleasant there!

And up here it is so lonely,
On the rocks where cold winds blow;
And in winter we are ever
Deeply buried in the snow.

And I'm such a timid creature,
And I'm frightened like a child
At the evil mountain spirits,
Who by night are raging wild."

At the thought the maid was silent,
As if terror thrilled her breast,
And the small hands, white and dimpled,
To her sweet blue eyes she pressed.

Loud without the fir-trees rustle,
Loud the spinning-wheel still rings,
And the cithern sounds above them,
While the father softly sings:

"Dearest child! no evil spirits
Should have power to cause thee dread;
For good angels still are watching
Night and day around thy head."

2.

Fir-tree with his dark-green fingers
Taps upon the window low,
And the moon, a yellow listener,
Casts within her sweetest glow.

Father, mother, both are sleeping,
Near at hand their rest they take;
But we two, in pleasant gossip,
Keep each other long awake.

"That thou prayest much too often,
Seems unlikely, I declare;
On thy lips there's a contraction
Which was never born of prayer.

Ah! that heartless, cold expression!
Terrifies me as I gaze,
Though a solemn sorrow darkens
In thine eyes their gentle rays.

And I doubt if thou believest
What is held for truth by most;
Hast thou faith in God the Father
In the Son and Holy Ghost?"

"Ah, my darling! when an infant
By my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father,
He who ruleth great and good.

He who made the world so lovely,
Gave man beauty, gave him force,
And to sun and moon and planets
Pre-appointed each their course.

As I older grew, my darling,
And my way in wisdom won,
I in reason comprehended,
And believe now in the Son.

In the well-loved Son, who, loving,
Oped the gates of Love so wide;
And for thanks,—as is the custom,—
By the world was crucified.

Now, at man's estate arriving,
Full experience I boast;
And with heart expanded, truly
I believe in the Holy Ghost,

Who hath worked the greatest wonders,
Greater still he'll work again;
He hath broken tyrants' strongholds,
And he breaks the vassal's chain.

Ancient deadly wounds he healeth,
He renews man's ancient right;
All to him, born free and equal,
Are as nobles in his sight.

Clouds of evil flee before him,
And those cobwebs of the brain
Which forbade us love and pleasure,
Scowling grimly on our pain.

And a thousand knights well weaponed
Hath he chosen, and required
To fulfil his holy bidding,
All with noblest zeal inspired.

Lo! their precious swords are gleaming,
And their banners wave in fight!
What! thou fain wouldst see, my darling,
Such a proud and noble knight?
Well, then, gaze upon me, dearest;
I am of that lordly host.
Kiss me! I am an elected
True knight of the Holy Ghost!"

3.

Silently the moon goes hiding
Down behind the dark-green trees,
And the lamp which lights our chamber
Flickers in the evening breeze.

But the star-blue eyes are beaming
Softly o'er the dimpled cheeks,
And the purple rose is gleaming,
While the gentle maiden speaks.

"Little people—fairy goblins—
Steal away our meat and bread;
In the chest it lies at evening,
In the morning it has fled.

From our milk the little people
Steal the cream and all the best;
Then they leave the dish uncovered,
And our cat drinks up the rest.

And the cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For by night, when storms arise,
Oft she glides to yonder 'Ghost-Rock,'
Where the fallen tower lies.

There was once a splendid castle,
Home of joy and weapons bright,
Where there swept in stately torch-dance
Lady, page, and armed knight.

But a sorceress charmed the castle,
With its lords and ladies fair;
Now it is a lonely ruin,
And the owls are nestling there.

But my aunt hath often told me,
Could I speak the proper word,
In the proper place up yonder,
When the proper hour occurred,

Then the walls would change by magic
To a castle gleaming bright,
And I'd see in stately dances
Dame and page and gallant knight.

He who speaks the word of power
Wins the castle for his own,
And the knight with drum and trumpet
Loud will hail him lord alone."

Thus sweet legendary pictures
From the little rose-mouth bloom,
And the gentle eyes are shedding
Star-blue lustre through the gloom.

Round my hand the little maiden
Winds her gold locks as she will,
Gives a name to every finger,
Kisses, smiles, and then is still.

All things in the silent chamber
Seem at once familiar grown,
As if e'en the chairs and clothes-press
Well of old to me were known.

Now the clock talks kindly, gravely,
And the cithern, as 'twould seem,
Of itself is faintly chiming,
And I sit as in a dream.

Now the proper hour is o'er us,
Here's the place where't should be heard;
Child ! how thou wouldst be astonished
Should I speak the magic word !

If I spoke that word, then fading
Night would thrill in fearful strife ;
Trees and streams would roar together
As the castle woke to life.

Ringling lutes and goblin ditties
From the clefted rock would sound,
Like a mad and merry spring-tide
Flowers grow forest-high around.

Flowers—startling, wondrous flowers,
Leaves of vast and fabled form,
Strangely perfumed, wildly quivering,
As if thrilled with passion's storm.

Roses, wild as crimson flashes,
O'er the busy tumult rise ;
Giant lilies, white as crystal,
Shoot like columns to the skies.

Great as suns, the stars above us
Gaze adown with burning glow ;
In the lilies' giant calyx
All their floods of flashes flow.

We ourselves, my little maiden,
Would be changed more than all ;
Torchlight gleams o'er gold and satin
Round us merrily would fall.

Thou thyself wouldst be the princess,
And this hut thy castle high ;
Ladies, lords, and graceful pages
Would be dancing, singing by.

I, however, I have conquered
Thee, and all things, with the word :—
Serfs and castle :—lo ! with trumpet
Loud they hail me as their lord !

The sun rose. Clouds flitted away like phantoms at the third crow of the cock. Again I wandered up hill and down dale, while overhead swept the fair sun, ever lighting up new scenes of beauty. The Spirit of the Mountain evidently favoured me, well knowing that a "poetical character" has it in his power to say many a fine thing of him, and on this morning he let me see his Hartz as it is not, most assuredly, seen by every one. But the Hartz also saw me as I am seen by few, and there were as costly pearls on my eyelashes as on the grass of the valley. The morning-dew of love wetted my cheeks ; the

rustling pines understood me; their parting twigs waved up and down, as if, like mute mortals, they would express their joy with gestures of their hands, and from afar I heard beautiful and mysterious chimes, like the bell-tones of some long-lost forest church. People say that these sounds are caused by the cattle-bells, which in the Hartz ring with remarkable clearness and purity.

It was noon, according to the position of the sun, as I chanced upon such a flock, and its herd, a friendly, light-haired young fellow, told me that the great hill at whose base I stood was the old world-renowned Brocken. For many leagues around there is no house, and I was glad enough when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a *déjeuner dinatoire*, consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep snatched up our crumbs, while pretty shining heifers jumped around, ringing their bells roguishly, and laughing at us with great merry eyes. We made a royal meal, my host appearing to me altogether a king; and as he is the only monarch who has ever given me bread, I will sing him right royally.

Every shepherd is a monarch,
And a hillock is his throne,
While the sun above him shining
Is his heavy golden crown.

Sheep before his feet are lying,
Softest flatterers, crossed with red,
And the calves are "cavalieros,"
Round they strut with haughty head.

Court-players are the he-goats,
And the wild bird and the cow,
With their piping and their herd-bell,
Are the king's musicians now.

Ah ! they ring and sing so sweetly,
And so sweetly chime around
Rustling waterfall and fir-trees,
While the monarch slumbers sound.

As he sleeps, his trusty sheep-dog
As prime minister must reign ;
How his snarling and his barking
Echo over hill and plain.

Dozing still, the monarch murmurs,
"Sure such work was never seen
As this reigning : I were happier
Snug at home beside my queen !

There my royal head, when weary,
In my queen's arms softly lies,
And my endless broad dominion
In her deep and gentle eyes."

We took leave of each other in a friendly
manner, and with a light heart I began to ascend

the mountain. I was soon welcomed by a grove of stately firs, for whom I in every respect entertain the most reverential regard; for these trees in particular have not found growing to be such an easy business, and during the days of their youth it fared hard with them. The mountain is here sprinkled with a great number of blocks of granite, and most of the trees are obliged either to twine their roots over the stones, or split them in two, that they may thus, with trouble, get at a little earth to nourish them. Here and there stones lie on each other, forming, as it were, a gate, and over all rise the trees, their naked roots twining down over the wild portals, and first reaching the ground at its base, so that they appear to be growing in the air. And yet they have forced their way up to that startling height, and grown into one with the rocks, they stand more securely than their easy comrades, who are rooted in the tame forest soil of the level country. So it is in life with those great men who have strengthened and established themselves by resolutely subduing the obstacles which oppressed their youth. Squirrels climbed amid the fir-twigs, while beneath yellow-brown deer were quietly grazing. I cannot comprehend, when I see such a noble animal, how educated and refined people can take pleasure in its chase or death. Such a creature was once

more merciful than man, and suckled the longing "Schmerzenreich" of the holy Genofeva.¹

Most beautiful were the golden sun-rays shooting through the dark-green of the firs. The roots of the trees formed a natural stairway, and everywhere my feet encountered swelling beds of moss, for the stones are here covered foot-deep, as if with light-green velvet cushions. Everywhere a pleasant freshness and the dreamy murmur of streams. Here and there we see water rippling silver-clear amid the rocks, washing the bare roots and fibres of trees. Bend down to the current and listen, and you may hear at the same time the mysterious history of the growth of the plants, and the quiet pulsations of the heart of the mountain. In many places, the water jets strongly up amid rocks and roots, forming little cascades.² It is pleasant to sit in such places.

¹ According to the legend of Genofeva (chap. v.), when the fair saint and her little son, Schmerzenreich (abounding in sorrows), were starving in the wilderness, they were suckled by a doe. This most exquisite and touching tale has been parodied with inconceivable vulgarity in the *Geneviève de Brabant* of Offenbach.—*Note by Translator.*

² "Higher on the mountain were no trees whatever, but all overgrown with long grass, weeds, and roots, all marsh-like and full of moss, yet just over leapt out a beautiful, clear and healthy spring, and here grows the so-called crab-root, which is like a crab in form and colour, and is very useful and costly. . . . And we found it intolerably cold."—PRÆTORIUS, *Blockes-berge*, 1669.

All murmurs and rustles so sweetly and strangely, the birds carol broken strains of love-longing, the trees whisper like a thousand girls, odd flowers peep up like a thousand maidens' eyes, stretching out to us their curious, broad, droll-pointed leaves; the sun-rays flash here and there in sport; the soft-souled herbs are telling their green legends; all seems enchanted, and becomes more secret and confidential; an old, old dream is realised—the loved one appears. Alas that all so quickly vanishes!

The higher we ascend, so much the shorter and more dwarf-like do the fir-trees become, shrinking up, as it were, within themselves, until finally only whortle-berries, bilberries, and mountain herbs remain. It is also sensibly colder. Here, for the first time, the granite boulders which are frequently of enormous size, become fully visible. These may well have been the play-balls which evil spirits cast at each other on the Walpurgis night, when the witches come riding hither on brooms and pitchforks, when the mad, unhallowed revelry begins, as our believing nurses have told us, and as we may see it represented in the beautiful Faust pictures of Master Retsch. Yes, a young poet, who, in journeying from Berlin to Göttingen, on the first evening in May, passed the Brocken, remarked how certain belles-lettered ladies held their æsthetic tea-circle

in a rocky corner, how they comfortably read the Evening Journal, how they praised as an universal genius their pet billy-goat, who, bleating, hopped around their table, and how they passed a final judgment on all the manifestations of German literature. But when they at last fell upon "Ratcliff" and "Almansor," utterly denying to the author aught like piety or Christianity, the hair of the youth rose on end, terror seized him—I spurred my steed and rode onwards!

In fact, when we ascend the upper half of the Brocken, no one can well help thinking of the attractive legends of the Blocksberg, and especially of the great mystical German national tragedy of Doctor Faust. It ever seemed to me that I could hear the cloven foot scrambling along behind, and some one inhaling an atmosphere of humour. And I verily believe that "Mephisto" himself must breathe with difficulty when he climbs his favourite mountain, for it is a road which is to the last degree exhausting, and I was glad enough when I at last beheld the long-desired Brocken house.

This house, as every one knows from numerous pictures, consists of a single storey, and was erected in the year 1800 by Count Stollberg Wernigerode, for whose profit it is managed as a tavern. On account of the wind and cold in winter its walls are incredibly thick. The roof

is low. From its midst rises a tower-like observatory, and near the house lie two little out-buildings, one of which in earlier times served as shelter to the Brocken visitors.

On entering the Brocken house, I experienced a somewhat unusual and legend-like sensation. After a long solitary journey amid rocks and pines, the traveller suddenly finds himself in a house amid the clouds. Far below lie cities, hills, and forests, while above he encounters a curiously-blended circle of strangers, by whom he is received, as is usual in such assemblies, almost like an expected companion—half inquisitively and half indifferently. I found the house full of guests, and, as becomes a wise man, I first reflected on the night, and the discomfort of sleeping on straw. My part was at once determined on. With the voice of one dying I called for tea, and the Brocken landlord was reasonable enough to perceive that the sick gentleman must be provided with a decent bed. This he gave me in a narrow room, where a young merchant—a long emetic in a brown overcoat—had already established himself.

In the public room I found a full tide of bustle and animation. There were students from different universities. Some of the newly-arrived were taking refreshments. Others, preparing for departure, buckled on their knapsacks, wrote

their names in the album, and received Brocken bouquets from the housemaids. There was jesting, singing, springing, trilling, some questioning, some answering, fine weather, footpath, *prosit!*—luck be with you! Adieu! Some of those leaving were also partly drunk, and these derived a twofold pleasure from the beautiful scenery, for a tipsy man sees double.

After recruiting myself I ascended the observatory, and there found a little gentleman with two ladies, one of whom was young and the other elderly. The young lady was very beautiful—a superb figure, flowing locks, surmounted by a helm-like black satin *chapeau*, amid whose white plumes the wind played; fine limbs, so closely enwrapped by a black silk mantle that their exquisite form was made manifest, and great free eyes, calmly looking down into the great free world.

When as yet a boy, I thought of naught save tales of magic and wonder, and every fair lady who had ostrich feathers on her head I regarded as an elfin queen. If I observed that the train of her dress was wet, I believed at once that she must be a water-fairy.¹ Now I know better,

¹ It is an accepted tradition in fairy mythology that Undines, Water-Nixies, and other aqueous spirits, however they may disguise themselves, can always be detected by the fact that a portion of their dress invariably appears to be wet.—*Note by Translator.*

having learned from natural history that those symbolical feathers are found on the most stupid of birds, and that the skirt of a lady's dress may be wetted in a very natural way. But if I had, with those boyish eyes, seen the aforesaid young lady in the aforesaid position on the Brocken, I would most assuredly have thought "that is the fairy of the mountain, and she has just uttered the charm which has caused all down there to appear so wonderful." Yes, at the first glance from the Brocken everything appears in a high degree marvellous. New impressions throng in on every side, and these, varied and often contradictory, unite in our soul to an overpowering and confusing sensation. If we succeed in grasping the idea of this sensation, we shall comprehend the character of the mountain. This character is entirely German as regards not only its advantages but also its defects. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he points out to us—sharply and accurately defined as in a panorama—the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages, which are principally situated to the north, and all the mountains, forests, rivers, and plains which lie infinitely far around.¹ But for

¹ The remarks of Prætorius on the same view are as follows :—
"Now when the sun had devoured the mists and driven away the clouds, we could behold afar all places until our sight failed. For it seemed not otherwise than as if we from heaven looked

this very cause everything appears like an accurately designed and perfectly coloured map, and nowhere is the eye gratified by really beautiful landscapes—just as we German compilers, owing to the honourable exactness with which we attempt to give all and everything, never appear to think of giving integral parts in a beautiful manner. The mountain in consequence has a certain calm, German, intelligent, tolerant character, simply because he can see things so distant yet so distinctly. And when such a mountain opens his giant eyes, it may be that he sees somewhat more than we dwarfs, who with our weak eyes climb over him. Many indeed assert that the Blocksberg is very Philistine-like, and *Claudius* once sang “The Blocksberg is the lengthy Sir Philistine.” But that was an error. On account of his bald head, which he occasionally covers with a cloud-cap, the Blocksberg has indeed something of a Philistine-like aspect,¹ but this

down on and beheld all the world . . . so that our sight could hardly comprehend the vast extent. And it is not only that from so high a mountain we can with satisfaction behold the great and wondrous works of God, since as in the same instant one can see so many lands, principalities, and provinces of the Holy Empire and Germany, but there is also the effect of the air and the streaming of the clouds.”—*Blockesberge*, 1669.

¹ *Philistrose*, “Philistine-like,” i.e., “old foggyish, vulgar, non-student-like, citizenish, snobbish;” *bourgeois*, “slow.” The term is generally applied by wild students to those “outsiders” who lead a settled-down life in the world. “A Philis-

with him, as with many other great Germans, is the result of pure irony; for it is notorious that he has his wild student and fantastic times, as for instance on the first night of May. Then he casts his cloud-cap uproariously and merrily on high, and becomes, like the rest of us, real German romantic mad.

I soon sought to entrap the beauty into a conversation, for we only begin to fully enjoy the beauties of nature when we talk about them on the spot. She was not *spirituelle*, but attentively intelligent. Both were perfect models of gentility. I do not mean that commonplace, stiff, negative respectability, which knows exactly what must *not* be done or said, but that rarer, independent, positive gentility, which inspires an accurate knowledge of what we may venture on, and which amid all our ease and *abandon* inspires the utmost social confidence. I developed, to my own amazement, much geographical knowledge, detailed to the curious beauty the names of all the towns which lay before us, and sought

tine," says Arndt, "is a lazy, much-speaking, more-asking, nothing-daring man; such a one who makes the small great and the great small, because in the great he feels his littleness and insignificance. Great passions, great enjoyments, great dangers, great virtues—all these the Philistine styles nonsense and frenzy." The base of Philistinism is the forming all our ideas according to those of other people of the average type.—
Note by Translator.

them out for her on the map, which with all the solemnity of a teacher I had spread out on the stone table which stands in the centre of the tower. I could not find many of the towns, possibly because I sought them more with my fingers than with my eyes, which latter were scanning the face of the fair lady, and discovering in it fairer regions than those of "Schierke" and "Elend."¹ This countenance was one of those which never excite, and seldom enrap-ture, but which always please. I love such faces, for they smile my evilly agitated heart to rest.

The lady was as yet unmarried, although in the full bloom so perfectly adapted to the wedded state. But it is a matter of daily occurrence that the most beautiful girls seem to be slowest in finding husbands. This was the case of yore—it is well known that the three Graces remained maids.

I could not divine the relation in which the little gentleman stood to the ladies whom he accompanied. He was a spare and remarkable figure. A head sprinkled with grey hair, which fell over his low forehead down to his dragon-fly eyes, and a round, broad nose, which projected boldly forwards, while his mouth and chin seemed retreating in terror back to his ears. His face looked as if formed of the soft yellowish clay

¹ *Schierke* (*Schurke*), "rascal," and *Elend*, or "misery," are the names of two places near the Brocken.

with which sculptors mould their first models, and when the thin lips pinched together, thousands of semicircular and faint wrinkles appeared on his cheeks. The little man never spoke a word, only at times when the elder lady whispered something friendly in his ear, he smiled like a lapdog which has taken cold.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and she too was gifted with an air of extreme respectability and refinement. Her eyes betrayed a sickly, dreamy depth of thought, and about her mouth there was an expression of confirmed piety, yet withal it seemed to me that she had once been very beautiful, and often smiled, and taken and given many a kiss. Her countenance resembled a *codex palimpsestus*, in which, from beneath the recent black monkish writing of some text of a Church father, there peeped out the half-obliterated verse of an old Greek love-poet. Both ladies had been that year with their companion in Italy, and told me many things of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother had much to say of the pictures of Raphael in St. Peter's, the daughter spoke more of the opera in La Fenice.

Both were enraptured with the art of the improvisatores. Nuremberg was the native town of these ladies, but they had little to say, or knew little, of its ancient glory. The charming

skill of the "master-song,"¹ of which the good Wagenseil has kept the last chords, is extinguished, and the dames of Nuremberg are enraptured by Italian² extemporised nonsense and capon-singing. Oh, Saint Sebaldus, truly thou art a poor patron!

While we conversed, the sun sank lower and lower, the air grew colder, twilight stole over us, and the tower platform was filled with students, travelling mechanics, and a few honest citizens with their spouses and daughters, all of whom were desirous of witnessing the sunset. That is truly a sublime spectacle, which elevates the soul to prayer. For a full quarter of an hour all stood in solemn silence, gazing on the beautiful fire-ball as it sank in the west; faces were rosy in the evening red; hands were involuntarily folded; it seemed as if we, a silent congregation, stood in the nave of a giant church, that the priest raised the body of the Lord, and that Palestrina's everlasting choral song poured forth from the organ.

As I stood thus lost in piety, I heard some one near me exclaim, "Ah! how beautiful Nature

¹ *Meistergesangs*.

² *Welsh*. A rather contemptuous word for Italians or any of Latin blood; hence the English slang *Welsher*. The English have no corresponding term for Italians, but the Americans call them "Dogs."—*Note by Translator.*

is, as a general thing!" These words came from the full heart of my room-mate, the young shopman. This brought me back to my week-day state of mind, and I found myself in tune to say a few neat things to the ladies about the sunset, and to accompany them, as calmly as if nothing had happened, to their room. They permitted me to talk an hour longer with them. Our conversation, like the earth's course, was about the sun. The mother declared that the sun, as it sunk in the snowy clouds, seemed like a red glowing rose, which the gallant heaven had thrown upon the white and spreading bridal-veil of his loved earth. The daughter smiled, and thought that a frequent observation of such phenomena weakened their impression. The mother corrected this error by a quotation from Goethe's "Letters of Travel," and asked me if I had read "Werther." I believe that we also spoke of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady, while daintily lisping and sighing, recited several sunset quotations. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, and who wished to become familiar with those poems, I recommended the translation of my fair and gifted countrywoman, the Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen. On this occasion, as is my custom when talking with young ladies, I did not neglect to speak of

Byron's impiety, heartlessness, cheerlessness, and heaven knows what beside.

After this business I took a walk on the Brocken, for there it is never quite dark. The mist was not heavy, and I could see the outlines of the two hills known as the Witch's Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired my pistol, but there was no echo.¹ But suddenly I heard familiar voices, and found myself embraced and kissed. The new-comers were fellow-students from my own part of Germany, and had left Göttingen four days later than I. Great was their astonishment at finding me alone on the Blocksberg. Then came a flood-tide of narrative, of astonishment, and of appointment-making, of laughing, and of recollection, and in the spirit we found ourselves again in our learned Siberia, where refinement is carried to such an extent that *bears* are "bound by many ties" in the taverns, and *sables* wish the hunter good evening.²

¹ "When a fire-arm is discharged on the summit of the Brocken, it gives but little sound and no echo."—PRÆTORIUS, *Blockesberge*, 1669.

² According to that dignified and erudite work, the *Burschikoses Wörterbuch*, or Student-Slang Dictionary, "to bind a bear" signifies to contract a debt. The term is most frequently applied to tavern scores. In "The Landlord's Twelve Commandments," a sheet frequently pasted up in German beer-houses, I have observed, "Thou shalt not bind any bears in this my house." The definitions of a *sable* (*Zobel*), as given in the Dictionary above cited, are—1. A finely furred animal; 2.

In the great room we had supper. There was a long table, with two rows of hungry students. At first we had only the usual subject of university conversation—duels, duels, and once again duels. The company consisted principally of Halle students, and Halle formed in consequence the nucleus of their discourse. The window-panes of Court-Counsellor Schutz were exegetically lighted up. Then it was mentioned that the King of Cyprus's last levee had been very brilliant; that the monarch had appointed a natural son; that he had married—over the left—a princess of the house of Lichtenstein; that the State-mistress had been forced to resign, and that the entire ministry, greatly moved, had wept according to rule. I need hardly explain that this all referred to certain beer dignitaries in Halle. Then the two Chinese, who two years before had been exhibited in Berlin, and who were now appointed professors of Chinese æsthetics in Halle, were discussed. Then jokes were made. Some one supposed a case in which a live German might be exhibited for money in China. Placards

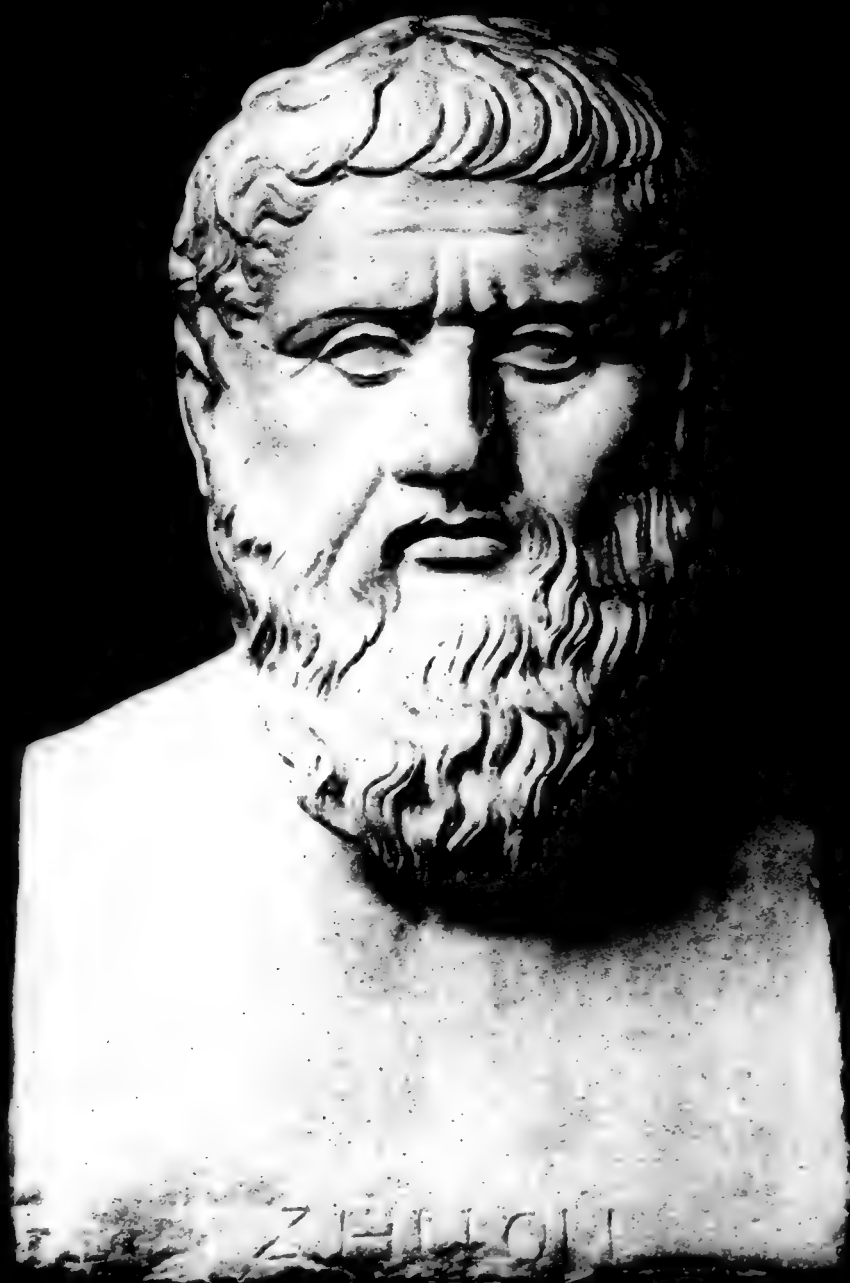
A young lady anxious to please; 3. A "broom" (i.e., housemaid, or female in general); 4. A lady of pleasure; 5. A wench; 6. A nymph of the pave; 7. A "buckle," &c., &c. The *sable hunt* is synonymous with the *Beeenjagd*, or "broom chase." I have, however, heard it asserted in Heidelberg that the term *sable* was strictly applicable only to ladies' maids.

would be pasted up, in which the Mandarins *Tsching-Tschang-Tschung* and *Hi-Ha-Ho* certified that the man was a genuine Teuton, including a list of his accomplishments, which consisted principally of philosophising, smoking, and endless patience. As a finale, visitors might be prohibited from bringing any dogs with them at twelve o'clock (the hour for feeding the captive), as these animals would be sure to snap from the poor German all his tit-bits.

A young *Burschenschafter*, who had recently passed his period of purification in Berlin, spoke much, but very partially, of this city. He had been constant in his attendance on Wisotzki and the theatre, but judged falsely of both. "For youth is ever ready with a word," &c. He spoke of wardrobe expenditures, theatrical scandal, and similar matters. The youth knew not that in Berlin, where outside show exerts the greatest influence (as is abundantly evidenced by the commonness of the phrase "so people do"), this apparent life must first of all flourish on the stage, and consequently that the especial care of the direction must be for "the colour of the beard with which a part is played," and for the truthfulness of the dresses, which are designed by sworn historians, and sewed by scientifically instructed tailors. And this is indispensable. For if *Maria Stuart* wore an apron belonging to the time

of Queen Anne, the banker, Christian Gumpel, would with justice complain that the anachronism destroyed the illusion ; and if Lord Burleigh in a moment of forgetfulness should don the hose of Henry the Fourth, then Madam the War-Counsellor Von Steinzopf's wife, *née* Lilienthau, would not get the error out of her head for the whole evening. And this delusive care on the part of the general direction extends itself not only to aprons and pantaloons, but also to the within enclosed persons. So in future Othello will be played by a real negro, for whom Professor Lichtenstein has already written to Africa ; in " Misanthropy and Remorse," the part of Eulalia is to be sustained by a lady who has really wandered from the paths of virtue ; Peter will be played by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a genuine mysterious wittol—for which last three characters it will not be necessary to send to Africa. In " The Power of Circumstances " there is to be a real author, who has had his face slapped, to play the part of the hero. In " The Ancestress " the artist who " gives " Jaromir must have robbed in earnest, or at least stolen something ; and Lady Macbeth be sustained by a lady who is, as Tieck required, naturally very charming, and yet to a certain degree familiar with the sanguinary sight of murderous stabbing ; and finally, to set forth in full force a shallow-brained,

senseless, vulgar fellow, the great Wurm should be engaged—he who enchants his like when he rises in his real greatness, high, high, “every inch a blackguard.” But little as this young man had comprehended the relations of the Berlin drama, still less was he aware that the Spontini Janissary opera, with its kettle-drums, elephants, trumpets, and gongs, is a heroic means of inspiring with valour our sleeping race—a means once shrewdly recommended by Plato and Cicero. Least of all did the youth comprehend the diplomatic inner meaning of the ballet. It was with great trouble that I finally made him understand that there was really more political science in Hoguet’s feet than in Buckholtz’s head, that all his *tours de danse* signified diplomatic negotiations, and that his every movement hinted at state matters; as, for instance, when he bent forward anxiously, widely grasping out with his hands, he meant our Cabinet; that a hundred pirouettes on one toe without quitting the spot alluded to the alliance of deputies; that he was thinking of the lesser princes when he tripped around with his legs tied; that he described the European balance of power when he tottered hither and thither like a drunken man; that he hinted at a Congress when he twisted his bended arms together like a skein; and finally, that he sets forth our altogether too great friend in the



East, when, very gradually unfolding himself, he rises on high, stands for a long time in this elevated position, and then all at once breaks out into the most terrifying leaps. The scales fell from the eyes of the young man, and he now saw how it was that dancers are better paid than great poets, and why the ballet forms in diplomatic circles an inexhaustible subject of conversation. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric, and how small the array of the esoteric frequenters of the theatre! There sit the stupid audience, gaping and admiring leaps and attitudes, studying anatomy in the positions of Lemièrre, and applauding the *entrechats* of Röhrnisch, prattling of "grace," "harmony," and "limbs"—no one remarking meanwhile that he has before him in choregraphic ciphers the destiny of the German Fatherland.

While such observations flitted hither and thither, we did not lose sight of the practical, and the great dishes which were honourably piled up with meat, potatoes, *et cetera*, were industriously disposed of. The food, however, was of an indifferent quality. This I carelessly mentioned to my next neighbour at table, who, however, with an accent in which I recognised the Swiss, very impolitely replied that Germans knew as little of true content as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, remarking that all the world over

the humblest vassals of princes, as well as pastry-cooks and confectioners, were Swiss, and known as a class by that name. I also took the liberty of stating that the Swiss heroes of liberty of the present day, who chatter so much that is politically daring to the public, reminded me of those tame hares which we see on market-days in public places, where they fire off pistols to the great amazement of peasants and children, yet remain hares as before.

The son of the Alps had really meant nothing wicked; "he was," as Cervantes says, "a plump man, and consequently a good man." But my neighbour on the other side, a Greifswalder, was deeply touched by the assertion of the Swiss. Energetically did he assert that German ability and simplicity were not as yet extinguished, struck in a threatening manner on his breast, and gulped down a tremendous flagon of white beer. The Swiss said, "Nu! nu!" But the more appeasingly and apologetically he said this, so much the faster did the Greifswalder get on with his riot. He was a man of those days when haircutters came near dying of starvation. He wore long locks, a knightly cap, a black old German coat, a dirty shirt, which at the same time did duty as a waistcoat, and beneath it a medallion, with a tassel of the hair of Blücher's grey horse. His appearance was that of a full-

grown fool. I am always ready for something lively at supper, and consequently held with him a patriotic strife. He was of the opinion that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts. I asserted, on the contrary, that there should be forty-eight, because it would then be possible to write a more systematic guide-book for Germany, and because it is essential that life should be blended with science. My Greifswald friend was also a German bard, and, as he informed me in confidence, was occupied with a national heroic poem in honour of Hermann and the Hermann battle. Many an advantageous hint did I give him on this subject. I suggested to him that the morasses and crooked paths of the Teutobergian forest might be very onomatopoeically indicated by means of watery and ragged verse, and that it would be a patriotic refinement should the Romans in his poem chatter the wildest nonsense. I hope that this bit of art will succeed in his works, as in those of other Berlin poets, even to the minutest particular.

The company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, and drinking, *schmolliren*,¹ and singing were the order of the

¹ Contracted from the Latin *sibi molire amicum*. *Schmolliren* signifies to gain a friend, to drink brotherhood with him, to

night. The old "Landsfather" and the beautiful songs of W. Muller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from "The Crime," a fourth spoke Latin,¹ a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair, learnedly lectured as follows: "Gentlemen, the world is a round cylinder, upon which human

give and take the "brother-kiss," and finally, to *Duzen*, or call the friend *Du* or *thou*, equivalent to the French *tutoyer*. The act of *schmolliren* is termed *Schmollis*, from the Latin *sis mihi mollis amicus*, "Be my good friend." The *schmollis* in universities is accompanied by a variety of ceremonies more or less imposing. The Crown *Schmollis*, sung at a *Commerz* or general meeting, involves a vast amount of singing, &c. To refuse a *schmollis* is equivalent to a challenge. It is generally asserted that to break the *schmollis*, or to call the friend in a moment of forgetfulness "you" instead of "thou," calls for the forfeit of a bottle of wine, but I have never observed that this rule was enforced against any save *fozes* or freshmen, and the like.—*Note by Translator.*

¹ Was tipsy. *Wein spricht Latein*, "Wine speaks Latin," says an old proverb, fully illustrated by Rabelais.—*Note by Translator.*

beings as individual pins are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as universal history. We will, in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history, which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies——” And so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

A jolly Mechlenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and, smiling with happiness, snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theatre! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, “Oh, that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she’s an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!” But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, “Oh, Molly dear! oh, Molly dear!”

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned

to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other, and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love, which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "Lora is also dead!" said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. "The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed, as though their hearts would break. Finally, the other said, "My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee; thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they re-echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his

arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one by mistake, instead of the window, threw open the door of a large wardrobe, and that both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain, far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh, that I could hunt with ye on your cloud-steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon, "Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest lonely in thy loveliness. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and

turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither, ah! whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, oh! lovely light, and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, who were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now thou art clothed in thy starry splendour and gazest adown from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, oh! ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner, that is to say, *à la* swine, shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around outside, as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew more con-

fused and duller; the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other, "Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, oh! breath of spring? Thou caressest me, and sayst, 'I bedew thee with drops from heaven. But the time of my withering is at hand—at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. Tomorrow the Wanderer will come—come—he who saw me in my beauty—his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field—in vain——'" But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity—modesty forbids me to say how many bottles—and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews, declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per

cent. under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulist crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the *Falcidia*,¹ with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it Servius Asinius Göschenus sitting as *prætor* on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite feminineness of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of *Quicunque civis Romanus*; *Referees*, rouged red as

¹ The "Falcidian law" was so called from its proposer, *Falcidius*. According to it, the testator was obliged to leave at least the fourth part of his fortune to the person whom he named his heir. *Vide Pandects of Justinian.*

sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as *minors*; private tutors, dressed as *genii*, in flesh-coloured stockinets, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the "Twelve Tables," while, amid thunder and lightning, rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa*.

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sun rise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled up to us, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was re-assembled, and we saw how, above the horizon, there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim, wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible, so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:—

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
Though the sun gleams cloudily;
Far and wide the mountain summits
Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
Over valley, rock, and river,
To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping,
Soft the curtain I would slip ;
Softly kiss her child-like forehead,
Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
In the little lily ear,
"Think in dreams we still are loving,
Think I never lost thee, dear."

Meanwhile my desire for breakfast greatly increased, and after paying a few attentions to my ladies, I hastened down to drink coffee in the warm public room. It was full time, for all within me was as sober and as sombre as in the St. Stephen's Church of Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage, the warm Orient thrilled through my limbs, Eastern roses breathed forth their perfumes, the students were changed to camels,¹

¹ A "camel" in German student dialect signifies, according to the erudite Dr. Vollman (*Burschik. Wörterb.*, p. 100), 1st, A student not in any regular club ; 2nd, A savage ; 3rd, A finch ; 4th, A badger ; 5th, A stag ; 6th, A hare ; 7th, . . . ; 8th, An "outsider ;" 9th, A Jew ; 10th, A nigger ; 11th, A Bedouin ; 12th, One who neither drinks, smokes, fights duels, cares for girls, nor *renowns* it. To renown it (*rennomiren*) is equivalent to the American phrase "spreads himself." The sum total of

the Brocken housemaids, with their Congreve-rocket-glances, became *houris*, the Philistine-roses, minarets.

But the book which lay near me, though full of nonsense, was not the Koran. It was the so-called *Brocken-book*, in which all travellers who ascend the mountain write their names—many inscribing their thoughts, or in default thereof their “feelings.” Many even express themselves in verse. In this book one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine Pegasus at convenient opportunities, such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic. The palace of the Prince of Pallagonia never contained such absurdities and insipidities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it with especial splendour are Messrs. the excise collectors, with their mouldy “high inspirations;” counter-jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the soul; old German revolution dilettanti with their Turner-Union-phrases,¹ and Berlin schoolmasters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. Mr. Snobbs will also for once show himself as author.

Dr. Vollman's definitions amount, according to German student ideas, to what an Englishman would call a “muff” or a “slow coach.”—*Note by Translator.*

¹ The Turner Unions are associations organised for the purpose of gymnastic exercise. They may also be regarded as revolutionary political clubs.—*Note by Translator.*

In one page the majestic splendour of the sun is described, in another complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the clouds which obstruct the view. A Caroline writes that in climbing the mountain her feet were wetted, to which a naïve Nanny, who was impressed by this, adds, "I too got wet in this thing." "Went up wet without and came down 'wet within,'"¹ is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times. The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco, and cheese; we might fancy it one of Claubren's romances.

While I drank the coffee aforesaid and turned over the Brocken-book, the Swiss entered, his cheeks deeply glowing, and described with enthusiasm the sublime view which he had just enjoyed in the tower above, as the pure calm light of the sun, that symbol of truth, fought with the night mists, and that it appeared like a battle of spirits, in which raging giants brandished their long swords, where harnessed knights on leaping steeds chased each other, and war chariots, fluttering banners, and extravagant monster forms sank in the wildest confusion, till all finally en-

¹ *Benebelt herauf gekommen und benebelt hinunter gegangen*, "Came up in a cloud and went down *cloudy*." The word "cloudy" occurs as an English synonym for intoxication in a list of such terms which I have seen in print.—*Note by Translator.*

twined in the maddest contortions, melted into dimness and vanished, leaving no trace. This demagogical natural phenomenon I had neglected, and, should the curious affair be ever made the subject of investigation, I am ready to declare on oath that all I know of the matter is the flavour of the good brown coffee I was then tasting.

Alas ! this was the guilty cause of my neglecting my fair lady, and now, with mother and friend, she stood before the door, about to step into her carriage. I had scarcely time to hurry to her, and assure her that it was cold. She seemed piqued at my not coming sooner, but I soon drove the clouds from her fair brow by presenting to her a beautiful flower, which I had plucked the day before, at the risk of breaking my neck, from a steep precipice. The mother inquired the name of the flower, as if it seemed to her not altogether correct that her daughter should place a strange, unknown flower before her bosom—for this was, in fact, the enviable position which the flower attained, and of which it could never have dreamed the day before when on its lonely height. The silent friend here opened his mouth, and after counting the stamina of the flower, dryly remarked that it belonged to the eighth class.

It vexes me every time when I remember that

even the dear flowers which God hath made have been, like us, divided into castes, and, like us, are distinguished by those external names which indicate descent as in a family-tree. If there *must* be such divisions, it were better to adopt those suggested by Theophrastus, who wished that flowers might be divided according to souls, that is, their perfumes. As for myself, I have my own system of natural science, according to which all things are divided into those which may or may not be eaten !

The secret and mysterious nature of flowers was, however, anything but a secret to the elder lady, and she involuntarily remarked that she felt happy in her very soul when she saw flowers growing in the garden or in a room, while a faint, dreamy sense of pain invariably affected her on beholding a beautiful flower with broken stalk—that it was really a dead body, and that the delicate pale head of such a flower-corpse hung down like that of a dead infant. The lady here became alarmed at the sorrowful impression which her remark caused, and I flew to the rescue with a few Voltairean verses. How quickly two or three French words bring us back into the conventional concert-pitch of conversation. We laughed, hands were kissed, gracious smiles beamed, the horses neighed, and the waggon jolted heavily and slowly adown the hill.

And now the students prepared to depart. Knapsacks were buckled, the bills, which were moderate beyond all expectation, were settled, the two susceptible housemaids, upon whose pretty countenances the traces of successful amours were plainly visible, brought, as is their custom, their Brocken-bouquets, and helped some to adjust their caps; for all of which they were duly rewarded with either coppers or kisses. Thus we all went "down-hill," albeit one party, among whom were the Swiss and Greifswalder, took the road towards Schierke, and the other, of about twenty men, among whom were my "land's people" and I, led by a guide, went through the so-called "Snow Holes" down to Ilsenburg.

Such a head-over-heels, break-neck piece of business! Halle students travel quicker than the Austrian militia. Ere I knew where I was, the bald summit of the mountain, with groups of stones strewed over it, was behind us, and we went through the fir-wood which I had seen the day before. The sun poured down a cheerful light on the merry Burschen, in gaily coloured garb, as they merrily pressed onward through the wood, disappearing here, coming to light again there, running in marshy places, across on shaking trunks of trees, climbing over shelving steeps by grasping the projecting tree-roots, while they trilled all the time in the merriest manner,

and were answered in as merry echoes by the invisibly plashing rivulets, and the resounding echo. When cheerful youth and beautiful nature meet, they mutually rejoice.

The lower we descended the more delightfully did subterranean waters ripple around us; only here and there they peeped out amid rocks and bushes, appearing to be reconnoitring if they might yet come to light, until at last one little spring jumped forth boldly. Then followed the usual show—the bravest one makes a beginning, and then the great multitude of hesitators, suddenly inspired with courage, rush forth to join the first. A multitude of springs now leaped in haste from their ambush, united with the leader, and finally formed quite an important brook, which, with its innumerable waterfalls and beautiful windings, ripples adown the valley. This is now the Ilse—the sweet, pleasant Ilse. She flows through the blest Ilse vale, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, being clad even to their base with beech-trees, oaks, and the usual shrubs, the firs and other needle-covered evergreens having disappeared; for that variety of trees prevails upon the “Lower Hartz,” as the east side of the Brocken is called in contradistinction to the west side or Upper Hartz, being really much higher and better adapted to the growth of evergreens.

No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity, and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place amid rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then in collected stream trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes, the old legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who, laughing in beauty, runs adown the mountain. How her white foam garment gleams in the sunshine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! The high beech-tree gazes down on her like a grave father secretly smiling at the capricious self-will of a darling child; the white birch-trees nod their heads around like delighted aunts, who are, however, anxious at such bold leaps; the proud oak looks on like a not over-pleased uncle, as though he must pay for all the fine weather; the birds in the air sing their share in their joy; the flowers on the bank whisper, "Oh, take us with thee! take us with thee, dear sister!" but the wild maiden may not be withheld, and she leaps onward, and suddenly seizes the dreaming poet, and there streams over me a flower-rain of ringing gleams and flashing tones, and all my senses are lost in beauty and splendour, as I hear only the voice, sweet pealing as a flute—

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein ;
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest—and mine !

With ever-flowing fountains
I'll cool thy weary brow ;
Thou'lt lose amid their rippling
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing,
And on my snow-white breast,
Thou'lt dream of old, old legends,
And sink in joy to rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day
I kissed the Emperor Henry,
Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent,
Only the living love ;
And I am fair and blooming,
—Dost feel my wild heart move ?

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle rings,
Where many a knight and lady
In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
Spurs ring from night to morn,
And dwarfs are gaily drumming,
And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
 My arms round thee shall fall ;
 I held his ears—he heard not
 The trumpet's warning call.

We feel infinite happiness when the outer world blends with the world of our own soul, and green trees, thoughts, the songs of birds, gentle melancholy, the blue of heaven, memory, and the perfume of flowers, run together in sweet arabesques. Women best understand this feeling, and this may be the cause that such a sweet, incredulous smile plays around their lips when we, with school-pride, boast of our logical deeds ; how we have classified everything so nicely into subjective and objective ; how our heads are provided, apothecary-like, with a thousand drawers, one of which contains reason, another understanding, a third wit, the fourth bad wit, and the fifth nothing at all, that is to say, the *idea*.

As if wandering in dreams, I scarcely observed that we had left the depths of the *Ilsethal* and were now again climbing up hill. This was steep and difficult work, and many of us lost our breath ; but, like our late lamented cousin, who now lies buried at *Mölln*,¹ we constantly kept in mind the ease with which we should descend, and were

¹ Tyll Eulenspiegel, the old German jester. The same saying is attributed to George Buchanan.—*Note by Translator.*

much the better off in consequence. Finally, we reached the Ilsenstein.

This is an enormous granite rock, which rises high and boldly from a glen. On three sides it is surrounded by woody hills, but from the fourth, the north, there is an open view, and we gaze upon the Ilsenburg and the Ilse lying far below, and our glances wander beyond into the lower land. On the tower-like summit of the rock stands a great iron cross, and in case of need there is also here a resting-place for four human feet.

As Nature, through picturesque position and form, has adorned the Ilsenstein with strange and beautiful charms, so has also Legend poured over it her rosy light. According to Gottschalk, "the people say that there once stood here an enchanted castle, in which dwelt the fair Princess Ilse, who yet bathes every morning in the Ilse. He who is so fortunate as to hit upon the exact time and place, will be led by her into the rock where her castle lies, and receive a royal reward." Others narrate a pleasant legend of the loves of the Lady Ilse and of the Knight of Westenburg, which has been romantically sung by one of our most noted poets in the *Evening Journal*. Others again say that it was the old Saxon Emperor Henry who passed in pleasure his imperial hours with the water-nymph Ilse in her enchanted castle. A later author, one Niemann, Esq., who

has written a Hartz guide, in which the heights of the hills, variations of the compass, town finances, and similar matters are described with praiseworthy accuracy, asserts, however, that "what is narrated of the Princess Ilse belongs entirely to the realm of fable." So all men to whom a beautiful princess has never appeared assert; but we who have been especially favoured by fair ladies know better. And this the Emperor Henry knew too! It was not without cause that the old Saxon emperors held so firmly to their native Hartz. Let any one only turn over the leaves of the fair Lünenburg Chronicle, where the good old gentlemen are represented in wondrously true-hearted woodcuts as well-weaponed, high on their mailed war-steeds, the holy imperial crown on their blessed heads, sceptre and sword in firm hands; and then in their dear moustached and bearded faces he can plainly read how they often longed for the sweet hearts of their Hartz princesses, and for the familiar rustling of the Hartz forests, when they lingered in distant lands. Yes, even when in the orange and poison-gifted Italy, whither they, with their followers, were often enticed by the desire of becoming Roman emperors, a genuine German lust for title, which finally destroyed emperor and realm.

I, however, advise every one who may hereafter stand on the summit of the Ilsenburg to

think neither of emperor and crown nor of the fair Ilse, but simply of his own feet. For as I stood there, lost in thought, I suddenly heard the subterranean music of the enchanted castle, and saw the mountains around begin to stand on their heads, while the red-tiled roofs of Ilsenburg were dancing, and green trees flew through the air, until all was green and blue before my eyes, and I, overcome by giddiness, would assuredly have fallen into the abyss, had I not, in the dire need of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross. No one who reflects on the critically ticklish situation in which I was then placed can possibly find fault with me for having done this.

The Hartz journey is and remains a fragment, and the variegated threads which were so neatly wound through it, with the intention to bind it into a harmonious whole, have been suddenly snapped asunder as if by the shears of the implacable destinies. It may be that I will one day weave them into new songs, and that that which is now stingily withheld will then be spoken in full. But when or what we have spoken will all come to one and the same thing at last, provided that we do but speak. The single works may ever remain fragments if they only form a whole by their union.

By such a connection the defective may here and there be supplied, the rough be polished down, and that which is altogether too harsh be modified and softened. This is perhaps especially applicable to the first pages of the Hartz journey, and they would in all probability have caused a far less unfavourable impression could the reader in some other place have learned that the ill-humour which I entertain for Göttingen in general, although greater than I have here expressed it, is still far from being equal to the respect which I entertain for certain individuals there. And why should I conceal the fact that I here allude particularly to that estimable man who, in earlier years, received me so kindly, inspiring me even then with a deep love for the study of history; who strengthened my zeal for it later in life, and thus led my soul to calmer paths; who indicated to my peculiar disposition a healthier direction, and who finally gave me those historical consolations, without which I should never have been able to support the painful events of the present day. I speak of George Sartorius, the great investigator of history and of humanity, whose eye is a bright star in our dark times, and whose hospitable heart is ever open to all the griefs and joys of others—for the needs of the beggar or the king, and for the last sighs of nations perishing with their gods.

I cannot here refrain from remarking that the

Upper Hartz, that portion of which I described as far as the beginning of the *Ilsethal*, did not by any means make so favourable an impression on me as the romantic and picturesque Lower Hartz, and in its wildly-steep dark fir-tree beauty contrasts strangely with the other, just as the three valleys formed by the Ilse, the Bode, and the Selke, beautifully contrast with each other, when we are able to personify the character of each. They are three beautiful women, of whom it is impossible to determine which is the fairest.

I have already spoken and sung of the fair sweet Ilse, and how sweetly and kindly she received me. The darker beauty, the *Bode*, was not so gracious in her reception, and as I first beheld her in the smithy-dark, turnip-land, she appeared to me to be altogether ill-natured, and hid herself beneath a silver-grey rain-veil; but with impatient love she suddenly threw it off; as I ascended the summit of the Rosstrappe, her countenance gleamed upon me with the sunniest splendour, from every feature beamed the tenderness of a giantess, and from the agitated, rocky bosom there was a sound as of sighs of deep longing and melting tones of woe. Less tender but far merrier did I find the pretty *Selke*, an amiable lady, whose noble simplicity and calm repose held at a distance all sentimental familiarity, but who, by a half-concealed smile, betrayed her mocking mood. It

was perhaps to this secret merry spirit that I might have attributed the many "little miseries" which beset me in the Selkethal; as, for instance, when I sought to spring over the rivulet, I plunged in exactly up to my middle; how when I continued my wet campaign with slippers, one of them was soon "not at hand," or rather "not at foot," for I lost it; how a puff of wind bore away my cap; how thorns scratched me, "and wale away, *et cetera*." Yet do I forgive the fair lady all this, for she *is* fair. And even now she stands before the gates of Imagination, in all her silent loveliness, and seems to say, "Though I laugh, I mean no harm, and I pray you sing of me!" The magnificent *Bode* also sweeps into my memory, and her dark eye says, "Thou art like me in pride and in pain, and I will that thou lovest me." Also the fair Ilse comes merrily springing, delicate and fascinating in mien, form, and motion, in all things like the dear being who blesses my dreams, and like her she gazes on me with unconquerable indifference, and is withal so deeply, so eternally, so manifestly true. Well, I am Paris, and I award the apple to the fair Ilse.

It is the first of May, and spring is pouring like a sea of life over the earth, a foam of white blossoms covers the trees, the glass in the town windows flashes merrily, sparrows are again building on the roofs, people saunter along the street,

wondering that the air affects them so much, and that they feel so cheerful; the oddly dressed Vierlander girls are selling bouquets of violets; foundling children, with their blue jackets and dear little illegitimate faces, run along the *Jungfernstieg* as happily as if they had all found their fathers; the beggar on the bridge looks as jolly as though he had won the first lottery-prize, and even on the grimy and as yet unhung pedlar, who scours about with his rascally "manufactory goods" countenance, the sun shines with his best-natured rays. I will take a walk beyond the town gate.

It is the first of May, and I think of thee, thou fair Ilse; or shall I call thee by the name which I better love, of Agnes? I think of thee, and would fain see once more how thou leapest in light adown thy hill. But best of all were it could I stand in the valley below and hold thee in my arms. It is a lovely day! Green, the colour of hope, is everywhere around me. Everywhere flowers are blooming like beautiful miracles, and my heart will bloom again also. This heart is also a flower of strange and wondrous sort. It is no modest violet, no smiling rose, no pure lily, or similar flower, which with good gentle loveliness makes glad a maiden's soul, and may be fitly placed before her pretty breast, and which withers to-day, and to-morrow blooms again. No, this heart rather resembles that strange, heavy

flower from the woods of Brazil, which, according to the legend, blooms but once in a century. I remember well that I once, when a boy, saw such a flower. During the night we heard an explosion as of a pistol, and the next morning a neighbour's children told me that it was their "aloe" which had bloomed with the shot. They led me to their garden, where I saw to my astonishment that the low, hard plant, with ridiculously broad, sharp-pointed leaves, which were capable of inflicting wounds, had shot high in the air, and bore aloft beautiful flowers, like a golden crown. We children could not see so high, and the old grinning Christian, who liked us all so well, built a wooden stair around the flower, upon which we scrambled like cats, and gazed curiously into the open calyx, from which yellow threads, like rays of light, and strange foreign odours pressed forth in unheard-of splendour.

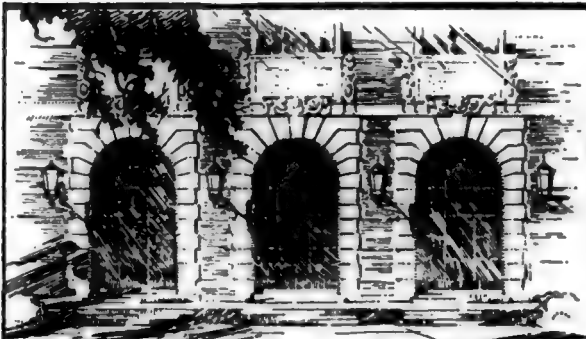
Yes, Agnes, this flower blooms not often, not without effort; and according to my recollection it has as yet opened but once, and that must have been long ago—certainly at least a century since. and I believe that, gloriously as it then unfolded its blossoms, it must now miserably pine for want of sunshine and warmth, if it is not indeed shattered by some mighty wintry storm. But now it moves, and swells, and bursts in my bosom—dost thou hear the explosion? Maiden, be not terri-

fied ! I have not shot myself, but my love has burst its bud and shoots upwards in gleaming songs, in eternal dithyrambs, in the most joyful fulness of poesy !

But if this high love has grown too high, then, young lady, take it comfortably, climb the wooden steps, and look from them down into my blooming heart.

It is as yet early ; the sun has hardly left half his road behind him, and my heart already breathes forth so powerfully its perfumed vapour that it bewilders my brain, and I no longer know where irony ceases and heaven begins, or that I people the air with my sighs, and that I myself would fain dissolve into sweet atoms in the uncreated Divinity. How will it be when night comes on, and the stars shine out in heaven, "the unlucky stars, who could tell thee——"

It is the first of May, the lowest errand-boy has to-day a right to be sentimental, and would you deny the privilege to a poet ?



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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS
OF
HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Édition de Luxe

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BONAPARTE.
AS FIRST CONSUL OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : CROSCUP & STERLING COMPANY.

The Works of
Heinrich Heine

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Charles Godfrey Leland

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

1825-1826

VOLUME FOUR

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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THE NORTH SEA.

(1825-1826.)

Motto : Xenophon's *Anabasis*, iv. 7.

PART FIRST.

(1825.)

I.

TWILIGHT.¹

ON the white strand of Ocean
Sat I, sore troubled with thought and alone ;
The sun sank lower and lower, and cast
Red glowing shadows on the water,
And the snow-white rolling billows,
By the flood impelled,
Foamed up while roaring nearer and nearer,
A wondrous tumult, a-whistling and whispering,
A-laughing and murmuring, sighing and washing,

¹ The Translator does not venture to hope that he has succeeded in giving, in all respects, a perfect version of the extraordinary series of poems which form the first part of "The North Sea." Those familiar with the original will possibly be lenient.

And 'mid them a lullaby known to me only.
It seemed that I thought upon legends forgotten,
World-old and beautiful stories,
Which I once, when little,
From the neighbours' children had heard,
When we, of summer evenings,
Sat on the steps before the house-door,
Bending us down to the quiet narrative,
With little hearts a-listening,
And curious cunning glances ;—
While near the elder maidens,
Close by sweet-smelling pots of roses,
At the windows were calmly leaning,
Rosy-hued faces,
Smiling and lit by the moon.

2.

SUNSET.

THE sun in crimsoned glory falls
Down to the ever-quivering
Grey and silvery ocean world ;
Airy figures, warm in rosy light,
Wave-like roll after, while eastward rising,
From autumn-like darkening veils of vapour,
With sorrowful death-pale features,
Breaks the silent moon ;
Like sparks of light behind her,
Cloud-distant, glimmer the planets.

Once there shone in heaven,
Nobly united,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And the bright thronging stars in light swam
 round them,
Their little and innocent children.

But evil tongues came whisp'ring quarrels,
And they parted in anger,
The mighty, light-giving spouses.

Now, but by day, in loneliest light,
The sun-god walks yonder in glory,
All for his lordliness
Ever prayed to and sung by many,
By haughty, heartless, prosperous mortals;
But still by night
In heaven wanders Luna,
The wretched mother,
With all her orphaned starry children,
And she shines in silent sorrow,
And soft-loving maidens and gentle poets
Offer their songs and their sorrows.

The tender Luna! woman at heart,
Ever she loveth her beautiful lord,
And at evening, trembling and pale,
Out she peeps from light cloud curtains,
And looks to the lost one in sorrow;
Fain would she cry in her anguish, "Come,

Come, the children are longing for love! "
In vain the haughty-souled god of fire
Flashes forth at the sight of pale Luna
In doubly deep purple,
For rage and pain,
And yielding, he hastens him down
To his ocean-chilled and lonely bed.

Spirits whispering evil
By their power brought pain and destruction
Even to great gods eternal;
And the poor deities, high in the heavens,
Travel in sorrow—
Endless, disconsolate journeys,
And they are immortal,
Still bearing with them
Their bright-gleaming sorrow.

But I, the mortal,
Planted so lowly, with death to bless me,
I sorrow no longer.

3.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

STARLESS and cold is the night,
The wild sea foams;
And over the sea, flat on his face,
Lies the monstrous terrible North Wind.

Sighing and sinking his voice as in secret,
Like an old grumbler, for once in good-humour,
Unto the ocean he talks,
And he tells her wonderful stories—
Giant-legends, murderous-humoured,
Very old sagas of Norway,
And midst them, far sounding, he howls while
laughing
Sorcery-songs from the Edda,
Grey old Runic sayings,
So darkly-stirring and magic-inspiring,
That the snow-white sea-children
High are springing and shouting,
Drunk with wanton joy.

Meanwhile, on the level white sea-beach,
Over the sand ever washed by the flood,
Wanders a stranger with wild-storming spirit,
And fiercer far than wind and billow.
Go where he may,
Sparks are flashing and sea-shells are cracking,
And he wraps him well in his iron-grey mantle,
And quickly treads through the dark-waving
night,
Safely led by a distant taper,
Which guiding and gladdening glimmers
From the fisherman's lonely hovel.

Father and brother are on the sea,
And all alone and sad there sits

In the hovel the fisher's daughter,
The wondrous-lovely fisher's daughter;
She sits by the hearth,
Listening to the boiling kettle's
Sweet prophetic, domestic humming;
Scattering light crackling wood on the fire,
And blows on it,
Till the flashing ruddy flame rays
Shine again in magic lustre
On her beautiful features,
On her tender, snow-white shoulder,
Which moving, comes peeping
Over heavy, dark grey linen,
And on the little industrious hand,
Which more firmly binds her under garment
Round her well-formed figure.
But lo! at once the door springs wide,
And there enters in haste the benighted stranger;
Love-assuring rest his glances
On the foam-white slender maiden,
Who trembling near him stands,
Like a storm-terrified lily;
And he casts on the floor his mantle,
And laughs and speaks:

“Seest thou, my child, I keep my word,
For I seek thee, and with me comes
The olden time, when the bright gods of heaven
Came once more to the daughters of mortals,

And the daughters of mortals embraced them,
And from them gave birth to
Sceptre-carrying races of monarchs,
And heroes astounding the world.
Yet stare not, my child, any longer
At my divinity,
And I entreat thee, make some tea with rum,
For without it is cold,
And by such a night air
We too often freeze, yes, we the undying,
And easily catch the divinest catarrhs
And coughs, which may last us for ever."

4

POSEIDON.

THE sun's bright rays were playing
Over the far-away rolling sea;
Far in the harbour glittered the ship,
Which to my home ere long should bear me;
But we wanted favourable breezes,
And I still sat calm on the snow-white sea-beach,
Alone on the strand,
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The ancient, ever new-born song,
And from its ocean-rippled pages,
Friendly there arose to me
The breath of immortals,
And the light-giving human spring-tide,
And the soft blooming heaven of Hellas.

My noble heart accompanied truly
The son of Laertes in wand'ring and sorrow,
Set itself with him, troubled in spirit,
By bright gleaming firesides,
By fair queens, winning, purple spinning,
And helped him to lie and escape, glad singing
From giant caverns and nymphs seducing,
Followed behind in fear-boding night,
And in storm and shipwreck,
And thus suffered with him unspeakable sorrow.

Sighing I spoke: "Thou evil Poseidon,
Thy wrath is fearful,
And I myself dread
For my own voyage homeward."

The words were scarce spoken,
When up foamed the sea,
And from the sparkling waters rose
The mighty bulrush-crownèd sea-god,
And scornful he cried:

"Be not afraid, small poet!
I will not in leastwise endanger
Thy wretched vessel,
Nor put thy precious being in terror,
With all too significant shaking;
For thou, small poet, hast troubled me not,
Thou hast no turret—though trifling—destroyed

In the great sacred palace of Priam,
Nor one little eyelash hast thou e'er singed
In the eye of my son Polyphemus;
Thee with her counsels did never protect
The goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athéná."
And so spake Poseidon,
And sank him again in the sea;
And over the vulgar sailor's joke
There laughed under the water
Amphitrite, the fat old fishwife,
And the stupid daughters of Nereus.

5.

HOMAGE.

YE poems! ye mine own valiant poems!
Up, up and weapon ye!
Let the loud trump be ringing,
And lift upon my shield
The fair young maiden,
Who, now my heart in full
Shall govern as a sov'reign queen.

All hail to thee, thou fair young queen!

From the sun above me
I tear the flashing, ruddy gold,
And weave therefrom a diadem
For thy all holy head.

From the fluttering, blue-silken heaven's curtain,
Wherein night's bright diamonds glitter,
I cut a costly piece,
To hang as coronation-mantle
Upon thy white, imperial shoulders.
I give to thee, dearest, a city
Of stiffly adorned sonnets,
Proud triple verses and courteous stanzas;
My wit thy courier shall be,
And for court-fool my fantasy,
As herald, the soft smiling tears in my escutcheon,
And with them my humour;
But I myself, O gentle queen,
I bow before thee lowly,
And kneeling on scarlet velvet cushions,
I here offer to thee
The fragments of reason,
Which from sheer pity once were left to me
By her who ruled before thee in the realm.

6.

EXPLANATION.

ADOWN and dimly came the evening,
Wilder tumbled the waves,
And I sat on the strand regarding
The swan-like dance of the billows,
And then my breast swelled up like the sea,

And longing, there seized me a deep home-sickness
For thee, thou lovely form,
Who everywhere art by me,
And everywhere dost call,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the rustling of breezes, the roaring of ocean,
And in the sighing of this, my sad heart.

With a light reed I wrote in the sand,
" Agnes, I love but thee !"
But wicked waves came washing fast
Over the tender confession,
And bore it away.

Thou too fragile reed, thou false shifting sand,
Ye swift flowing waters, I trust ye no more !
The heaven grows darker, my heart grows wilder,
And, with strong right hand, from Norway's forests
I'll tear the highest fir-tree,
And dip it adown
Into Ætna's hot glowing gulf, and with such a
Fiery, flaming, giant graver,
I'll inscribe on heaven's jet-black cover,
" Agnes, I love but thee !"

And every night I'll witness, blazing
Above me, the endless flaming verse,
And even the latest races born from me
Will read, exulting, the heavenly motto,
" Agnes, I love but thee !"

7.

NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

THE sea has many pearl-drops,
The heaven has many planets,
But this fond heart, my heart,
My heart has tender true-love.

Great is the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearl-drops or planets
Flashes the love in my bosom.

Thou little gentle maiden,
Come to my beating heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are lost in loving frenzy.

.

On the dark blue heaven curtain,
Where the lovely stars are gleaming,
Fain would I my lips be pressing,
Press them wildly, storm-like weeping.

And those planets are her bright eyes,
But a thousand times repeated;
And they shine and greet me kindly,
From the dark blue heaven's curtain.

To the dark blue heavenly curtain,
To the eyes I love so dearly,
High my hands I raise devoutly,
And I pray and I entreat her :

Lovely eyes, ye lights of mercy !
Oh, I pray ye, bless my spirit ;
Let me perish, and exalt me
Up to ye, and to your heaven.

.

From the heavenly eyes above me
Snow-light sparks are trembling, falling
Through the night, and all my spirit,
Wide in love, flows forth and wider.

Oh, ye heavenly eyes above me !
Weep your tears upon my spirit,
That those living tears of starlight
O'er my soul may gently ripple.

.

Cradled calm by waves of ocean,
And by wondrous dreaming, musing
Still I lie within the cabin,
In my gloomy corner hammock.

Through the open hatchway gazing,
Yonder to the gleaming starlight,
To the dearest, sweetest glances
Of my sweetest, much-loved maiden.

Yes, those sweetest, best-loved glances
Calm above my head are shining ;
They are ringing, they are peeping,
From the dark blue vault of heaven.

To the dark blue vault of heaven
Many an hour I gaze in rapture,
Till a snow-white cloudy curtain
Hides from me the best-loved glances.

On the planking of the vessel,
Where my light-dreaming head lies,
Leap up the waters—the wild, dark waters—
They ripple and murmur
Right straight in my ear :

“Thou crazy companion !
Thy arm is short, and the heaven is far,
And the stars up yonder are nailed down firmly ;
In vain is thy longing, in vain is thy sighing,
The best thou canst do is to go to sleep.”

And I was dreaming of a heath so dreary,
For ever mantled with the sad white snow,
And 'neath the sad white snow I lay deep buried,
And slept the lonely ice-cold sleep of death.

And yet on high from the dark heaven were gazing
Adown upon my grave the starlight glances,
Those sad sweet glances ! and they gleamed vic-
torious,
So calmly cheerful and yet full of true love.

8.

STORM.

LOUD rages the storm,
And he whips the waves,
And the waters, rage-foaming and leaping,
Tower on high, and with life there come rolling
The snow-white water-mountains,
And the vessel ascends them,
Earnest striving,
Then quickly it darts adown,
In jet black, wide opening, wat'ry abysses.

Oh, Sea !
Mother of Beauty, born of the foam-billow !
Great Mother of *all* Love ! be propitious !
There flutters, corpse foreboding,
Around us the spectre-like seagull,
And whets his sharp bill on the topmast,
And yearns with hunger-lust for the life-blood
Of him who sounded the praise of thy daughter,
And whom thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for a plaything.

In vain my entreaties and tears !
My plainings are lost in the terrible storm ;
'Mid war-cries of north winds,
There's a roaring and whistling, a crackling and
howling,

Like a madhouse of noises !
And amid them I hear distinctly
Sweet enticing harp tones,
Melody mad with desire,
Spirit-melting and spirit-rending :
Well I remember the voices.

Far on the rocky coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle towers
Over the wild breaking sea,
In a lofty archèd window
There stands a lovely sickly dame,
Softly transparent and marble pale,
And she plays the harp and sings ;
Through her locks the wind is waving,
And bears her gloomy song
Over the broad, white storm-rolling sea.

9.

CALM AT SEA.

OCEAN silence ! rays are falling
From the sun upon the water ;
Like a train of quivering jewels
Sweeps the ship's green wake behind us.

Near the rudder lies our boatswain,
On his face, and deeply snoring ;
By the mast his canvas sewing,
Sits a little tarry sailor.

But o'er all his dirty features
Glow a blush, and fear is twitching
Round his full-sized mouth, and sadly
Gaze his large and glittering eyeballs.

For the captain stands before him,
Fumes and swears and curses, "Rascal!
Rascal!—there's another herring
Which you've stolen from the barrel!"

Ocean silence! From the water
Up a little fish comes shooting,
Warms its head in pleasant sunlight,
With its small tail merry paddling.

But the seagull, sailing o'er us,
Darts him headlong on the swimmer,
And, with claws around his booty,
Flies, and fades far, far above me.

IO.

A SEA-PHANTOM.

BUT I still leaned on the edge of the vessel,
Gazing with sad-dreaming glances,
Down at the crystal-mirror water,
Looking yet deeper and deeper—
Till in the sea's abysses,
At first like quivering vapours,

Then slowly,—slowly,—deeper in colour,
Domes of churches and towers seemed rising,
And then, as clear as day a city grand,
Quaint, old-fashioned,—Netherlandish,
And living with men,—
Men of high standing, wrapped in black mantles,
With snowy-white neck-ruffs and chains of honour,
And good long rapiers, and good long faces,
Treading in state o'er the crowded market,
To the high steps of the town-hall,
Where stone-carved statues of Kaisers
Kept watch with their swords and sceptres.
Nor distant, near houses in long array,
With windows clear as mirrors,
Stand lindens, cut in pyramidal figures,
And maidens in silk-rustling garments wander,
A golden zone round the slender waist,
With flower-like faces modestly curtained
In jet-black velvet coverings,
From which a ringlet-fulness comes pressing.
Quaint cavalieros in old Spanish dress,
Sweep proudly along and salute them.
Elderly ladies
In dark-brown old-fashioned garments,
With prayer-book and rosary held in their hands,
Hasten, tripping along,
To the great cathedral,
Attracted by bells 'loud ringing,
And full-sounding organ-tones.

E'en I am seized, at that far sound,
With strange, mysterious trembling;
Infinite longing, wondrous sorrow,
Steal through my heart,
My heart as yet scarce healed;
It seems as though its wounds, forgotten,
By loving lips again were kissed,
And once again were bleeding
Drops of burning crimson,
Which long and slowly trickle down
Upon an ancient house below there
In the deep, deep sea-town,
On an ancient, high-roofed, curious house,
Where, lone and melancholy,
Below by the window a maiden sits,
Her head on her arm reclined,
Like a poor and uncared-for child,
And I know thee, thou poor and long-sorrow-
ing child!

Thou didst hide thus, my dear,
So deep, so deep from me,
In infant-like humour,
And couldst not arise again,
And sittest strange amid stranger people,
For full five hundred years,
And I meanwhile, my spirit all grief,
Over the whole broad world have sought thee,
And ever have sought thee,

Thou dearly beloved,
Thou the long-lost one,
Thou finally found one—
At last I have found thee, and now am gazing
Upon thy sweet face,
With earnest, faithful glances,
Still sweetly smiling—
And never will I again on earth leave thee.
I am coming adown to thee,
And with longing, wide-reaching embraces,
Love, I leap down to thy heart!

But just at the right instant
The captain caught and held me safe,
And drew me from danger,
And cried half-angrily, laughing,
“ Doctor ! is Satan in you ? ”

II.

PURIFICATION.

STAY thou in gloomy ocean caverns,
Maddest of dreams,
Thou who hast so many a night
My heart with treacherous joy tormented ;
And now, as ocean sprite,
Even by sun-bright day dost annoy me—
Rest where thou art to eternity,
And I will cast thee as offering down

All my long-worn sins and my sorrows,
And the cap and bells of my folly,
Which so long round my head have been ringing,
And the ice-cold shining serpent-skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which so long round my soul has been twining,
The sad, sick spirit,
The God disbelieving and angel denying,
Miserable spirit—
Hillo ho! hallo ho! There comes the wind!
Up with the sails! they flutter and bellow;
Over the silent, treacherous surface
Hastens the ship,
And loud laughs the spirit set free.

12.

PEACE.

HIGH in heaven the sun was standing,
By cold white vapours bedimmed;
The sea was still,
And musing, I lay by the helm of the vessel
Dreamily musing, and half in waking
And half in slumber, I saw in vision
The Saviour of earth.
In flowing snow-white garments
He wandered giant-high
Over land and sea;

He lifted his head unto heaven,
His hands were stretched forth in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in His breast
He bore the sun orb,
The ruddy, radiant sun orb,
And the ruddy, radiant, burning heart
Poured forth its beams of mercy
And its gracious and love-blessèd light,
Enlight'ning and warming,
Over land and sea.

Sweetest bell-tones drew us gaily
Here and there, like swans soft leading
By bands of roses the smooth-gliding ship.
And swam with it sporting to a verdant sea-
shore,
Where men were living in a high towering
And stately town.

Oh, peaceful wonder! How still the city
Where the sounds of this world were silent,
Of prattling and sultry employment,
And o'er the clean and echoing highways
Mortals were walking in pure white garments,
Bearing palm branches;
And whenever two met together,
They saw each other with ready feeling,
And thrilling with true-love and sweet self-
denial,

Each pressed a kiss on the forehead,
And looked up on high
To the bright sun-heart of the Saviour,
Which, gladly atoning His crimson blood,
Flashed down upon them,
And, trebly blessed, thus they spoke :
“ Blessed be Jesus Christ ! ”

If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
What wouldst thou have given,
My excellent friend ?
Thou who in head and limbs art so weak,
But in *faith* still so mighty,
And in single simplicity honourest the Trinity,
And the lapdog and cross and fingers
Of thy proud patroness daily kissest,
And by piety hast worked thyself up
To “ *Hofrath*,” and then to “ *Justizrath*,”
And now art councillor under Government
In the pious town
Where sand and true faith are at home,
And the patient *Spree*, with its holy water,
Purifies souls and weakens their tea.
If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
My excellent friend !
Thou’dst take it to some noble quarter for sale ;
Thy pale, white, quivering features
Would all be melting in pious humility ;
And his gracious Highness,

Enchanted and enraptured,
Praying would sink, like thee, on his knee.
And his eyes, so sweetly beaming,
Would promise thee an augmented pension
Of a hundred current Prussian dollars,
And thou wouldst stammer, thy hands enfolding,
"Blessed be Jesus Christ!"

PART SECOND.

(1826.)

I.

SEA-GREETING.

THALATTA! Thalatta!
Be thou greeted! thou infinite sea!
Be thou greeted ten thousand times
With heart wild exulting,
As once thou wert greeted
By ten thousand Grecian spirits,
Striving with misery, longing for home again,
Great, world-famous Grecian true-hearts.

The wild waves were rolling,
Were rolling and roaring,
The sunlight poured headlong upon them
His flickering rosy radiance,
The frightened fluttering trains of sea-gulls
Went flitting up, sharp screaming;
Loud stamped their horses, loud rung their armour,
And far it re-echoed, like victor's shout:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Greeting to thee, thou infinite sea !
Like the tongue of my country ripples thy water ;
Like dreams of my childhood seems the glimmer
On thy wild-wavering watery realm,
And ancient memories again seemed telling
Of all my pleasant and wonderful playthings,
Of all the bright-coloured Christmas presents,
Of all the branches of crimson coral,
Small gold-fish, pearls and beautiful sea-shells,
Which thou in secret ever keep'st
Beneath in thy sky-clear crystal home.

Oh ! how have I yearned in desolate exile !
Like to a withered floweret
In a botanist's tin herbarium
Lay the sad heart in my breast ;
Or as if I had sat through the weary winter,
Sick in a hospital dark and gloomy ;
And now I had suddenly left it,
And all-bewildering there beams before me
Spring,—green as emerald, waked by the sun
 rays,
And white tree-blossoms are rustling around me,
And the young flowerets gaze in my face
With eyes perfuming and coloured,
Perfuming and humming, and breathing and
 smiling,
And in the blue heaven sweet birds are singing—
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou brave, retreating heart !
 How oft, how bitter oft
 The barbarous dames of the North have pressed
 thee round !
 From blue eyes, great and conquering,
 They shot their burning arrows ;
 With artful-polished phrases,
 Often they threatened to cleave my bosom ;
 With arrow-head letters full oft they shot ¹
 At my poor brain, bewildered and lost.
 All vainly held I my shield against them ;
 Their arrows hissed, and their blows rang round
 me ;
 And by the cold North's barbarous ladies
 Then was I driven e'en to the sea ;
 And freely breathing I hail thee, O Sea !
 Thou dearest, rescuing Sea !
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

¹ *Keil-schrift*. Cuneiform letters, in allusion to the Assyrian character. *Keil* is, however, in German a wedge or bolt, and in the original Heine says that—

“Mit Keilschrift billets Zerschlugen sie mir,”

“They beat me with wedge-hand billets.”

But “arrow-head” is also applied to these characters. Scheffel in his *Gaudeamus* has taken this hint from Heine, where he makes the waiters in the Whale Tavern bring in the bill to the Prophet Jonas in cuneiform writing on six cylinders !—*Note by Translator.*

2.

STORM.

DARK broods a storm on the ocean,
And through the deep black wall of clouds
Gleams the zigzag lightning flash,
Quickly darting and quick departing.
Like a joke from the head of Kronion.
Over the dreary, wild-waving water,
Thunder afar is rolling,
And the snow-white steeds of the waves are
springing,
Which Boreas himself begot
On the beautiful mares of Erichthon;
And ocean birds in their fright are fluttering,
Like shadowy ghosts o'er the Styx,
Which Charon sent back from his shadowy
boat.

Little ship, wretched yet merry,
Which yonder art dancing a terrible dance!
Æolus sends thee the *fastest* companions,
Wildly they're playing the merriest dances;
The first pipes soft, the next blows loud,
The third growls out a heavy basso,
And the tottering sailor stands by the rudder,
And looks incessantly on the compass,

The quivering soul of the ship,
Lifting his hands in prayer to Heaven,
"Oh, save me, Castor, giant-like hero,
And thou who fight'st with fist, Polydeuces!"

3.

THE SHIPWRECKED.

Lost hope and lost love! All is in ruins!
And I myself, like a dead body
Thrown back by the angry sea,
Lie on the sea-beach;
On the waste, barren sea-beach,
Before me rolls a waste of water,
Behind me lies starvation and sorrow,
And above me go rolling the storm-clouds,
The formless, dark-grey daughters of air,
Which from the sea, in cloudy buckets,
Scoop up the water,
Ever wearied, lifting and lifting,
And then pour it again in the sea:
A mournful, wearisome business,
And useless too as this life of mine.

The waves are murm'ring, the seagulls screaming,
Old recollections seem floating around.
Long-vanished visions, long-faded pictures,
Torturing, yet sweet, seem rising once more!

There lives a maid in Norland,
A lovely maid, right queenly fair!
Her slender cypress-like figure
Is clasped by a passionate snowy-white robe;
The dusky ringlet fulness,
Like a too happy night,
From the lofty braid-crowned forehead comes
pouring,
Twining all dreamily sweet
Round the lovely snow-pale features,
And from the sweet and snow-pale features,
Great and wondrous, gleams a dark eye,
Like a sun of jet-black fire.

Oh, thou bright, black sun! how oft,
Enraptured oft, I drank from thee
Wild glances of inspiration,
And stood all quivering, drunk with their fire,
And then swept a smile all mild and dove-like,
Round the lips high mantling, proud and lovely;
And the lips high mantling, proud and lovely,
Breathed forth words as sweet as moonlight,
Soft as the perfume of roses;
Then my soul rose up in rapture
And flew like an eagle high up to heaven!

Hush! ye billows and seamews!
All is long over, hope and fortune,
Fortune and true love! I lie on the sea-beach,

A weary and wreck-ruined man,
Still pressing my face, hot glowing,
In the cold, wet sand.

4

SUNSET.

THE beautiful sun
Has calmly sunk down to his rest in the sea;
The wild rolling waters already are dyed
With night's dark shade,
Though still the evening crimson
Strews them with light as yet bright golden,
And the stern roaring might of the flood
Crowds to the sea-beach the snowy billows,
All merrily quickly leaping,
Like white woolly flocks of lambkins,
Which youthful shepherds at evening, singing,
Drive to their homes.

"How fair is the sun!"
Thus spoke, his silence breaking, my friend,
Who with me on the sea-beach loitering,
And jesting half, and half in sorrow,
Assured me that the bright sun was
A lovely dame, whom the old Ocean-god
For "convenience" once had married.
And in the daytime she wanders gaily
Through the high heaven, purple arrayed,

And all in diamonds gleaming,
And all beloved and all amazing
To every worldly being;
And every worldly being rejoicing
With warmth and splendour from her glances;
Alas! at evening, sad and unwilling,
Back must she bend her slow steps
To the dripping home, to the barren embrace
Of grisly old age.

"Believe me," added to this my friend,
And smiling and sighing, and smiling again,
"They're leading below there the lovindest
life!

For either they're sleeping or they are scolding,
Till high uproars above here the sea,
And the fisher in watery roar can hear
How the Old One his wife abuses.

"Plump drab of the universe!

Wooing with radiance!

All the long day shonest thou for other loves;
By night, to me, thou art freezing and weary."
At such a stern curtain lecture,
Of course the Sun-bride falls to weeping,
Falls to weeping, and wails her sorrow,
And cries so wretchedly that the Sea-god
Quickly, all desperate leaps from his bed,
And straight to the ocean surface comes rising,
To get to fresh air—and his senses.

" So I beheld him but yesternight
Rising breast-high up from the ocean ;
He wore a long jacket of yellow flannel,
And a new nightcap, white as a lily,
And a wrinkled, faded old face."

5.

THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

COLDER the twilight falls on the ocean,
And lonely, with his own lonelier spirit,
There sits a man on the barren strand,
And casts death-chilling glances on high,
To the wide-spread, death-chilling vault of heaven,
And looks on the broad, wide wavering sea ;
And over the broad, white wavering sea,
Like air-borne sailors, his sighs go sweeping,
Returning once more in sadness,
But to discover, firm fastened, the heart,
Wherein they fain would anchor ;
And he groans so loud that the snow-white sea-
mews,
Frightened up from their nests in the sand heaps,
In white clouds flutter round him,
And he speaks unto them the while, and laugh-
ing :—

" Ye black-legged sea-fowl,
With your white pinions o'er the sea fluttering,

With crooked dark bills drinking the sea-water,
And rank, oily seal-blubber devouring !
Your wild life is bitter, e'en as your food is,
While I here, the fortunate, taste only sweet
things !

I taste the sweetest breath of roses,
The nourished with moonshine nightingale bride ;
I eat the most delicate sugar *méringues*,
Filled with delicious whipped cream ;
And the sweetest of all I've tasted :
Sweetest true love and sweetest returned love.

“ She loves me ! she loves me ! the lovely maiden !
She now stands at home—perhaps at the window,
And looks through the twilight afar on the high-
way,
And looks and longs but for me—that's certain !
All vainly she gazes around, still sighing ;
Then sighing, she walks adown in the garden,
Wandering in moonlight and perfume,
And speaks to the sweet flowers—oft telling them
How I, the beloved one, deserve her love,
And am so agreeable—that's certain !
In bed reposing, in slumber, in dreams,
There flits round her, happy, my well-loved form ;
E'en in the morning at breakfast,
On the glittering bread and butter
She sees my dear features sweet smiling,
And she eats it up out of love—that's certain ! ”

Thus he's boasting and boasting,
And 'mid it all loud scream the seagulls,
Like old and ironical tittering.
The evening vapours are climbing up;
From clouds of violet, strange and dream-like,
Out there peeps the grass-yellow moon;
High are roaring the ocean billows,
And deep from the high uproaring sea,
All sadly as whispering breezes,
Sounds the lay of the Oceanides,
The beautiful, kind-hearted water-fairies,
And clearest among them the sweet notes are
 ringing
Of the silver-footed bride of Peleus,
And they sigh and are singing :—

“ Oh, fool ! thou fool ! thou weak, boasting fool !
Thou tortured with sorrows !
Vanished and lost are the hopes thou hast che-
 rished,
The light sporting babes of thy heart's love ;
And ah ! thy heart, thy Niobe heart,
Is by grief turned to stone !
And in thy wild brain 'tis night,
And through it is darting the lightning of mad-
 ness,
And thou boastest from anguish !
Oh, fool ! thou fool ! thou weak, boasting fool !
Stiff-necked art thou, like thy first parent,

The noblest of Titans, who from the immortals
Stole heavenly fire, and on man bestowed it,
And eagle-tortured, to rocks firm fettered,
Defied Olympus, enduring and groaning,
Until we heard it deep down in the sea,
And gathered around him with songs consoling.

“ Oh, fool ! thou fool ! thou weak, boasting fool !
Thou who art weaker by far than he,
Hadst thou thy reason, thou'dst honour th' im-
mortals,
And bear with more patience the burden of suf-
fering,
And bear it in patience, in silence, in sorrow,
Till even Atlas his patience had lost,
And the heavy world from his shoulders was
thrown
Into endless night.”

So rang the deep song of the Oceanides,
The lovely compassionate water-spirits,
Until the wild waters had drowned their music.
Behind the dark clouds down sank the moon,
Tired night was yawning,
And I sat yet awhile in darkness and weeping.

6.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

THOU full-blooming moon ! in thy soft light,
Like wavering gold, bright shines the sea ;
Like morn's first radiance, yet dimly enchanted,
It lies o'er the broad wide strand's horizon ;
And in the pure blue starless heaven
The snowy clouds are sweeping,
Like giant-towering shapes of immortals
Of white gleaming marble.

Nay, but I err ; no clouds are those yonder !
Those are in person the great gods of Hellas,
Who once so joyously governed the world,
But now long banished, long perished,
As monstrous terrible spectres are sweeping
Along o'er the midnight heaven.

Gazing and strangely bewildered, I see
The airy Pantheon,
The awfully silent, fearful far-sweeping
Giant-like spectres.

He there is Kronion, the king of heaven ;
Snow-white are the locks of his head,
The far-famed locks which send throbs through
Olympus ;

He holds in his hand the extinguished bolt;
Sorrow and suffering sit stern on his brow,
Yet still it hath ever its ancient pride.
Once there were lordlier ages, O Zeus,
When thou didst revel divinely,
'Mid fair youths and maidens on hecatombs many!
But e'en the immortals may not reign for ever;
The younger still banish the elder,
As thou thyself didst thy grey father,
And drove from their kingdom thy Titan uncles,
Jupiter Parricida!
Thee too I know well, haughty Juno!
Spite of all thy fearful jealousy,
Though from thee another thy sceptre hath
taken,
And thou art no more the Queen of Heaven,
And thy wondrous eyes seem frozen,
And even thy lily-white arms are powerless,
And never more can fall thy vengeance
On the god-impregnated maiden,
And the wonder-working son of Jove.
Well too I know thee, Pallas Athéné!
With shield and wisdom still thou couldst not
Avert the sad fall of immortals!
Thee too I know now, yes, thee, Aphrodité!
Once the golden one, now the silver one!
E'en yet the charm of thy girdle adorns thee;
But I shudder in secret before thy beauty,
And could I enjoy thy burning embraces,

Like the ancient heroes, I'd perish with fear ;
As the goddess of corpses thou seem'st to me,
Venus Libitina !
No more in fond love looks on thee,
There, the terrible Ares ;
Sadly now gazeth Phœbus Apollo,
The youthful ; his lyre sounds no more,
Which once rang with joy at the feasts of the
 gods.
And sadder still looks Hephaistos,
And—truly the limping one !—never more
Will he fill the office of Hebe,
And busily pour out in the assembly
The sweet-tasting nectar. And long hath been
 silent
The ne'er to be silenced laugh of immortals.

Gods of old time, I never have loved ye !
For the Greeks did never chime with my spirit,
And e'en the Romans I hate at heart ;
But holy compassion and shudd'ring pity
Stream through my soul
As I now gaze upon ye yonder,
Gods long neglected,
Death-like, night-wandering shadows,
Weak as clouds which the wind hath scattered ;
And when I remember how weak and windy
The gods now are who o'er you triumphed,
The new and the sorrowful gods now ruling,

The joy-destroyers in sheep-skins of meekness,
Then there comes o'er me gloomiest rage;
Fain would I shatter the modern temples,
And battle for ye, ye ancient immortals,
For ye and your good old ambrosial right;
And before your lofty altars,
Once more erected, with incense sweet smoking,
Would I, once more kneeling, adoring,
Raise up my arms to you in prayer.

For constantly, ye old immortals,
Was it your custom in mortal battles
Ever to lend your aid to the conqueror;
Therefore is man now far nobler than ye,
And in the contest I now take part
With the cause of the conquered immortals.

.

'Twas thus I spoke, and blushes were visible
Over the cold white aerial figures;
Gazing upon me like dying ones,
With pain transfigured, they quickly vanished.
The moon concealed her features
Behind a cloud, which darkly went sweeping:
Loudly the sea rose foaming,
And the beautiful calm beaming stars victorious
Shone out o'er heaven.

7.

QUESTIONING.

By the sea, by the dreary, darkening sea
A youthful man is standing,
His heart all sorrowing, his head all doubting,
And with gloomiest accent he questions the billows :—

“ Oh, solve me Life’s riddle, I pray ye,
The torturing ancient enigma,
O’er which full many a brain hath long puzzled,
Old heads in hieroglyph marked mitres,
Heads in turbans and caps mediæval,
Wig-covered pates and a thousand others,
Sweating, wearying heads of mortals,
Tell me what signifies *Man* ?
Whence came he hither ? Where goes he hence ?
Who dwells there on high in the radiant planets ? ”

The billows are murmuring their murmur unceasing,
Wild blows the wind, the dark clouds are fleeting,
The stars are still gleaming, so calmly and cold,
And a fool awaits an answer

8.

THE PHOENIX.

A BIRD from the far west his way came winging ;
Still flying eastward
To the beautiful land of gardens,
Where spicy perfumes are breathing and growing,
And palm-trees rustle and brooks are rippling,
And flying sings the bird so wondrous :—

“ She loves him ! she loves him !
She bears his form in her little bosom,
And wears it sweetly and secretly hidden,
Yet she knows it not yet !
Only in dreams he comes to *her*,
And she prays and weeps, his hand oft kissing,
His name often calling,
And calling she wakens, and lies in terror,
And presses in wonder those eyes, soft gleaming—
She loves him ! she loves him ! ”

9.

ECHO.

I **LEANED** on the mast ; on the lofty ship's deck
Standing, I heard the sweet song of a bird.
Like steeds of dark green, with their manes of
bright silver,

Sprang up the white and wild curling billows.
Like trains of wild swans went sailing past us
With shimmering canvas the Heligolanders,
The daring *nomades* of the North Sea.
Over my head, in the infinite blue,
Went sailing a snowy white cloud.
Bright shone the eternal sun-orb,
The rose of heaven, the fire blossoming,
Who, joyful, mirrored his rays in ocean,
Till heaven and sea, and my heart besides,
Rang back with the echo,
"She loves him! she loves him!"

10.

SEA-SICKNESS.

THE dark-grey vapours of evening
Are sinking deeper adown on the sea,
Which rises darkling to their embrace,
And 'twixt them on drives the ship.
Sea-sick, I sit as before by the main-mast,
Making reflections of personal nature,
World-ancient, ashy-grey observations,
Which Father Lot first made of old,
When he too much enjoyed life's good things,
And afterwards found that he felt unwell.
Meanwhile I think, too, on other old legends:
How cross- and scrip-bearing pilgrims, long
perished,

In stormiest voyage the comforting image
Of the Blessed Virgin, confiding, kissed ;
How knights, when sea-sick, in dole and
sorrow,

The little glove of some fair lady
Pressed to their lips, and soon were calm ;—
But here I'm sitting and munching in sorrow
A wretched herring, the salted refreshment
Of drunken sickness and heavy sorrow !

While I'm groaning, lo ! our ship
Fights the wild and terrible flood ;
As a capering war-horse now she bounds,
Leaping on high till the rudder cracks,
Now darting head-forward adown again
To the sad, howling, watery gulf ;
Then, as if all careless—weak with love—
It seems as though 'twould slumber
On the gloomy breast of the giantess Ocean,
Who onward comes foaming,
When sudden a mighty sea-waterfall
In snowy foam-curles together rolls,
Wetting all and me with foam.

This tottering, and trembling, and shaking for
ever

Is not to be borne with !
But vainly sweep my glances and seek
The German coast-line. Alas ! but water,
And once again water—wild waving water !

As the winter wanderer, at evening, oft longs
For one good warm and comforting cup of tea,
Even so now longs my heart for thee,
My German Fatherland!

Though for all time thy fair soil should be covered
With madness, hussars, and wretched verses,
And little tracts, lukewarm and watery;
Though from this time forth all thy *zebras*
Should be nourished with roses instead of thistles,
And though for ever, too, thy noble monkeys
In a garb of leisure go grandly strutting,
And think themselves better than all the other
Low-plodding, stupid, mechanical cattle.
Though for all time, too, thy snail-like assemblies
Should deem themselves immortal
Because they so slowly go creeping,
And though they daily go on deciding
If the maggots of cheeses belong to the cheese;
And long be lost in deliberation
How breeds of Egyptian sheep may be bettered,
That their wool may be somewhat improved,
And the shepherd may shear them like any
other,
Sans difference!
And though for ever injustice and folly
Should cover thee over, O Germany!
Nevertheless I am longing for thee,
For e'en at the worst thou art solid land.

II.

IN PORT.

HAPPY the man who is safe in his haven,
And has left far behind the sea and its sorrows,
And now so warm and calmly sits
In the cosy Town Cellar of Bremen.

Oh, how the world so home-like and sweetly
In the wine-cup is mirrored again,
And how the wavering *microcosmos*
Sunnily flows through the thirstiest heart!
All things I behold in the glass—
Ancient and modern histories by myriads,
Grecian and Ottoman, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of lemon-trees, watches patrolling,
Berlin and Schilda, and Tunis and Hamburg;
But above all the form of the loved one,
An angel's head on a Rhine-wine gold ground.

Oh, how fair! how fair art thou, beloved!
Thou art as fair as roses!
Not like the roses of Shiraz,
The brides of the nightingale sung by old Hafiz;
Not like the Rose of Sharon,
Holily blushing and hallowed by prophets;
Thou art like the Rose in the cellar of Bremen!¹

¹ In the Rathskeller—Council Cellar or Town-Hall Cellar—
of Bremen there is kept a celebrated tun called THE ROSE,

That is the Rose of Roses ;
The older she grows the sweeter she blossoms,
And her heavenly perfume hath made me happy ;
It has inspired me—has made me tipsy,
And were I not held by the shoulder fast
By the Town Cellar Master of Bremen,
I had gone rolling over !

The noble soul ! we sat there together,
And drank, too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty mysterious matters.
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces,
He made me a convert to Love's holy doctrine.
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven ;
Till piously weeping before me,
Silently opened the gates of redemption,
Where the Twelve Apostles, the holy barrels,
Preach in silence and yet so distinctly
Unto all nations.

containing wine three hundred years old. Around it are the TWELVE APOSTLES, or hogsheads filled with wine of a lesser age. When a bottle is drawn from the Rose, it is supplied from one of the Apostles, and by this arrangement the contents of the Rose are thus kept up to the requisite standard of antiquity. Those who are familiar with the writings of Hauff will remember the exquisite and genial sketch entitled, "A Fantasy in the Rathskeller of Bremen."—*Note by Translator.*

Those are the fellows !
Invisible outwards in sound oaken garments,
Yet they within are lovely and radiant,
Than all the proudest priests of the Temple,
And the lifeguardsmen and courtiers of Herod,
Glittering in gold and arrayed in rich purple ;
Still I have ever maintained
That not amid common vulgar people,
No—but in the *élite* of society
Constantly lived the monarch of heaven.

Hallelujah ! How sweetly wave round me
The palm-trees of Bath-El !
How sweet breathe the myrrh shrubs of Hebron !
How Jordan ripples and tumbles with gladness,
And my own immortal spirit tumbleth,
And I tumble with it, and tumbling
I'm helped up the stairway into broad daylight
By the brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen !
Thou brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen !
Seest thou upon the roofs of the houses sitting
Lovely tipsy angels sweetly singing ;
The radiant sun, too, yonder in heaven,
Is only a crimson wine-coloured proboscis,
The nose of the World-Soul,
And round the red nose of the World-Soul
Circles the whole of the tipsyfied world.

12.

EPILOGUE.

As in the meadow the wheat is growing,
So, sprouting and waving in mortal souls,
Thoughts are growing.

Aye; but the soft inspirations of love
Are like the blue and crimson flowerets,
Blossoming amid them.

Blue and crimson blossoms!
The ill-natured reaper rejects ye as useless,
Blockheaded simpletons scorn ye while thresh-
ing;

Even the penniless wanderer,
Who by your sight is made glad and inspired,
Shakes his head
And calls ye weeds, though lovely.
Only the fair peasant maiden,
The one who twines her garlands,
Honours you truly and plucks you,
And decks with you her lovely tresses,
And when thus adorned to the dance hastens,
Where the pipe and the viol are merrily pealing;
Or to the tranquil beech-tree,
Where the voice of the loved one more plea-
santly sounds
Than the pipe or the viol.

PART THIRD.

(1826.)

Motto: Varnhagen von Ense's Biographische Denkmale,
Part I. pp. 1, 2.

WRITTEN ON THE ISLAND NORDERNEY.

THE natives are generally poor as crows, and live by their fishery, which begins in the stormy month of October. Many of these islanders also serve as sailors in foreign merchant-vessels, and remain for years absent from home without being heard from by their friends. Not unfrequently they perish at sea. I have met upon the island poor women, all the male members of whose families had thus been lost—a thing which is likely enough to occur, as the father generally accompanies his sons on a voyage.

Maritime life has for these men an indescribable attraction, and yet I believe that they are happiest when at home. Though they may have arrived in their ships at those southern lands where the sun shines brighter and the moon glows with more romance, still all the flowers there do not fill the leak in their hearts, and in the perfumed home of spring they still long for their

sand island, for their little huts, and for the blazing hearth, where their loved ones, well protected in woollen jackets, crouch, drinking a tea which differs from sea-water only in name, and gabble a jargon of which the real marvel is that they can understand it themselves.

That which connects these men so firmly and contentedly is not so much the inner mystical sentiment of love as that of custom—that mutual “through-and-above-living”¹ according to nature, or that of social directness. They enjoy an equal elevation of soul, or, to speak more correctly, an equal depression, from which result the same needs and the same desires, the same experiences and the same reflections. Consequently, they more readily understand each other, and sit socially together by the fire in their little huts, crowd up together when it is cold, see the thoughts in each other’s eyes before a word is spoken, all the conventional signs of daily life are readily intelligible, and by a single sound or a single gesture they excite in each other that laughter, those tears, or that pious feeling which we could not awaken in our like without long preliminary explanations, expectorations, and declamations. For at bottom we live spiritually alone,

¹ “*Das naturgemässe Ineinander-Hinüberleben.*” Living in and along in a natural way, or as things come. Heine is not often so German as this.—*Note by Translator.*

and, owing to peculiar methods of education and peculiar reading, we have each formed a different individual character. Each of us, spiritually masked, thinks, feels, and acts differently from his fellow; and misunderstandings are so frequent, that even in roomy houses life in common costs an effort, and we are everywhere limited, everywhere strange, and everywhere, so to speak, in a strange land.

Entire races have not unfrequently lived for ages, as equal in every particular in thought and feeling as these islanders. The Romish Church in the Middle Age seemed to have desired to bring about a similar condition in the corporate members of all Europe, and consequently took under its protection every attribute of life, every power and development—in short, the entire physical and moral man.¹ It cannot be denied that much tranquil happiness was thereby effected, that life bloomed more warmly and *inly*, and that Art, calmly developing itself, unfolded that splendour at which we are even yet amazed, and which, with all our dashing science, we cannot imitate. But the soul hath its eternal rights; it will not be darkened by statutes, nor lullabied by the

¹ The ancient Egyptians lived also for several thousand years, with little or no real change, under a theocracy. The beginning of civilisation was like the starting a locomotive, with long intervals between the first puffs of steam.—*Note by Translator.*

music of bells. It broke from its prison, shattering the iron leading-strings by which Mother Church trained it along; it rushed in a delirium of joyous liberty over the whole earth, climbed the highest mountain peaks, sang and shouted for wantonness, recalled ancient doubts, pored over the wonders of day, and counted the stars by night. We know not as yet the number of the stars; we have not yet solved the enigmas of the marvels of the day; the ancient doubts have grown mighty in our souls—are we *happier* than we were before? We know that this question, as far as the multitude are concerned, cannot be lightly assented to; but we know, also, that the happiness which we owe to a lie is no true happiness, and that we, in the few and far-between moments of a god-like condition, experience a higher dignity of soul and more happiness than in the long, onward, vegetating life of the gloomy faith of a coal-burner.

In every respect that Church government was a tyranny of the worst sort. Who can be bail for those good intentions as I have described them? Who can prove, indeed, that evil intentions were not mingled with them? Rome would always rule, and when her legions fell she sent dogmas into the provinces. Like a giant spider, she sat in the centre of the Latin world, and spun over it her endless web. Generations of people lived beneath it a peaceful life, for they believed that

to be a heaven near them which was only a Roman web. Only the higher striving spirits, who saw through its meshes, felt themselves bound down and wretched, and when they strove to break away, the crafty spider easily caught them and sucked the bold blood from their hearts;—and was not the dreamy happiness of the purblind multitude purchased too dearly by such blood? The days of spiritual serfdom are over; weak with age, the old *cross*¹ spider sits between the broken pillars of her Coliseum, ever spinning the same old web, —but it is weak and brittle, and catches only butterflies and bats, and no longer the wild eagles of the North.

It is right laughable to think that just as I was in the mood to expand with such good-will over the intentions of the Roman Church, the accustomed Protestant feeling which ever ascribes to her the worst suddenly seized upon me; and it is this very difference of opinion in myself which again supplies me with an illustration of the incongruities of the manner of thinking prevalent in these days. What we yesterday admired we hate to-day, and to-morrow, perhaps, we ridicule it with perfect indifference.²

¹ *Kreuzspinne*, "Cross-spider," so called from a common kind of large spider which is marked with a cross.—*Note by Translator.*

² Having one day mildly reproached one of the most distinguished "*Æsthetes*" of our time for having distinctly shown

Considered from a certain point, all is equally great or small, and I thus recurred to the great European revolutions of ages, while I looked at the little life of our poor islanders. Even *they* stand on the margin of such a new age, and their old unity of soul and simplicity will be disturbed by the success of the fashionable watering-place recently established here, inasmuch as they every day pick up from the guests some new bits of knowledge which they must find difficult to reconcile with their ancient mode of life. If they stand of an evening before the lighted windows of the conversation-hall, and behold within the conduct of the gentlemen and ladies, the meaning glances, the longing grimaces, the voluptuous dances, the full contented feasting, the avaricious gambling, *et cetera*, it is morally certain that evil results must ensue which can never be counterbalanced by the money which they derive from this bathing establishment. This money will never suffice for the consuming new wants which they conceive, and from this must result disturbances in life, evil enticements, and greater sorrows. When but a boy, I always experienced a burning desire when

himself as a Hegelian, a disciple of Schopenhauer, a Christian Mediæval mystic, and an Agnostic, all within half-an-hour, he replied, "True ; but, my dear fellow, what would you have ? It is this horrid *age* in which we live which forces us into inconsistency."

beautiful freshly-baked tarts, which I could not obtain, were carried past me, reeking in delicious fragrance and exposed to view. Later in life I was goaded by the same feeling when I beheld fashionably *undressed* beautiful ladies walk by me; and I often reflect that the poor islanders, who have hitherto lived in such a state of blessed innocence, have here unusual opportunities for similar sensations, and that it would be well if the proprietors of the beautiful tarts, and the ladies in question, would cover them—or themselves—up a *little* more carefully. These numerous and exposed delicacies, on which the natives can only feed with their eyes, must terribly whet their appetites; and if the poor female islanders, when *enceinte*, conceive all sorts of sweet-baked fancies, and even go so far as to bring forth children which strongly resemble the aristocratic guests, the matter is easily enough understood. I do not wish to be here understood as hinting at any immodest or immoral connections. The virtue of the islanderesses is amply protected by their ugliness, and still more so by an abominably fishy odour, which to me at least is insupportable. Moreover, they have transplanted hither for the bathing season, from the Continent, a person who takes all the sins of the visitors or boarders on himself, and thereby ensures the islanderesses from every evil influence. That is, however, a

bad rule which works only for a little island, and not as well, at any rate, for a great sea-side city, where public characters are at the same time the lightning-rods and bulwarks by which the morality of the citizens' daughters is protected; as I was shown, in fact, in Hamburg a tremendously broadly-built woman who in such fashion covered half the Wandrahm, and also a lean lightning-rod of a female, by means of whom the great Johannis Strasse was protected in summer. Should, in fact, children with fashionable boarder-faces be here born into the world, I should much prefer to recognise in it a psychological phenomenon, and explain it by those material-mystical laws which Goethe has so beautifully developed in his *Elective Affinities*.

The number of enigmatical appearances in nature which can be explained by these laws is truly astonishing. When I last year, owing to a storm at sea, was cast away on another East Frisian island, I there saw hanging in a boatman's hut an indifferent engraving, bearing the title, *La Tentation du Vieillard*, and representing an old man disturbed in his study by the appearance of a woman, who, naked to the hips, rose from a cloud; and singular to relate, the boatman's daughter had exactly the same wanton pug-dog face as the woman in the picture! To cite another example: In the house of a money-changer, whose wife attended to

the business, and carefully examined coins from morning till night, I found that the children had in their countenances a startling likeness to all the greatest monarchs of Europe, and when they were all assembled, fighting and quarrelling, I could almost fancy that I beheld a congress of sovereigns!

On this account the impression on coins is for politicians a matter of no small importance; for as people so often love money from their very hearts, and doubtlessly gaze lovingly on it, their children often receive the likeness of their prince impressed thereon, and thus the poor prince is suspected of being in sober sadness the father of his subjects. The Bourbons had good reasons for melting down the *Napoleons d'or*, not wishing to behold any longer so many Napoleon heads among their subjects. Prussia has carried it further than any other in her specie politics, for they there understand by a judicious intermixture of copper to so make their new small change, and changes, that a brazen blush very soon appears on the cheeks of the monarch. In consequence, the children in Prussia have a far healthier appearance than of old, and it is a real pleasure to gaze upon their blooming little silver groschen faces.

I have, while pointing out the destruction of morals with which the islanders are threatened, made no mention of their spiritual defences, the

pastor and church. The first is a strong man with a great head, who does not appear to have discovered either Rationalism or Mysticism, and his greatest merit is that one of the most beautiful women in the world had lodgings in his house. What his church looks like is beyond my powers of description, as I was never in it. The Lord knows I am a good Christian, and even often get so far as to intend to make a call at His house, but by some mishap I am invariably hindered in my good intentions. Generally this is done by some long-winded gentleman who holds me by the button in the street, and even if I get to the gate of the temple, some jesting, irreverent thought comes over me, and then I regard it as sinful to enter. Last Sunday something of the sort happened, when just before the door of the church there came into my head an extract from Goethe's "Faust," where the hero passing with Mephistopheles by a cross, asks the latter—

"Mephisto, art in haste?

Why cast'st thou at the cross adown thy glances?"

To which Mephistopheles replies—

"I know right well it shows a wretched taste,

But *crosses* never ranked among my fancies."

These verses, as I remember, are not printed in any edition of "Faust," and only the late Hofrath

Moritz, who had read them in Goethe's manuscript, gave them to the world in his "Philip Reiser," a long out-of-print romance, which contains the history of the author, or rather the history of several hundred dollars which his pocket did *not* contain, and owing to which his entire life became an array of self-denials and economies, while his desires were anything but presuming—namely, to go to Weimar and become a servant in the house of the author of Werther. His only desire in life was to live in the vicinity of the man who of all mankind had made the deepest impression on his soul.

Wonderful! even then Goethe had awoke such inspiration, and yet it seems that "our third after-growing race" is first in condition to appreciate his true greatness.

But this race has also brought forth men into whose hearts only foul water trickles, and who would fain dam up in others the springs of fresh healthy life-blood; men whose powers of enjoyment are extinguished, who slander life, and who would render all the beauty and glory of this world disgusting to others, representing it as a bait which the Evil One has placed here simply to tempt us, just as a cunning housewife leaves during her absence the sugar-bowl exposed, with every lump duly counted, that she may test the honesty of the maid. These men have assembled a virtuous mob around them, preaching to their

adherents a crusade against the Great Heathen and against his naked images of the gods, which they would gladly replace with their disguised dumb devils.

Masks and disguises are their highest aim, the naked and divine is fatal to them, and a satyr has always good reasons for donning pantaloons and persuading Apollo to do the same. People then call him a moral man, and know not that in the Clauren-smiles of a disguised satyr there is more which is really repulsive than in the entire nudity of a Wolfgang-Apollo, and that in those very times when men wore puff-breeches, which required in make sixty yards of cloth, morals were no better than at present.

But will not the ladies be offended at my saying *breeches* instead of trousers? Oh, the refined feelings of ladies! In the end only eunuchs will dare to write for them, and their spiritual servants in the West must be as harmless as their body servants in the East.

Here a fragment from Berthold's diary comes into my head.

"If we only reflect on it, we are all naked under our clothes," said Doctor M—— to a lady who was offended by a rather cynical remark to which he had given utterance.

The Hanoverian nobility is altogether discontented with Goethe, asserting that he disseminates

irreligion, and that this may easily bring forth false political views; in fine, that the people must by means of the old faith be led back to their ancient modesty and moderation. I have also recently heard much discussion of the question whether Goethe were greater than Schiller. But lately I stood behind the chair of a lady, from whose very back at least sixty-four descents were evident, and heard on the Goethe and Schiller theme a warm discourse between her and two Hanoverian nobles, whose origin was depicted on the Zodiac of Dendera. One of them, a long lean youth, full of quicksilver, and who looked like a barometer, praised the virtue and purity of Schiller, while the other, also a long up-sprouted young man, lisped verses from the "Dignity of Woman," smiling meanwhile as sweetly as a donkey who has stuck his head into a pitcher of molasses and delightedly licks his lips. Both of the youths confirmed their assertions with the refrain, "But he is still greater. He is really greater, in fact. He is the greater, I assure you upon my honour, he is greater." The lady was so amiable as to bring me into this æsthetic conversation and inquire, "Doctor, what do *you* think of Goethe?" I, however, crossed my arms on my breast, bowed my head as a believer, and said, "*La illah ill Allah wa Mohammed rasul Allah!*"

The lady had, without knowing it, put the

shrewdest of questions. It is not possible to directly inquire of a man, "What thinkest thou of heaven and earth? what are thy views of man and human life? art thou a reasonable being or a poor dumb devil?" Yet all these delicate queries lie in the by no means insidious question, "What do you think of Goethe?" For while Goethe's works lie before our eyes, we can easily compare the judgment which another pronounces with our own, and thus obtain an accurate standard whereby to measure all his thoughts and feelings. Thus has he unconsciously passed his own sentence. But as Goethe himself, like a common world, thus lies open to the observation of all, and gives us opportunities to learn mankind, so can we in turn best learn to know him by his own judgment of objects which are exposed to all, and on which the greatest minds have expressed opinions. In this respect I would prefer to point to Goethe's "Italian Journey," as we are all familiar with the country in question either from personal experience or from what we have learned from others. Thus we can remark how every writer views it with *subjective* eyes, one with Archenhölzern, dull, displeased looks,¹ which beheld only the worst; another, with the inspired

¹ A play on the name of Archenholtz, *Hölzern* meaning wooden. *Archenhölzernest*, "serious stare," also gives the form and spirit of this "split pun."—*Note by Translator.*

eyes of Corinna, seeing everywhere the glorious; while Goethe with his clear Greek glances sees all things, the dark and the light, colours nothing with his individual feelings, and pictures the land and its people in the true outlines and true colours in which God clothed it.

This is a merit of Goethe's, which will not be appreciated until later times, for we, as we are nearly all invalids, remain too firm in our sickly ragged romantic feelings, which we have brought together from all lands and ages, to be able to see plainly how sound, how uniform, and how plastic Goethe displays himself in his works. He himself as little remarks it; in his *naïve* unconsciousness of his own ability, he wonders when "a reflection on present things" or "objective thought" is ascribed to him; and while in his autobiography he seeks to supply us with a critical aid to comprehend his works, he still gives us no measure of judgment, but only new facts whereby to judge him. Which is all natural enough, for no bird can fly over itself.¹

Later times will also, in addition to this ability of plastic perception, feeling, and thinking, discover much in Goethe of which we have as yet no shadow of an idea. The works of the soul are

¹ This simile of the bird occurs in Fichte's "Transcendental Idealism."—*Note by Translator.*

immutably firm, but criticism is somewhat volatile; she is born of the views of the age, is significant only for it, and if she herself is not of a sect which involves artistic value, as, for example, that of Schlegel, she passes with her time to the grave. Every age, when it gets new ideas, gets with them new eyes, and sees much that is new in the old efforts of mind which have preceded it. A Schubarth now sees in the *Iliad* something else and something more than all the Alexandrians; and critics will yet come who will see more than a Schubarth in Goethe.

And so I finally prattled with myself to Goethe! But such digressions are natural enough, when, as on this island, the roar of the ocean thrills our ears and tunes the soul according to its will.

There is a strong north-east wind blowing, and the witches have once again mischief in their heads. There are many strange legends current here of witches who know how to conjure storms—for on this, as on all northern islands, there is much superstition. The sea-folks declare that certain islands are secretly governed by peculiar witches, and that when mishaps occur to vessels passing them, it is to be attributed entirely to the evil will of these mysterious guardians. While I last year was some time at sea, the steersman of our ship told me one day that witches were

remarkably powerful on the Isle of Wight, and sought to delay every ship which went past during the day, that it might then by night be dashed to pieces on the rocks or driven ashore. At such times the witches are heard whizzing so sharply through the air and howling so loudly around the ship that the *Klabotermann* can with difficulty withstand them. When I asked who the *Klabotermann* was, the sailor answered very earnestly that he was the good invisible guardian angel of the ship, who takes care lest ill-luck befall honest and orderly skippers, who look after everything themselves and provide for proper ordering of things, as well as a good voyage. The brave steersman assured me, in a more confidential tone, that I could easily hear this spirit in the hold of the vessel, where he willingly busied himself with stowing away the cargo more securely, and that this was the cause of the creaking of the barrels and the boxes when the sea rolled high, as well as of the groaning of the planks and beams. It was also true that the *Klabotermann* often hammered without on the ship, and this was a warning to the carpenter to repair some unsound spot which had been neglected. But his favourite fancy is to sit on the topsail, as a sign that a good wind blows or will blow ere long. In answer to my question if he were ever seen, he replied, "No, that he was never seen, and that no man wished

to see him, for he only showed himself when there was no hope of being saved." The steersman could not vouch from his own experience, but he had heard others say that the *Klabotermann* was often heard giving orders from the topsail to his subordinate spirits; and that when the storm became too powerful for him, and utter destruction was unavoidable, he invariably took a place at the helm—showing himself for the first time—and then breaking it, vanished. Those who beheld him at this terrible moment were always engulfed the moment after.

The captain, who had listened with me to this narration, smiled more graciously than I could have anticipated from his rough countenance, hardened by wind and weather, and afterwards told me that fifty or a hundred years ago the faith in the *Klabotermann* was so strongly impressed on the sailors' minds that at meals they always reserved for him the best morsels, and that on some vessels this custom was still observed.¹

¹ In the last generation many sailors, English and American, believed in a spirit who dwelt in the main-top and whistled his orders. This was told me by a young "Lowth officer," who seemed to be rather proud of not believing in such a tradition, and declared that he had found out a certain hole through which the wind blew, which caused the spirit-sound.—*Note by Translator.*

I often walk alone on the beach, thinking over these marvellous sea-legends. The most attractive of them all is that of the Flying Dutchman, who is seen in a storm with all sail set, and who occasionally sends out a boat to ships, giving them letters to carry home, but which no one can deliver, as they are all addressed to persons long since dead. And I often recall the sweet old story of the fisher-boy, who one night listened securely on the beach to the music of the water-nixies, and afterwards wandered through the world casting all into enchanted raptures who listened to the melody of the sea-nymph waltz. This legend was once told me by a dear friend as we were at a concert in Berlin. I once heard just such an air played by the wondrous boy, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdi.

There is an altogether peculiar charm in excursions around the island. But the weather must be fair, the clouds must assume strange forms, we must lie on our backs on deck, gazing into heaven, and at the same time have a piece of heaven in our hearts. Then the waves will murmur all manner of strange things, all manner of words in which sweet memories flutter, all manner of names which, like sweet associations, re-echo in the soul—"Evelina!" Then ships come sailing by, and we greet them as if we could see them again every day. But *at night* there is something uncanny

and mysterious in thus meeting strange ships at sea; and we imagine that our best friends, whom we have not seen for years, sail silently by, and that we are losing them for ever.¹

I love the sea as my own soul.

I often feel as if the sea were really my own soul itself, and as there are in it hidden plants, which only rise at the instant in which they bloom above the water, and sink again at the instant in which they fade, so from time to time there rise wondrous flower forms from the depths of my soul, and breathe forth perfume, and gleam, and vanish—"Evelina!"

They say that on a spot not far from this island, where there is now nothing but water, there once stood the fairest villages and towns, which were all suddenly overwhelmed by the sea, and that in clear weather sailors yet see in the ocean, far below, the gleaming pinnacles of church spires, and that many have often heard, early on quiet Sabbath mornings, the chime of their bells. The story is true, for the sea is my own soul.

¹ This remark, in nearly the same words, was made to me by the captain of an American packet, who had certainly never read Heine, in 1846. It was on the occasion of meeting another ship, which came near us in darkness.

"A moment white, then lost for ever."

—*Note by Translator.*

"There a wondrous world to ocean given,
Ever hides from daylight's searching gleam ;
But it shines at night like rays from heaven,
In the magic mirror of my dream."¹

Awakening them, I hear the echoing tones of bells and the song of holy voices—"Evelina!"

If we go walking on the Strand, the ships sailing by present a beautiful sight. When in full sail they look like great swans. But this is particularly beautiful when the sun sets behind some passing ship, and this seems to be rayed round as with a giant glory.

Shooting on this beach is also said to present many very great attractions. As far as I am concerned, I am not particularly qualified to appreciate its charms. A love for the sublime, the beautiful, and the good is often inspired in men by education, but a love for hunting lies in *blood*. When ancestors in ages beyond recollection killed stags, the descendant still finds pleasure in this legitimate occupation. But my ancestors did not belong to the hunters so much as to the hunted, and the idea of attacking the descendants of those who were our comrades in misery goes against

¹ From "The Sunken City," a very beautiful poem by W. Müller. A book might be written on the legends of submerged cities in every part of the world.—*Note by Translator.*

my grain. Yes, I know right well from experience and from moral conviction that it would be much easier for me to let fly at a hunter who wishes that those times were again here when human beings were a higher class of game. God be praised! those days are over! If such hunters now wish to chase a man, they must pay him for it, as was the case with a runner whom I saw two years ago in Göttingen. The poor being had already run himself weary in the heat of a sultry Sunday, when some Hanoverian aristocrats, who there studied *humaniora*, offered him a few dollars if he would run the whole course over again. The man did it. He was deathly pale, and wore a red jacket, and close behind him, in the whirling dust, galloped the well-fed, noble youths, on high horses, whose hoofs occasionally struck the goaded, gasping being, —and he was a man!

For the sake of the experiment, for I must accustom my blood to a better state, I went hunting yesterday. I shot at a few seagulls, which flew too confidently around, and could not, of course, know that I was a bad shot. I did not wish to shoot them, but only to warn them from going another time so near persons with loaded guns; but my gun shot "wrong," and I had the bad luck to kill a young gull. It was well that it was not an old one, for what would then have become of the poor little gulls which, as yet un-

fledged, lie in their sand-nests on the great downs, and which, without their mother, must starve to death. Before I went out I had a presentiment that something unfortunate would happen, for a hare run across my path.¹

But I am in an altogether strange mood when I wander alone by twilight on the strand—behind me the flat downs, before me the waving, immeasurable ocean, and above me heaven, like a giant crystal dome—for I then appear to myself so ant-like small, and yet my soul expands so world-wide. The lofty simplicity of nature, as she here surrounds me, at the same time subdues and elevates my heart, and indeed in a higher degree than in any other scene, however exalting. Never did any dome as yet appear great enough to me; my soul, with its Titan prayer, ever strove higher than the Gothic pillars, and would ever fain pierce the vaulted roof. On the peaks of the Rosstrappe, at first sight the colossal rocks in their bold groupings, had a tolerably imposing effect on me; but this impression did not long endure, my soul was only startled, not subdued, and those monstrous masses of stone became, little by little, smaller in my eyes, and finally they merely appeared

¹ This passage is very suggestive of a certain sentimental young lady, who often whipped and pinched younger girls till they cried, that she might have the pleasure of pitying and weeping with them.—*Note by Translator.*

like the little ruins of a giant palace, in which perhaps my soul would have found itself comfortably at home.

Ridiculous as it may sound, I cannot conceal it, but the disproportion between soul and body torments me not a little, and here on the sea, in the sublimest natural scenery, it becomes very significant, and the metempsychosis is often the subject of my reflection. Who knows the divine irony which is accustomed to bring forth all manner of contradictions between soul and body? Who knows in what tailor's body the soul of Plato now dwells, and in what schoolmaster the soul of Cæsar may be found? Who knows if the soul of Gregory VII. may not sit in the body of the Great Turk, and feel itself, amid the caressing hands of a thousand women, more comfortable than of old in its purple celibate's cowl? On the other hand, how many true Moslem souls, of the days of Ali, may, perhaps, be now found among our anti-Hellenic statesmen? The souls of the two thieves who were crucified by the Saviour's side, now hide, perhaps, in fat consistorial bodies, and glow with zeal for orthodox doctrine. The soul of Ghengis-khan lives, it may be, in some literary reviewer, who daily, without knowing it, sabres down the souls of his truest Baschkirs and Calmucks in a critical journal! Who knows? who knows? The soul of Pytha-

goras hath travelled, mayhap, into some poor candidate for a university degree, and who is plucked at examination because he cannot explain the Pythagorean doctrines, while in his examiners dwell the souls of those oxen which Pythagoras once offered to the immortal gods for joy at discovering the doctrines in question.¹ The Hindoos are not so stupid as our missionaries think. They honour animals for the human souls which they suppose dwell in them, and if they found hospitals for invalid monkeys, after the manner of our academies, nothing is more likely than that in those monkeys dwell the souls of great scholars, since it is evident enough that among us in many great scholars are only apish souls!

But who can look with the omniscience of the past from above on the deeds of mortals? When I by night wander by the sea listening to the song of the waves, and every manner of presentiment and of memory awakes in me, then it seems as though I had once heard the like from above, and had fallen, through tottering terror, to earth; it seems too as though my eyes had been so telescopically keen that I could see the stars wandering as large as life in heaven, and had been dazzled

¹ This idea of the transmigrated souls of oxen is repeated in another and equally ingenious form in "The Gods in Exile" (Germany).—*Note by Translator.*

by all their whirling splendour; then, as if from the depth of a millennium, there come all sorts of strange thoughts into my soul, thoughts of wisdom old as the world, but so obscure that I cannot surmise what they mean; only this much I know, that all our cunning, knowledge, effort, and production must to some higher spirit seem as little and valueless as those spiders seemed to me which I have so often seen in the library of Göttingen. There they sat, so busily weaving, on the folios of the world's history, looking so philosophically confident on the scene around them, and they had so exactly the pedantic obscurity of Göttingen, and seemed so proud of their mathematical knowledge, of their contributions to art, of their solitary reflections, and yet they knew nothing of all the wonders which were in the book on which they were born, on which they had passed their lives, and on which they must die, if not disturbed by the prying Doctor L——. And who is the prying Doctor L——? ¹ His soul once dwelt in just such a spider, and *now* he guards the folios on which he once sat; and if he reads them, he never learns their true contents.²

¹ Termed "the old, creeping-about Librarian Stiefel," in the French edition of the *Reisebilder*.—*German Edition*.

² In the French edition of the *Reisebilder* this Dr. L—— appears as "the old slinking Librarian Stiefel,"—"Der alte schleichende Bibliothekar."—*Note by A. Stradtman*.

What may have happened on the ground where I now walk? A *Conrector*, who was bathing here, asserted that it was in this place that the religious rites of Hertha, or, more correctly speaking, of Forsete, were once celebrated—those rites of which Tacitus speaks so mysteriously. Let us only trust that the reporter from whom Tacitus picked up the intelligence did not err, and mistake a bathing waggon for the sacred vehicle of the goddess.

In the year 1819 I attended in Bonn, in one and the same season, four courses of lectures on German antiquities from the remotest times. The first of these was the history of the German tongue, by Schlegel, who for three months developed the most old-fashioned hypotheses on the origin of the Teutonic race; 2. The Germania of Tacitus, by Arndt, who sought in the old German forests for those virtues which he misses in the saloons of the present day; 3. German National Law, by Hüllmann, whose historical views are the least vague of those current; and 4. Primitive German History, by Radloff, who at the end of the half year had got no farther than the time of Sesostrius. In those days the legend of the ancient Hertha may have interested me more than at present. I did not at all admit that she dwelt in Rügen, and preferred to believe that it was on an East Frisian island. A young *savant* always likes to have his own private hypothesis. But at any rate, I never

supposed that I should some day wander on the shore of the North Sea without thinking of the old goddess with patriotic enthusiasm. Such is, in fact, not altogether the case, for I am here thinking of goddesses, only younger and more beautiful ones. Particularly when I wander on the strand, near those terrible spots where the most beautiful ladies have recently been swimming like nymphs. For neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe here under cover, but walk about in the open sea. On this account the bathing places of the two sexes are far apart, and yet not altogether *too* far, and he who carries a good spy-glass can everywhere in this world see many marvels. There is a legend of the island that a modern Actæon in this manner once beheld a bathing Diana, and, wonderful to relate, it was not he, but the *husband* of the beauty who got the horns.

The bathing-carriages, those hackney-coaches of the North Sea, are here simply shoved to the edge of the water. They are generally angular wooden structures, covered with coarse stiff linen. Now, during winter, they are ranged along the conversation hall, and without doubt maintain among themselves as wooden and stiff linen-like conversations as the aristocratic world which not long since filled their place.

But when I say the aristocratic world, I do not

mean the good citizens of East Friesland, a race flat and tame as their own sand-hills, who can neither pipe nor sing, and yet possess a talent worth any trilling and nonsense—a talent which ennobles man, and lifts him above those windy souls of service, who believe themselves alone to be noble. I mean the talent for freedom. If the heart beats for liberty, that beating is better than any strokes conferring knighthood, as the “free Frisians” well know, and they well deserve this, their national epithet. With the exception of the ancient days of chieftainship, an aristocracy never predominated in East Friesland; very few noble families have ever dwelt there, and the influence of the Hanoverian nobility by force and military power as it now spreads over the land, troubles many a free Frisian heart. Everywhere a love for their earlier Prussian government is manifested.

Yet I cannot unconditionally agree with the universal German complaint of the pride of birth of the Hanoverian nobility. The Hanoverian corps of officers give least occasion for complaints of this nature. It is true that, as in Madagascar, only the nobility have the right to become butchers, so in days of old, only the nobility in Hanover were permitted to become soldiers. But since, in recent times, so many citizens have distinguished themselves in German regiments, and risen to be

officers, this evil customary privilege has fallen into disuse. Yes, the entire body of the German legions has contributed much to soften all prejudices, for these men have travelled afar, and out in the world men see many things, especially in England; and they have learned much, and it is a real pleasure to hear them talk of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Isles, Ireland, and other distant lands where they have fought, and "seen full many towns and learned full many manners," so that we can imagine that we are listening to an Odyssey, which, alas! will never find its Homer. Among these officers many independent English customs have also found their way, which contrast more strikingly with the old Hanoverian manners than we in the rest of Germany would imagine, as we are in the habit of supposing that England has exercised great influence over Hanover. Through all the land of Hanover nothing is to be seen but genealogical trees, to which horses are bound, so that for mere trees the land itself is obscured, and with all its horses it never advances. No; through this Hanoverian forest of nobility there never penetrated a sun-ray of British freedom, and no tone of British freedom was ever perceptible amid the neighing noise of Hanoverian steeds. But what a British tone of freedom is I lately learned as I saw an English ship sailing past in the wildest storm, while on its deck were

men who almost outroared wind and waves with their old song—

“Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
And Britons never, never shall be slaves.”

The general complaint of Hanoverian pride of birth is best founded as regards the hopeful youth of certain families, who either rule or believe that they really rule the realm. But these noble youths will soon lay aside this haughtiness, or more correctly speaking, this naughtiness, when they too have seen a little more of the world, or have had the advantage of a better education. It is true that they are sent to Göttingen, but they hang together, talking about their horses, dogs, and ancestry, learning but little of modern history; and if they happen once in a while by chance to hear of it, their minds are notwithstanding stupefied by the sight of “the count’s table,” which, a true indication of Göttingen, is intended only for students of noble birth. Of a truth, if the young Hanoverian nobility were better taught many complaints would be obviated. But the young become like the old. The same delusion, as though they were the flowers of the earth, and we others but its grass; the same folly, seeking to cover their own worthlessness with their ancestors’ merits; the same ignorance of what there may be problematic in these merits, as there are

few indeed among them who reflect that princes seldom reward their most faithful and virtuous subjects, but very often their panders, flatterers, and similar favourite rascals with ennobling grace. Few indeed among these nobles could say with any certainty what their ancestors have done, and they can only show their name in Rixner's Book of Tournaments; yes, and if they could prove that an ancestor was at the taking of Jerusalem, then ought they, before availing themselves of the honour, to prove that their ancestor fought as a knight should, that his mail suit was not lined with fear, and that beneath his red cross beat an honest heart. Were there no Iliad, but simply a list of names of those heroes who fought before Troy; and if those family names were yet among us, how would the descendants of Thersites be puffed up with pride! As for the purity of the blood, I will say nothing; philosophers and family footmen have doubtless some peculiar thoughts on this subject.

My fault-finding, as already hinted, is based upon the lame education of the Hanoverian nobility, and their early impressed delusion as to the importance of certain idle forms. Oh! how often have I laughed when I remarked the importance attached to these forms, as if it were even a difficult matter to learn this representing, this presenting, this smiling without saying any-

thing, this saying something without thinking, and all these noble arts which the good plain citizen stares at as on wonders from beyond sea, and which after all every French dancing-master has better and more naturally than the German nobleman, to whom they have with weary pains been made familiar in the cub-licking Lutetia, and who, after their importation, teaches them with German thoroughness and German labour to his descendants. This reminds me of the fable of the dancing-bear, who, having escaped from his master, rejoined his fellow-bears in the wood, and boasted to them of the difficulty of learning to dance, and how he himself excelled in the art; and in fact the poor brutes who beheld his performances could not withhold their admiration. That *nation*, as Werther calls them, formed the aristocratic world, which here at this watering-place shone on water and land, and they were altogether nice, dear folks, and played their parts well.

Persons of royal blood were also here, and I must admit that they were more modest in their address than the lesser nobility. Whether this modesty was in the hearts of these elevated persons, or whether they were impelled to it by their position, I will here leave undecided. I assert this, however, only of the German mediatised princes. These persons have of late suffered great

injustice, inasmuch as they have been robbed of a sovereignty to which they had as good right as the greater princes, unless, indeed, any one will assume, with my fellow-unbeliever Spinoza, that that which cannot maintain itself by its own power has no right to exist. But for the greatly divided Germany, it was a benefit that this array of 16mo despots were obliged to resign their power. It is terrible when we reflect on the number which we poor Germans are obliged to feed, for although these mediatised princes no longer wield the sceptre, they still wield knives, forks, and spoons, and do not eat hay, and if they did, hay would still be expensive enough. I imagine that we shall eventually be freed by America from this burden of princes. For sooner or later the presidents of those free states will be metamorphosed into sovereigns, and if they need legitimate princesses for wives, they will be glad if we give them our blood-royal dames, and if they take six, we will throw in the seventh gratis; and by and bye our princes may be busied with their daughters in turn; for which reason the mediatised princes have acted very shrewdly in retaining at least their right of birth, and value their family trees as much as the Arabs value the pedigrees of their horses, and indeed with the same object, as they well know that Germany has been in all ages the great princely stud from

which all the reigning neighbouring families have been supplied with mares and stallions.¹

In every watering-place it is an old-established customary privilege that the departed guests should be sharply criticised by those who remain, and as I am here the last in the house, I may presume to exercise that right to its fullest extent.

And it is now so lonely in the island, that I seem to myself like Napoleon on St. Helena. Only that I have here found something entertaining, which he wanted. For it is with the great Emperor himself with whom I am now busied. A young Englishman recently presented me with Maitland's book, published not long since, in which the mariner sets forth the way and manner in which Napoleon gave himself up to him, and deceived himself on the *Bellerophon*, till he, by command of the British Ministry, was brought on board the *Northumberland*. From this book it appears clear as day that the Emperor, in a spirit of romantic confidence in British magnanimity, and to finally give peace to the world, went to the English more as a guest than as a prisoner. It was an error which no other man would have fallen into, and least of all a Wellington. But history will declare

¹ This prediction that a time would come when Americans would devote themselves with zeal to intermarrying with any and every kind of European nobility, or "anything with a title," is now being rapidly fulfilled.—*Note by Translator.*

that this error was so beautiful, so elevated, so sublime, that it required more true greatness of soul than we, the rest of the world, can elevate ourselves to in our greatest deeds.

The cause which has induced Captain Maitland to publish this book appears to be no other than the moral need of purification which every honourable man experiences who has been entangled by bad fortune in a piece of business of a doubtful complexion. The book itself is an invaluable contribution to the history of the imprisonment of Napoleon, as it forms the last portion of his life, singularly solves all the enigmas of the earlier parts, and amazes, reconciles, and purifies the mind, as the last act of a genuine tragedy should. The characteristic differences of the four principal writers who have informed us as to his captivity, and particularly as to his manner and method of regarding things, is not distinctly seen save by their comparison.

Maitland, the stern, cold, English sailor, describes events without prejudice, and as accurately as though they were maritime occurrences to be entered in a log-book. Las Casas, like an enthusiastic chamberlain, lies, as he writes, in every line, at the feet of his Emperor; not like a Russian slave, but like a free Frenchman, who involuntarily bows the knee to unheard-of heroic greatness and to the dignity of renown. O'Meara,

the physician, though born in Ireland, is still altogether a Briton, and as such was once an enemy of the Emperor; but now, recognising the majestic rights of adversity, he writes boldly, without ornament, and conscientiously, almost in a lapidary style. While we recognise, on the contrary, not so much a style as a stiletto in the pointed, striking manner of writing of the Italian Autommarchi, who is altogether mentally intoxicated with the vindictiveness and poetry of his land.

Both races, French and English, gave from either side two men of ordinary powers of mind, uninfluenced by the powers that be, and this jury has judged the Emperor, and sentenced him to live eternally—an object of wonder and of commiseration.

There are many great men who have already walked in this world. Here and there we see the gleaming marks of their footsteps, and in holy hours they sweep like cloudy forms before our souls; but an equally great man sees his predecessors far more significantly. From a single spark of the traces of their earthly glory he recognises their most secret act, from a single word left behind he penetrates every fold of their hearts; and thus in a mystical brotherhood live the great men of all times. Across long centuries they bow to each other, and gaze on each other

with significant glances, and their eyes meet over the graves of buried races whom they have thrust aside between, and they understand and love each other. But we little ones, who may not have such intimate intercourse with the great ones of the past, of whom we but seldom see the traces and cloudy forms, it is of the highest importance to learn so much of these great men that it will be easy for us to take them distinct, as in life, into our own souls, and thereby enlarge our minds. Such a man is Napoleon Bonaparte. We know more of his life and deeds than of the other great ones of this world, and day by day we learn still more and more. We see the buried form divine slowly dug forth, and with every spadeful of earth which is removed increases our joyous wonder at the symmetry and splendour of the noble figure which is revealed, and the spiritual lightnings with which foes would shatter the great statue serve but to light it up more gloriously. Such is the case with the assertions of Madame de Staël, who, with all her bitterness, says nothing more than that the Emperor was not a man like other men, and that his soul could be measured with no measure known to us.

It is to such a spirit that Kant alludes when he says that we can think to ourselves an understanding, which, because it is not discursive like our own, but intuitive, goes from the synthetic

universal of the observation of the whole, as such, to the particular; that is to say, from the whole to a part. Yes; Napoleon's spirit saw through that which we learn by weary analytical reflection and long deduction of consequences, and comprehended it in one and the same moment. Thence came his talent to understand his age, to cajole its spirit into never abusing him and being ever profitable to him.

But as this spirit of the age is not only revolutionary, but is formed by the antagonism of both sides—the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary—so did Napoleon act not according to either alone, but according to the spirit of both principles, both efforts, which found in him their union, and he accordingly always acted naturally, simply, and greatly; never convulsively and harshly, ever composed and calm. Therefore he never intrigued in details, and his striking effects were ever brought about by his ability to comprehend and to bend the masses to his will. Little analytical souls incline to entangled, wearisome intrigues; while, on the contrary, synthetic intuitive spirits understand in a wondrously genial manner, so to avail themselves of the means which are afforded them by the present, as quickly to turn them to their own advantage. The former often founder, because no mortal wisdom can foresee all the events of life, and life's relations are

never long permanent ; the latter, on the contrary, the intuitive men, succeed most easily in their designs, as they only require an accurate computation of that which is at hand, and act so quickly that their calculations are not miscarried by any ordinary agitation, or by any sudden unforeseen changes.

It is a fortunate coincidence that Napoleon lived just in an age which had a remarkable inclination for history, for research, and for publication. Owing to this cause, thanks to the memoirs of contemporaries, but few particulars of Napoleon's life have been withheld from us, and the number of histories which represent him as more or less allied to the rest of the world increase every day. On this account the announcement of such a work by Scott awakens the most anxious anticipation.

All those who honour the genius of Scott must tremble for him, for such a book may easily prove to be the Moscow of a reputation which he has won with weary labour by an array of historical romances, which, more by their subject than by their poetic power, have moved every heart in Europe.¹ This theme is, however, not merely an

¹ We have here an indication of a characteristic of Heine ; that is, the belief that a good work by any author loses all its value when the latter publishes anything indifferent. This is closely allied to the kindred folly of judging men's works by their lives, and off-setting the positive results of genius which benefits the world, by petty human weaknesses which are possibly only due to exaggerated gossip.—*Note by Translator.*

elegiac lament over Scotland's legendary glory, which has been little by little banished by foreign manners, rule, and modes of thought, but the greatest suffering for the loss of those national peculiarities which perish in the universality of modern civilisation—a grief which now causes the hearts of every nation to throb. For national memories lie deeper in man's heart than we generally imagine. Let any one attempt to bury the ancient forms, and overnight the old love blooms anew with its flowers. This is not a mere figure of speech, but a fact; for when Bullock, a few years ago, dug up in Mexico an old heathen stone image, he found next morning that during the night it had been crowned with flowers, although Spain had destroyed the old Mexican faith with fire and sword, and though the souls of the natives had been for three centuries digged about and ploughed and sowed with Christianity. And such flowers as these bloom in Walter Scott's poems. These poems themselves awaken the old feeling; and as once in Grenada men and women ran with the wail of desperation from their houses, when the song of the departure of the Moorish king rang in the streets, so that it was prohibited, on pain of death, to sing it, so hath the tone which rings through Scott's romance thrilled with pain a whole world. This tone re-echoes in the hearts of our nobles, who see their castles and armorial

bearings in ruins; it rings again in the hearts of our burghers, who have been crowded from the comfortable narrow way of their ancestors by wide-spreading, uncongenial modern fashion; in Catholic cathedrals, whence faith has fled; in Rabbinic synagogues, from which even the faithful flee. It sounds over the whole world, even into the Banyan groves of Hindostan, where the sighing Brahmin sees before him the destruction of his gods, the demolition of their primeval cosmogony, and the entire victory of the Briton.

But this tone—the mightiest which the Scottish bard can strike upon his giant harp—accords not with the imperial song of Napoleon, the new man—the man of modern times—the man in whom this new age mirrors itself so gloriously, that we thereby are well-nigh dazzled, and never think meanwhile of the vanished Past, nor of its faded splendour. It may well be presupposed that Scott, according to his predilections, will seize upon the stable element already hinted at, the counter-revolutionary side of the character of Napoleon, while, on the contrary, other writers will recognise in him the revolutionary principle. It is from this last side that Byron would have described him—Byron, who forms in every respect an antithesis to Scott, and who, instead of lamenting, like him, the destruction of old forms, even feels himself vexed and bounded by those which

remain, and would fain annihilate them with revolutionary laughter and with gnashing of teeth. In this rage he destroys the holiest flowers of life with his melodious poison, and like a mad harlequin, strikes a dagger into his own heart, to mockingly sprinkle with the jetting black blood the ladies and gentlemen around.

I truly realise at this instant that I am no worshipper, or at least no bigoted admirer of Byron. My blood is not so splenetically black; my bitterness comes only from the gall-apples of my ink; and if there be poison in me, it is only an anti-poison for those snakes which lurk so threateningly amid the shelter of old cathedrals and castles. Of all great writers, Byron is just the one whose writings excite in me the least passion, while Scott, on the contrary, in his every book gladdens, tranquillises, and strengthens my heart. Even his imitators please me, as in such instances as Willibald Alexis, Bronikowski, and Cooper, the first of whom, in the ironic "Walladmoor," approaches nearest his pattern, and has shown in a later work such a wealth of form and of spirit, that he is fully capable of setting before our souls with a poetic originality well worthy of Scott a series of historical novels.

But no true genius follows paths indicated to him; these lie beyond all critical computation, so that it may be allowed to pass as a harmless play

of thought if I may express my anticipatory judgment over Walter Scott's History of Napoleon. Anticipatory judgment¹ is here the most comprehensive expression. Only one thing can be said with certainty, which is, that the book will be read from its uprising even unto the downsetting thereof, and we Germans will translate it.²

We have also translated Segur. Is it not a pretty epic poem? We Germans also write epic poems, but their heroes only exist in our own

¹ "Vorurtheil"—*præjudicium*—prejudice—fore-judgment.—*Note by Translator.*

² These remarks were written in 1826, and in the following year the History of Napoleon Bonaparte by Walter Scott appeared, and I saw, to my great sorrow, that my prediction as to the work was fulfilled, for it was a complete failure, and since that mournful event the literary star of the Great Unknown has been extinguished. The excess of work with which he burdened himself to satisfy the demands of his creditors had broken down Walter Scott's health; but he worked all the harder to write several wearisome, absurd (*alberne*) romances, and died soon after. At the time when his work on Napoleon, this blasphemy in twelve volumes, appeared, I was in Munich, where I published a monthly magazine, "The Political Annals," and for this I wrote the remarks on the book which I subsequently embodied in the fourth volume of the *Reisebilder*.—*Note by Heine to the French version of the "Reisebilder."*

It can hardly be denied that in these remarks on Scott's Napoleon, Heine appears as one greatly forcing the oracle, or endeavouring to exalt his own rather ambiguous prediction to a prophecy. None of Scott's romances deserve the epithets "wearisome and almost absurd;" nor did his renown fade, nor

heads. The heroes of the French epos, on the contrary, are real heroes, who have performed more doughty deeds and suffered far greater woes than we in our garret-rooms ever dreamed of. And yet we have much imagination and the French but little. Perhaps on this account the Lord helped them out in another manner, for they only need truly relate what has happened to them during the last thirty years to have such a literature of experience as no nation and no age ever yet brought forth. Those memoirs of statesmen, soldiers, and noble ladies which appear daily in France form a cycle of legends in which posterity will find material enough for thought and song—a cycle in whose centre the life of the great Emperor rises like a giant tree. Segur's "History of the Russian Campaign" is a song, a French song of the people, which belongs to this legend cycle, and which in its tone and matter equals, and will remain equal to, the epic poetry of all ages. A

is his star even yet extinguished. Homer sometimes nods, and it does not follow because a first-class horse is sometimes fagged that he is incurably foundered. That is a hard judgment which would declare that an author's fame is utterly extinguished because he has, under cruel pressure of overwork, written something unequal to his former productions. Heine himself did not always maintain the same pace. It is amusing to compare this remark as to *alberne*—absurd or foolish—romances with the foregoing declaration that every book by Scott gladdened, tranquillised, and strengthened our author's heart.—*Note by Translator.*

heroic poem, which from the magic words "freedom and equality" has shot up from the soil of France, and, as in a triumphal procession, intoxicated with glory and led by the goddess Fame herself, has swept over, terrified, and glorified the world. And now at last it dances clattering sword-dances on the ice-fields of the North, until they break in, and the children of fire and of freedom perish by cold and by the *Slaves*.

Such a description of the destruction of a heroic world is the key-note and material of the epic poems of all races. On the rocks of Ellora and other Indian grotto-temples there remain such epic catastrophes, engraved in giant hieroglyphics, the key to which must be sought in the *Mahabharata*. The North, too, in words not less rock-like, has narrated this twilight of the gods in its "Edda;" the Nibelungen sings the same tragic destruction, and has in its conclusion a striking similarity with Segur's description of the burning of Moscow. The Roland's song of the battle of Roncesvalles, which, though its words have perished, still exists as a legend, and which has recently been raised again to life by Immermann, one of the greatest poets of the Fatherland, is also the same old song of woe. Even the song of Troy gives most gloriously the old theme, and yet it is not grander or more agonising than that French song of the people in which Segur has sung the

downfall of his hero-world. Yes, this is a true epos, the heroic youth of France is the beautiful hero who early perishes, as we have already seen in the deaths of Balder, Siegfried, Roland, and Achilles, who also perished by ill-fortune and treachery; and those heroes whom we once admired in the Iliad we find again in the song of Segur. We see them counselling, quarrelling, and fighting, as once of old before the Skaic gate. If the coat of the King of Naples is somewhat too variedly modern, still his courage in battle and his pride are greater than those of Pelides; a Hector in mildness and bravery is before us in "Prince Eugene, the knight so noble." Ney battles like an Ajax; Berthier is a Nestor without wisdom; Davoust, Daru, Caulincourt, and others possess the souls of Menelaus, of Odysseus, of Diomed—only the Emperor alone has not his like; in his head is the Olympus of the poem, and if I compare him in his heroic apparition to Agamemnon, I do it because a tragic end awaited him with his lordly comrades in arms, and because his Orestes yet lives.

There is a tone in Segur's epos like that in Scott's poems, which moves our hearts. But this tone does not revive our love for the long-vanished legions of olden time. It is a tone which brings to us the present, and a tone which inspires us with its spirit.

But we Germans are genuine Peter Schlemihls! In later times we have seen much and suffered much—for example, having soldiers quartered on us, and pride from our nobility; and we have given away our best blood, for example, to England, which has still a considerable annual sum to pay for shot-off arms and legs to their former owners, and we have done so many great things on a small scale, that if they were reckoned up together, they would result in the grandest deeds imaginable—for instance, in the Tyrol; and we have lost much—for instance, our “greater shadow,” the title of the holy darling Roman Empire; and still, with all our losses, sacrifices, self-denials, misfortunes, and great deeds, our literature has not gained one such monument of renown as rise daily among our neighbours like immortal trophies. Our Leipzig Fairs have profited but little by the battle of Leipzig. A native of Gotha intends, as I hear, to sing them successively in epic form, but as he has not as yet determined whether he belongs to the one hundred thousand souls of Hildburghausen, or to the one hundred and fifty thousand of Meiningen, or to the one hundred and sixty thousand of Altenburg, he cannot as yet begin his epos, and must accordingly begin with, “Sing, immortal souls, Hildburghausian souls, Meiningian or even Altenburgian souls, sing, all the same, sing the deliverance of the sinful Ger-

mans!" This trafficker in souls in the heart of the Fatherland, and his fearful ruggedness, allows no proud thought, and still less a proud word, to manifest itself; our brightest deeds become ridiculous by a stupid result; and while we gloomily wrap ourselves in the purple mantle of German heroic blood, there comes a political waggish knave and puts his cap and bells on our head.

One must also compare the literatures of our neighbours beyond the Rhine and the British Channel with our own trivial writing, to appreciate the emptiness and insignificance of our own bagatelle-life. Often when I read the *Morning Chronicle*, and behold in every line the English people, with its horse-races, boxing, cock-fights, assizes, Parliamentary debates, and so on, I then take up a German journal and find nothing but literary old woman's gossip¹ and theatrical twaddle.

And yet what else could be expected? When all public life is suppressed among a people, it will still seek for subjects of general conversation, and Germany finds these in its authors and comedians. Instead of horse-races, are races of books to the Leipzig Fair. Instead of the prize-ring, we have Mystics and Rationalists, who batter one

¹ *Fraubasereien*, or, as one might say in American, "Cousin Sallies," Cousin Sally being a generic term for a gossip.—*Note by Translator.*

another about in their pamphlets, till the former come to their senses, and the latter, by losing sight and hearing, experience true faith. Instead of cock-fights, we have newspapers in which poor devils who are fed up for the purpose abuse and vilify one another, while the Philistines cry out with joy, "There's a cock of the walk for you!" "That fellow has his comb up now!" "That bird has a sharp bill!" "That young rooster's pen-feather wants pulling!" "That chicken needs spurring; give him a slasher-gaff," and so on. After this fashion we hold our assizes, that is, in the grey sponge-paper Saxon journals, in which every chuckle-head is judged by his like, according to the principles of a literary criminal law, which favours the theory of utter discouragement and punishes every book as a misdemeanour. Should its author manifest intelligence, then the offence is "qualified;" but if he can prove an *alibi*—or absence of mind—the penalty is mitigated. It is, of course, a great fault that in this so much is left to judicial prejudice, all the more so because our book-judges, like Falstaff, will not give their reasons on compulsion, and are very often themselves sinners in private, and foresee that they themselves may be judged to-morrow by the same delinquents whom they now condemn. Youth is in our literary criminal proceedings a great mitigation of crime; for which reason many an old lite-

rary sinner is let off easily, because he is regarded as being in his second childhood. Indeed, the recent discovery that young men about the time of puberty have an insane tendency to pyromania, has had its influence in æsthetics, for which reason people regard with more mercy so many flaming tragedies, as, for instance, that of the fiery youth who did nothing less than set fire to the royal palace of Persepolis. We have also—to continue the comparison—our Parliamentary debates, by which I mean our theatrical critics; since as our theatre can properly enough be called a House of Commons from the abundance of common and vulgar things which bloom therein, and on account of the trampled-down French filth which our public gladly swallows even when it has had a Raupach tragedy on the same evening, just as a fly, when driven away from a honey-pot, sits down with the best appetite at once on dung, and so concludes its meal. I have here specially in mind Raupach's *Bekehrten*, "The Converted," which I saw performed last winter by admirable actors, and that with just as much applause as was bestowed on the *Schülerschwänke-Scholars*, or "Students' Pranks," a perfumed excrement, which was played afterwards on the same evening.¹ But

¹ It is amusing to observe, as characteristic of Heine, that while he here praises Raupach as if his plays were the very best,

our theatres there is poison as well as filth. I hear, in fact, that in our comedies the holiest morals and feelings of life are parodied in a rollicking tone and trolled away in such an easy style, that people at last will come to consider it all as of the utmost matter of course; and when I consider all these chamber-maidenly declarations of love, the sentimental friendly alliances for mutual deceit, the merry plans for deceiving parents or husbands,¹ or whatever these stereotyped themes for comedies may be called—ah! then an inner grief and boundless melancholy seizes me, and I look with anxious, painful gaze at the poor innocent little angels' heads unto whom all this is declaimed in the theatre—most certainly not without results!

The complaints of the decay and ruin of German comedy, as they have been sighed by honourable hearts, the critical zeal of Tieck and Zimmermann, who have in cleaning out our theatres a worse task than was that of Hercules in purifying

he subsequently, in his "Germany," abuses "The Cossack" as a disgrace to literature. He always seems also to be naively unconscious that his own contributions to the "perfumed dirt" were every whit as gross as that which he here condemns. But these "caprices of the artist" must be passed over in a panorama.—*Note by Translator.*

¹ Of which kind of literature Heine gives us a masterpiece in his "Florentine Nights," where he describes the debauching his friend's wife in detail.—*Note by Translator.*

the stables of Augeas, since our theatrical stalls must be washed out while the oxen or asses still remain in them—the efforts of highly-gifted men who would fain found a romantic drama, the most hitting satire,¹ as, for example, Robert's *Paradiesvogel*, "Bird of Paradise,"—all is of no avail; sighs, advice, attempts and lashes—all only move the air, and every word uttered in relation to it is only just so much spoken in the air.

Our Upper House, or Tragedy, makes a far better display. I refer specially here to scenes, decoration, and wardrobes. But here, too, there is a limit. In the Roman theatres elephants danced on the tight-rope and made great jumps; but man could bring it no further than this, and so the Roman realm perished, and at the same time its theatre. In our own theatres there is no lack of dances and leaps, but these are executed by the young tragedians themselves; and as it has sometimes happened that girls by taking tremendous jumps have been turned into boys,² so some lady-like poetling acts shrewdly enough when he

¹ *Die trefflichste und treffendste*, satire. The English word *hitting* exactly combines the full meaning of both these terms.
—Note by Translator.

² Madame de Stael has somewhere naively recorded that having heard this when young, she daily practised jumping, with the hope of bringing about a conclusion so devoutly wished for.
—Note by Translator.

attempts tremendous Alexandrine leaps with his lame iambs.

But as I intend to subsequently extend my observations over this theme of German *literatur-misère*,¹ I here offer a merrier compensation by the intercalation of the following Xenia, which have flown from the pen of Immermann, my lofty colleague. Those of congenial dispositions will, without doubt, thank me for communicating these verses; and with a few exceptions, which I have indicated with stars, I willingly admit that they express my own views.

THE POETIC MAN OF LETTERS

CEASE thy laughing, cease thy weeping; let the truth
be plainly said;

When Hans Sachs first saw the daylight, Weckherlin
just then was dead.

"All mankind at length must perish," quoth the dwarf
with wondrous spirit;

Ancient youth, the news you tell us hath not novelty
for merit.

In forgotten old black-letter, still his author-boots he's
steeping,

And he eats poetic onions to inspire a livelier weeping.

¹ *Literaturmisère*, literary misery. This specimen of one of Heine's "inimitable graces" is rather better in English than in the original, since it takes in a *résumé*.—*Note by Translator.*

*Spare old Luther, Frank, I pray you, in the comments which you utter ;
He's a fish which pleases better plain, than with thy melted butter.

THE DRAMATIST.

1.

*"To revenge me on the public, tragedies I'll write no longer !"
Only keep thy word, and then we'll let thee curse us more and stronger.

2.

In a cavalry lieutenant, stinging spur-like verse we pardon ;
For he orders phrase and feelings like recruits whom drills must harden.

3.

Were Melpomené a maiden, tender, loving as a child,
I would bid her marry this one—he's so trim, so neat, and mild.

4.

For the sins on earth committed, goes the soul of Kotzebue
In the body of this monster, stockingless, without a shoe.

Thus to honour comes the doctrine, which the earliest
ages give,
That the souls of the departed afterwards in beasts
must live.

ORIENTAL POETS.

At old Saadi's imitators *tout le monde* just now are
wondering ;—
Seems to me the same old story, if we East or West
go blundering.

Once there sang in summer moonlight, Philomel *seu*
nightingale ;
Now the *bulbul* pipes unto us, still it seems the same
old tale.

Of the rat-catcher of Hameln, ancient poet, you
remind me ;
Whistling eastwards, while the little singers follow
close behind thee.

India's holy cows they honour for a reason past all
doubt,
For ere long in every cow-stall they will find Olympus
out.

Too much fruit they ate in Shiraz, where they held
their thievish revels ;
In "Gazelles" they cast it up now—wretched Oriental
devils.

BELL-TONES.

SEE the plump old pastor yonder at his door, with
 pride elate
 Loudly singing, that the people may adore him dressed
 in state.

And they flock to gaze upon him, both the blind men
 and the lame,
 Cramped and pectoral sufferers—with them many a
 hysteric dame.

Simple cerate healeth nothing, neither doth it hurt a
 wound ;
 Therefore, friends, in every bookshop simple cerate
 may be found.

If the matter thus progresses, till they every priest
 adore,
 To old Mother Church's bosom I'll go creeping back
 once more.

There a single Pope they honour and adore a *præsens*
numen ;
 Here each one ordained as *lumen* elevates himself to
numen.

*ORBIS PICTUS.

IF the mob who spoil the world had but one neck, and
 here would show it !
 Oh, ye gods, a single neck of wretched actors, priests,
 and poets !

In the church to look at farces oft I linger of a
morning,
In the theatre sit at evening, from the sermon taking
warning.

E'en the Lord to me oft loses much in influence and
vigour,
For so many thousand people carve him in their own
base figure.

Public, when I please ye, then I think myself a
wretched weaver ;
But when I can really vex you, then it strengthens up
my liver.

"How he masters all the language !"—yes, and makes
us die of laughter ;
How he jumps, and makes his captive crazily come
jumping after !

Much can I endure that's vexing—one thing makes
me sick and haggard,
When I see a nervous weakling try to play the genial
blackguard.

*Once I own that thou didst please me, fair *Lucinda's*
favours winning ;
Out upon thy brazen courtship, now with *Mary*
thoud'st be sinning !

First in England, then 'mid Spaniards—then where
Brahma's darkness scatters
Everywhere the same old story—German coat and
shoes in tatters.

When the ladies write, for ever in their private pains
they're dealing,

Faussees couches and damaged virtue—oh, such open
hearts revealing !

Let the ladies write—they please me ; in one thing
they beat us hollow ;

When a dame takes “pen in hand,” we're sure no bad
results can follow.

Literature will soon resemble parties at a tea or
christening,

Naught but lady-gossips prating, while the little boys
are listening.

Were I a Ghengis-Khan, O China, long in dust had'st
thou been lying ;

From thy cursed tea came parties, and of them I'm
slowly dying.

All now settles down in silence, o'er the Mightiest
peace is flowing,

Calmly in his ledger entering what the early age is
owing.

Yonder town is full of statues, pictures, verses, music's
din ;

At the door stands Merry Andrew with his trump and
cries “Come in !”

Why, these verses ring most vilely, without measure,
feet, or form :

But should literary Pandours wear a royal uniform ?

Say, how can you use such phrases—such expression
without blushing?

We must learn to use our elbows when through market
crowds we're pushing.

But of old thou oft hast written rhymes both truly
good and great;

He who mingles with the vulgar must expect a vulgar
fate.

When the summer flies are swarming, with your caps
you knock them dead;

At these rhymes you will be hitting with the crows
upon your head.

I D E A S.
BOOK LE GRAND.

(1826.)

MAY
EVELINA

RECEIVE THESE PAGES
AS A MARK OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE
FROM THEIR AUTHOR.

"The mighty race of Oerindur,
The pillar of our throne,
Though Nature perish, will endure
For ever and alone."—MULLNER.

CHAPTER I.

"She was worthy of love, and he loved her. He, however, was not lovable, and she did not love him."—*Old Play.*

MADAME, are you familiar with that old play? It is an altogether extraordinary performance—only a little too melancholy. I once played the leading part in it myself, so that all the ladies wept save one, who did not shed so much as a single

tear, and in that consisted the *whole* point of the play—the real catastrophe.

Oh, that single tear! it still torments me in my reveries. When the devil desires to ruin my soul, he hums in my ear a ballad of that tear which ne'er was wept, a deadly song with a more deadly tune. Ah! such a tune is only heard in hell!

You can readily form an idea, Madame, of what life is like in heaven—the more readily as you are married. There people amuse themselves altogether superbly, every sort of entertainment is provided, and one lives in nothing but desire and its gratification, or, as the saying is, “like the Lord in France.” There they eat from morning to night, and the cookery is as good as Jagor’s; roast geese fly around with gravy-boats in their bills, and feel flattered if any one condescends to eat them; tarts gleaming with butter grow wild like sun-flowers; everywhere there are rivulets of *bouillon* and champagne, everywhere trees on which clean napkins flutter wild in the wind, and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to the health. There, too, you sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the dear delicate little angels, or take a walk on the green Hallelujah Meadow, and your white flowing garments fit so comfortably, and nothing disturbs your feeling of perfect happiness—no pain, no vexation. Nay,

when one accidentally treads on another's corns and exclaims, "*Excusez!*" the one trodden on smiles as if glorified, and insists, "Thy foot, brother, did not hurt in the least, quite *au contraire*—it only causes a deeper thrill of heavenly rapture to shoot through my heart!"

But of hell, Madame, you have not the faintest idea. Of all the devils in existence, you have probably made the acquaintance only of Amor, the nice little *croupier* of hell, who is the smallest Beelze-"bub" of them all.¹ And you know him only from "Don Juan," and doubtless think that for such a betrayer of female innocence hell can never be made hot enough, though our praiseworthy theatre directors shower down upon him as much flame, fiery rain, squibs and colophonium as any Christian could desire to have emptied into hell itself.

However, things in hell look much worse than our theatre directors imagine;—if they *did* know what is going on there, they would never permit such stuff to be played as they do. For in hell it is infernally hot, and when I was there, in the dog-days, it was past endurance. Madame, you can have no idea of hell! We have very few official returns from that place. Still it is rank

¹ *Bub* and *bubby* are familiarly used in Philadelphia as diminutives or pet terms for a small boy. From the German *Bube*—*Note by Translator.*





calumny to say that down there all the poor souls are compelled to read all day long all the dull sermons which were ever printed on earth. Bad as hell is, it has not *quite* come to that,—Satan will never invent such refinements of torture. On the other hand, Dante's description is too mild—I may say, on the whole, too poetic. Hell appeared to me like a great town-kitchen, with an endlessly long stove, on which were placed three rows of iron pots, and in these sat the damned and were cooked. In one row were placed Christian sinners, and, incredible as it may seem, their number was anything but small, and the devils poked the fire up under them with especial good-will. In the next row were Jews, who continually screamed and cried, and were occasionally mocked by the fiends, which sometimes seemed droll enough—as, for instance, when a fat, wheezy old pawnbroker complained of the heat, and a little devil poured several buckets of cold water on his head, that he might realise what a refreshing benefit baptism was. In the third row sat the heathen, who, like the Jews, could take no part in salvation, and must burn for ever. I heard one of the latter, as a square-built, burly devil put fresh coals under his kettle, cry out from his pot, "Spare me! I was once Socrates, the wisest of mortals; I taught Truth and Justice, and sacrificed my life for Virtue." But the clumsy, stupid devil went on

with his work, and grumbled, "Oh, shut up there! All heathens must burn, and we can't make an exception for the sake of a single man." I assure you, Madame, the heat was terrible, with such a screaming, sighing, groaning, croaking, crying, quacking, cracking, growling, grunting, yelling, squealing, wailing, trilling; and through all this terrible turmoil there rang distinctly the fatal melody of the Song of the Unwept Tear.

CHAPTER II.

"She was worthy of his love, and he loved her. He, however, was not lovable, and she did not love him."—*Old Play.*

MADAME, that old play is a tragedy, though the hero in it is neither killed nor commits suicide. The eyes of the heroine are beautiful, very beautiful. Madame, do you scent the perfume of violets? very beautiful, and yet so piercing that they struck like poignards of glass through my heart, and probably came out through my back, and yet I was not killed by those treacherous, murderous eyes. The voice of the heroine was also sweet. Madame, was it a nightingale you heard sing just as I spoke?—a soft, silken voice,

a sweet web of the sunniest tones, and my soul was entangled in it, and choked and tormented itself. I myself—it is the Count of Ganges who now speaks, and, as the story goes on, in Venice—I myself soon had enough of those tortures, and had thoughts of putting an end to the play in the first act, and of shooting myself through the head, foolscap and all. Therefore I went to a fancy store in the Via Burstah, where I saw a pair of beautiful pistols in a case—I remember them perfectly well—near them stood many ornamental articles of mother-of-pearl and gold, steel hearts on gilt chains, porcelain cups with delicate devices, and snuff-boxes with pretty pictures, such as the divine history of Susannah, the Swan Song of Leda, the Rape of the Sabines, Lucretia, a fat, virtuous creature, with naked bosom, in which she was lazily sticking a dagger; the late Bethmann,¹ *la belle Ferronière*, all enrapturing faces; but I bought the pistols without much ado, and then I bought balls, then powder, and then I went to the restaurant of Signor Somebody, and ordered oysters and a glass of hock.

I could eat nothing, and still less could I drink. The warm tears fell in the glass, and in that glass I saw my dear home, the blue, holy Ganges, the

¹ By "the late Bethmann," Heine means the Ariadne, which belonged to him, and which is so common in gypsum and porcelain, &c.—*Note by Translator.*

ever-gleaming Himalaya, the giant banyan woods, amid whose broad arcades calmly wandered wise elephants and white-robed pilgrims; strange dream-like flowers gazed on me with meaning glance, wondrous golden birds sang softly, flashing sun-rays, and the droll, silly chatter of monkeys pleasantly mocked me; from far pagodas sounded the pious prayers of priests, and amid them rang the melting, wailing voice of the Sultanness of Delhi. She ran wildly around in her carpeted chamber, she tore her silver veil, she struck with her peacock fan the black slave to the ground; she wept, she raged, she cried. I could not hear what she said; the restaurant of Signor Somebody is three thousand miles distant from the harem of Delhi, besides the fair Sultanness had been dead three thousand years; and I quickly drank up the wine, the clear, joy-giving wine, and yet my soul grew darker and sadder. I was condemned to death.

.

As I left the restaurant I heard the "bell of poor sinners" ring; a crowd of people swept by me; but I placed myself at the corner of the *Strada San Giovanni* and recited the following monologue:—

In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,
And trim attendants serve, and jessamine,

Myrtle, and roses spread their soft perfume,
And yet a single word of disenchantment
Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught,
And there remains but ruins old and grey,
And screaming birds of night and foul morass.
E'en so have I with a short single word
Quite disenchanted nature's loveliness.
There lies she now, lifeless and cold and pale,
E'en like a monarch's corse laid out in state,
The royal deathly cheeks fresh stained with rouge,
And in his hand the kingly sceptre laid ;
Yet still his lips are yellow and most changed,
For they forgot to dye them, as they should,
And mice are jumping o'er the monarch's nose,
And mock the golden sceptre in his grasp.

It is an universal regulation, Madame, that every one should deliver a soliloquy before shooting himself. Most men on such occasions use Hamlet's "To be or not to be." It is an excellent passage, and I would gladly have quoted it, but charity begins at home, and when a man has written tragedies himself, in which such farewell-to-life speeches occur, as, for instance, in my immortal "Almanson," it is very natural that one should prefer his own words even to Shakespeare's. At any rate the delivery of such speeches is an excellent custom, for thereby one gains at least a little time. And as it came to pass that I remained a long time standing on the corner of the

Strada San Giovanni, and as I stood there like a condemned criminal awaiting death, I raised my eyes, and suddenly beheld HER.

She wore her blue silk dress and rose-red bonnet and her eyes beamed on me so mild, so death-conqueringly, so life-givingly. Madame, you well know that when the vestals in ancient Rome met on their way a malefactor condemned to death, they had the right to pardon him, and the poor rogue lived. With a single glance she saved my life, and I stood before her revived, and dazzled by the sunny gleaming of her beauty, and she passed on, and left me alive.

CHAPTER III.

AND she saved my life, and I live, and that is the main point.

Others may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady-love adorn their graves with garlands, and water them with the tears of true love. Oh, women! hate me, laugh at me, mitten me, but let me live! Life is all too wondrous sweet, and the world is so beautifully bewildered; it is the dream of an intoxicated divinity

who has taken French leave of the tippling multitude of immortals, and has laid down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he also creates all that which he dreams, and the dream images form themselves often so fantastically wildly, and often so harmoniously and reasonably. The Iliad, Plato, the battle of Marathon, Moses, the Medician Venus, the Cathedral of Strasburg, the French Revolution, Hegel, and steamboats, &c., &c., are other good thoughts in this divine dream; but it will not last long, and the immortal one awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles; and our world has run to nothing, yes, has never been.

No matter, I live! If I am but the shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold black void annihilation of death. *Life* is the greatest of blessings and death the worst of evils. Berlin lieutenants of the guard may sneer, and call it cowardice, because the Prince of Homburg shudders when he beholds his open grave. Henry Kleist had, however, as much courage as his high-breasted, tightly-laced colleagues, and has, alas! proved it. But all great, powerful souls love life. Goethe's Egmont does not cheerfully take leave "of the cheerful wontedness of being and action." Immermann's Edwin clings to life "like a child upon the mother's breast." And though he finds

it hard to live by stranger mercy, he still begs for mercy, "for life and breath are still the best of boons."

When Odysseus, in the lower world, regards Achilles as the leader of dead heroes, and extols his renown among the living, and his glory even among the dead, the latter replies—

No more discourse of death, consolingly, noble Odysseus !
Rather would I in the field as daily labourer be
toiling,
Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking
possessions,
Than 'mid the infinite host of long-vanished mortals
be ruler.

Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols, and said to him, "If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog;" the latter replied, "I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion!" and was right. I have fought often enough, Madame, to dare to say this, God be praised, I live! Red life boils in my veins, earth yields beneath my feet, in the glow of love I embrace trees and statues, and they live in my embrace. Every woman is to me the gift of a world. I revel in the melody of her countenance. and with a single glance of my eye

I can enjoy more than others with their every limb through all their lives. Every instant is to me an eternity; I do not measure time with the ell of Brabant or of Hamburg, and I need no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live enough in this life, when I live backwards in the life of those who have gone before me, and win myself an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast; and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousand-fold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to awaken earth from her morning slumber, and earth trembles with ecstasy, her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun; the sun moves far too slowly; I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly. But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great eyes, oh! then true pleasure first thrills through me like a new life, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of mankind.¹

¹ The reader has already been forewarned in the preface that Heine's writings abound in frank expressions of his views. In these chapters we see him under the influence of a purely material Greek nature-worship. In one of his latest poems, a translation from which appeared in the *London Athenæum*, March

CHAPTER IV.

BUT a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snowflakes will whiten my locks, and his mists will dim my eyes. Then

31, 1855, we find evidences of a fearful, though occasional, reaction from this early intoxication :—

“ How wearily time crawls along,
That hideous snail that hastens not,
While I, without the power to move,
Am ever fixed to one dull spot.

Upon my dreary chamber wall
No gleam of sunshine can I trace ;
I know that only for the grave,
Shall I exchange this hopeless place.

Perhaps already I am dead,
And these perhaps are phantoms vain ;
These motley phantasies that pass
At night through my disordered brain.

Perhaps with ancient heathen shapes,
Old faded gods, this brain is full ;
Who, for their most unholy rites,
Have chosen a dead poet's skull.

And charming frightful orgies hold,
The mad-cap phantoms !—all the night,
That in the morning this dead hand
About their revelries may write.”

—*Note by Translator.*

my friends will lie in their weatherworn tombs, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race will have sprung up, with new desires and new ideas; full of wonder, I hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names are forgotten, and I myself am forgotten, perhaps honoured by but few, scorned by many, and loved by none! And then the rosy-cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say, laughing, "Thou indolent grey-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth."

Then I will grasp the harp, and my old joys and sorrows will awake, the clouds vanish, tears will again gleam on my pale cheeks. Spring will bloom once more in my breast, sweet tones of woe will tremble on the harp-strings. I will see once more the blue flood and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of ladies and young girls, and I will sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

It will be my last song, the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound flute-like from afar, my eyes, intoxicated with sleep, will softly close, my soul will re-echo with the notes of my harp—perfume breathes from the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly

have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and of a summer evening lovers will sit there caressing; the greenfinches will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle protectingly over the heads of the happy ones, who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when, at a later day, the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone until he reads the inscription, "He loved the flowers of the Brenta."

CHAPTER V.

MADAME, I have been telling you lies. I am not the Count of the Ganges. Never in my life did I see the holy stream, nor the lotus flowers which are mirrored in its sacred waves. Never did I lie dreaming under Indian palms, nor in prayer before the diamond deity Juggernaut, who with his diamonds might have easily aided me out of my difficulties. I have no more been in Calcutta than the turkey of which I ate yesterday at dinner had ever been in the realms of the

Grand Turk. Yet my ancestors came from Hindostan, and therefore I feel so much at my ease in the great forest of song of Valmiki. The heroic sorrows of the divine Ramo move my heart like familiar griefs, from the flower lays of Kalidasa the sweetest memories bloom; and when a few years ago a gentle lady in Berlin showed me the beautiful pictures which her father, who had been Governor-General in India, had brought from thence, the delicately painted, holy, calm faces seemed as familiar to me as though I were gazing at my own family gallery.

Franz Bopp—Madame, you have of course read his "Nalus" and his "System of Sanskrit Conjugations" gave me much information relative to my ancestry, and I now know with certainty that I am descended from Brahma's head, and not from his corns. I have also good reason to believe that the entire *Mahabarata*, with its two-hundred thousand verses, is merely an allegorical love-letter which my first forefather wrote to my first fore-mother. Oh, they loved dearly; their souls kissed, they kissed with their eyes, they were both but one single kiss!

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough in the silent sea, and sings a song of the love of my ancestors; earnestly gaze the pearls from their shelly cells; the wondrous water-flowers tremble with sad longing, the cunning-quaint sea-

snails, bearing on their backs many-coloured porcelain towers, come creeping onwards; the ocean-roses blush with shame; the yellow, sharp-pointed starfish and the thousand-hued glassy jellyfish quiver and stretch, and all swarm and crowd and listen.

Unfortunately, Madame, this nightingale song is far too long to admit of translation here; it is as long as the world itself—even its mere dedication to Anangas, the god of love, is as long as all Sir Walter Scott's novels together, and there is a passage referring to it in Aristophanes, which in German ¹ reads thus:—

“Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
Totototo, totototo, tototinx.”

—*Voss's Translation.*

No, I was not born in India. I first beheld the light of the world on the shores of that beautiful stream, in whose green hills folly grows and is plucked in autumn, laid away in cellars, poured into barrels, and exported to foreign lands.

In fact, only yesterday I heard some one speaking a piece of folly which, in the year 1818, was imprisoned in a bunch of grapes, which I myself then saw growing on the Johannisburg. But much folly is also consumed at home, and men are the same there as everywhere; they are born, eat,

¹ Or in English.

drink, sleep, laugh, cry, slander each other, are in great trouble and care about the continuation of their race; try to seem what they are not and to do what they cannot; never shave until they have a beard, and often have beards before they get discretion; and when they at last have discretion, they drink it away in white and red folly.

Mon Dieu! if I had faith, so that I could remove mountains, the Johannesburg would be just the mountain which I would transport about everywhere. But not having the requisite amount of faith, fantasy must aid me, and she at once bears me to the beautiful Rhine.

Oh, *there* is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. In its blue streams are mirrored the mountain shores, with their ruined towers, and woods, and ancient towns. There, before the house-door, sit the good people of a summer evening, and drink out of great cans, and gossip confidently how the wine—the Lord be praised!—thrives, and how justice should be free from all secrecy, and Marie Antoinette's being guillotined is none of our business, and how dear the tobacco-tax makes the tobacco, and how all mankind are equal, and what a glorious fellow Goerres is.

I have never troubled myself much with such conversation, and greatly preferred sitting by the maidens in the arched window, and laughed at their laughing, and let them strike me in the face

with flowers, and feigned ill-nature until they told me their secrets, or some other story of equal importance. Fair Gertrude was half wild with delight when I sat by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose, and once as she fell on my neck, I thought that she would burn away in perfumes in my arms. Fair Katherine melted in musical sweetness when she talked with me, and her eyes were of that pure, perfect *internal* blue, which I have never seen in animated beings, and very seldom in flowers—one gazed so gladly into them, and could then ever imagine the sweetest things. But the beautiful Hedwiga loved me, for when I came to her she bowed her head till the black locks fell down over the blushing countenance, and the gleaming eyes shone forth like stars from a dark heaven. Her diffident lips spoke not a word, and even I could say nothing to her. I coughed and she trembled. She often begged me, through her sisters, not to climb the rocks so eagerly, or to bathe in the Rhine when I had exercised or drunk wine until I was heated. Once I overheard her pious prayer to the image of the Virgin Mary, which she had adorned with leaf-gold and illuminated with a glowing lamp, and which stood in a corner of the sitting-room. She prayed to the Mother of God to keep me from climbing, drinking, and bathing! I should certainly have been desperately in love with her had

she manifested the least indifference, and *I* was indifferent because I knew that she loved me. Madame, if any one would win my love, they must treat me *en canaille*.

Johanna was the cousin of the three sisters, and I was right glad to be with *her*. She knew the most beautiful old legends, and when she pointed with the whitest hand in the world through the window out to the mountains where all had happened which she narrated, I became fairly enchanted. The old knights rose visibly from the ruined castles, and hewed away at each other's iron clothes, the Lorely sat again on the mountain summit, singing adown her sweet seductive song, and the Rhine rippled so intelligibly, so calmingly, and yet at the same time so mockingly and strangely, and the fair Johanna gazed at me so bewilderingly, so mysteriously, so enigmatically confiding, as though she herself were one with the legend which she narrated. She was a slender, pale beauty, sickly and musing, her eyes were clear as truth itself, her lips piously arched, in her features lay a great untold story, but it was a sacred one, perhaps a love legend! I know not what it was, nor had I ever courage to ask. When I gazed long upon her, I became calm and cheerful; it seemed to me as though there were a tranquil Sunday in my heart, and that the angels were holding church service there.

In such happy hours I told her tales of my childhood, and she listened earnestly to me, and singular! when I could not think of this or that name, she remembered it. When I then asked her with wonder where she had learned the name, she would answer with a smile that she had learned it of a little bird which had built its nest on the sill of her window; and she tried to make me believe that it was the same bird which I once bought with my pocket-money from a hard-hearted peasant boy, and then let fly away. But I believed that she knew everything because she was so pale, and really soon died. She also knew when she must die, and wished that I would leave Andernach the day before. When I bade her farewell, she gave me both her hands—they were white, sweet hands, and pure as the Host—and she said, "Thou art very good, and when thou art bad, then think of the little dead Veronica."

Did the chattering birds also tell her *this* name? Often in hours when desirous of recalling the past, I had wearied my brain in trying to think of that dear name, and could not.

And now that I have it again, my earliest infancy shall bloom again in recollections; and I am again a child, and play with other children in the castle court at Düsseldorf, on the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI.

YES, Madame, there was I born, and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities—those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt¹—should contend for the honour of having witnessed my birth. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine, where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried, and among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern, and the young Herr von Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me, when a child, in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave; she loved rose-perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old *Canonius* also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked

¹ All insignificant towns, with the exception of Göttingen, which is here supposed to be equally insignificant.—*Note by Translator.*

when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there, and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, "William, do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!" and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home* I mean the *Volkerstrasse* and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled English ladies will give the servant girl when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes,

and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk—O Lord! Madame, should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not spread its perfume through the wide world, and the green-veiled English ladies, when they visit Düsseldorf, leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market-Place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armour and a long hanging wig. When a boy, I was told that the artist who made this statue observed with terror while it was being cast that he had not metal enough to fill the mould, and then all the citizens of the town came running with all their silver spoons, and threw them in to make up the deficiency; and I often stood for hours before the statue wondering how many spoons were concealed in it, and how many apple-tarts the silver would buy. Apple-tarts were then my passion—now it is love, truth, liberty and crab-soup—and not far from the statue of the Prince Elector, at the Theatre corner, generally stood a curiously constructed sabre-legged rascal with a white apron, and a basket girt around him full of

smoking apple-tarts, which he well knew how to praise with an irresistible voice, "Here you are! hot apple-tarts! just from the oven—see how they smoke—quite delicious!" Truly, whenever in my later years the Evil One sought to win me, he always cried in just such an enticing soprano voice, and I should certainly have never remained twelve hours by the Signora Guilietta, if she had not thrilled me with her sweet perfumed apple-tart tones. And in fact the apple-tarts would never have so sorely tempted me if the crooked Hermann had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white aprons; and it is aprons, you know, which—but I wander from the subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in it, and no soup, and which represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm.

He was a brave gentleman, 'tis reported, a lover of art and handy therein himself. He founded the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf; and in the observatory there, they show a very curiously executed piece of wooden work, consisting of one box within another which he himself had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over it and slept in peace, and their people

slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and he replied, "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this, for one morning when we awoke, and would say, "Good morning, father!" the father had travelled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the town-house. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woollen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read, murmuringly, the handbill. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honourable old moustache. I stood near him, and asked why he wept? And he replied, "The Prince Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words "for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the

Princely Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town-Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town-councillors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira ! Ça ira !*

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because "the Prince Elector had *abducted !*" My mother had trouble enough to explain the word, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor; that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered sparsely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; one by one all men vanished, and I, a poor child, wan-

dered in anguish around, until, before the willow fence of a deserted farmhouse, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head—but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave—and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing and spelling, “The Prince Elector has abducted.”

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window, there was a sound of drums in the street, and as I entered the sitting-room and wished my father, who was sitting in his white dressing-gown, a good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town-Hall to the Archduke Joachim. I heard, too, that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man; that he wore his beautiful black hair in flowing locks, that he would shortly enter the town, and in fine, that he must please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching in that joyful race of fame, who, singing and playing, swept over the world, the merry, serious faces of the grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoes, the tri-

coloured cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs*, full of vivacity and *point d'honneur*, and the omnipotent giant-like silver-laced tambour-major, who cast his *baton* with a gilded head as high as the first storey, and his eyes to the second, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house,—in which my mother differed from me,—and I hastened to the market-place. There everything looked changed, somewhat as though the world had been new whitewashed. A new coat-of-arms was placed on the Town-Hall, its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery. French grenadiers stood as sentinels; the old gentlemen town-councillors had put on new faces, and donned their Sunday-coats, and looked at each other Frenchily, and said "*Bon jour!*" ladies gazed from every window, curious citizens and armed soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the great bronze horse of the Prince Elector, and thence stared down on the motley crowd.

Our neighbours, Peter and tall Jack Short, nearly broke their necks in accomplishing this feat, and it would have been better if they had been killed outright, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence; while the other, having made geographical researches

in strange pockets, was on this account elected member of a public tread-mill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Tall Jack told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time ere this was over. Finally, the balcony of the Council-House was filled with gaily dressed gentlemen, with flags and trumpets, and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like india-rubber, or like a night-cap into which one has thrown a stone—only that it was not the stone of wisdom—and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases—for instance, that “we are now to be made happy;” and at the last words the trumpets sounded out, and the people cried *hurrah!* and as I myself cried hurrah, I held fast to the old Prince Elector. And it was really necessary that I should, for I began to grow giddy. It seemed to me as if the people were standing on their heads, because the world whizzed around, while the old Prince Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, “Hold fast to me!” and

not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climbed slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home, I saw the crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and I also beheld crooked Gumpertz rolling in the gutter and growling *ça ira, ça ira*, and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and that on that account we had that day no school.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman emperors, chronology, the *nomina in im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed.

And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever, in later years, have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head. Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event, which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor, I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker, Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the university judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all, she was an old woman; we oft shall look upon her like again!" But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are moreover regular professors. But oh! the trouble I had at school with my learning to count; and it went even

worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule, "four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one;" but I advise all in such a case to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

But oh! the Latin. Madame, you can really have no idea of what a mess it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin.¹ Lucky dogs! they already knew in their cradles the nouns ending in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn it by heart, in the sweat of my brow, but still it is well that I knew it. For if I, for example, when I publicly disputed in Latin in the College Hall of Göttingen, on the 20th of July 1825—Madame, it was well worth while to hear it—if I, I say, had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the blunder would have been evident to the freshmen, and an endless shame for me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*. These words, which have attracted so much attention in the world, effected this, inasmuch as they belonged to a determined class, and yet were withal an exception. And the fact that I have them ready at my fingers' ends when I perhaps

¹ Heine took this idea almost *verbatim* from the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum*.

need them in a hurry, often affords me in life's darkened hours much internal tranquillity and spiritual consolation. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia*—they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that the boys in learning them got more whippings—are terribly difficult. In the arched way of the Franciscan cloister near our schoolroom there hung a large Christ-crucified of grey wood, a dismal image, that even yet at times rises in my dreams, and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes. Before this image I often stood and prayed, "Oh, Thou poor and also tormented God, I pray Thee, if it be possible, that I may get by heart the irregular verbs!"

I will say nothing of *Greek*, otherwise I should vex myself too much. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very much in the wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the devil. Lord knows what I suffered through it. It went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they to this very hour have crucified my good name. But yet, I never could get so far in Hebrew as my watch did, which had a much more intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers than I, and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits; for instance, it would not go on Saturday, and it learned the holy language, and was subsequently occupied with its grammar, for often when sleepless in the

night I have, to my amazement, heard it industriously repeating, *katal, katalta, kataliki—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat, pik, pik.*

Meanwhile I learned more of German than of any other tongue, though German itself is not such child's play, after all. For we poor Germans, who have already been sufficiently vexed with having soldiers quartered on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other exactions, must needs, over and above all this, bag Mr. Adelung, and torment each other with accusatives and datives. I learned much German from the old Rector Schallmeyer, a brave, clerical gentleman, whose protégé I was from childhood. Something of the matter I also learned from Professor Schramm, a man who had written a book on eternal peace, and in whose class my school-fellows quarrelled and fought with unusual vigour.

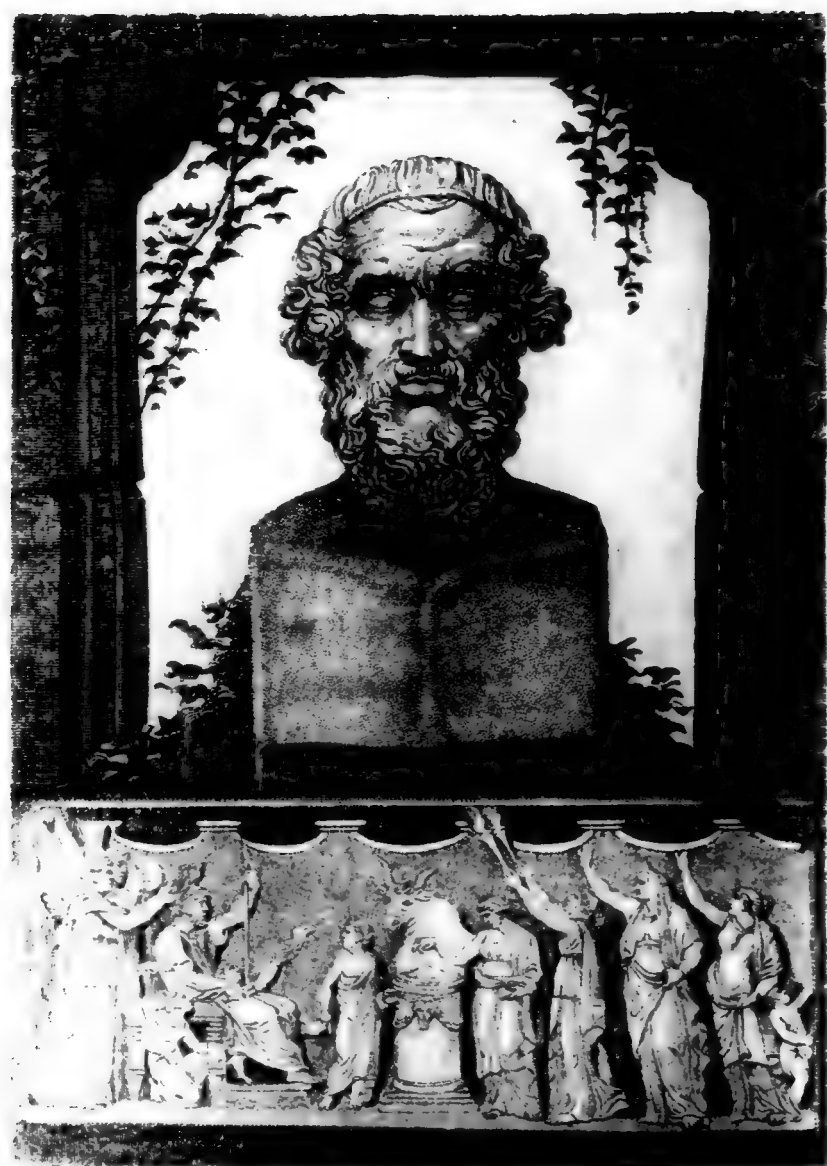
And while thus dashing on in a breath, and thinking of everything, I have unexpectedly found myself back among old school stories, and I avail myself of this opportunity to mention, Madame, that it was not my fault if I learned so little of geography that later in life I could not make my way in the world. For in those days the French made an intricate mixture of all limits and boundaries; every day lands were recoloured on the world's map; those which were once blue sud-

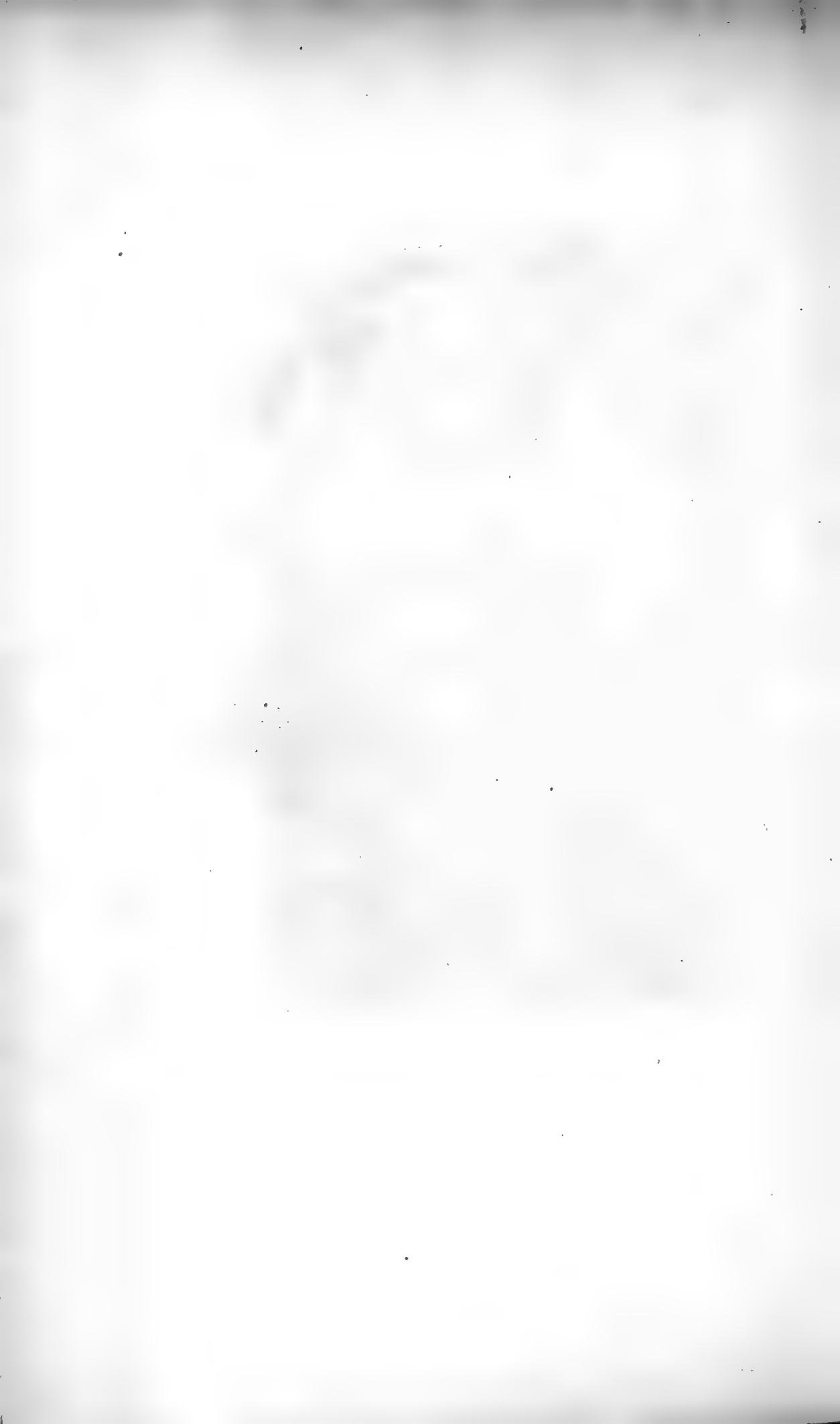
denly became green, many indeed were even dyed blood-red; the old established rules were so confused and confounded that the devil himself would never have remembered them. The products of the country were also changed; chickory and beets now grew where only hares and hunters running after them were once to be seen; even the character of different races changed; the Germans became pliant, the French paid compliments no longer; the English ceased making ducks and drakes of their money, and the Venetians were not subtle enough; there was promotion among princes, old kings obtained new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes; many potentates were chased, on the other hand, from house and home, and had to find some new way of earning their bread, while others went at once at a trade, and manufactured, for instance, sealing-wax, or—Madame, this paragraph must be brought to an end, or I shall be out of breath—in fine, in such times it is impossible to advance far in geography.

I succeeded better in natural history, for there we find fewer changes, and we always have standard engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, &c., &c. And having many such pictures in my memory, it often happens that at first sight many mortals appear to me like old acquaintances.

I also did well in mythology, and took a real delight in the mob of gods and goddesses who ran so jolly naked about the world. I do not believe that there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the principal points of his catechism—that is, the loves of Venus—better than I. To tell the plain truth, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them from the first; and we have not perhaps, made so much out of our New-Roman Trinity or our Jewish unity. Perhaps the old mythology was not in reality so immoral as we imagine, and it was, for example, a very decent idea of Homer to give to the much-loved Venus a husband.

But I succeeded best in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré* who had written a number of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about very nervously when he recited his *Art poétique* and his German history. He was the only one in the whole gymnasium who taught German history. Still French has its difficulties, and to learn it there must be much quartering of troops, much drumming in, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all, no one should be a *bête allemande*. From all this resulted many a cross word, and I can remember as though it happened but yesterday, that I got into many a scrape through *la religion*. I was once asked at least





six times in succession, "Henry, what is the French for 'the faith?'"¹ And six times, ever more weeping, I replied, "It is called *le crédit*." And after the seventh question, with his cheeks of a deep red-cherry-rage colour, my furious examiner cried, "It is called *la religion*"—and there was a rain of blows and a thunder of laughter from all my schoolmates. Madame! since that day I never hear the word *religion* without having my back turn pale with terror, and my cheeks turn red with shame. And to tell the honest truth, *le crédit* has during my life stood me in better stead than *la religion*. It occurs to me just at this instant that I still owe the landlord of the Lion in Bologna five dollars. And I pledge you my sacred word of honour that I would willingly owe him five dollars more if I could only be certain that I should never again hear that unlucky word, *la religion*, as long as I live.

Parbleu, Madame! I have succeeded tolerably well in French; for I understand not only *patois*, but even aristocratic governess French. Not long ago, when in noble society, I understood full one-half of the conversation of two German countesses, one of whom could count at least sixty-four years,

¹ Heine's real name, or the one given him in baptism, was not Heinrich, Henri, nor Henry, but Harry.

and as many descents. Yes, in the *Café Royal*, I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens talking French, and could understand every word he spoke, though there was no understanding in anything he said. We must know the *spirit* of a language, and this is best learned by *drumming*. *Parbleu!* how much do I not owe to the French drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like the devil, and yet had the good heart of an angel, and who above all this drummed so divinely!

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black moustache, beneath which red lips came bounding suddenly outwards, while his wild eyes shot fiery glances all around.

I, a young shaver, stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to clean his military buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest—for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well—and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade—in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment—*les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand knew but a little broken German, only the three principal words in every tongue—"Bread," "Kiss," "Honour"—but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I knew not what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the *Marseillaise*—and I understood

him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march—

“Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne !”

and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also declares, have drummed in Champagne—and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word *l'Allemagne* (or Germany), and he drummed the all too *simple* melody which on market-days is played to dancing-dogs—namely, *dum—dum—dum* ! I was vexed, but I understood him for all that !¹

In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not understand, it is true, the words which he spoke, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I understood him. This is, fundamentally, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastile, of the Tuileries, and the like, cannot be correctly understood until we know how *the drumming* was done on such occasions. In our school compendiums of history we merely read : “Their excellencies the Baron and Count, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded.” “Their highnesses the Dukes and Princes, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded.” “His Majesty the

¹ *Dum*, i.e. *dumm*, dumb or stupid.—*Translator*.

King, with his most sublime spouse, the Queen, was beheaded." But when you hear the red march of the guillotine *drummed*, you understand it correctly for the first time, and with it the how and the why. Madame, that is really a wonderful march! It thrilled through marrow and bone when I first heard it, and I was glad that I forgot it. People are apt to forget one thing and another as they grow older, and a young man has now-a-days so much and such a variety of knowledge to keep in his head—whist, Boston, genealogical registers, parliamentary conclusions, dramaturgy, the liturgy, carving—and yet, I assure you that, despite all my jogging up of my brain, I could not for a long time recall that tremendous tune! And only to think, Madame; not long ago I sat one day at table with a whole menagerie of counts, princes, princesses, chamberlains, court - marshalesses, seneschals, upper court mistresses, court keepers of the royal plate, court hunters' wives, and whatever else these aristocratic domestics are termed, and *their* under-domestics ran about behind their chairs and shoved full plates before their mouths; but I, who was passed by and neglected, sat at leisure without the least occupation for my jaws, and kneaded little bread-balls, and drummed with my fingers; and, to my astonishment, I found myself suddenly drumming the red, long-forgotten guillotine march.

"And what happened?" Madame, the good people were not in the least disturbed, nor did they know that *other* people, when they can get nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and that, too, very queer marches, which people have long forgotten.

Is drumming now an inborn talent, or was it early developed in me? Enough, it lies in my limbs, in my hands, in my feet, and often involuntarily manifests itself. I once sat at Berlin in the lecture-room of the Privy Councillor Schmaltz, a man who had saved the state by his book on the "Red and Black Coat Danger." You remember, perhaps, Madame, that in Pausanias we are told that by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from Livy, or from "Becker's History of the World," that geese once saved the Capitol, and you must certainly know from Sallust that by the chattering of a loquacious *putain*, the Lady Livia, that the terrible conspiracy of Catiline came to light. But to return to the mutton aforesaid. I listened to popular law and right in the lecture-room of the Herr Privy Councillor Schmaltz, and it was a lazy sleepy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench, and little by little I listened less and less—my head had gone to sleep—when all at once I was wakened by the roll of my own feet, which had *not* gone to sleep, and

had probably observed that anything but popular rights and constitutional tendencies was being preached, and my feet, which, with the little eyes of their corns, had seen more of how things go in the world than the Privy Councillor with his Juno eyes—these poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their immeasurable meaning by words, strove to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly that I thereby came near getting into a terrible scrape.

Cursed, unreflecting feet! They once acted as though they were corned indeed, when I on a time in Göttingen sponged, without subscribing, on the lectures of Professor Saalfeld, and as this learned gentleman, with his angular activity, jumped about here and there in his pulpit, and heated himself in order to curse the Emperor Napoleon in regular set style, right and left—no, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming *then*—indeed, I would not have blamed you if in your dumb naïveté you had expressed yourselves by still more energetic movements. How could *I*, the scholar of Le Grand, hear the Emperor cursed? The Emperor! the Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer-green and golden. A long avenue of lindens rises blooming around, on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the

waterfall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads: I stood amidst them once in wondrous intimacy, the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me, the nervous sick lilies nodded with woeful tenderness, the tipsy red roses nodded at me at first sight from a distance, the night-violets sighed; with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the mignonnette, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend. I am speaking of the Court garden of Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the bank, and piously listened there when Monsieur Le Grand told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon—the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and the glaciers thundered in the distance—I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi—I saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo—I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids, naught around save powder, smoke, and Mamelukes—I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz—ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road!—

I saw, I heard the battle of Jena—*dum, dum, dum*—I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram—no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that I nearly burst my own sheepskin.

CHAPTER VIII

BUT what were my feelings when I first saw with highly blest and with my own eyes *him*, Hosannah! the Emperor!

It was exactly in the avenue of the Court garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the "general march"—yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation that no one should dare under penalty of five dollars fine ride through the avenue. And the Emperor with his *cortège* rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sun-rays quivered, frightened, yet curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat.

He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand—one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races—and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, "Thou shalt have no gods before me!" A smile, which warmed and tranquillised every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus*—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman realm would have danced. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men; it saw at a glance all things at once, and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one and by their shaded hues. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and there was a quiver

which swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boots thoughts wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world; and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write all the days of his life.

The Emperor rode calmly straight through the avenue; no policeman stopped him; behind his *cortège* rode proudly, loaded with gold and ornaments, on panting horses; the trumpets pealed; near me crazy Aloysius spun round and snarled the names of his generals; not far off growled the tipsy Gumpert, and the multitude cried with a thousand voices, "*Es lebe der Kaiser!*"—Long live the Emperor!

CHAPTER IX.

THE Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring pen, has written thereon invisible words, which

will resound, like spirit-tones, through thousands of years.

Britannia ! the sea is thine. But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that mighty one hath covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson—no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves. And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the *Bellerophon*, and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the strait, there will be a blush on the cheeks of every honourable Briton. But a day will come when this song will ring thither, and there will be no Britannia in existence—when the people of pride will be humbled to the earth, when Westminster's monuments will be broken, and when the royal dust which they enclosed will be forgotten. And St. Helena is the holy grave whither the races of the east and of the west will make their pilgrimage in ships, with pennons of many a hue, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly saviour, who suffered and died under Sir Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the evangelists, Las Casas, O'Meara, and Autommarchi.

Strange ! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still, as before, professor in Göttingen.

CHAPTER X.

It was a clear frosty morning in autumn as a young man, whose appearance denoted the student, slowly loitered through the avenue of the Düsseldorf Court garden, often, as in child-like mood, pushing aside with wayward feet the leaves which covered the ground, and often sorrowfully gazing towards the bare trees, on which a few golden-hued leaves still fluttered in the breeze. As he thus gazed up, he thought on the words of Glaucus :—

“Like the leaves in the forests, e’en so are the races of
mortals ;

Leaves are blown down to the earth by the wind, while
others are driven

Away by the green budding wood, when fresh up-liveth
the spring-tide ;

So the races of man—this grows and the other departeth.”

In earlier days the youth had gazed with far different eyes on the same trees. When he was a boy he had there sought birds’ nests or summer

chafers, which delighted his very soul, as they merrily hummed around, and were glad in the beautiful world, and were contented with a sap-green leaf and a drop of water, with a warm sun-ray and with the perfume of the herbage. In those times the boy's heart was as gay as the fluttering insects. But now his heart had grown older, its little sun-rays were quenched, its flowers had faded, even its beautiful dream of love had grown dim; in that poor heart was naught save wanton will and care, and to say the worst—it was my heart.

I had returned that day to my old father-town, but I would not remain there over-night, and I longed for Godesberg, that I might sit at the feet of my lady friend and tell of the little Veronica. I had visited the dear graves. Of all my living friends, I had found but an uncle and an aunt. Even when I met once known forms in the street, they knew me no more, and the town itself gazed on me with strange glances. Many houses were coloured anew, strange faces gazed on me through the window-panes, worn out old sparrows hopped on the old chimneys; everything looked dead and yet fresh, like a salad growing in a graveyard. Where French was once spoken I now heard the Prussian dialect; even a little Prussian court had taken up its retired dwelling there, and the people bore court titles. The hairdresser of my mother had now become the Court-hairdresser.

and there were Court-tailors, Court-shoemakers, Court-bed-bug-destroyers, Court-groggeries — the whole town seemed to be a court-hospital for courtly spiritual invalids. Only the old Prince Elector knew me; he still stood in the same old place; but he seemed to have grown thinner. For just because he stood in the market-place, he had had a full view of all the miseries of the time, and people seldom grow fat on such sights. I was as if in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hastened out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon. I missed many a tree in the Court garden, and many had grown crooked with age, and the four great poplars which once seemed to me like green giants had become smaller. Pretty girls were walking here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little bulbs; for ah! they were the neighbour's children with whom I had once played "Princess in the Tower." But the fair maidens, whom I had once known as blooming roses were now faded roses, and in many a high brow whose pride had once filled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe. And now for the first time, and alas! too late, I understood what those glances meant, which they had once cast on the adolescent boy; for I had meanwhile in other lands fathomed the meaning of

similar passages in other lovely eyes. I was deeply moved by the humble bow of a man, whom I had once known as wealthy and respectable, and who had since become a beggar. Everywhere in the world, we see that men when they once begin to fall, do so according to Newton's theory, ever faster and faster in ratio as they descend to misery. One, however, who did not seem to be in the least changed was the little Baron, who tripped merrily as of old through the Court garden, holding with one hand his left coat-skirt on high, and with the other swinging hither and thither his light cane;—he still had the same genial face as of old, its rosy bloom now somewhat concentrated towards the nose, but he wore the same nine-pin hat, and the same old queue behind, only that the hairs which peeped from it were now white instead of black. But merry as the old Baron seemed, it was still evident that he had suffered much sorrow; his face would fain conceal it, but the white hairs of his queue betrayed him behind his back; yet the queue itself seemed striving to lie, so merrily yet sadly did it shake.

I was not weary, but a fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench, on which I had once carved the name of my love. I could hardly discover it among the many new names, which had since been cut around. Ah! once I slept

upon this bench, and dreamed of happiness and love. "Dreams are foams and gleams." And the old plays of childhood came again to my soul, and with them old and beautiful stories; but a new treacherous game, and a new terrible tale ever resounded through all, and it was the story of two poor souls who were false to each other, and went so far in their untruth, that they were at last unfaithful to the good God himself. It is a bad, sad story, and when one has nothing better on hand to do, he can well weep over it. Oh, Lord! once the world was so beautiful, and the birds sang thy eternal praise, and little Veronica looked at me with silent eyes, and we sat by the marble statue before the castle court. On one side lies an old ruined castle, wherein ghosts wander, and at night a headless dame in long, trailing, black silken garments, sweeps around; on the other side is a high, white dwelling in whose upper rooms gay pictures gleamed beautifully in their golden frames, while below stood thousands of great books which Veronica and I beheld with longing, when the good Ursula lifted us up to the window. In later years, when I had become a great boy, I climbed every day to the very top of the library ladder, and brought down the topmost books, and read in them so long, that finally I feared nothing—least of all ladies without heads—and became so wise that I forgot all the old

games and stories and pictures, and little Veronica, whose very name I also forgot.

But while I, sitting upon the bench in the Court garden, dreamed my way back into the past, there was a sound behind me of the confused voices of men lamenting the ill fortune of the poor French soldiers, who having been taken prisoners in the Russian war and sent to Siberia, had there been kept prisoners for many a long year, though peace had been re-established, and who now were returning home. As I looked up, I beheld in reality several of these orphan children of Fame. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery, deep sorrowing eyes were couched in their desolate faces, and though mangled, weary, and mostly lame, something of the military manner was still visible in their mien. Singularly enough, they were preceded by a drummer who tottered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of soldiers who had fallen in battle, and who by night rising again from their graves on the battlefield, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city. And of them the old ballad sings thus:—

“He beat on the drum with might and main ;
To their old night-quarters they go again ;
Through the lighted street they come ;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
They march before Sweetheart's home.

Thus the dead return ere break of day,
Like tombstones white in their cold array,
And the drummer he goes before ;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
And we see them come no more."

Truly the poor French drummer seemed to have risen but half repaired from the grave. He was but a little shadow in a dirty patched grey capote, a dead yellow countenance, with a great mustache which hung down sorrowfully over his faded lips, his eyes were like burnt-out tinder, in which but a few sparks still gleamed, and yet by one of those sparks I recognised Monsieur Le Grand.

He too recognised me, and drew me to the turf, and we sat down together as of old, when he taught me on the drum French and Modern History. He had still the well-known old drum, and I could not sufficiently wonder how he had preserved it from Russian plunderers. And he drummed again as of old, but without speaking a word. But though his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes spoke all the more, flashing fiercely and victoriously, as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled as he again thundered forth the red march of the guillotine. And he drummed, as before, the old battles for freedom, the deeds of the Emperor, and it seemed as though the drum itself were a living creature which rejoiced to speak out its inner soul. I

heard once more the cannon thunder, the whistling of balls, the riot of battle, the death-rage of the Guards—I saw once more the waving flags, again the Emperor on his steed;—but little by little there fell a sad tone in amid the most stirring confusion; sounds rang from the drum in which the wildest hurrahs and the most fearful grief were mysteriously mingled; it seemed a march of victory and a march of death. Le Grand's eyes opened spirit-like and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a broad white field of ice covered with corpses—it was the battle of Moscow.

I had never imagined that the hard old drum could give forth such wailing sounds as Monsieur Le Grand had drawn from it. They were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever softer and softer, and like a troubled echo deep sighs broke from Le Grand's breast. And they became ever more languid and ghost-like; his dry hands trembled as if from frost; he sat as in a dream, and stirred with his drum-stick nothing but the air, and seemed listening to voices far away; and at last he gazed on me with a deep—oh, so deep and entreating a glance. I understood him—and then his head sunk down on the drum.

In this life Monsieur Le Grand never drummed more. And his drum never gave forth another sound, for it was not destined to serve the enemies

of liberty for their servile roll-calls. I had well understood the last entreating glance of Le Grand, and I at once drew the rapier from my cane, and with it pierced the drum.

CHAPTER XI.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!

But life is in reality so terribly serious that it would be insupportable were it not for these unions of the pathetic and the comic, as our poets well know. Aristophanes only exhibits the most harrowing forms of human madness in the laughing mirror of wit; Goethe only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggrel of a puppet-show, and Shakespeare puts the most agonising lamentations on the misery of the world in the mouth of a fool, who meanwhile rattles his cap and bells in all the nervous suffering of pain.

They have all learned from the great First Poet, who, in his World Tragedy in thousands of acts, knows how to carry *humour* to the highest point, as we see every day:—after the departure of the heroes, the clowns and *graciosos* enter with their baubles and lashes, and after the bloody scenes of the Revolution there came waddling on the stage

the fat Bourbons, with their stale jokes and tender "legitimate" *bon mots*, and the old noblesse with their starved laughter hopped merrily before them, while behind all swept the pious Capuchins with candles, cross, and banners of the Church. Yes, even in the highest pathos of the World Tragedy bits of fun slip in. It may be that the desperate republican, who, like a Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, first smelt it to see whether some one had not split a herring with it—and on this great stage of the world all passes exactly the same as on our beggarly boards. On it, too, there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their parts, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompters' voices sounding above everything, *danseuses* who create astonishing effects with their leg-poetry, and, above all, *costumes*, which are and ever will be the main thing. And high in heaven, in the first row of the boxes, sit the lovely angels, and keep their *lorgnettes* on us poor sinners comedianising here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his splendid seat, and, perhaps, finds it dull, or calculates that this theatre cannot be kept up much longer because this one gets too high a salary, and that one too little, and that they altogether play far too indifferently.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame! As I ended the last chapter narrating to you how Monsieur Le Grand died, and how I

conscientiously executed the *testamentum militare*, which lay in his last glance, some one knocked at my room-door, and there entered an old woman, who asked pleasantly if I were not a doctor. And as I assented, she asked me in a friendly, patronising tone to go with her to her house, that I might there cut the corns of her husband.

CHAPTER XII.

THE German censors of the press—
blockheads

CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME! under Leda's productive hemispheres lay in embryo the whole Trojan world, and you could never understand the far-famed tears of Priam if I did not first tell you of the ancient

eggs of the swan ; therefore, I pray you, do not complain of my digressions. In every foregoing and foregone chapter there is not a line which does not belong to the business in hand. I write in bonds ; I avoid all superfluity ; I ever and often neglect the necessary. For instance, I have not regularly cited, I do not mean spirits, but, on the contrary, beings which are often quite spiritless, that is to say, authors ; and yet the citation of old and new books is the chief pleasure of a young author, and a few fundamentally erudite quotations often adorn the entire man. Never believe, Madame, that I am wanting in knowledge of titles of books. Moreover, I have caught the knack of those great souls who know how to pick corianders out of biscuit and citations from college lecture-books ; and I can also tell whence Bartle brought the new wine. Nay, in case of need, I can negotiate a loan of quotations from my learned friends. My friend G——, in Berlin, is, so to speak, a little Rothschild in quotations, and will gladly lend me a few millions ; and if he does not happen to have them about him, I can easily find some cosmopolite spiritual bankers who have. Apropos, Madame, the three per cent. Böckhs are dull, but the five per cent. Hegels have risen. But what need of loans have I, who am a man who stands well with the world, and have my annual income of 10,000 quotations to spend at

will? I have even discovered the art of passing off forged quotations for genuine. If any wealthy literary man—for instance, Michael Beer—would like to buy this secret, I will cheerfully sell it for 19,000 current dollars, or will trade with him. Another of my discoveries I will impart gratis for the benefit of literature.

I hold it to be an advisable thing when quoting from an obscure author to invariably give the number of his house.

These "good men and bad musicians," as the orchestra is termed in *Ponce de Leon*—these unknown authors almost invariably still possess a copy of their long out-of-print works, and to hunt up this latter it is necessary to know the number of their houses. If I wanted, for example, to find "Spitta's Song Book for Travelling Journeymen Mechanics," my dear Madame, where would *you* look for the book? But if quoted—

"*Vide* Song Book for Travelling Journeymen Apprentices, by P. Spitta, Lüneburg, Lünér Street, No. 2, right hand, around the corner."

— So you could, if it were worth your while, Madame, hunt up the book. But it is *not* worth the while.

Moreover, Madame, you can have no idea of the *facility* with which I quote. Everywhere do I discover opportunities to parade my profound pedantry. If I chance to mention eating, I at

once remark in a note that the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews also ate; I quote all the costly dishes which were prepared by Lucullus's cook—woe me, that I was born fifteen hundred years too late. I also remark that these meals were called this, that, or the other by the Romans, and that the Spartans ate bad black broth. After all, it is well that I did not live in *those* days, for I can imagine nothing more terrible than if I, poor devil, had been a Spartan. Soup is my favourite dish. Madame, I have thought of going next year to London, but if it is really true that no soup is to be had there, a deep longing will soon drive me back to the soup flesh-pots of the Fatherland. I could also dilate by the hour on the cookery of the ancient Hebrews, and also descend into the kitchen of the Jews of the present day. I may cite apropos of this the entire *Steinweg*. I might also allege the refined manner in which many Berlin *savans* have expressed themselves relative to Jewish eating, which would lead me to the other excellences and pre-eminencies of the chosen people to which we are indebted—as, for instance, their invention of bills of exchange and Christianity. But hold! it will hardly do for me to praise the latter too highly, not having as yet made much use of it, and I believe that the Jews themselves have not profited so much by it as by their bills of exchange. While on the Jews I could

appropriately quote Tacitus ; he says that they honoured asses in their temples, and what a field of rich erudition and quotation opens on us here ! How many a noteworthy thing can be adduced on ancient asses as opposed to the modern ! How intelligent were the former, and, ah ! how stupid are the latter ! How reasonably, for instance, spoke the ass of B. Balaam !

Vide Pentat. Lib. — — — — —

Madame, I have not the work just at hand, and will here leave a *hiatus* to be filled at a convenient opportunity. On the other hand, to confirm my assertion of the dulness, tameness, and stupidity of modern asses, I may allege

Vide — — — — —
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— No, I will leave these quotations also unquoted, otherwise I myself will be cited—namely, *injuriarum* or for *scan. mag.* The modern asses are great asses. The antique asses, who had reached such a pitch of refinement

Vide Gesneri de antiqua honestate asinorum.

(*In comment. Götting. t. ii. p. 32.*)

— would turn in their graves could they hear how people talk about their descendants. Once "Ass" was an honourable title, signifying as much as "Court Councillor," "Baron," "Doctor of Philosophy." Jacob compared his son Issachar to one,

Homer his hero Ajax, and now we compare Mr. von — to the same.

Madame, while speaking of *such* asses I could sink deep into literary history, and mention all the great men who ever were in love—for example, Abelardus, Picus Mirandola, Borbonius, Curtesius, Angelus Politianus, Raymondus Lullius, and Henricus Heineus. While on *Love* I could mention all the great men who never smoked tobacco, as, for instance, Cicero, Justinian, Goethe, Hugo, I myself—by chance it happens that we are all five a sort of half-and-half lawyers. Mabillion could not for an instant endure the piping of another, for in his *Itinere Germanico* he complains as regarded the German taverns, "*quod molestus ipsi fuerit tabaci grave olentis foetor.*" On the other hand, very great men have manifested an extraordinary partiality for tobacco. Raphael Thorus wrote a hymn in its praise. Madame, you may not perhaps be aware that Isaac Elzevir published it in 1628 at Leyden in quarto, and Ludovicus Kinschot wrote an oration in verses on the same subject. Grævius has even composed a sonnet on the soothing herb, and the great Boxhornius also loved tobacco. Bayle, in his *Dict. Hist. et Critiq.*, remarks of him that in smoking he wore a hat with a broad brim, in the forepart of which he had a hole, through which the pipe was stuck that it might not hinder his studies.

Apropos of Boxhornius, I might cite all the great literati who were threatened with bucks' horns, and who ran away in terror. But I will only mention Joh. Georg Martius: *de fuga literatorum, et cetera, etc., &c.* If we go through history, Madame, we find that all great men have been obliged to run away once in their lives: Lot, Tarquin, Moses, Jupiter, Madame de Staël, Nebuchadnezzar, Benjowsky, Mahomet, the whole Prussian army, Gregory VII., Rabbi Jizchak Abarbanel, Rousseau—to which I could add very many other names, as, for instance, those whose names stand on the black board of the Exchange.¹

So, Madame, you see that I am not wanting in well-grounded erudition and profundity. Only in systematology am I a little behindhand. As a genuine German, I ought to have begun this book with a full explanation of its title, as is usual in the Holy Roman Empire, by custom and by prescription. Phidias, it is true, made no preface to his Jupiter, as little to the Medicean Venus—I have regarded her from every point of view, without finding the slightest introduction; but the old Greeks were Greeks, and when a man is a decent,

¹ In some German cities the names of absconding bankrupts are permanently placarded on the Exchange. In America, such names are published in a much more original manner, viz., by changing them into verbs synonymous of "grabbing and bolting," e.g., to Swartwout, to Schuylerise.

honest, honourable German, he cannot lay aside his German nature, and I must accordingly "hold forth" in regular order on the title of my book.

Madame, I shall consequently proceed to speak

I. Of ideas.

A. Of ideas in general.

a. Of reasonable ideas.

β. Of unreasonable ideas.

α. Of ordinary ideas.

β. Of ideas covered with green leather.

These are again divided into — — — as will appear in due time and place.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME, have you, on the whole, an idea of an idea? What is an idea? "There are some good ideas in the build of this coat," said my tailor to me, as he with earnest attention gazed on the overcoat which dates in its origin from my Berlin dandy days, and from which a respectable quiet dressing-gown is now to be manufactured. My washerwoman complains that the Reverend Mr. S—— has been putting "ideas" into the head of her daughter, which have made her foolish and unreasonable. The coachman, Pattensen, grumbles out on every occasion, "That's an idea! that's

an idea!" Yesterday evening he was regularly vexed when I inquired what sort of a thing he imagined an idea to be? And vexedly did he growl, "*Nu, Nu*,—an idea is an idea!—an idea is any d——d nonsense that a man gets into his head." It is in this signification that the word is used as the title of a book by the Court Councillor Heeren in Göttingen.

The coachman Pattensen is a man who can find his way through night and mist over the broad Lüneburger Heath;—the Court Councillor Heeren is one who, with equally cunning instinct, can discover the ancient caravan road to the East, and plods on thither as safely and as patiently as any *camel* of antiquity.¹ We can trust such people and follow them without doubt, and therefore I have entitled this book "Ideas."

But the title of the book signifies, on that account, as little as the title of its author. It was chosen by him under any inspiration save that of pride, and should be interpreted to signify anything but vanity. Accept, Madame, my most sorrowful assurance that I am not vain. This remark—as you yourself were about to remark—is necessary. I am not vain—I would not become so if a forest of laurels grew on my head and a

¹ A *camel* in French means a prostitute, and in German a stupid, plodding man.

sea of incense were poured into my young heart, still I would not be vain. My friends, as well as divers more or less contemptible contemporaries, have fully taken care of *that* in advance of you. You know, Madame, that old women are accustomed to take children down a little when any one praised their beauty lest praise might hurt the little darlings. You remember, too, Madame, that in Rome when any one who had gained a military triumph and rode like a god, crowned with glory and arrayed in purple on his golden chariot with white horses from the *Campus Martius*, amid a festal train of lictors, musicians, dancers, priests, slaves, elephants, trophy-bearers, consuls, senators, soldiers: then behind him the vulgar mob sang all manner of mocking songs. And you know, Madame, that in our beloved Germany there are many old women and a very great vulgar mob.

As I intimated, Madame, the ideas here alluded to are as remote from those of Plato as Athens from Göttingen, and you should no more form undue expectations as to the book than as to its author. In fact, how the latter could ever have excited anything of the sort is as incomprehensible to me as to my friends. The Countess Julia explains the matter by assuring us that when he says anything really witty and original, he only does it to humbug the world, and that he is in fact as stupid as any other mortal. That is false

—I do not humbug at all ; I sing just as my bill grows. I write in all innocence and simplicity whatever comes into my head, and it is not my fault if that happens to be something dashed with genius. At any rate, I have better luck in writing than in the Altona Lottery—I wish that it was the other way—and there come from my pen many heart-stunners, many *choirs* of thought,¹ all of which is done by the Lord ; for HE who has denied to the most devoted psalm-makers and moral poets all beautiful thoughts and all literary reputation, lest they should be praised too much by their earthly fellow-creatures, and thereby forget heaven, where the angels have already engaged board for them in advance—HE, I say, provides us other profane, sinful, heretical authors, for whom heaven is as good as nailed up, all the more with admirable ideas and earthly fame, and this indeed from divine grace and mercy, so that the poor souls, since they are really here, be not altogether wanting, and that they may at least enjoy upon earth some of that joy which is denied to them in heaven.

Vide Goethe and the tract-writers.

You consequently see, Madame, that you can, without distrust, read my writings, as they set forth the grace and mercy of God. I write in

¹ Quires of thought. *Gedankenquaterne*.

blind reliance on His omnipotence. I am in this respect a true Christian author, and, to speak like Gubitz, even in this present paragraph do not know exactly how I am going to bring it to an end, and to effect it I trust entirely to the aid of the Lord. And how could I write without this pious reliance?—for lo! even now there stands before me the devil from Langhoff's printing-office, waiting for copy, and the new-born word wanders warm and wet to the press, and what I at this instant think and feel may to-morrow be waste paper.

It is all very fine, Madame, to remind me of the Horatian *nonum prematur in annum*. This rule, like many others, may be very pretty in theory, but is worth little in practice. When Horace gave to the author that celebrated precept, to let his works lie nine years in the desk, he should also have given with it a receipt for living nine years without food. While Horace was inventing this advice, he sat, in all probability, at the table of Mæcenas eating roast turkey with truffles, pheasant puddings with venison sauce, ribs of larks with mangled turnips, peacock's tongues, Indian bird's nests, and the Lord knows what all, and everything *gratis* at that. But we, the unlucky ones, born too late, live in another sort of timea. Our Mæcenases have an altogether different set of principles; they believe that

authors, like medlars, are best after they have lain some time on straw; they believe that literary hounds are spoiled for hunting similes and thoughts if they are fed too high; and when they do take it into their heads to give to some one a feed, it is generally the worst dog who gets the biggest piece,—some fawning spaniel who licks the hand, or diminutive “King Charles” who knows how to cuddle up into a lady’s perfumed lap, or some patient puppy of a poodle, who has learned some bread-earning science, and who can fetch and carry, dance, and drum. While I write this, my little pug-dog behind me begins to bark. Be still there, *Ami*! I did not mean you, for you love me, and accompany your master about, in need and danger, and you would die on my grave, as true-heartedly as many other German dogs, who, turned away, lie before the gates of Germany, and hunger and whine. Excuse me, Madame, for digressing merely to vindicate the honour of my dog:—I now return to the Horatian rule and its inapplicability in the nineteenth century, when poets are compelled to make cream-pot love to the Muse. *Ma foi*, Madame, I could never observe that rule for four-and-twenty hours, let alone nine years; *my* belly has no appreciation of the beauties of immortality. I have thought the matter over, and concluded that it is better to be only half immortal and altogether fat; and if Voltaire was

willing to give three hundred years of his eternal fame for one good digestion, so would I give twice as much for the dinner itself. And oh! what lovely beautiful eating there is in this world! The philosopher Pangloss is right—it is the best world! But one must have money in this best of worlds—money in the pocket, not manuscripts in the desk. Mr. Marr, mine host of “The King of England,” is himself an author, and also knows the Horatian rule, but I do not believe that if I wished to put it into practice, he would feed me for nine years.

And why, in fact, should I practise it? I have so much which is good to write of, that I have no occasion to fritter away time over “tight papers.” So long as my heart is full of love, and the heads of my fellow-mortals full of folly, I shall never be hot pressed for writing material. And my heart will ever love so long as there are women; should it cool over one, it will immediately fire up over another, and as the king never dies in France, so the queen never dies in my heart, where the word is *La reine est morte, vive la reine!* And in like manner the folly of my fellow-mortals will live for ever. For there is but one wisdom, and it hath its fixed limits, but there are a thousand illimitable follies. The learned casuist and carer for souls, Schupp, even saith that in the world are more fools than human beings.

Vide Schupp’s “Instructive Writings,” p. 1121.

If we remember that the great Schuppius lived in Hamburg, we may find that his statistical return was not exaggerated. I am now in the same place, and may say that I really become cheerful, and when I reflect that all these fools whom I see here can be used in my writings; they are cash down, ready money, I feel like a diamond in cotton. The Lord hath blessed me; the fool-crop has turned out uncommonly well this year, and, like a good landlord, I consume only a few at a time, and lay up the best for the future. People see me out walking, and wonder that I am jolly and cheerful. Like a rich, plump merchant, who, rubbing his hands with genial joy, wanders here and there amid chests, bales, boxes, and casks, even so do I wander around among my people. Ye are all my mine own! Ye are all equally dear to me, and I love ye, as ye yourselves love your own gold, and that is more than a little. Oh, how I laughed from my heart when I lately heard that one of my people had asserted with concern that he knew not how I could live, or what means I had; and yet he himself is such a first-rate fool that I could live from him alone as on a capital. Many a fool is, however, to me not only ready money, but I have already determined in my own mind what is to be done with the cash which I intend to write out of him. Thus, for instance,

from a certain well-lined plump millionaire I shall write me a certain well-lined plump arm-chair. From his fat millionairess I will buy me a horse. When I see the plump old gentleman—a camel will get into heaven before that man would ever go through the eye of a needle—when I see him waddling along on the Promenade, a wondrous feeling steals over me. I salute him involuntarily, though I have no acquaintance with him, and he greets me again so invitingly, that I would fain avail myself of his goodness on the spot and sit on him at once, and am only prevented by the sight of the many gaily dressed people passing by. His lady wife is not so bad-looking; she has, it is true, only one eye, but that is all the greener on that account; her nose is like the tower which looketh forth towards Damascus; her bosom is broad as the billowy sea, and all sorts of ribbons flutter above it, like the flags of the ships which have long since sailed over this ocean bosom—it makes one sea-sick just to glance at it; her neck is quite as fair and plumply rounded as—the comparison will be found further on—and on the violet blue curtain which covers this comparison, thousands on thousands of silkworms have spun away their lives. And I stand there, with folded arms, looking pleasedly on her as she goes, and reflect whether I shall ride my steed with a curbed bit or a snaffle-bridle. People who see me stand-

ing thus cannot conceive what there can be in the lady which so attracts me. Meddling scandal-bearing tongues have already tried to make her husband uneasy, and insinuated that I looked on his wife with the eye of a *roué*. But my honest, soft leather chair has answered that he regards me as an innocent, even somewhat bashful youth, who looks carefully, like one desirous of nearer acquaintance, but who is restrained by blushing bashfulness. My lady steed thinks, on the contrary, that I have a free, independent, chivalric air, and that my salutatory politeness only expresses a wish to be invited for once to dinner with her.

You see, Madame, that I can thus use everybody, and that the city directory is really the inventory of my property. And I can consequently never become bankrupt, for my creditors themselves are my profits, or will be changed to such. Moreover, as I before said, I live economically,—d——d economically! For instance, while I write this, I sit in a dark, noisy room, on the “Dismal street;” but I cheerfully endure it, for I could, if I only chose, sit in the most beautiful garden, as well as my friends and my loves, for I only need at once realise my *schnapps-clients*. These, Madame, consist of decayed hairdressers, broken-down panders, bankrupt keepers of eating-houses, who themselves can get nothing to eat—finished blackguards, who know where to seek me,

and who, for the wherewithal to buy a drink (money down), furnish me with all the *chronique scandaleuse* of their quarter of the town. Madame, you wonder that I do not, once for all, kick such a pack out of doors? Why, Madame, what can you be thinking of? These people are my flowers. Some day I will write them all down in a beautiful book, with the proceeds from which I will buy me a garden, and their red, yellow, blue, and variegated countenances now appear to me like the flowers of that fair garden. What do I care if strange noses assert that these flowers smell of aniseed brandy, tobacco, cheese, and blasphemy! My own nose, the chimney of my head, wherein the chimney-sweep of my imagination climbs up and down, asserts the contrary, and smells in the fellows nothing but the perfume of roses, violets, pinks, and tuberoses. Oh, how gloriously will I some morning sit in my garden, listening to the song of the birds, and warm my limbs in the blessed sunshine, and inhale the fresh breath of the leaves, and, as I glance at the flowers, think of my old blackguards!

At present I sit near the dark "Dismal street," in my darker room, and please myself by hanging up in it the greatest "obscurity" of the country, "*Mais est ce que vous verrez plus clair alors?*"¹

¹ *Obscurant*, any one who "rays out darkness," political or social; one who is not a child of light, a reactionary, an anti-progressive.

Apparently, Madame, such is the case, but do not misunderstand me; I do not mean that I hang up the man himself, but the crystal lamp which I intend to buy with the money I mean to write out of him. Meanwhile, I believe that it would be clearer through all creation if we could hang up the "obscurities," not in imagination, but in reality. But if they cannot be hung they must be branded—I again speak figuratively, referring to branding *en effigie*. It is true that Herr von White—he is white and innocent as a lily—tried to whitewash over my assertion in Berlin that he had really been branded. On account of this, the fool had himself inspected by the authorities, and obtained from them a certificate that his back bore no marks, and he was pleased to regard this negative certificate of arms as a diploma which would open to him the doors of the best society, and was astonished when they kicked him out—and now he screams death and murder at me, poor devil! and swears to shoot me wherever he finds me. And what do you suppose, Madame, that I intend doing? Madame, from this fool—that is, from the money which I intend to write out of him—I will buy me a good barrel of Rudesheimer Rhine wine. I mention this, that you may not think it is a malicious joy which lights up my face whenever I meet the Herr Von White in the street. In fact, I only see in him my blessed

Rudesheimer; the instant I set eyes on him, I become cheerful and genial-hearted, and begin to trill, in spite of myself, "Upon the Rhine, 'tis there our grapes are growing," "This picture is enchanting fair," "Oh, White Lady." Then my Rudesheimer looks horribly sour, enough to make one believe that he was compounded of nothing but poison and gall, but I assure you, Madame, it is a genuine vintage; and though the inspector's mark be not branded on it, the connoisseur still knows how to appreciate it. I will merrily tap this cask, and should it chance to ferment and threaten to fly out dangerously, I will have it bound down with a few iron hoops by the proper authorities.

You see, therefore, Madame, that you need not trouble yourself on my account. I can look at ease on all in this world. The Lord has blessed me in earthly goods, and if he has not exactly stored the wine away for me in my cellar, he at least allows me to work in his vineyard. I only need gather my grapes, press them, barrel them, cellar them, and there I have my clear heavenly gift; and if fools do not fly exactly roasted into my mouth, but run at me rather raw, and not even "half baked," still I know how to roast them, baste them, and "give them pepper," until they are tender and savoury. Oh, Madame, but you will enjoy it when I some day give a grand

fête ! Madame, you shall then praise my kitchen. You shall confess that I can entertain my satraps as pompously as once did the great Ahasuerus, when he was king from India even unto the Blacks, over one hundred and seven and twenty provinces. I will slaughter whole hecatombs of fools. That great Philoschnaps, who came as Jupiter in the form of an ox, and lusted for favour in the eyes of Europa, will supply the roast beef ; a tragical tragedian, who, on the stage, when it represented a tragical Persian kingdom, exhibited to us a tragical Alexander in whose education no Aristotle took part, will supply my table with a splendid pig's head, grinning, as usual, sourly sweet, with a slice of lemon in his mouth, and shrewdly decked by the artistic cook with laurel leaves ; while that singer of coral lips, swan necks, bounding, snowy, little hills, little things, little legs, little kisses, and little assessors, namely, H. Clauren, or, as the pious Berharder girls cry after him on the Frederick's Street, "Father Clauren ! *our* Clauren !" will supply me with all the dishes which he knows how to describe so juicily in his annual little pocket-brothels with all the imagination of a lusciously longing kitchen-maid. And he shall give us, over and above, an altogether extra little dish, with a little plate of celery, "for which the little heart bounds with love !" A shrewd dried-up maid of honour will

give us a similar dish, namely, asparagus, and there will be no want of Göttingen sausages, Hamburg smoked beef, Pomeranian geese-breasts, ox tongues, calves' brains, "cheek," salt fish, steamed calves' brains, "small potatoes," and therewith all sorts of jellies, Berlin pancakes, Vienna tarts, comfits.

Madame, I have already, in imagination, over-eaten myself! The devil take such gormandising! I cannot stand much, my digestion is bad; the hog's head acts on me as on the rest of the German public. I must eat a Wilibald-Alexis salad on it—that purges and purifies. Oh, the wretched hog's head! with the still wretcheder sauce, which has neither a Grecian nor a Persian flavour, but which tastes like tea and soft soap! Bring me my plump millionaire!

CHAPTER XV.

MADAME, I observe a faint cloud of discontent on your lovely brow, and you seem to ask if it is not wrong that I should thus dress fools, stick them on the spit, carbonado them, lard them, and even butcher many which must lie untouched save by the sharp bills of the fowls of the air, while widows and orphans cry for want?

Madame, *c'est la guerre !* But now I will solve you the whole riddle. I myself am by no means one of the wise ones, but I have joined their party, and now for five thousand five hundred and eighty-eight years we have been carrying on war with the fools. The fools believe that they have been wronged by us, inasmuch as they believe that there was once in the world but a certain determined quantity of reason, which was thievishly appropriated—the Lord only knows how—by the wise men, and it is a sin which cries to heaven to see how much sense one man often gets, while all his neighbours, and, indeed, the whole country for miles around, is fairly befogged with stupidity. This is the veritable secret cause of war, and it is most truly a war of extermination. The intelligent show themselves, as usual, the calmest, most moderate, and most intelligent; they sit firmly fortified behind their ancient Aristotelian works, have much ordnance, and also ammunition, in store—for they themselves were the inventors of powder—and now and then they shoot a well-aimed bomb among their foes. But, unfortunately, the latter are by far the most numerous, and their outcries are terrible, and day by day they do the most cruel deeds of torture—for, in fact, every folly is a torture to the wise. Their military stratagems are often very cunning indeed. Some

of the chiefs of the great Fool Army take good care not to admit the secret origin of the war. They have heard that a well-known deceitful man, who advanced so far in the art of falsehood that he ended by writing false memoirs—I mean Fouché—once asserted that *les paroles sont faites pour nous cacher nos pensées*; and therefore they talk a great deal in order to conceal their want of thought, and make long speeches and write big books; and if any one is listening, they praise that only spring of true happiness, namely, wisdom; and if any one is looking on at them, they work away at mathematics, logic, statistics, mechanical improvements, plain citizen-like common-sense, stable-fodder, and so forth; and as a monkey is more ridiculous the more he resembles man, so are these fools more laughable the more reasonably they behave. Other chiefs of the great army are more open-hearted, and confess that their own share of wisdom is not remarkably great, and that perhaps they never had any, but they cannot refrain from asserting that wisdom is a very sour, bitter affair, and, in reality, of but little value. This may perhaps be true, but, unfortunately, they have not wisdom enough to prove it. They therefore jump at every means of vindication, discover new powers in themselves, explain that these are quite as effectual as reason, and, in some cases, much more so—for instance, feeling,

faith, inspiration—and with this surrogate of wisdom, this beet-rooted reason, they console themselves. I, poor devil, am especially hated by them, as they assert that I originally belonged to their party, that I am a runaway, a fugitive, a bolter—a deserter, who has broken the holiest ties;—yes, that I am a spy, who secretly reveals their plans, in order to subsequently give point to the laughter of the enemy, and that I myself am so stupid as not to see that the wise at the same time laugh at me, and never regard me as an equal. And there the fools speak sensibly enough.

It is true that my party do not regard me as one of themselves, and often laugh at me in their sleeves. I know that right well, though I pretend not to observe it. But my heart bleeds within me, and when I am alone, then my tears flow. I know right well that my position is a false one, that all I do is folly to the wise and a torment to the fools. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the saying, "Stone is heavy and sand is a burden, but the wrath of a fool is heavier than both." And they do not hate me without reason. It is perfectly true, I have torn asunder the holiest bands, when I might have lived and died among the fools, in the way of the law and of God. And oh! I should have lived so comfortably had I remained among them! Even now, if I would repent, they would still receive me with open

arms. They would see by my eyes if they could do anything to please me. They would invite me every day to dinner, and in the evening ask me to their tea-parties and clubs, and I could play whist with them, smoke, talk politics, and if I yawned from time to time, they would whisper behind my back, "What beautiful feelings!" "A soul inspired with such faith!"—permit me, Madame, that I hereby offer up a tear of emotion—ah! and I could drink punch with them, too, until the proper inspiration came, and then they would bring me in a hackney-coach to my house, anxiously concerned lest I might catch cold, and one would quickly bring me my slippers, another my silk dressing-gown, a third my white night-cap, and finally they would make me a "professor extraordinary," a president of a society for converting the heathen, or head calculator or director of Roman excavations;—and then I would be just the man for all this, inasmuch as I can very accurately distinguish the Latin declensions from the conjugations, and am not so apt as other people to mistake a Prussian postillion's boot for an Etruscan vase. My peculiar nature, my faith, my inspiration, could, besides this, effect much good during the prayer-meeting—viz., for myself—and then my remarkable poetic genius would stand me in good stead on the birthdays and at the weddings of the great; nor would it be a bad

thought if I, in a great national epic, should sing of all those heroes, of whom we know with certainty that from their mouldering bodies crept worms, who now give themselves out for their descendants.

Many men who are not born fools, and who were once gifted with reason, have on this account gone over to the fools, and lead among them a real *pays du Coudagne*¹ life, and those follies which at first so pained them have now become second nature—yes, they are in fact no longer to be regarded as hypocrites, but as true converts. One of these, in whose head utter and outer darkness does not as yet entirely prevail, really loves me; and lately, when I was alone with him, he closed the door, and said, with an earnest voice, “Oh, Fool! you who play the wise man and have not after all as much sense as a recruit in his mother’s belly; know you not that the great in the land only elevate those who abase themselves, and esteem their own blood less worthy than that of

¹ *Schlaraffenland*, or, in French, “*pays du Coudagne*; in English, “the Jack-Pudding Paradise;” where the pigs run about ready roasted, with puddings in their bellies, crying, “Come eat me!” as an old authority hath it. It was in this land that “little King Boggen once built a fine hall. Pie-crust and pastry-crust—that was the wall.” (*Vide* Mother Goose’s Melodies.) In maritime circles *Schlaraffenland* is known as “Fiddler’s Green.” Rabelais gives us an idea of it in his *Thelème*, and Mahomet in his Koran, while a fine poem on the same subject occurs in most collections of *Trouvour lais*.—Note by Translator.

the great? And now you would ruin all among the pious! Is it then such a difficult thing to roll up your eyes in a holy rapture, to hide your arms crossed in faith in your coat-sleeve, to let your head hang down like a lamb of God's, and to murmur Bible sayings got by heart. Believe me, no Gracious Highness will reward you for your godlessness; the men of love will hate, abuse, and persecute you, and you will never make your way either in this world or in the next."

Ah, me! it is all true enough. But I have unfortunately contracted this unlucky passion for Reason. I love her though her love I can't attain—I give her all, she gives me naught again. I cannot tear myself from her. And as once the Jewish King Solomon in his canticles sang the Christian Church, and that, too, under the form of a black, love-insatiate maiden, so that his Jews might not suspect what he was driving at, so have I in countless lays sung just the contrary—that is to say, Reason, and that under the form of a white cold beauty, who attracts and repels me, who now smiles at me, then scorns me, and finally turns her back on me. This secret of my unfortunate love, which I reveal to none, gives you, Madame, some insight into my folly. You doubtless perceive that it is of an extraordinary description, and that it rises, magnificently rises over the ordinary follies of mankind. Read my Radcliffe,

my Almanzor, my lyrical Intermezzo—reason, reason, nothing but reason—and you will be terrified at the immensity of my folly. In the words of Augur, I can say, “I am the most foolish of all mankind, and the wisdom of man is not in me.”

High in the air rises the forest of oaks, high over the oaks soars the eagle, high over the eagle sweep the clouds, high over the clouds gleam the stars—Madame, is not that too high? *Eh bien!* high over the stars sweep the angels, high over the angels rises—no, Madame, my folly can bring it no higher than this. It soars high enough. It grows giddy before its own sublimity. It makes of me a giant in seven-mile boots. At noon I feel as though I could devour all the elephants of Hindostan, and then pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral; in the evening I become so sentimental that I would fain drink up the Milky Way, without reflecting how indigestible I should find the little fixed stars, and by night there is the Devil himself broke loose in my head and no mistake. For then there assemble in my brain the Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Hebrews, Philistines, Frankforters, Babylonians, Carthaginians, Berliners, Romans, Spartans, Flatheads, and Chuckleheads. Madame, it would be too wearisome should I continue to enumerate all these people. Do you only read Herodotus, Livy, the Magazine of Haude and Spener, Curtius, Cor-

nelius Nepos, the "Companion." Meanwhile, I will eat my breakfast. This morning I do not get along very well with my writing; the blessed Lord leaves me in the lurch. Madame, I even fear—yes, yes, you remarked it before I did myself; yes, I see—the right kind of divine aid is to-day wanting. Madame, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how after the death of Le Grand I came to Godesberg.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I arrived at Godesberg I sate myself once more at the feet of my fair friend, and near me lay her brown hound, and we both looked up into her lovely eyes.

Ah, Lord! in those eyes lay all the splendour of earth, and an entire heaven besides. I could have died with rapture as I gazed into them, and had I died at that instant, my soul would have flown directly into *those eyes*. Oh, they are indescribable! I must borrow some poet, who went mad for love, from a lunatic asylum, that he may from the uttermost abyss of his madness fish up some simile wherewith to compare those eyes. (Between you and I, reader, it seems to me that I must be mad enough myself to want any help

in such a business.) "God damn [it]!" said an English gentleman, "when she looks at a man quietly from head to foot, she melts his coat buttons and heart all into a lump!" "*R—e!*" said a Frenchman. "Her eyes are of the largest calibre, and when she shoots one of her forty-two pound glances—crack!—there you are in love!" There was a red-headed lawyer from Mayence who said that her eyes resembled two cups of coffee—without cream. He wished to say something sweet, and thought that he had done it—because he always sugared his coffee to death. Wretched, wretched comparisons! I and the brown hound lay quietly at the feet of the fair lady and gazed and listened. She sat near an old iron-grey soldier, a knightly looking man with cross-barred scars on his terrible brow. They both spoke of the Seven Mountains painted by the evening red, and the blue Rhine which flooded its way along in sublime tranquillity. What did we care for the Seven Mountains and the blue Rhine, and the snowy sail-boats which swam thereon, and the music which rang from one particular boat, or the jackass of a student who, seated in it, sang so meltingly and beautifully? I and the brown hound both gazed into the eyes of our fair friend, and looked at the face which came forth rosy pale from amid its black braids and locks, like the moon from dark clouds. The

features were of the noblest Grecian type, the lips boldly arched, over which played melancholy, rapture, and child-like caprice, and when she spoke, the words were breathed forth almost sighingly, and then again shot out impatiently and rapidly; and *when* she spoke, and her speech fell softly as snow, yet like a warm genial flower shower from her lovely mouth—oh! then the crimson of evening fell gently over my soul, and through it flitted with ringing melody the memories of childhood; but above all, like a fairy bell there pealed within the voice of the little Veronica, and I grasped the fair hand of my lady friend and pressed it to my eyes till the ringing in my soul had passed away, and then I leaped up and laughed, and the hound bayed, and the brow of the old general wrinkled up sternly, and I sat down again and clasped and kissed the beautiful hand, and told and spoke of little Veronica.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADAME, you wish me to describe the appearance of the little Veronica? But I will not. You, Madame, cannot be compelled to read more than you please, and I, on the other hand, have the right to write exactly what I choose. But I

will now tell what the lovely hand was like which I kissed in the previous chapter.

First of all, I must confess that I was not worthy to kiss that hand. It was a lovely hand—so tender, so transparent, so perfumed, brilliant, sweet, soft, beautiful—by my faith I must send to the apothecary for twelve shillings' worth of adjectives.

On the middle finger there sat a ring with a pearl—I never saw a pearl which played a more sorrowful part; on the marriage finger she wore a ring with a blue antique—I have studied archæology in it for hours; on the forefinger she wore a diamond—it was a talisman; as long as I looked at it I was happy, for wherever it was, there too was the finger with its four friends—and she often struck me on the mouth with all five of them. Since I was thus manipulated I believe fast and firm in animal magnetism. But she did not strike hard, and when she struck I always deserved it by some godless speech; and as soon as she had struck me, she at once repented it, and took a cake, broke it in two, and gave me one half and the brown hound the other half, and smiled and said, "Neither of you have any religion and you will never be happy, and so you must be fed with cakes in this world for there will be no table spread for you in heaven." And she was more than half right, for in those

days I was very irreligious, and read Thomas Paine, the *Système de la Nature*, the Westphalian Advertiser, and Schleiermacher, letting my beard and my reason grow together, and had thoughts of enrolling myself among the Rationalists. But when that soft hand swept over my brow, my "reason" stood still and sweet dreams came into my soul, and I again dreamed that I heard gentle songs of the Virgin Mother, and I thought on the little Veronica.

Madame, you can hardly imagine how beautiful little Veronica looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning candles as they stood around cast a glow on the white smiling little face, and on the red silk roses and rustling gold spangles with which the head and the little shroud were decked. Good old Ursula had led me at evening into the silent chamber, and as I looked at the little corpse laid amid lights and flowers on the table, I at first believed that it was a pretty saint's image of wax. But I soon recognised the dear face, and asked, smilingly, why little Veronica laid so still? And Ursula said, "Because she is dead, dear!"

And as she said, "Because she is dead;"—but I will go no further to-day with this story, it would be too long; besides I should first speak of the lame magpie which hopped about the castle courtyard, and was three hundred years old, and then

I could become regularly melancholy. A fancy all at once seizes on me to tell another story, which is a merry one, and just suits this place, for it is really the history itself which I propose to narrate in this book.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NIGHT and storm raged in the bosom of the knight. The poniard blows of slander had struck to his heart, and as he advanced sternly along over the bridge of San Marco, the feeling stole over him as though that heart must burst and flow away in blood. His limbs trembled with weariness—the noble quarry had been fiercely hunted during the live-long summer day—the drops fell from his brow, and as he entered the gondola he sighed heavily. He sat unthinkingly in the black cabin of the gondola, unthinkingly the soft waves shook him and bore him along the well-known way to the Brenta; and as he stepped out before the well-known palace he heard that the “Signora Laura was in the garden.”

She stood leaning on the statue of the Laöcöon, by the red rose-tree, at the end of the terrace, near the weeping willows, which hung down mournfully over the water. There she stood



THE LAOCOON
From the Sculpture in the Vatican

smiling, a pale image of love amid the perfume of roses. At the sight he suddenly awaked as from some terrible dream, and was at once changed to mildness and longing. "Signora Laura," said he, "I am wretched and tormented with hatred and oppression and falsehood," and here he suddenly paused and stammered, "but I love you," and then a tear of joy darted into his eye, and with palpitating heart he cried, "Maiden, be mine—and love me! . . ."

There lies a veil of dark mystery over that hour; no mortal has ever known what Signora Laura replied, and when they ask her guardian angel in heaven what took place, he hides his face and sighs, and is silent.

Solitary and alone stood the knight by the statue of the Laöcöon; his own face was not less convulsed and deathly pale; unconsciously he tore away the roses from the rose-tree; yes, he plucked even the young buds. *Since that hour the rose-tree never bore another floweret*; far in the dim distance sang an insane nightingale, the willows whispered in agony, mournfully murmured the cool waves of the Brenta; night rose on high with her moon and stars, and one star, the loveliest of all, fell adown from heaven!

CHAPTER XIX.

Vous pleurez, Madame ?

Oh, may the eyes which shed such lovely tears long light up the world with their rays, and may a warm and loving hand close them in the hour of death ! A soft pillow, Madame, is also a very convenient thing when dying, and I trust that you will not be without it ; and when the fair, weary head sinks down, and the black locks fall in waves over the fast fading face, oh ! then may God repay those tears which have fallen for me, for I myself am the knight for whom you wept ; yes, I am the erring errant-knight of love, the knight of the fallen star !

Vous pleurez, Madame !

Oh, I understand those tears ! Why need I longer play a feigned part ? You, Madame, you yourself are that fair lady who wept so softly in Godesberg when I told the sad story of my life. Like drops of pearly dew over roses, the beautiful tears ran over the beautiful face ; the hound was silent, the vesper chimes pealed far away in Königswinter, the Rhine murmured more gently, night covered the earth with her black mantle, and I sat at your feet, Madame, and looked on high into the starry heaven. At first I took your

eyes also for two stars. But how could any one mistake such beautiful eyes for stars? Those cold lights of heaven cannot weep over the misery of a man who is so wretched that he cannot weep.

And I had a particular reason for not mistaking those lovely eyes, for in them dwells the soul of little Veronica.

I have reckoned it up, Madame; you were born on the very day on which Veronica died. Johanna, in Andernach, told me that I would find little Veronica again in Godesberg, and I found her, and knew her at once. That was a sad chance, Madame, that you should die just as the beautiful game was about to begin. Since pious Ursula said to me, "It is death, dear," I have gone about solitary and serious in great picture-galleries, but the pictures could not please me as they once did; they seemed to have suddenly faded; there was but a single work which retained its colour and brilliancy; you know, Madame, to which piece I refer—

It is the Sultan and Sultanness of Delhi.

Do you remember, Madame, how we stood long hours before it, and how significantly good Ursula smiled when people remarked that the faces in that picture so much resembled our own? Madame, I find that your likeness is admirably taken in that picture, and it passes comprehension how the artist could have so accurately repre-

sented you, even to the very garments which you then wore. They say that he was mad and must have dreamed your form. Or was there perhaps a soul in the great holy monkey who waited on you in those days like a page? In that case, he must certainly remember the silver-grey veil, on which he once spilled red wine and spoiled it. I was glad when you dismissed him; he did not dress you remarkably well, and at any rate, the European dress is much more dressy than the Indian—not but that beautiful women are lovely in any dress. Do you remember, Madame, that a gallant Brahmin—he looked for all the world like Ganesa, the god with an elephant's trunk, who rides on a mouse—once paid you the compliment that the divine Maneka, as she came down from Indra's golden hill to the royal penitent Wiswamitra, was not certainly fairer than you, Madame?

What, forgotten it already! Why it cannot be more than three thousand years since he said that, and beautiful women are not wont to so quickly forget delicate flattery.

However, for men, the Indian dress is far more becoming than the European. Oh, my rosy-red lotus-flowered pantaloons of Delhi! had I worn ye when I stood before Signora Laura and begged for love, the previous chapter would have rung to a different tune! Alas! alas! I wore straw-

coloured pantaloons, which some sober Chinese had woven in Nankin ; my ruin was woven with them—the threads of my destiny—and I was made miserable.

Often there sits in a quiet old German coffee-house a youth silently sipping his cup of Mocha ; and meanwhile there blooms and grows in far distant China his ruin, and there it is spun and woven, and, despite the high wall of China, it knows how to find its way to the youth who deems it but a pair of Nankin trousers, and all unheeding, in the gay buoyancy of youth, he pulls them on, and is lost for ever ! And, Madame, in the little breast of a mortal so much misery can hide itself, and keep itself so well hid there that the poor man himself for days together does not feel it, and is as jolly as a piper, and merily dances and whistles, and trolls—lalarallala, lalarallala—la——la——la.

CHAPTER XX.

“She was amiable, and he loved her, but he was not worthy of love, and she did not love him.”—*Old Play*.

AND for this nonsensical affair you were about to shoot yourself ?

Madame, when a gentleman desires to shoot himself, he generally has ample reason for it—

you may be certain of that. But whether he himself knows what these reasons are is another question. We mask even our miseries, and while we die of bosom wounds, we complain of the toothache.

Madame, you have, I know, a remedy for the toothache?

Alas! I had the toothache in my heart. That is a wearying pain, and requires plugging—with lead and with the tooth-powder invented by Berthold Schwartz.¹

Misery gnawed at my heart like a worm, and gnawed—the poor devil of a Chinese was not to blame; I brought the misery with me into the world. It lay with me in the cradle, and when my mother rocked me, she rocked it with me, and when she sang me to sleep, it slept with me, and it awoke when I opened my eyes. When I grew up, it grew with me, until it was altogether too great and burst my ———.

Now we will speak of other things—of virgins' wreaths, masked balls, of joy and bridal pleasure —lalarallala, lalarallala, lalaral——la——la——la.²

¹ Roger Bacon preceded Schwartz, and Palsgrave in "The Merchant and the Friar" gives a recipe from a Norman-Latin MS., a century older than Bacon, for making gunpowder. It is called *Ad faciendam le crake*, "how to make a cracker."

² To the Bridesmaids' Chorus in "Der Freyschutz."

A NEW SPRING.

Motto :—A pine tree stands alone
In the north — — —
— — — —
He is dreaming of a palm
Which afar — — —
— — — —

PROLOGUE

Off in galleries of art,
On a pictured knight we glance,
Who to battle will depart,
Armèd well with shield and lance.

But young Cupids mocking round him,
Bear his lance and sword away,
And with rosy wreaths they've bound him,
Though he strives as best he may.

Thus to pleasant fetters yielding,
Still I turn the idle rhyme,
While the brave their arms are wielding
In the mighty strife of Time.

I.

WHEN 'neath snow-white branches sitting,
Far thou hearest the wild wind chiding,
Seest the silent clouds above thee,
In their wintry garments hiding ;

Seest that all seems cold and death-like,
Wood and plain lie shorn before thee,
E'en thy heart is still and frozen,
Winter round, and winter o'er thee.

All at once adown come falling
Pure white flakes, and then thou grievest
That the weary, dreary winter,
Should return, as thou believest.

But those are not snowflakes falling ;
Soon thou mark'st with pleasant wonder
That they all are perfumed blossoms,
From the tree thou sittest under.

What a thrilling sweet amazement !
Winter turns to May and pleasure ;
Snow is changed to lovely spring flowers,
And thou find'st a new heart's treasure.

2.

IN the wood all softly greeneth,
As if maiden-like 'twould woo thee,
And the sun from heaven smileth :
" Fair young spring, a welcome to thee ! "

Nightingale ! I hear thy singing,
As thou flutest, sweetly moving,
Sighing long-drawn notes of rapture,
And thy song is all of loving.

3.

THE lovely eyes of the young spring night
So softly down are gazing—
Oh, the Love which bore thee down with might
Ere long will thy soul be raising.

All on yon linden sits and sings
The nightingale soft trilling ;
And as her music in me rings,
My soul with love is thrilling.

4.

I LOVE a fair flower, but I know not its name :
Oh, sorrow and smart !
I look in each flower-cup—my luck is the same :
For I seek for a heart.

The flowers breathe their perfumes—in evening's
red shine

The nightingale trills.

I seek for a heart which is gentle as mine,
Which as tenderly thrills.

The nightingale sings, and I know what she says
In her beautiful song:

We both are love-weary and lorn in our lays,
And oh! sorrow is long.

5.

SWEET May lies fresh before us,
To life the young flowers leap,
And through the heaven's blue o'er us
The rosy cloudlets sweep.

The nightingale is singing
Down from her leafy screen,
And young white lambs are springing
In clover fresh and green.

I cannot be singing and springing,
I lie on the grassy plot;
I hear a far distant ringing,
I dream and I know not what.

6.

SOFTLY ring and through me spring
The sweetest tones to-day;
Gently ring, small song of spring,
Ring out and far away.

Ring and roam unto the home
Where violets you see,
And when unto a rose you come,
Oh, greet that rose for me.

7.

THE butterfly long loved the beautiful rose,
And flirted around all day;
While round him in turn with her golden caress
Soft fluttered the sun's warm ray.

But who was the lover the rose smiled on?
Dwelt he near the sweet lady or far?
And was it the clear-singing nightingale,
Or the bright distant evening star?

I know not with whom the rose was in love,
But I know that I loved them all:
The butterfly, rose, and the sun's bright ray,
The star, and the bird's sweet call.

8.

Yes, all the trees are musical,
Soft notes the nests inspire;
Who in the green-wood orchestra
Leads off the tuneful choir?

Is it yon grey old lapwing,
Who nods so seriously;
Or the pedant who cries "cuckoo"
In time unweariedly?

Is it the stork, who sternly,
As though he led the band,
Claps with his legs, while music
Pipes sweet on either hand?

No—in my heart is seated
The one who rules those tones;
As my heart throbs he times them,
And Love's the name he owns.

9.

"In the beginning sweetly sang
The nightingale in love's first hours,
And as she sang grew everywhere
Blue violets, grass, and apple-flowers.

" She bit into her breast—out ran
The crimson blood, and from its shower
The first red rose its life began,
To which she sings of love's deep power.

" And all the birds which round us trill
Are saved by that sweet blood, they say;
And if the rose-song rang no more,
Then all were lost and passed away."

Thus to his little nestlings spoke
The sparrow in the old oak tree;
Dame Sparrow oft his lecture broke,
Throned in her brooding dignity.

She leads a kind, domestic life,
And nurses well with temper good;
To pass his time, the father gives
Religious lessons to his brood.

IO.

THE warm, bewildering spring night-air
Wakes flowrets on the plain;
And oh! my heart, beware, beware,
Or thou wilt love again.

But say—what flower on hill or dale
Will snare this willing heart?
I'm cautioned by the nightingale
Against the lily's art.

11.

TROUBLE and torment—I hear the bells ring!
And oh! to my sorrow, I've lost my poor head!
Two beautiful eyes and the fresh growing spring
Have plotted to capture me, living or dead.

The beautiful spring and two lovely young eyes
Once more this poor heart in their meshes
have got;
The rose and the nightingale—yonder she flies—
Are deeply involved in this terrible plot.

12.

AH me! for tears I'm burning,
Soft, sorrowing tears of love;
Yet I fear this wild sad yearning
But too well my heart will move.

Ah! Love's delicious sorrow,
And Love's too bitter joy,
With its heavenly pains, ere morrow
Will my half-won peace destroy.

13.

THE spring's blue eyes are open,
Up from the grass they look,
I mean the lovely violets,
Which for a wreath I took.

I plucked the flowers while thinking,
And my thoughts in one sad tale
To the breezes were repeated
By the listening nightingale.

Yes, every thought she warbled,
As from my soul it rose,
And now my tender secret
The whole green forest knows.

14.

WHEN thou didst pass beside me,
Thy soft touch thrilled me through ;
Then my heart leaped up and wildly
On thy lovely traces flew.

Then thou didst gaze upon me,
With thy great eyes looking back,
And my heart was so much frightened,
It scarce could keep the track.

15.

THE graceful water-lily
Looks dreamily up from the lake,
While the moon looks as lovingly on her,
For light love keeps fond hearts awake.

Then she bows her small head to the water,
Ashamed those bright glances to meet,
And sees the poor, pale lily lovers
All lying in love at her feet.

16.

If thou perchance good eyesight hast,
When with my works thou'rt playing,
Thou'lt see a beauty up and down
Among the ballads straying.

And if perchance good ears are thine,
Oh, then thou mayst rejoice,
And thy heart may be bewildered,
With her laughing, sighing voice.

And well I ween with glance and word
Full sore she'll puzzle thee,
And thou'lt go dreaming round in love,
As once it chanced to me.

17.

WHAT drives thee around in the warm spring night?
Thou hast driven the flowers half crazy with fright;
The violets no longer are sleeping,
The rose in her night-dress is blushing so red,
The lilies—poor things—sit so pale in their bed,
They are crying, and trembling, and weeping.

Ah, dearest moon ! how gentle and good
Are all these fair flowers—in truth I've been
rude ;

I've been making sad work with my walking :
But how could I know they were lurking
around,

When, bewildered with love, I strayed over the
ground,

And to the bright planets was talking.

18.

WHEN thy blue eyes turn on me,
And gaze so soft and meek,
Such dreamy moods steal o'er me,
That I no word can speak.

I dream of those blue glances
When we are far apart,
And a sea of soft blue memories
Comes pouring o'er my heart.

19.

ONCE again my heart is living,
And old sorrows pass away,
Once again the tenderest feelings
Seem reviving with the May.

Evening late and morning early
Through the well-known paths I rove,
Peeping under every bonnet,
Looking for the face I love.

Once again I'm by the river,
On the bridge as in a trance;
What if she came sailing by me?
What if I should meet her glance?

Now once more 'mid falling water
Gentle wailings seem to play,
And my heart in beauty catches
All the snow-white waters say.

And once more I-dreaming wander
Through the green wood dark and cool,
While the birds among the bushes
Mock me, poor enamoured fool!

20.

THE rose breathes perfumes, but if she has feeling
Of what she breathes, or if the nightingale
Feels in herself what through our souls is stealing
When her soft notes are quivering through the
vale—

I do not know—yet oft we're discontented
With Truth itself! And nightingale and rose,
Although their feelings be but lies invented,
Still have their use, as many a story shows.

21.

BECAUSE I love thee, 'tis my duty
To shun thy face—nay, anger not!
Would it agree, that dream of beauty,
With my pale face, so soon forgot?

But ere I leave thee, let me tell thee
'Twas all through love this hue I got,
And soon its pallor must repel thee,
And so I'll leave—nay, anger not!

22.

AMID the flowers I wander,
And blossoms as they blow;
I wander as if dreaming,
Uncertain where I go.

Oh, hold me fast, thou dearest—
I'm drunk with love, d'ye see,
Or at your feet I'll fall, love,
And yonder is company

23.

As the moon's reflection trembles
In the wild and wavering deeps,
While the moon herself in silence
O'er the arch of heaven sweeps,

Even so I see thee, loved one,
Calm and silent, and there moves
But thine image in my bosom,
For my heart is thrilled and loves.

24.

WHEN both our hearts together
The holy alliance made,
They understood each other,
And mine on thine was laid.

But oh! the poor young rosebud,
Which lay just underneath,
The minor, weaker ally,
Was almost crushed to death.

25.

TELL me who first invented the clocks,
Classing the hours and the minutes in flocks?
That was some shivering, sorrowful man—
Deep into midnight his reveries ran,

While he counted the nibbling of mice 'round the
hall,
And the notes of the death-watch which ticked in
the wall.

Tell me who first invented a kiss ?
Oh, that was some smiling young mouth, full of
bliss ;
It kissed without thinking, and still kissed away.
'Twas all in the beautiful fresh month of May ;
Up from the earth the young blossoms sprung,
The sunbeams were shining, the merry birds sung.

26.

How the sweet pinks breathe their perfumes ;
How the stars, a wondrous throng,
Like gold bees o'er the blue heaven,
Brightly shining, pass along !

From the darkness of the chestnuts
Gleams the farmhouse white and fair ;
I can hear its glass-doors rustle,
And sweet voices whispering there.

Gentle trembling—sweet emotion,
Frightened white arms round me cling,
And the sweet young roses listen,
While the nightingales soft sing.

27.

HAVE I not dreamed this self-same dream
Ere now in happier hours ?
Those trees the very same do seem,
Love-glances, kisses, flowers.

Was it not here that, calm and cold,
The moon looked down in state ?
Did not these marble gods then hold
Their watch beside the gate ?

Alas ! I know how sadly change
These all-too-lovely dreams,
And as with snowy mantle strange
All chill-enveloped seems.

So we ourselves grow calm and cold,
Break off and live apart ;
Yes, we who loved so well of old,
And kissed with heart to heart.

28.

KISSES which we steal in darkness,
And in darkness give again ;
Oh, such kisses—how they rapture
A poor soul in living pain !

Half foreboding, half remembering,
Thoughts through all the spirit roam ;
Many a dream of days long vanished,
Many a dream of days to come.

But to thus be ever thinking
Is unthinking when we kiss ;
Rather weep, thou gentle darling,
For our tears we never miss.

29.

THERE was an old, old monarch,
His head was grey and sad his life ;
Alas ! the poor old monarch
He married a fair young wife.

There was a handsome stripling,
Blonde were his locks and light his mien
He bore the train, the silken train,
All of the fair young queen.

Know'st thou the old, old ballad ?
It ringeth like a passing bell ;
The queen and page must die, alas !
They loved, and all too well.

30.

AGAIN in my memory are blooming
Fair pictures long faded away ;
Oh, where in thy voice is the mystery
Which moves me so deeply to-day ?

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me ;
The fairest that nature can frame,
The spring-time, and with it the spring-love,
Must end in warm passion and shame.

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me,
And kiss and be silent, I pray,
And smile when I show thee to-morrow
The roses all faded away.

31.

LINDEN blossoms drunk with moonlight
Melt away in soft perfume,
And the nightingales with carols
Thrill the air amid the bloom.

Oh, but is't not sweet, my loved one,
Thus 'neath linden boughs to sit,
While the golden flashing moon-rays
Through the perfumed foliage flit ?

Every linden leaf above us
Like a heart is shaped, we see ;
Therefore, dearest, lovers ever
Sit beneath the linden tree.¹

But thou smilest as if wandering
In some distant, longing dream ;
Tell me, dearest, with what visions
Doth thy busy fancy teem ?

Gladly will I tell thee, dear one,
What I fancied : I would fain
Feel the North wind blowing o'er us,
And the white snow fall again ;

And that we in furs warm folded,
In a sleigh sat side by side,
Bells wild ringing, whips loud cracking,
As o'er flood and fields we glide.

¹ Much beautiful folk-lore (for which the reader may consult *Die Symbolik und Mythologie der Natur*, by J. B. Friedrich) has sprung up around this resemblance of the lime or linden leaf to a heart. Menzel (*Christliche Symbolik*) tells us that the penance laid on Mary Magdalen by Jesus (*quia multum amavit*) was that she should long lie only on linden leaves, eat them for food, and drink nothing but the dew which fell from them.

32.

In the moonshine, through the forest,
Once I saw the fairies bounding,
Heard their elfin-bells soft ringing,
Heard their little trumpets sounding.

Every snow-white steed was bearing
Golden stag-horns, and they darted
Headlong on, like frightened wild-fowl
From their far companions parted.

But the Elf Queen smiled upon me,
Sweetly as she passed before me;
Was't the omen of a new love,
Or a sign that death hangs o'er me?

33.

I'LL send thee violets to-morrow,
Fresh dripping from the dewy showers;
At eve again I'll bring thee roses,
Which I have plucked in twilight hours.

And know'st thou what the lovely blossoms
To thee—*sub rosa*—fain would say?
They mean that thou through night shouldst
love me,
Yet still be true to me by day.

34.

THY letter, fickle rover,
Will cause no tearful song;
Thou sayest that all is over,
And the letter is over-long.

Twelve pages filled completely,
A perfect book, my friend;
Oh, girls don't write so neatly
When they the mitten send!

35.

Do not fear lest I, unconscious,
Tell my love to those around,
Though my songs with many a figure
Of thy beauty still abound.

In a wondrous flowering forest
Lies well hidden, cowering low,
All the deeply burning mystery,
All its secret, silent glow.

If suspicious flames should quiver
'Mid the roses—let them be;
No one now believes inflames, love,
But they call them—poetry!

36

As by daylight, so at midnight,
Spring thoughts in my soul are teeming,
Like a verdant echo, ever
In me ringing, in me beaming.

Then in dreams, as in a legend,
Songs of birds are round me trilling,
Yet far sweeter, wild in passion,
Violet breath the air is filling.

Every rose seems ruddier, blushing
'Neath a child-like golden glory,
As in glowing Gothic pictures,
Worn by angels in their story.

And I seem as if transformèd
To a nightingale, soft singing,
While unto a rose—my loved one—
Dream-like, strange, my notes are ringing,

Till the sun's bright glances wake me,
Or the merry jargoning
Of those other pleasant warblers
Who before my window sing.

37.

WITH their small gold feet the planets
Step on tip-toe soft and light,
Lest they wake the earth below them,
Sleeping on the breast of night.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a soft green ear,
While the mountain, as if dreaming,
Holds its arms to cloudlets near.

But what calls me? In my bosom
Rings a soft and flute-like wail.
Was't the accents of the loved one?
Was it but the nightingale?

38.

AH! spring is sad, and there is sadness
In all its dreams; the flower-decked vale
Seems sorrowful. I hear no gladness
E'en from the singing nightingale.

Smile not so brightly then, my dearest,
Ah! do not smile so sweet to-day;
Oh, rather weep—but if thou fearest
I'm cold, I'll kiss those tears away.

39.

AND from the heart I loved so dearly
By cruel fate I'm torn away,
From that dear heart I loved so dearly ;
Ah ! knewest thou how fain I'd stay !

The coach rolls on—the bridges thunder,
Beneath I see the dark flood swell ;
I'm parted from that loveliest wonder,
That heart of hearts I love so well.

40.

OUR sweetest hopes rise blooming,
And then again are gone ;
They bloom and fade alternate,
And so it goes rolling on.

I know it, and it troubles
My life, my love, my rest ;
My heart is wise and witty,
And it bleeds within my breast.

41.

LIKE an old man, stern in feature,
Heaven above me seems to glare,
His burning eyes surrounded
With grisly cloudy hair.

And when on earth he's gazing,
Flower and leaf must wilt away,
Love and song must wither with them
In man's heart—ah ! well-a-day !

42.

WITH bitter soul my poor sad heart still galling,
I go aweary through this world so cold ;
Lo, autumn endeth and the mists enfold
The long dead landscape as with heavy walling.

Loud pipe the winds, as if in frenzy calling
To the red leaves which here and there are rolled ;
The lorn wood sighs, fogs clothe the barren wold,
And worst of all—I b'lieve the rain is falling.

43.

LATE autumnal cloud-cold fancies
Spread like gauze o'er dale and hill,
And no more the green leaf dances
On the branches—ghost-like still.

And amid the grove there's only
One sad tree as yet in leaf,
Damp with sorrow's tears and lonely,
How his green head throbs with grief !

Ah ! my heart is all in keeping
With yon scene—the one tree there,
Summer-green, yet sadly weeping,
Is thine image, lady fair.

44

Grey and week-day-looking heaven !
E'en the city looks dejected ;
Grum, as if no plans had thriven,
In the Elbe it stands reflected.

Snubbèd noses—snubbing, sneezing,
Are ye cut as once—and cutting ?
Are the saints still mild appearing,
Or puffed up and proudly strutting ?

Lovely South, how bright and towering
Seem thy heavens and gods together,
Now I see this vile offscouring
Of base mortals and their weather.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Édition de Luxe

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FREDERICK THE GREAT

From an Engraving by Holloway

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : GROSCHUP & STERLING COMPANY.



The Works of
Heinrich Heine

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Charles Godfrey Leland

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

1828

VOLUME FIVE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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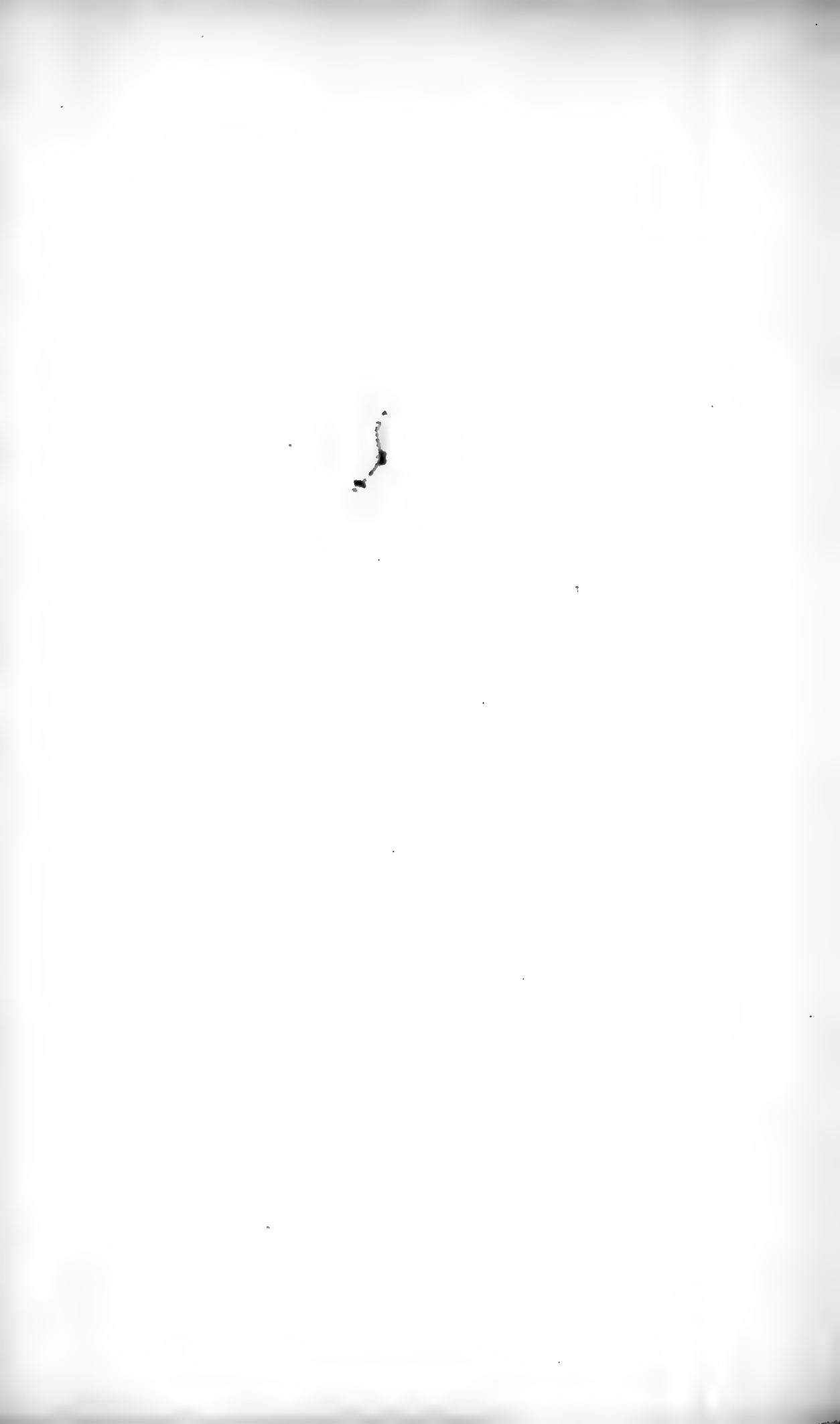
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PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

ITALY.

(1828.)

"Hafiz and Ulrich Hütten, too,
Must don their arms, and get to blows,
Against the cowls, both brown and blue,
—My fate like other Christians' goes."—GOETHE.

I.

JOURNEY FROM MUNICH TO GENOA.

"A noble soul never comes into your reckoning ; and it is that which to-day has foundered your wisdom. (He opens his desk, and takes out two pistols, of which he loads one and lays the other on the table.)"—ROBERT'S *Power of Circumstances*.

CHAPTER I.

I AM the politest man in the world. I am happy in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many in-

tolerable scamps, who take you by the button and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres* without betraying by a glance the intensity of *ennui* and of boredom into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I, for a whole day, taken my stand, and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed "Commercial Councillor" or barren-brained cheesemonger makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather to-day." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*, even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it,

which he is merrily dividing among the many. If he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail, and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver, and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil—perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine, who has prepared this evil, now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce. Alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them; and the Philistine twinkles his eyes and snickers, and whispers, “Fine weather to-day!”

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt, at last, come to lie in some churchyard next to that same Philistine, and when, on the Day of Judgment, thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbour, “Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up; my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!”—then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of “Fine weather to-day!”

CHAPTER II.

"FOINE wey-ther to-day!"

Oh, reader, if you could only have heard the tone—the incomparable treble-base—in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself—the arch-prosaic, widow's-saving-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose—you would have at once said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg, where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself."

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my

protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be for ever at an end among them ; for they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green ; he even praises *us* !" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. On the other hand, as little notice is taken when some bastard rhymers lets fly in *parabasa*¹ directly at Berlin. But let any one dare to write anything against Polknitz, Innsbruck, Schilda, Posen, Krähwinkel, or other capital cities ! How the patriotism of the said places would bristle up ! The reason of which is : Berlin is no real town, but simply a place where many men, and among them men of intelligence, assemble who are utterly

¹ *Parabasen*—*παράβασις*. In the ancient comedy, a passage addressed directly to the audience. SCHOLIA. ARISTOPH., Nub. 514.—Note by Translator.

indifferent as to the place, and these persons form the intelligent world of Berlin. The stranger who passes through sees but the far-stretching, uniform-looking houses, the long, broad streets, built by the line and level, and, very generally, by the will of some particular person, but which afford no clue to the manner of thinking of the multitude. Only Sunday children¹ can ever guess at the private state of mind of the dwellers therein when they behold the long rows of houses, which, like the men themselves, seem striving to get as far apart as possible, as if they were staring at each other with mutual vindictiveness. Only once—one moonlight night—as I returned home late from Luther and Wegener, I observed that the harsh, hard mood had melted into mild sorrow, and that, in reconciliation, they would fain leap into each other's arms; so that I, poor mortal, who was walking through the middle of the street, feared to be squeezed to death. Many would have found this fear laughable, and I myself laughed at it when I, the next morning, wandered soberly through the same scene, and found the houses yawning as prosaically at each other as before. It is true that it requires several

¹ *Sunday children.* Those who are born on Sunday are supposed, in Germany, to be better able to see ghosts, and to have a greater insight into spiritual mysteries than other people.

bottles of poetry, if a man wishes to see anything more in Berlin than dead houses and Berliners. Here it is hard to see ghosts. The town contains so few antiquities and is so new ; and yet all this "new" is already so old, so withered, and dead. For, as I said, it has grown, in a great degree, not from the intellect of the people, but from that of individuals. Frederick the Great is of course the most eminent among these. What he discovered was the firm foundation, and had nothing been built in Berlin since his death, we should have had a historic monument of the soul of that prosaic, wondrous hero, who, with downright German bravery, set forth in himself the refined insipidity and flourishing freedom of intelligence, the shallowness and the excellence of his age. Potsdam, for instance, seems to be such a monument ; amid its deserted streets we wander among the writings of the philosopher of *Sans Souci* ; it belongs to his *œuvres posthumes*, and though it is now but petrified waste paper, and looks ridiculous enough, we still regard it with earnest interest, and suppress an occasional smile when it rises, as if we feared a sudden blow across our backs from the Malacca cane of "old Fritz." But such feelings never assail us in Berlin ; we there feel that old Fritz and his Malacca cane have lost their power, or else there would not peep so many sickly, stupid countenances from the old enlight-

ened windows of the healthy town of reason, nor would so many stupid, superstitious houses have settled down among the old sceptical, philosophical dwellings. I would not be misunderstood, and expressly remark that I am not here in any wise snapping at the new Werder Church—that Gothic temple in revived proportions—which has been put, out of pure irony, between modern buildings, in order to allegorically indicate how childish and stupid it would appear if any one were desirous of reviving the long obsolete institutions of the Middle Ages among the new formations of a modern day.

The above remarks are applicable only to the exterior of Berlin, and if any one wishes to compare Munich, in this relation, to Berlin, he may safely assert that it forms its very opposite. For Munich is a town built by the people in person, and by one generation after another, whose peculiar spirit is still visible in their architectural works; so that we behold there, as in the witch scene in “Macbeth,” a chronological array of ghosts, from the dark red spectre of the Middle Ages, who, in full armour, steps forth from some ecclesiastical Gothic doorway, down to the accomplished and light-footed sprite of our own age, who holds out to us a mirror in which every one complacently beholds himself reflected. In all these scenes there is something which reconciles

our feelings; that which is barbaric does not disturb us, and the old-fashioned does not seem repugnant when we are brought to regard it as a beginning to that which comes after, and as a necessary transition state. We are cast into an earnest but not unpleasant state of mind when we gaze upon that barbaric cathedral,¹ which rises like a colossal boot-jack over the entire city, and hides in its bosom the shadows and ghosts of the Middle Ages. With as little impatience—yes, with quizzical ease—we regard the brick-in-their-hat-looking castles of a later period, those plump German imitations of polished French unnaturalness, the stately dwellings of tastelessness, madly ornamental and flourishing from without, and still more filagreeishly decorated within with screamingly variegated allegories, gilt arabesques, stuccoes, and odd paintings wherein the late nobility, of happy memory, are represented—the cavaliers with red, tipsy-sober faces, over which the long wigs fall down like powdered lion's manes—the ladies with stiff toupees, steel corsets, which pressed their hearts together, and immense travelling jackets, which give them an all the

¹ This vast structure, "The Church of Our Lady," is built entirely of large brick, and was erected in 1488. It is remarkable for its two domed-capped towers, 333 feet in height. Within this church is the vast bronze tomb of the Emperor Lewis the Bavarian.—*Note by Translator.*

more prosaic continuation. As remarked, this view does not untune us; it contributes all the more to make us rightly appreciate the present, and, when we behold the new works near the old, we feel as if a heavy wig had been lifted from our heads, and steel links unbound from about our hearts. I here speak only of the genial temples of art and noble palaces which in bold splendour have bloomed forth from the spirit of the great master, Klenze.

CHAPTER III.

BUT, after all, between you and I, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd, and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is

wit and irony. Here they have good white beer, but no irony."¹

"No, we haven't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us; "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin, and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise:—"Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people—the wisest folks in the world—who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The Government took hold of the matter vigorously; only the greater blunders were allowed to be

¹ An unintelligible passage. Berlin, not Munich, has always been famous for white (or wheat) beer.—*Note by Translator.*

printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation ; only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private ; but all of these regulations were of no avail ; suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light, those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means, whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether plain and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world, stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humour, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "A beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after point-

ing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop-nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said, smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

The remarks which he availed himself of this opportunity to shove in fairly vexed me, as I must confess that at heart I cherish not a little love for our modern Athens, and I accordingly improved the occasion to intimate to my head-strong fault-finder that the idea had only recently occurred to us that we were as yet raw hands at modern Athens-making, and that our great minds, as well as the better educated public, are not yet so far advanced that it will bear looking at too closely. All as yet is in the beginning, and far from completion. Only the lower lines of business have as yet been taken up, "and it can scarcely have escaped your observation that we have plenty of owls, sycophants, and Phrynes." True, the higher characters are wanting, and therefore many a man must assume different parts; for instance, our poet who sings the delicate Greek boy-love has also taken on him Aristophanic coarseness; but he is capable of anything, and possesses everything which a great poet should, except a few trifles, such as wit or imagination, and if he had much money he would be a rich man. But what we lack in quantity is assuredly made up to us in quality. We have but one great sculptor, but he is a "lion." We have but

one great orator, but I believe from my soul that Demosthenes could not thunder so loudly over a malt tax in Attica. And if we have never poisoned a Socrates, it was not because we lack poison. And if we have as yet no actual Demos, no entire populace of demagogues, at least we could supply a show sample of the article in a demagogue by profession, who in himself outweighs a whole pile of twaddlers, muzzlers, poltroons, and similar blackguards; and here he is in person!

I cannot resist the temptation to describe the figure which here presented itself. I leave the question open to discussion whether this figure could with justice assert that its head had anything human in it, and whether it could on that account legally claim to be considered as human. I should myself have taken this head for that of an ape, only out of courtesy I will let it pass for a man's. Its cover was a cloth cap, shaped like Mambrino's helmet, below which hung down long, stiff, black hair, which was parted in front *à l'enfant*. On that side of this head which gave itself out for a face, the Goddess of Vulgarity had set her seal, and that with so much force that the nose had been mashed flat; the depressed eyes seemed to be seeking this nose in vain, and to feel grieved because they could not find it; an unpleasantly smelling smile played around the mouth, which was altogether enchant-

ing, and might have inspired our Greek bastard poet to the most delicate "Gazelles." The clothes were, firstly, an old German coat, somewhat modified, it is true, by the most pressing requisitions of modern European civilisation, but still in its cut recalling that worn by Arminius in the Teutobergian forests, the primitive form of which has been as mysteriously and traditionally preserved by a patriotic tailor's union, as was once Gothic architecture by a mystical Freemason's guild. A white-washed collar which deeply and significantly contrasted with the bare old German neck, covered the collar of this famous coat; from the long sleeves hung long dirty hands, and between these appeared a long, slow body, beneath which waddled two short, lively legs—the entire form was a drunken-sick-dizzy parody of the Apollo Belvidere.

"And that is the Demagogue of the Modern Athens!" cried the Berliner, with a mocking laugh. "Good Lard! can that be a countryman of mine! I can hardly believe mee own eyes! that is the one who—no, that is the fact!"

"Yea, ye deluded Berliners," I exclaimed, not without excitement, "ye recognise not your own geniuses and stone your prophets. But *we* can make use of all!"

"And what will you do with this unlucky insect?"

“ He can be used for anything where jumping, creeping, sentiment, gormandising, piety, much old German, a little Latin, and no Greek at all is needed. He can really jump very well over a cane; makes tables of all sorts of all possible leaps, and lists of all possible ways of reading old German poetry. Withal he represents a Fatherland's love without being in the least dangerous. For every one knows that he left the old German demagogues, among whom he accidentally once found himself very suddenly, when he found that there was danger afoot, which by no means agreed with the Christian-like feelings of his soft heart. But since the danger has passed away, the martyrs suffered for their opinions, and even our most desperate barbers have doffed their old German coats, the blooming season of our prudent rescuer of the Fatherland has really begun. He alone has still retained the demagogue costume and the phrases belonging to it; he still exalts Arminius the Cheruscan and Thusnelda as though they were blood relations; he still preserves his German patriotic hatred for the Latin Babeldom, against the invention of soap, against Thiersch's heathen Greek grammar, against Quintilius Varus, against gloves, and against all men who have decent noses; and so he stands there, the wandering monument of a passed away time, and, like the last of the

Mohicans, so too does he remain the last of the Demagogues, of all that mighty horde. You therefore see how we in our Modern Athens, where demagogues are entirely wanting, can use this man. We have in him a very good demagogue, who is so tame as to lick any boot, and eat from the hand hazelnuts, chestnuts, cheese, sausages, in short, will eat anything given to him; and as he is the only one of his sort, we have the further advantage that when he has kicked the bucket we can stuff him and keep him, hide and hair, for posterity as a specimen of the Last Demagogue. But, I pray you, say nothing of all this to Professor Lichtenstein in Berlin, or he will reclaim him for the Zoological Museum, which might occasion a war between Prussia and Bavaria, as nothing would ever induce us to give him up. Already the English are on the *qui vive* and bid two thousand seven hundred and seventy guineas for him; already the Austrians have offered a giraffe for him; but our ministry has expressly declared that the Last of the Demagogues shall not be sold at any price—he will one day be the pride of our cabinet of natural history and the ornament of our town.”

The Berliner appeared to listen somewhat distractedly—more attractive objects had drawn his attention, and he finally interrupted me with the words, “Excuse me, if you please, if I interrupt

you, but will you be so kind as to tell me what sort of a dog that is which runs there?"

"That is another puppy."

"Ah! you don't understand me. I refer to the great white shaggy dog without a tail."

"My dear sir, that is the dog of the modern Alcibiades."

"But," exclaimed the Berliner, "where is then the modern Alcibiades himself?"

"To tell the plain truth," I replied, "the office is not as yet occupied, and we have, so far, only his dog."

CHAPTER IV.

THE place where this conversation occurred is called Bogenhausen, or Neuburghausen, or Villa Hompesch, or the Montgelas Garden, or the Little Castle; but there is no need of mentioning its name, for if any one undertakes to ride out of Munich, the coachman understands us by a certain thirsty twinkle of the eyes, by well-known noddings of the head, anticipatory of enjoyment, and by grimaces of the same family. The Arab has a thousand expressions for a sword, the Frenchman for love, the Englishman for hanging, the German for drinking, and the modern Athenian for the place where he drinks. The

beer is in the place aforesaid really very good, even in the Prytaneum, *vulgo* "Bokskeller," it is no better, and it tastes admirably, especially on that stair-terrace where we have the Tyrolese Alps before our eyes. I often sat there during the past winter, gazing on the snow-covered mountains, which, gleaming in the sun-rays seemed like molten silver.

In those days it was also winter in my soul. Thoughts and feelings seemed as it were snowed in, and my soul was dried up and dead. To this was added political vexations, grief for a dearly loved lost child, and an old source of grief with a bad cold. Moreover, I drank much beer, having been assured that it made light blood. But the best Attic *Breihahn*¹ profited not by me, who had previously in England accustomed myself to porter.

¹ *Breihahn*, literally "brew-cock." A few centuries ago the term *Breihahn* was applied only to a sort of Hanoverian beer. But it is now of more general application. In the treatise *De Jure Potandi*, which forms a part of the *Facetiæ Facietiarum*, edit. 1645, p. 61, I find the following list of the then fashionable beers:—"Meo palatui magis ad blanditur cerevisia Rostochiensis, Dantsiger Dubbelt Bier, Preussingk, Braunschweigische, Mumme, Knisenack, Hannoversch Breyhan, Englischs Bier, Zerbster, Torger (quam Kuskuck) Bueffel, Hastrum, Klatsche. "Bock," supposed by the French to mean a glass of beer, is literally "goat," and the name of a "cellar" in Munich where a peculiar and strong beer known as *Bockbier* was sold only during the month of May. It was succeeded by the *Salvator* beer.

At last came the day when all changed. The sun burst forth from the heaven and suckled the earth, that ancient child, with her gleaming milk, the hills trembled with joy, and their snow-tears ran down mighty in their power. The ice on the lakes cracked and broke, the earth opened her blue eyes, the dear flowers and the ringing woods ran forth from her bosom, the green palaces of the nightingales and all nature laughed, and this laughter was spring. In my soul there began also a new spring; new flowers sprouted from my heart, feelings of freedom like roses shot up, and therewith secret longings, like young violets, amid which were many useless nettles. Hope again drew her cheerful green covering over the graves of my desires, even the melodies of poetry came again to me like birds of passage who have gone with winter to the warm South, and who now again seek their abandoned nests in the North, and the neglected Northern heart rang and bloomed as of old—only I knew not how all this happened. Was it a brown or a blonde sun which awoke spring once more in my heart, and kissed awake all the sleeping flowers in my bosom, and laughed up the nightingales? Was it elective Nature herself which sought its echo in my breast, and gladly mirrored herself therein with her fresh spring gleam? I know not, but I believe that the terrace at Bogenhausen, in view of the Tyro-

less Alps, gave my heart a new enchantment. When I sat there deeply buried in thought, it often seemed to me as though I saw the countenance of a wondrous lovely youth peeping over the mountains, and I longed for wings that I might hasten to his home-land, Italy. Often did I feel myself surrounded by the perfumes of orange and lemon groves, which blew from the hills, enticing and calling me to Italy. Once even in the golden twilight I saw the young Spring God, large as life, standing on the summit of an Alp. Flowers and laurels surrounded his joyful head and with smiling eyes and merry mouth he cried, "I love thee—seek me in Italy!"

CHAPTER V.

My glance may have quivered somewhat longingly, as I, in doubt over the immeasurable dialogue of the Philistines, gazed at the lovely Tyrolese Alps, and sighed deeply. My Berlin Philister, however, saw in this glance and sigh fresh subject for conversation, and sighed with me. "Ah! yes; I too would now be so glad to be in Constantinople! Ah! to see Constantinople was always the one wish of my life; and now, certain sure by this

time, the Russians have got in there. Ah! Constantinople! Have you visited St. Petersburg?" I admitted that I had not, and begged him to narrate something of it. But it was not he himself, but his brother-in-law, the Court Chamber Councillor, who had been there, and it was an altogether peculiar sort of a town. "Have you seen Copenhagen though?" Having replied in the negative, I also requested some sketch of the latter place, when he laughed very significantly, nodding his head here and there right pleasantly, assuring me upon his honour that I could form no sort of idea of the town if I had not been there. "That," I replied, "cannot just at present be the case. I am now thinking over another journey, which first came into my head this spring—I intend travelling in Italy."

As the man heard these words, he suddenly leaped from his chair, pirouetted three times on one foot, and trilled, *Tirili! Tirili! Tirili!*

That was the last spur. "To-morrow I start!" was my determination on the spot. I will delay no longer. I will at once see that land, the mere mention of which so inspires the driest and most commonplace of mortals, that he at once, in ecstasy, trills like a quail. While I at home packed my trunk, that *Tirili* rang constantly in my ears; and my brother, Maximilian Heine, who the next day accompanied me as far as the Tyrol,

could not comprehend why it was that, on the whole way, I did not speak a single sensible word, and constantly *tiril-ee*d.

CHAPTER VI

TIRILI! *Tirili!* I live! I feel the sweet pain of existence! I feel all the joys and sorrows of life! I suffer for the salvation of the whole human race! I atone for their sins—but I also enjoy them.

And I also feel not only with humanity, but with the world of plants. Their thousand green tongues narrate the sweetest, gentlest tales to me; they know that I have not selfish human pride, and that I converse as willingly with the lowliest meadow floweret as with the loftiest pines. Ah! I know how it is with those pines! They shoot heaven-high from the depth of the valley, and well nigh range over the boldest mountain rocks. But how long does their glory last? At the utmost a few miserable centuries, when, weary with age, they break down and rot on the ground. Then, by night, the treacherous cat¹ comes steal-

¹ In one edition *Kätslein*; in the last, *Käuslein* or owl.

ing quickly from clefts in the rocks, and mocks them: "Ha, ye strong pines—ye who hoped to vie with the rocks—now ye lie broken adown there, and the rocks stand unshaken as before."

The eagle, who sits on his favourite lonely rocks and listens to this scorn, must feel pity in his soul, for he then thinks on his own destiny. For even he knows not how deeply he may some day be bedded. But the stars twinkle so soothingly, the forest streams ripple so consolingly, and his own soul leaps so proudly over all petty thoughts, that he soon forgets them. When the sun comes forth he feels as before as he flies upwards to it, and when near it, sings his joy and his pain. His fellow-creatures, especially men, believe that the eagle cannot sing, and know not that he only lifts his voice in music when far from the realm which they inhabit, and that in his pride he will only be heard by the sun. And he is right, for it might occur to some of the feathered mob down below there to criticise his song. I myself have heard such critics. The hen stands on one leg and clucks that the singer has no "soul;" the turkey gobbles that he needs "earnest feeling;" the dove coos that he cannot feel "true love;" the goose quacks that he is "ignorant of science;" the capon chuckles out that he is "immoral;" the martin twitters that he is "irreligious;" the sparrow pipes that "he is

not sufficiently prolific ; " *hoopoes*,¹ popinjays, and screech-owls, all cackling, and gabbling, and yelling ;—only the nightingale joins not in the noise of these critics. Caring naught for her contemporaries, the red rose is her only thought and her only song ; deep lost in desire, she flutters around that red rose, and wild with inspiration she leaps among the loved thorns, and sings and bleeds.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is an eagle in the German Fatherland whose sun-song rings so powerfully that it may also be heard here below, and even the nightingales cease to sing, in spite of all their melodious pains. Thou art that eagle, Karl Immermann, and I often think of thee in that land of which thou hast sung so sweetly. How could I travel through the Tyrol without thinking of the "Tragedy" ?

Now, of course, I have seen things in another light ; but I wonder that the poet, who created from the fulness of his soul, should have ap-

¹ *Wiedhoepchen*. Perhaps this word might be also rendered "pooh-pooh." It is always used contemptuously, from the ascertained filthy habits of the bird.—*Note by Translator.*

proached so near the reality, which he had never seen. I was most pleased with the reflection that "The Tragedy in Tyrol" was *prohibited*. I thought of the words which my friend Moser wrote me, when he said that the *second volume* of the "*Pictures of Travel*" was forbidden: "It was needless for Government to put the book under the ban—people would have read it without that."

In Innsbruck, in the Golden Eagle, where Andreas Hofer had lodged, and where every corner is still filled with his portraits and mementoes, I asked the landlord, Herr Niederkirchner, if he knew anything of the "Sandwirth." Then the old gentleman boiled over with eloquence, and confidentially informed me, with divers winks, that the whole story had at last come out in a book, which was, however, altogether prohibited; and having led me to a dark chamber, where he carefully preserved his relics of the Tyrolese war, unrolled from a dirty blue paper a well-thumbed green-looking book, which I found, to my astonishment, was Immermann's "Tragedy in the Tyrol." I told the landlord, not without pride, that the man who had written it was my friend. Herr Niederkirchner would fain know as much as possible of him. I said that he was one who had seen service, a man of good stature, very honourable, and very gifted in writing, so

that he seldom found his like. But Herr Niederkirchner would not believe that he was a Prussian, and exclaimed, with a compassionate smile, "Oh, get out!"¹ He insisted on believing that Immermann was a Tyroler, and that he had fought in the war—"How else could he have known all about it?"

Strange fancies these of the multitude! They seek their histories from the poet, and not from the historian. They ask not for bare facts, but those facts again dissolved in the original poetry from which they sprung. This the poets well know, and it is not without a certain mischievous pleasure that they mould at will popular memories, perhaps in mockery of pride-baked historians and parchment-minded keepers of State documents. Greatly was I delighted when, amid the stalls of the last fair, I saw the history of Belisarius hanging up in the form of coarsely coloured engravings, and those not according to Procopius, but exactly as described in Schenk's tragedy. "So history is falsified!" exclaimed a pedantic friend who accompanied me; "it knows nothing of a slandered wife, an imprisoned son, a loving daughter, and the like modern fictions of the

¹ *Warum nicht gar?* One should have lived in Bavaria or the Tyrol to appreciate the full force of this non-assenting sentence. Literally it means, "Why not entirely so!"

heart!" But is this really an error? Must suit be at once brought against the forger? No, I deny the accusation! For they give the *sense* in all its truthfulness, though it be clothed in inverted form and circumstance. There are races whose whole history has only been handed down in this poetic wise, such as the Hindoos. For such lays as the *Mahabarata* give the sense and spirit of Indian history far more accurately than any writer of compendiums could with all his chronology. From the same point of view I would assert that Walter Scott's romances give, occasionally, the spirit of English history far more truthfully than Hume has done; at least, Sartorius was very much in the right when he, in his supplement to Spittler, places those romances among English historical works.¹

It is with poets as with dreamers, who in sleep disguise those internal feelings which their souls experience from real external causes, since they at once assign on the spot by dreaming, to the latter, altogether different causes from the real, which, however, in one respect, amount to the same thing, in that they bring forth the same feelings. So, in Immermann's "Tragedy,"

¹ In like manner a distinguished jurist had Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" bound in calf and placed among his law books.—*Note by Translator.*

many dramatic attributes are rather arbitrarily added, but the hero himself, the central point of feeling, is accurately dreamed, and if this dream-form seems visionary, it is still truthful. Baron Hormayr, who is the most competent judge of this matter, turned my attention to this circumstance when I, on a recent occasion, had the pleasure of conversing with him. Immermann has very accurately set forth the mystical individual life, the superstitious piety, and the epic character of the man. He symbolised to the life that true-hearted dove, who with a glittering sword in the bill swept so heroically like martial love true over the hills of Tyrol, until the bullets of Mantua penetrated her heart.

But what is most honourable to the poet is the equally accurate description of the opponent, whom he has not described as a raging Gessler merely to exalt his adversary. If the one be a dove with the sword, the latter is not less an eagle with the olive branch.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the public room of the inn of Herr Niederkirchner at Innsbruck hang side by side in peaceful unison the portraits of Andreas Hofer, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Louis of Bavaria.

Innsbruck itself is an uninhabitable, stupid town. It may, perhaps, appear more intelligent and agreeable in winter, when the high mountains with which it is surrounded are covered with snow, and the avalanches thunder and ice cracks and glitters all around.

I found the summits of those mountains covered with clouds as with grey turbans. There we see the *Martinswand*, the theatre of the pleasantest imperial legends, since it is especially in the Tyrol that the memories of the knightly Max flourish and ring.

In the *Hofkirche*—royal church—stand the celebrated full-length statues of the princes and the princesses of the House of Austria with their ancestors, among whom are many who doubtless wonder even at the present day how they came by the honour. They stand in mighty life-size, cast in iron, around the tomb of Maximilian. But as the church is small and roof low, they

put one in mind of figures of black wax in a booth in a fair. On the pedestal of most we can also read the names of those whom they represent. As I looked at these statues, an English party entered, the leader being a lean man with a gaping countenance, his thumbs hooked into the armholes of his white vest, and holding between his teeth a leathern *Guide des Voyageurs*. Behind him came his tall companion for life, a lady no longer young, and who had apparently both lived and loved herself out, but still quite good-looking. Behind them came a red porter-face in powder-white trimmings, treading stiffly along in a ditto coat, his wooden hands fully freighted with my lady's gloves, Alpine flowers, and a poodle.

The trinity¹ walked straight as a plumb-line to the upper end of the church, where the son of Albion explained the statues to his wife, and that

¹ In the original Heine uses the word *Kleeblatt*, or clover leaf, which (like *trifolium* in Mediæval Latin) signifies in German a company of three. It was doubtless an association with the Trinity which caused the clover leaf company of three to be regarded as peculiarly correct. *Compagnie de trois*, *compagnie de roys*, says an old French proverb. In the drinking language of the knights of the Middle Ages a clover leaf meant the draining of three large goblets of wine, each one at a draught. In modern German-student phrase it is applied to a *quantum* of drinking utensils for three persons, or a *Sausgesellschaft* or club of that number.—*Note by Translator.*

from his guide-book, in which he read at full length the descriptions. The first statue is that of King Clodevig of France, the next that of King Arthur of England, the third Rudolph of Hapsburg, and so forth. But as the poor Englishman began by mistake the row from above instead of from below, as his guide-book directed, he fell into the most exquisite blunders, which were still more comic when he came to some lady's statue, which he mistook for that of a man, and *vice versa*, so that he could not comprehend why Rudolph of Hapsburg wore petticoats, or why Queen Maria had donned steel breeches, and had a much too long beard. I, who was willing to help him out with my learning, casually remarked that that was probably the fashion in those days, and it might have also been a peculiar freak of those dignitaries, so that people dared not for their lives cast them otherwise. So if it came into the head of the then emperor to have himself "run" in petticoats or swaddling bands, who dared object to his fancy?

The poodle barked critically, the lackey stared, the gentleman rubbed his face with his handkerchief, and my lady said, "*A fine exhibition; very fine, indeed!*"

CHAPTER IX.

BRIXEN was the second great town of the Tyrol which I entered. It lies in a valley, and as I arrived there it was covered over with mist and the shadows of evening. Twilight, silence, melancholy ding-donging of bells, sheep trotting to their sheds, human beings to churches, everywhere an oppressive smell of ugly saint's images and dry hay.

"The Jesuits are in Brixen." So I had read not long before in *Hesperus*. I looked everywhere about the streets to find them, but saw nobody who looked like a Jesuit, unless it were a fat man in a clerical three-cornered hat and a priestly-cut black coat, rather old and worn out, which contrasted strangely with his shining new black breeches.

"That can be no Jesuit," I said, finally to myself, for I have always pictured Jesuits to myself as rather lean. But are there really any Jesuits? It often seems to me that their existence is only a chimera, as though it were only a fear of them which still goes ghosting¹ about in

¹ *Spuken*, to appear as a ghost—to ghost it. In plain Pennsylvania English, to *spook*.

our heads long after the peril is over ; and all the zeal still manifested against Jesuits put me in mind of people who, after it has ceased to rain, go walking about with opened and lifted umbrellas. Yes, I often think that the Devil, Nobility, and Jesuits exist only so long as we believe in them. We know it in truth of the Devil, for only the believers have ever seen him. Also as regards the nobility, we shall soon experience that the *bonne société* has ceased to exist so soon as the good citizen takes it into his head not to regard them any longer as the *bonne société*. But the Jesuits ! At least they no longer wear the old breeches. The old Jesuits lie in their graves with their old breeches, their longings, their world plans, their tricks, distinctions, reservations, and poisons, and what we now see slipping through the world in new shining breeches, is not as much their *spirit* as their spectre,—an awkward, silly, weak-minded spectre, which daily seems striving by word and deed to convince us how little there is terrible in it ; and indeed it reminds us of a similar ghost in the Thuringian forest, which obligingly freed those who were terrified at it from all terror by taking its skull from its shoulders and showing all the world that it was hollow and empty.

I cannot refrain from mentioning by the way that I accidentally learned more of the man in

the shining new breeches, and ascertained that he was no Jesuit, but only one of the common sort of the Lord's cattle. For I met him in the public room of my inn, where he was taking supper in company with a long, lean man, entitled "Excellency," who resembled the old bachelor country squire described by Shakespeare as closely as if Nature had plagiarised him from the great author. Both enjoyed their meals, while they persecuted the girl who waited on them with caresses, which seemed to disgust to the last degree the charming, beautiful creature, until she finally broke from them by main force, when the one clapped her smartly behind, while the other sought to embrace her in front. Then they began with the most vulgar jests, which the maiden, as they well knew, could not help hearing, as she was obliged to remain in the room and wait on the company and spread my table. But when, finally, their language became literally intolerable, she at once left everything standing and disappeared through the door. When she returned, which was not for some minutes, it was with a *little child* on her arm, which she continued to hold during the time that she remained in the room, though it greatly impeded her movements. But the two companions—the clerical as well as the noble gentleman—did not venture any more to insult the girl, who now, without manifesting

any ill-feeling, but still with singular seriousness, waited on them until the end. Their language took another direction; both conversed on the usual subjects of conspiracies against the throne and the altar; they agreed on the necessity of strong measures, and often clasped in turn the hand of holy alliance.

CHAPTER X.

THE works of Joseph von Hormayr are indispensable to him who would study the history of the Tyrol, while for its more recent records he himself is the best, and in many respects the only source. He is for the Tyrol what John von Müller is for Switzerland; a comparison which frequently suggests itself. They are like next neighbours; both were inspired in early youth with love for the Alps of their birth; both are industrious, searching minds, of historical feeling and training. John von Müller, of an epic turn, cradling his soul in histories of the past. Joseph von Hormayr, quick and earnest in his feelings, is, on the other hand, impelled more energetically into the future, unselfishly venturing his life for that which was dear to him.

Bartholdy's "War of the Tyrolese Peasantry

in the Year 1809 " is an intelligent and well-written work, and if it has its defects, it is because its writer, as is natural for a noble soul, was prejudiced in favour of the weaker party, and because he still had gunpowder smoke in his eyes when he wrote.

Many remarkable events of that time have never been written down, and exist as yet only in the memory of the people, who do not willingly speak of them, because they awaken hopes which were deceived. The poor Tyrolese were obliged to go through many harsh experiences, and if you ask them now if they obtained as a reward for their fidelity all which was promised them, they good-naturedly shrug their shoulders and answer naïvely, that perhaps things were not meant quite so much in earnest as they thought; that the Emperor has a great deal to think of, and that much passes unnoticed through his head.

Console yourselves, poor rogues! Ye are not the only ones to whom something was *promised*. It often happens on board great slave-ships, in terrible storms and amid dangers, that they break the chains of the blacks, and promise them their freedom if they save the vessel. The silly negroes rejoice at the light of day; they hurry to the pumps, they stamp in their strength, aid where they can, leap, haul, coil the cables, and work until the peril is past. Then, of course, as any

one might suppose, they are put again into the hold, chained nicely down, and left in their darkness to make demagogical reflections on the promises of slave-dealers, whose only care is, the danger being over, to swindle some more souls into their power.

“ ——— O navis referent in mare te novi.
Fluctus ? ”

When my old teacher used to explain this ode of Horace, in which the Senate is compared to a ship, he was in the habit of making all sorts of political reflections, which he abruptly suspended after the battle of Leipzig had been fought, and the whole class was suddenly broken up.

My old teacher knew it all beforehand. When we first heard of the battle, he shook his grey head. Now I know what that shaking meant. Soon we had more accurate intelligence, and in secret people showed one another pictures, in which we saw, in varied and instructive form, how the higher leaders of the armies knelt on the field of battle and thanked God.

“ Yes, they might thank God,” said my teacher, and smiled as he was accustomed to do when he commented on Sallust ; “ the Emperor Napoleon has rapped them so often on the head that they must eventually learn something.”

Then came the Allies, and the miserable poems

of the Liberation, "Hermann and Thusnelda," "Hurrah" and the "Female Union," and the "Fatherland's Acorns," and the everlasting boasting of the battle of Leipzig, and once again the battle of Leipzig, and no end thereof.

"It is with these people," remarked my teacher, "as with the Thebans, when they finally, at Leuctra, overcame the mighty Spartans, and continually boasted of it, so that Antisthenes compared them to boys who can, having once beaten their master, never cease their rejoicings. My dear youths, it would have been better for us had we ourselves got the whipping."

Soon after the old man died. Prussian grass now grows over his grave, and there also are pastured the horses of our renewed nobility.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honourable, brave, and of inscrutable narrowness of mind. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to be ill. I would also call them a noble race, because they evince much discrimination in their food, and keep their houses very clean; only they entirely lack the feeling of personal dignity. The Tyrolese has a sort of laugh-

ing, humorous servilism, which wears an almost ironical air, but which is intended to be thoroughly honourable. The girls in the Tyrol greet you so amiably, and the men press your hand so severely, and behave themselves with such ornamental earnestness, that you can almost believe that they treat you like a near relation, or at least like one of themselves: but you are wide of the mark: they never forget that they are but common people, and that you are a gentleman who likes to see common people speak to him without shyness. And in this their instincts are true to nature, for the stiffest aristocrats are pleased when they can find an opportunity of laying aside their dignity, for it is by the descent that they realise how high they are placed. At home, the Tyrolese exercise this servility gratis; when abroad, they use it to enrich themselves. They set a price on their personality and nationality. These dealers in variegated table-covers, these jolly Tyrolese fellows (*Tyroler Bua*), whom we see travelling about in their national costume, willingly let you crack a joke on them—but you must buy something of them. The Rainer family who were in England understood the business, and had a good adviser into the bargain, who well understood the spirit of the English nobility. This was the cause of their gracious reception in that *foyer* of European aristocracy, the *West End of the town*.

When I stood, last summer, in the brilliant concert-halls of the London fashionable world, and saw those Tyrolese singers, in their national costume, mount the stage, and listened to those lays which are *jodeled* with such good and naïve expression, and which ring so pleasantly in our Northern German heart, it all ate with bitter discontent into my soul; the gratified laughter of aristocratic lips stung me like serpents; it seemed as though I saw the purity of the German tongue profaned and the sweetest mysteries of German spirit-life degraded before a foreign mob. I could not applaud this shameless trafficking in the most reserved feelings, and a Swiss, who, inspired with the same feelings, left with me the hall, very truly remarked, "We Swiss trade for money the best things we have—our cheese and our best blood—but we cannot hear the Alpine horn blown in foreign lands, much less play on it ourselves, for money."¹

¹ Those who have been taxed many times in Switzerland for having mountain-horns blown for them will be of a different opinion, and many of their players have been heard in all countries. Those who know the Tyrolese will, however, declare that this description of them is much too unfavourable. What Heine calls *servilism*, might be better called an Italian-like politeness. There are no people in the world who will so promptly resent an insult. Even the Gypsies of the Tyrol have caught the spirit of their neighbours, and are the manliest and freest-spoken Romanys, while perfectly respectful and polite,

CHAPTER XII.

TYROL is very beautiful, but the most beautiful landscapes cannot enchant us when darkened by gloomy weather and similar causes of mental excitement. This is always the case with me, and when there is bad weather without, I invariably find bad weather within. I only occasionally dared put my head out of the waggon, and then I beheld mountains high as the heaven, which looked earnestly down on me, and nodded to me, with their monstrous heads and cloud-beards, a pleasant journey. Here and there I beheld a far-blue hill, which seemed travelling along on foot, and to peep inquisitively over the head of other hills, as if to look at me. Everywhere crashed the forest streams, which leaped as if mad from the mountains, and met in the whirlpools of the valleys. The inhabitants sat snug in their neat, clean little cottages, which for the greater part lie scattered on the steepest cliffs, and on the very

whom I have ever known. As for the Rainers being base because they sang their songs in England for money, one might as well blame a distinguished German poet because his works were written for and sold to Frenchmen!—*Note by Translator.*

edge of precipices; and these neat, clean little cottages are generally ornamented with long balcony-like galleries, which in turn are bedecked with linen, images of saints, flower-pots, and pretty girls. These cottages are also prettily painted, mostly with white and green, as if they too had a fancy to wear the national costume of green suspenders over a white shirt. When I beheld these houses far away amid the lonely rain, my heart would fain climb up to them and to their inhabitants, who beyond doubt sat dry and jolly enough within. "In these," thought I, "they must live very pleasantly and domestically, and I dare say the old grandmother tells them the most confidential tales." While the coach went on without mercy, I often looked back to see the little blue pillars of smoke climbing from the chimneys, and then it rained harder than ever, both without and within, until the tear-drops ran out of my eyes.

But my heart often rose and climbed in spite of the weather to the men who dwell high up on the mountains, and perhaps hardly come down once in a lifetime, and learn but little of what is passing here below. Yet they are not on that account less good or happy. They know nothing of politics, save that they have an Emperor who wears a white coat and red breeches, as they have learned from an old uncle, who had learned

it himself in Innsbruck from Black Joe, who had been in Vienna. And when the patriots climbed up to them, and told them with oratory that they now had a prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches, they grasped their rifles, and kissed wife and child, and went down the mountain and offered up their lives in defence of the white coat and the dear old red breeches.

After all, it amounts to about one and the same thing for what we die, if we only die for something we love; and a warm true-hearted death like this is better than a cold false life. The very songs of such a death warm our hearts with their sweet rhymes and bright words, when damp clouds and pressing sorrows would fain render it dark and gloomy.

Many such songs rang in my heart as I crossed the Tyrolese mountains. The confiding fir-trees rustled many forgotten love-words back into my memory. Particularly when the great blue mountain lakes gazed on me, with such endless longing did I recall "the two king's children" who loved so dearly and died together. It is an old, old story, which nobody believes now, and of which I myself only remember a few rhymes.

"They both were monarch's children,
And loved right well, I ween,
But never could come together,
For water was rolling between

Dear heart ! canst thou swim hither ?
Dear heart, so swim to me ;
I'll light thee from my window,
It shall thy beacon be ! ”

These words began to ring in my heart as I, on an opposite lake, beheld on one side a little boy and on the other a little girl, both prettily dressed in their variegated national costume with little ribboned green taper hats on their heads, wafting greetings to one another—

“ But never could come together,
For water was rolling between.”¹

CHAPTER XIII.

IN Southern Tyrol the weather cleared up, the sun of Italy made itself felt even at a distance, the hills became warmer and brighter ; I saw vines rising on them, and I could lean oftener out of the carriage windows. But when I thus leaned out there leaned with me my heart, and with my heart all its love, sorrow, and folly. And it often happened that the poor heart was

¹ A Lower-Rhenish old ballad, also common in Platt-Deutsch, Flemish, Dutch, and Frisian. It is given in Uhland's *Volkslieder* and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*.

torn by the thorns when it leaned towards the rose-bushes by the wayside—and the roses of Tyrol are not ugly. When I rode through Steinach and saw the market-place where Immermann represents the "Sand-landlord," Hofer, as coming boldly forth with his companions, I found that the spot was too small for an insurgent meeting, but large enough to fall in love in. There are only a few white houses there, and from a small window there peeped out a little Sand-landlady, aiming and shooting from great eyes; if the coach had not travelled by so quickly, and had she had time to load again, I should have been shot dead for certain. I called out, "Go ahead, coachman; there is no joking with such a 'fair Elsie;' such eyes would set fire to the house over one's head!" As an experienced traveller, I must confess that the landlady in Sterzing is really an old woman, but she has two young daughters, whose eyes warm the heart of the traveller as he steps out of the coach, in a most beneficial manner. But I cannot forget *thee*, thou fairest of all, thou lovely spinner on the marches of Italy! Oh, hadst thou given to me, as Ariadne gave to Theseus, the thread of thy spinning to lead me through the labyrinth of life, I had long since conquered the Minotaur, and I would love thee, and kiss thee, and never leave thee!

"It is a good sign when women laugh," says

a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion, when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain at whose base, on a low foundation, he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery and naïve paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft green branches hanging around the bloody body and crucified limbs.¹ On the other side of the cottage was a round dovecote, whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and span, not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old span kings' daughters in Greece; so at the present day spin the Fates and all Italian women. She span and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all

¹ It has been observed, not without reason, that this constant familiarity with blood, pain, and instruments of torture, as set forth in pictures of the crucifixion, martyrdoms, and hell, has been a great cause of the fondness for cruelty, as seen in the treatment of animals, stabbing, &c., in Italy and Spain.—*Note by Translator.*

rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed like giants with polished helmets on their heads.

She span and smiled; and I believe that she spun my heart fast, as the coach went along somewhat more slowly on account of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory; everywhere I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breath-like delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had, while young, dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes! ah! no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again smiling, the doves fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head mystically flapped its wings; behind her rose mightier than ever the helmet warriors, before her rolled along more stormily the brook, the vine-branches climbed in wilder haste, the crucified wooden image quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened and the wounds bled, but—she sat still and span, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE the sun gleamed ever lordlier and lovelier from heaven, clothing mountain and castle with golden veils, it became still hotter and livelier in my heart; once more my whole bosom was full of flowers, which shot forth sprouting mightily over my head, and through the flowers from my heart smiled heavenly fair the face of the lovely spinner. Imprisoned in such dreams—myself a dream—I came to Italy, and as I during the journey had entirely forgotten that I was travelling thither, I was well nigh terrified when all at once all the great Italian eyes opened on me, and the variegated, tangled life of Italy came leaping towards me, real, warm, and humming.

All of this happened to me, however, in the city of Trent one fine Sunday afternoon, at the hour when the heat goes to sleep, and the Italians wake up and go walking about the streets. This town lies, old and broken, amid a broad circle of blooming green hills, which, like eternal young gods, look down on the ancient broken works of man. Broken and brittle, too, near the latter lies the high castle which once ruled the town, a daring building of a daring time, with spires, pinnacles,

battlements, and a broad, round tower, inhabited by owls and Austrian invalids. Even the town itself is wildly and boldly built, and at the first glance it produces a wonderful effect, with its awfully old houses, with their faded frescoes and cracked saints' images, towers, porticoes, barred windows, and those projecting roofs which rest like balconies on old grey pillars, which seem themselves to require support. Such a sight would have been all too sorrowful had not Nature refreshed the dead stones with new life, had not sweet vine leaves lovingly and tenderly embraced the broken old pillars, as youth embraces age, and still sweeter maidens' faces had not peeped from the melancholy old, arched windows, and smiled on the German stranger, who, like a sleep-wandering dreamer, walked strangely here and there among the blooming ruins.

I was really as in a dream, and one of those dreams, too, wherein we strive to recall something we have dreamed long ago. I looked in turn at the houses and at the people, and I was inclined to think that I had been acquainted with those houses in their better days, when they wore brand new paintings, when the gilt ornaments on their window friezes were not as yet so black, and when the marble Madonna bearing the child on her arm still had her beautiful head, which those iconoclasts, age and wind, had broken away in such a

vulgar, Jacobinical manner. The faces of the elderly dames seemed familiar to me, as though they had been cut from the old Italian pictures I had seen in the Düsseldorf Gallery when a boy. In like manner the old men seemed well known and long forgotten, and gazed at me as though from the depth of a millennium. Even the brisk young girls had in their faces something of that which had been dead a thousand years, and yet of revived bloom, so that almost a terror stole over me, a sweet, gentle terror, such as I once felt when in the lonely midnight my lips pressed those of Maria, a wondrous lovely lady, whose only fault was that she was dead. But then again I laughed as the idea came into my head that the whole town was nothing but a beautiful novel, which I had once read—yes, which I myself had written, and that I now was enchanted by my own work, and was terrified by sprites of my own raising. “Perhaps, too,” thought I, “all is but a dream,” and I would gladly have given a dollar for a few boxes on the ear, just to learn whether I was asleep or awake.¹

They were at hand, and I might have got them at a cheaper rate, as I stumbled over an old fruit-

¹ *Ohrfeige*, a box on the ear, means also literally *ear-figs*. *Daechtel* or *Dattel*, a date-fruit, has the same meaning.—*Note by Translator.*

woman. She contented herself with throwing a real box (of figs) at my ears, and I thus came suddenly to the conviction that I was, in the most actual of realities, in the middle of the market-place of Trent, near the great fountain, from whose copper Tritons and dolphins the silver-clear waters welled out pleasant and reviving. To the left stood an old palace, whose walls were painted with many coloured allegorical figures, and on whose terrace several grey Austrian soldiers were being drilled into heroism; to the right stood a Gothic-Lombard, capricious-looking house, from which a sweet, fluttering maiden's voice came trilling so dashingly and merrily, that the widowed old walls trembled either with pleasure or from decay, while above there looked from the pointed window a black labyrinthine-curved, comedian-looking wig, under which projected a sharply cut thin face, which was rouged, but only on the left cheek, and which consequently looked like a pancake baked only on one side. But before me, in the midst, stood the ancient cathedral, not great, not gloomy, but like a cheerful old man, confiding and inviting by his age.

CHAPTER XV.

As I drew aside the green silk curtain which covered the entrance to the cathedral, and entered the house of the Lord, I was agreeably refreshed in body and soul by the pleasant perfume which greeted me, by the tranquillising magic light which flowed through the many-coloured windows on the praying assembly within. They were mostly women, kneeling in long rows on the low prayer-benches, they prayed only with a light movement of their lips, fanning themselves constantly meanwhile with great green fans, so that nothing could be heard save an incessant mysterious whispering, and nothing seen but moving fans and waving veils. The creaking tread of my boots disturbed many a fine prayer, and great catholic eyes stared at me half inquisitively, half willingly, as if they would fain advise me to stretch myself at ease and enjoy with them a siesta of the soul.

Truly such a cathedral, with its subdued light and its coolness, is an agreeable resting-place when we have out of doors flaring sunshine and oppressive heat. We have no idea of this in our Protestant North Germany, where the churches are not built so comfortably, and where the light

comes shooting so saucily through the uncoloured, common-sense window panes, which do not protect even the cold, harsh sermon from the heat. People may say what they will: Catholicism is a good religion—for summer. There is such good lying round on the benches of this old cathedral, we enjoy on them such a cool piety, such a holy *dolce far niente*; one can pray, and dream, and sin together in thought; the Madonnas wink so forgivingly from their niches; woman-like, they forgive us even when we have entangled their lovely features in the sinful current of our wanton imaginations; while as a superfluity there stands in every corner a brown, pierced chair of conscience, where we can ease ourselves of our sins.

In such a chair sat a young monk of earnest mien, but the face of the lady who confessed to him her sins was concealed from me, partly by her white veil and partly by the side of the confessional; yet there came to view a hand, which at once held me fast. I could not help looking at it; its blue veins and the aristocratic gleam of its white fingers were so strangely familiar to me, and all the power of dreams in my soul was stirred into life to shape a face to match this hand. It was a lovely hand, not that of a young girl, who, half lamb and half rose, has only thoughtless, vegetable-animal hands—this hand, on the contrary, had something spiritual in it,

something exciting past associations like the hands of handsome human beings who are highly refined and accomplished, or who have greatly suffered; and there was something so touchingly innocent in this hand, that it seemed as if it had no occasion to confess with the rest of the lady, and would not even hear what its fair proprietress said, and therefore waited without till she was ready. But this lasted a long time; the lady must have had a terrible amount of sin to narrate. I could not wait any longer; my soul pressed an invisible parting kiss on the fair hand, which closed convulsively at the same instant, and that in the same peculiar manner in which the hand of the dead Maria was accustomed to close when I touched it. "In God's name," thought I, what is the dead Maria doing in Trent?"—and I hastened from the cathedral.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I again crossed the market-place, the fruit-woman of whom I have spoken greeted me right amiably and confidently, as though we were old friends. "It is all one," thought I, "how we make an acquaintance, provided that it be but made." A box on the ear, or a box of figs

hurled at one, or 'a fig for you,' is not in faith a first-class introduction, but then the fruit-woman and I looked at one another in as friendly a wise as though we had just mutually handed over tip-top letters, "introducing, &c.," from our best friends. And the fruit-woman was by no means bad to look at. She was, it is true, already in that age when time stamps a fatal certificate on our brow of the active service we have done in youth, but this had made her all the more corpulent, and what she had lost in youth she had won in weight. Moreover, her face still bore the traces of great beauty, and there was plainly written on it, as on old-fashioned vases, "To be loved, and as loving live, is the best joy that earth can give." But what gave her her most exquisite charm was the style in which her hair was dressed—the carefully curled wig-like locks, thickly stiffened with pomatum and idyllically entwined with white bell-flowers. I gazed on this woman with the same rapt attention with which an antiquary would pore over a newly disinterred torso—yes, I could detect far more on this living human ruin. I could see on her traces of all the civilisation of Italy—the Etruscan, the Roman, the Gothic, the Lombard, down to our own powdered modern age, and right interesting to me was the civilised manner of this old woman, in contrast to her business and to her passionate

habits. Nor was I less interested by her stock-in-trade—the fresh almonds, which I saw for the first time in their green original packages, and the fresh sweet-smelling figs, which lay piled up in heaps as common as pears with us. I was also delighted with the great baskets full of fresh oranges and lemons, and—delightful sight!—in one lay a child, beautiful as a picture, holding a little bell in his hand, and as the great bell of the cathedral began to sound, between every stroke the boy rang his little bell, and smiled so forgetful of all worldly things up into the blue heaven, that the drollest child's fancies came into my own head, and like a child I placed myself before the basket and began to eat and gossip with the fruit-woman.

From my broken Italian she at first took me for an Englishman, but I confessed that I was only a German. She at once instituted a series of geographical, economic, horticultural, and meteorological questions as to Germany, greatly marvelling when I confessed to her that no lemons grew in our country—that we were obliged to squeeze¹ very tightly the few which “went in” among us from Italy, and that in our

¹ *Pressen*, also to urge. This is exactly equivalent to the American exhortation: “Go in lemons, if you do get squeezed!”

despair we were obliged to make up our want of juice with "a little more rum." "Ah! my dear woman," said I, "in our land it is very frosty and foggy; our summer is only a green-washed winter; even the sun there is obliged to wear a flannel jacket to keep from catching cold, and what with this flannel sunshine our fruits get along very greenly and poorly—in fact, between you and I and the bed-post, the only ripe fruits we have are baked apples. As for figs, they come to us, like oranges and lemons, from distant lands, and by the time they arrive no one would give a fig for them; only the worst of them ever reach us fresh, and these are so very bad that any one who is induced to take them for nothing, always brings an action for damages against the giver. As for *almonds*,¹ we have only the inflamed and swollen sort. In short, we are wanting in all the nobler fruits, and have nothing but gooseberries, pears, hazel-nuts, and similar *canaille*.

¹ The word *almond* is applied in German, as in Latin, not only to the fruit of that name, but to the tonsils.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS really delighted to have made a good acquaintance so soon after arriving in Italy, and had not deeper feelings drawn me to the south, I should have remained in Trent by the good fruit-woman, by the good figs and almonds, by the little bell-ringer, and, to tell the truth, by the beautiful girls, who streamed by in hordes. I do not know if other travellers would here admit the use of the word "beautiful," but the Trent females pleased me most unexceptionably. They were just the sort which I love; and I love those pale elegiac faces from which great black eyes gaze forth in love-sickness; I love the dark hue of those proud necks which Phœbus too has loved and kissed brown; I love those over-ripe necks with purple dots in them, which seem as if wanton birds had been picking at them; but above all I love that genial warm-blooded gait, that silent music of the whole body, those limbs which undulate in the sweetest measures, voluptuous, pliant, divinely lewd, dying in breathless idleness, and then once more ethentially sublime and ever highly poetical. I love such women as I love poetry itself, and these melodiously moving forms,

this human orchestra as it rustled musically past me, found echo in my heart, and awoke in it its sympathetic tones.

It was now no longer the magic power of a first surprise, the legend-like mystery of some wild and wondrous apparition; it had become that tranquil spirit which studied those female forms as they passed along, just as a true critic reads a poem. And by observing in this wise, we discover much, much that is sad and strange—the wealth of the past, the poverty of the present, and the great pride which still remains. Gladly would the daughters of Trent bedeck themselves in silk and in satin as in the days of the Council, when their city bloomed in velvets and satin; but the Council did nothing for them; the velvet is shabby, the satin in rags, and nothing remains to the poor children save an empty tawdry show, which they carefully preserve during the week, and with which they attire themselves only on Sunday. But many have not even these remains of bygone luxury, and must get along as they best can with the plain and cheaper manufactures of the present day. Therefore there is many a touching contrast between body and garment; the exquisitely carved mouth seems formed to command, and is itself scornfully overshadowed by a wretched willow hat with crumpled paper-flowers; the proudest breasts heave and palpitate in a

frizzle of coarse woollen imitation lace, and the most spiritual hips are embraced by the stupidest cotton. Sorrow, thy name is cotton, and brown-striped cotton at that! For, alas! nothing produced in me such sorrowful feelings as the sight of a fair Trent girl, who in form and complexion resembled a marble goddess, and who wore on this antique noble form a garment of brown-striped cotton, so that it seemed as though the petrified Niobe had suddenly become merry, and had disguised herself in our modern small-souled garb, and now swept in beggarly pride and superbly helpless through the streets of Trent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN I returned to the *Locanda dell' Grande Europa*, where I had ordered a good *pranzo*, I was really so dispirited that I could not eat, and that is saying a great deal for me. I sat down before the door of the neighbouring *Bottega*, refreshed myself with sherbet, and spoke thus:—

“ Whimsical, blue-devilled heart! now thou art in Italy, why art thou not *tiri-liring*? Have perhaps the old German sorrows, little serpents which twined so closely within, come with thee to Italy, and do they now rejoice, and does their common rejoicing awaken in thy bosom

that picturesque sorrow which so strangely stings, and dances, and pipes, as in the olden time? And why should not the old sorrows also rejoice in their turn? Here in Italy all is so beautiful, even suffering itself; in these ruined marble palaces, sighs re-echo far more romantically than in our neatly tiled little houses; we can weep far more voluptuously beneath those laurels than under our ill-natured angular fir-trees; and is it not far sweeter to yearn and long away our souls deep into the ideal cloudy forms of the heavenly blue of Italy than into the ashy grey of a German week-day heaven, where even the clouds only cut honest, common-citizen grimaces, and stupidly gape down? Remain in my breast, ye sorrows! Ye will not find, after all, a better lodging-place. Ye are dear, and worth keeping, and nobody knows how to take better care of you than I, and I confess that ye are a great pleasure to me. And after all, what is pleasure? At best an intensely exquisite, convulsive pain!

I believe that the music which, without exciting my attention, rang before the *Bottega* and attracted a crowd of listeners, had melodramatically accompanied this monologue. It was a singular trio, consisting of two men and a young harp-girl. One of the men, clad as if for winter in a white overcoat, was a powerful figure, with a full red, bandit face, which blazed out from among the

black hair of his head and beard, like a threatening comet. He held between his legs a monstrous bass-viol, on which he sawed away as furiously as though he had, in the Abruzzi, conquered some poor traveller, and was desperately cutting his throat. The other was a tall, meagre old man, whose lean limbs tottered in a worn-out black dress, and whose snow-white hair contrasted sorrowfully with his buffo song and his crazy caperings. It is sad enough when an old man must, from poverty, lay aside the dignity of age and give himself up to pranks and tricks; but how much sadder is it when he must do this before his own child! and that girl *was* the daughter of the old buffo, and she accompanied on the harp his low jests, or laying it aside, sang with him a comic duet, in which he played the enamoured old man, and she the mocking young *amante*. Moreover, the girl appeared to have hardly entered her teens—yes, it seemed as though they had rudely made a woman of her ere she had come to maidenhood, and not a virtuous woman at that. Hence came that green-sickly withering, and that shrinking displeasure of the fair face, whose proudly thrown traits seemed to scorn all pity; hence that secret vexedness of the eyes which gleamed defiantly under their black triumphal arches; hence the deep tone of sorrow which contrasted so unnaturally with the fair and laugh-

ing lips which it escaped ; hence the sickliness of the all too delicate limbs, which a short and painfully violet blue silk fluttered around, so far as possible. Many coloured and violently contrasted satin ribbons waved like flags around her old straw hat, and her breast was symbolically ornamented by a just opening rosebud, which seemed rather to have been pulled open than to have naturally unfolded itself from among its fresh verdant moss. Meanwhile there was perceptible in the poor girl—in this spring over which death had already breathed—an indescribable charm, a grace which expressed itself in every glance and motion and tone, and which did not disappear even when, with her body thrown forwards, she danced with mocking lasciviousness towards the old man, who, quite as immodestly, tottered towards her in the same attitude. The more shamelessly she acted, the deeper was the pity she awoke in my bosom, and when her song welled forth sweet and wondrous from her breast, as if imploring forgiveness, oh ! then the little serpents leaped up in ecstasy within me, and bit into their own flesh for joy. Even the rose seemed to gaze imploringly on me—yes, once I saw it even tremble and grow pale, but at that instant the trills of the girl's voice rose so much more merrily on high, the old man bleated, goat-like, so much more passionately, and the red comet-face martyred his bass-viol so much more

savagely, that there came forth the most terrifically funny tones, and the audience rejoiced more madly than ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a real Italian composition, from some favourite comic opera, of that strange sort which gives the fullest scope to humour, and in which the latter can abandon himself to all his mad joy, his crazy feelings, his laughing sorrow, and his life-longing death-inspiration. It was altogether in the manner of Rossini as displayed in the "Barber of Seville."

The scorners of the Italian school, who would fain destroy the character of this sort of music, will not escape their well-deserved punishment in hell, and are perhaps damned in advance to hear through all eternity nothing but the fugues of Sebastian Bach. It grieves me to think that so many of my friends will not escape this punishment, and that among them is Rellstab, who will be damned with the rest, unless before his death he is converted to the true faith of Rossini. Rossini! *divino Maestro!* Helios of Italy, who spreadest forth thy ringing rays over the world, pardon my poor countrymen who slander thee on

writing and blot thee on printing paper ! I, however, rejoice in thy golden tones, in thy melodious rays, in thy gleaming butterfly dreams, which so merrily played around me, and kissed my heart as with the lips of the Graces. *Divino Maestro*, forgive my poor countrymen who do not see into thy depth, because thou coverest it with roses, and to whom thou dost not seem sufficiently profound, because thou soarest so lightly as on divine wings ! It is true that to love the Italian music of the present day, and to arrive through love at its comprehension, one should have the people themselves before his eyes—their heaven, their character, their glances, their joys, their sorrows ; in short, their entire history from Romulus, who founded the Holy Roman realm, until that later time when it perished under Romulus Augustulus II. Even the use of speech is forbidden to poor enslaved Italy, and she can only express by music the feelings of her heart. All her resentment against foreign dominion, her inspiration of liberty, her rage at the consciousness of weakness, her sorrow at the memories of past greatness, her faint hopes, her watching and waiting in silence, her yearning for aid—all is masked in those melodies which glide from an intense intoxication of very life into elegiac weakness, and in those pantomimes which burst in a second from flattering caresses into threatening rage.

This is the esoteric sense of the comic opera. The exoteric dull sentinel, in whose presence they are sung and acted, does not surmise the inner meaning of those jovial love-stories, love-longings, and love-mockeries, beneath which the Italian hides his deadliest thoughts of freedom, as Harmodius and Aristogeiton hid their daggers in wreaths of laurel. "It is all nonsensical stuff," says the exoteric sentinel, and it is well that he sees it not. For if he did, then the impresario, with his *prima donna* and *primo uomo*, would soon be compelled to walk those planks which lead to a prison; a commission of inquiry would soon be instituted; all treasonable trills and revolutionary *roulades* would be protocolled; they would arrest innumerable Harlequins who are involved in extensive ramifications of horrible plots; even Taglia, Brighella, and the suspicious old Pantaloon would be locked up, the papers of the *Dottore* of Bologna would be put under seal—he would chatter himself into greater suspicion; and under all these family troubles Columbine would weep her eyes red. But I myself think that there is little danger of this coming to pass, for the Italian demagogues are far shrewder than our poor Germans, who, with a similar intention, have also disguised themselves like black fools with black foolscaps, but who appeared so disagreeably melancholy, and seemed so dangerous by their deeply

earnest clown-leaping, which they call "turning," and made up such serious faces, that they finally attracted the attention of Government and got themselves into prison.¹

CHAPTER XX.

THE little harp-girl must have remarked that I, while she sang and played, often looked at the rose on her bosom, and when I laid on the plate, when it went round, a piece of money which was not altogether too small, she sily laughed, and mysteriously asked in a whisper "if I would like to have her *rose*?"

Now I am the politest man in the world, and would not for all the world slander a rose, even though it be a rose which has already wasted some of its perfume. "And if," thought I, "it no longer smells perfectly fresh, and no longer breathes the odour of sanctity and virtue, like the Rose of Sharon, what is that to me who have such a devil of a cold in my head? And it is only mankind who are so particular in these little

¹ In allusion to the Turnvereine or gymnastic associations, which were also revolutionary political unions.—*Note by Translator.*

matters. The butterfly asks not of the rose, "Hath another already kissed thee?" Nor does the rose inquire, "Hast thou ere this fluttered around another?" And it happened about this time that night came stealing on, "and by night," thought I, "all flowers are grey,—the sinfullest rose quite as much so as the most virtuous parsley." Well and good; without hesitation I said to the little harp-girl, "Si, Signora,"

Gentle reader, form no evil fancies. It had grown dark, and the stars shone clear and holily into my heart, while in the heart itself trembled the memory of the dead Maria. I recalled that night when I stood before the bed whereon lay the beautiful pale corpse with soft, silent lips. I thought again on the strange glance which the old dame who was to watch the body cast on me when for some hours I was to relieve her of the task. I thought again of the night-violet,¹ which stood in a glass on the table, and which smelt so strangely. And a suspicion shuddered through my veins as to whether it were really a draught of air which extinguished the lamp, or was there really no third person in the chamber?

¹ *Natchviolet*, night-smelling rocket.

CHAPTER XXI.

I WENT early to bed, and quickly fell to sleep, losing myself in the wildest dreams. I dreamed myself a few hours back, I came again into Trent, I was again in amazement as before, and all the more so because I saw nothing but flowers instead of human beings walking in the streets.

There were wandering glowing pinks, who voluptuously fanned themselves, coquettish balsamines, hyacinths with pretty empty bell-heads, and behind them a party of mustachioed vain narcissuses and disorderly larkspurs. At one corner two loose-strifes¹ were quarrelling and scolding. From the windows of a sickly-looking old house peered a spotted stock-gilliflower, decked off in ridiculous wise, while from within pealed a delicately perfumed violet voice. On the balcony of the great *palazzo* in the market-place all the nobility were assembled, all the high *noblesse*, viz., the lilies, who toil not, neither do they spin, and yet fancy that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed

¹ Loose-strife, *Lysimachia stricta*. In the original, Heine makes these quarrelling flowers to be *Masliebchen*, which means maple-daisy or marsh-marigold.

like one of themselves. I even thought that I saw the plump fruit-wife, though when I looked more closely it was indeed the fruit-wife no longer, but a wintry sass-afra, who at once burst out on me with, "What d'ye want, you green-top, *you* pickled cucumber? You're a blossom now, arn't ye? with your one stamen! Wait till I water you!" In terror I ran into the cathedral, and almost ran over an old lame mother-wort, whose prayer-book was carried for her by a little coxcomb. But in the cathedral all was right pleasant; there in long rows were the sweet tulips, piously nodding their heads. In the confessional sat a dark monk's-hood, and before him kneeled a flower whose face was not visible, but it breathed forth a perfume so strangely familiar, that I shuddered as I thought of the night-violet which stood in the chamber where the dead Maria lay.

As I again left the cathedral, I met a funeral procession of nothing but roses with black "weeds" and white handkerchiefs, and ah! on the bier lay the early plucked rose with which I had become acquainted on the bosom of the little harp-maiden. She now looked far gentler, but all snow-white—a white-rose corpse. They set down the coffin in a little chapel, where there was nothing but weeping and sighing, and finally an old hell'ebore got up and delivered a long funeral sermon, in which he said much of the

virtues of the departed, of this earthly carnivale of tears, which availeth naught, of a better being, of Love, Hope, and Faith, all in a nasal, singing tone—a well-watered oration, and so long and long-winded that I at last awoke.¹

CHAPTER XXII.

My *vetturino* had harnessed his horses in advance of Phœbus, and we reached Ala before dinner-time. Here the *vetturine* are accustomed to stop a few hours and change horses.

Ala is a real Italian nest of a place. It is picturesquely situated on the slope of a mountain, a river ripples past it, and pleasant green vines flourish here and there, amid the stuck-together beggar palaces which hang one over the other. On a corner of the warped market-house, no bigger than a hencoop, is inscribed in great imposing letters, *Piazza di San Marco*. On the stone fragment of a massive coat of arms of an ancient noble family sat a little boy, manifesting in his need anything but respect for the relic.

¹ Clement Brentano has in his *Gockel und Gockeleis* carried out this conceit of *les fleurs animées* to a greater extent, in much the same manner as Heine.

The clear sunlight shone on his naïve nudity, and he held in his hand a picture of a saint, which he devoutly kissed. A little girl, beautiful as a statue, stood by in rapt attention, blowing at times an accompaniment on a penny trumpet.

The tavern where I dined was thoroughly Italian. Above on the first storey was a full gallery looking towards the courtyard, in which lay ruined waggons and anxious piles of manure, and wherein were turkeys with ridiculous red wattles and beggarly proud peacocks, besides half a dozen ragged, sunburnt children, who were aiding in the mutual improvement of their capillary attractions after the Bell and Lancastrian methods. By means of this balcony I passed by the broken iron balustrade into a broad echoing chamber. The floor was of marble; in the midst stood a great bed, on which fleas were consummating their nuptials, while on every side was all the magnificence of dirt. The host leaped here and there to fulfil my commands. He wore a violently green frock-coat, and a manifoldly moving countenance, in which was a hump-backed nose, on the centre of which sat a red wart, which reminded me of a red-coated monkey on a camel's back. He sprang hither and thither, and it seemed to me as though the red monkey were leaping about in like manner. He was an

hour in bringing anything, and when I rated him soundly for it, he assured me on his word that I spoke Italian admirably.

I was obliged to content myself for a long time with the agreeable perfume of roast meat, which was wafted towards me from the doorless kitchen just opposite, in which the mother and daughter sat side by side, singing and plucking chickens. The first was remarkably corpulent, with breasts which sprang boldly outward, and yet were still diminutive as compared to the colossal antitype, so that the one reminded me of the "Institutes" of the Roman Law, while the other seemed their enlargement in the "Pandects." The daughter, a by no means very large, but still stoutly built person, was also inclined to corpulency, but her rosy fatness was by no means to be compared to the ancient tallow of the mother. Her features were not soft, not enchanting with the charms of youth, but still beautifully cut, noble, and antique; the eyes and hair of brilliant black. The mother, on the contrary, had flat, stumpy features, a rosy-red nose, blue eyes, which looked like violets boiled in milk and lily-white powdered hair. Now and then *il Signor padre* came leaping in and asked for this or that dish or implement, when he was advised in calm recitative to look for it himself. Then he smacked with his tongue, hunted in the drawer, tasted from the boiling pot, burned

his mouth, and hopped again out, and with him his camel nose and the red monkey on it. And behind him rang forth merry trills, like pleasant mockery and family joking.

But a thunder-stroke suddenly interrupted this agreeable and almost idyllic family scene, as a square-built fellow with a lowering, murderous face leaped in, and screamed something that I did not understand. As both the women made emphatic gestures of denial, he became insane with rage, spitting fire and flame like an ill-natured young Vesuvius. The landlady seemed to be in trouble, and whispered assuaging words, which had, however, a contrary effect, so that the raging wretch seized an iron shovel, smashed divers unfortunate plates and bottles, and would have struck down the unfortunate woman had not the daughter grasped a long kitchen knife and threatened to run him through unless he at once vanished.

It was a beautiful sight—that of the girl standing there sallow and pale, and petrified with rage, like a marble statue, her very lips pale, the eyes deep and death-like, a blue swollen vein crossing her brow, the black locks twining around it like snakes, a bloody knife in her hand. I trembled with delight, for I fancied that I saw before me the image of Medea, as I have often dreamed her in my youthful nights when I have

fallen to sleep on the dear bosom of Melpomene, the darkly beautiful goddess.

While all this was going on, the *Signor padre* never once ran off his track, but with habitual busy calmness picked up the shards from the soil, collected the plates which yet remained alive, and brought me first soup with Parmesan cheese, roast meat, hard and solid as German fidelity, crabs red as love, spinach green as hope, with eggs; and for dessert, onions which brought tears of emotion to my eyes. "It's nothing; it's only Pietro's way," said he, as I glanced in wonder towards the kitchen, and in fact, after the great cause of all the difficulty had made himself scarce, it seemed as if nothing had happened; mother and daughter singing calmly as before, as they sat and plucked chickens.

The bill convinced me that the *Signor Padre* also understood the sublime art of "plucking," and when I, in addition to his demand, also gave him a *buona mano*, he sneezed in such ecstatic delight that the red monkey nearly fell from its seat. Then I nodded in a friendly manner into the kitchen, received as friendly a salute in return, quickly jumped into the new coach, drove rapidly along the plains of Lombardy, and arrived about evening in the ancient world-renowned town Verona.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE varied power of new appearances moved me only dimly and forebodingly in Trent, like the tremor of a legend; but in Verona I was seized by a mighty feverish dream full of hot colours, accurately designed forms, ghostly trumpet-clang, and the far-away roar of weapons. Many a dark old palace stared on me as though it would confide to me some ancient secret, and withheld it only on account of the officious crowd of everyday mortals, begging me to come again by night. Yet, despite the tumult of the throng and the wild sun which cast over me its red light, here and there some dark old tower whispered to me some deeply significant word; here and there I overheard the murmurings of broken columns, and as I passed along a small flight of steps which led to the *Piazzà de Signori*, the stones narrated to me a fearfully bloody story, and I read on the corner the words *Scala Ammazati*.

Verona, the ancient world-renowned city, situated on both sides of the Adige, has been in all ages the first halting-place for the great German emigrations of tribes who left their cold Northern forests and crossed the Alps to rejoice in the

golden sunshine of pleasant Italy. Some went farther on ; others were well enough pleased with the place itself, and made themselves at home and comfortable in it, and put on their silk dressing-gowns and promenaded cheerfully among flowers and cypresses, until new-comers, who still had on their iron garments, arrived from the North and crowded them away, an oft-repeated tale, and one called by historians the emigration of races. If we wander through the district of Verona, we find startling traces of those days, as well as relics of an earlier and of a later age. The amphitheatre and the triumphal arch remind us of the Roman age ; the fabulous relics of so many Romanesque ante-gothic buildings recall Theodoric, that Dietrich of Bern, of whom Germans yet sing and tell ; mad fragments bring up Alboin and his raging Longobardi ; legendary monuments speak of Carolus Magnus, whose paladins are chiselled on the gate of the cathedral with the same frank roughness which characterised them in life. It all seems as though the town were a great tavern, and as people in inns are accustomed to write their names on walls and windows, so have the races who have travelled through Verona left in it traces of their presence. Frequently, it is true, not in the most legible hand, since many a German tribe had not then learned to write, and was obliged to smash something by way of leaving its mark, which was

also very well in its way, as these ruins which they made speak more intelligibly than the most elaborate writing. And the barbarians who now dwell in the old hostelrie will not fail to leave similar tokens of their presence, having neither poets nor sculptors to hand down their memory to posterity.

I remained but one day in Verona, constantly marvelling at novelties, gazing at one time on the ancient buildings, at another on the human beings who thronged past in mysterious haste, and finally at the divinely blue heaven which limited the whole strange scene like a costly frame, and seemed to make of it a painting. But it is right queer when a man sticks himself into a picture which he has just been looking at, and is occasionally laughed at by his fellow-figures, and by the female ones at that, as happened to me very pleasantly in the *Piazza delle Erbe*. This place is the vegetable market, and there I found abundance of delightful forms, women and girls, longing, great-eyed faces, bodies in which one could dwell very comfortably, excitingly brunette-coloured, naïvely dirty beauties, much better adapted to night than to day. The white or black veils which the city women wear were so cunningly entwined around their breasts that they displayed more of the beautiful forms than they concealed. The girls wore their hair in chignons,

pierced with one or more golden arrows or silver rods terminated by an acorn. The peasant women generally wore small straw-hats shaped like plates, with coquettish flowers on one side of the head. The dress of the men differed less from that of our own, and only the immense black beard which came like bushes over their cravats was to me a little startling.

If we study these people more attentively, the men as well as the women, we find in their features as well as in their whole being the traces of a civilisation which differs from our own in this, that it is evidently derived from the Roman times—not from mediæval barbarism—and has only modified itself according to the character of the casual rulers of the land. Civilisation has with them no new and startling features, as among us, where the oaken trunk was first sawn, as it were, but yesterday, and where everything smells of varnish. It seems as though this race in the *Piazza delle Erbe* has during the course of time only changed clothes and language, while the spirit of their customs has undergone but little modification. The buildings which surround the place do not appear to have adapted themselves so well to the change of circumstances, but they do not look on us the less pleasantly, and their glance strangely moves the soul. There stand the high old palaces in Venetian-Lombard

style, with countless balconies and smiling frescoes; in the midst rises a single monumental column, a fountain, and the stone image of a saint; here we see a whimsical white and red striped Podesta, who stands behind a vast pillar-gate; there we behold an old four-corner church tower, on which the hand of the clock is broken and its figures half obliterated, so that even time seems destroying itself; and over all rests that romantic enchantment which breathes so pleasantly over us from the fantastic poems of Ludovico Ariosto or of Ludovico Tieck.

Near this place is a house which, on account of a hat which is chiselled in stone over the inner door, is supposed to be the palace of the Capulets. It is now a dirty inn for waggoners and coachmen, and has for a sign a red-painted hat of sheet metal full of holes. Not far off, in a church, they show the chapel in which, according to the legend, the unfortunate lovers were married. A poet gladly visits such places, even when he himself laughs at the easy superstition of his heart. I found in this chapel a solitary woman, a care-worn, faded being, who, after long kneeling and praying, arose sighing, gazed strangely on me with a sickly, silent glance, and finally tottered weakly away.

The tombs of the Scaligeri are also near the *Piazza delle Erbe*. They are as wonderfully splendid as becomes such a proud race, and it is a

pity that they should stand in a narrow corner, where they must crowd together to take up as little room as possible, and where there remains but little space for the visitor to behold them aright. It seems as though we saw in this an historical comparison. The race of the Scaligeri fills but a small corner in Italian history, but that corner is crowded with deeds of daring, splendid plans, and all the magnificence of pride. And we find them on their monuments, as in history, proud iron knights on iron steeds, and among them, surpassing in splendour, Can Grande, the uncle, and Mastino, the nephew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MUCH has been said of the amphitheatre of Verona; it is large enough to give space to many remarks, and there is no remark which may not find a space in it. It is built altogether in that earnest, practical style whose beauty consists of perfect solidity, and which, like all public buildings of the Romans, breathes out a spirit which is nothing else save the spirit of Rome itself. And Rome! Who is so soundly ignorant that his heart does not beat at the mention of this name, and whose soul is not at least

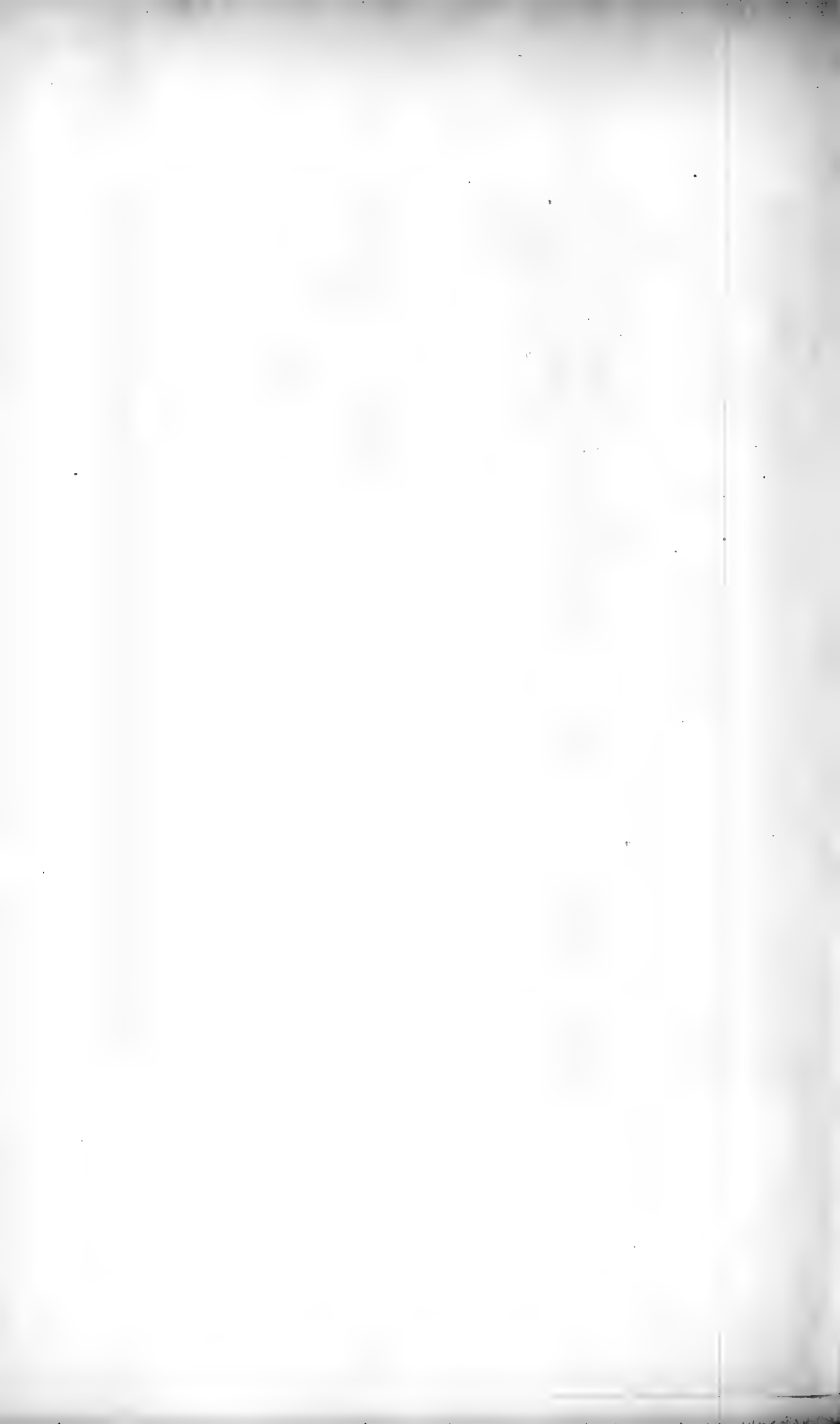
thrilled by a traditional terror? For myself, I confess that my feelings are rather those of fear than pleasure when I reflect that I shall soon tread on the lair of old Rome itself. "Old Rome is long dead," said I, soothingly to myself, "and thou wilt have the pleasure of regarding her fair corpse without danger. But then the Falstaffian thought came into my head, "What if she were not as yet really dead, and has only feigned to be so, and should suddenly arise—the thought is terrible!"

When I visited the amphitheatre, comedy was being played in it; a little wooden stage was erected in its midst, on which all sorts of Italian harlequinry was being acted, and the spectators sat partly on little chairs and partly on the high stone benches of the ancient amphitheatre. There I too sat, and saw Brighella's and Tartaglia's mock fighting, on the same spot where the Romans once sat and gazed on their battles of gladiators and wild beasts. The heaven above me with its crystal-blue shell was still the same as of old. Little by little it grew dark, the stars shimmered out, Truffaldino¹ laughed, Smeraldina wailed, and finally Pantaloon came and joined

¹ Those familiar with the "Fantasies of Callot" will have an accurate idea of the characters and appearance of these popular buffo individuals. *Vide also Masques et Buffons*, by Maurice Sand.—*Note by Translator.*

their hands. The multitude clapped their approbation, and went their way rejoicing. The whole play had not cost one drop of blood; but it was only *a play*. But the plays of the Romans were no plays; these men could never have satiated their souls with mockeries, they lacked that childlike cheerfulness of soul; and according to their stern natures they manifested in their sports the harshest, bloodiest earnestness. They were not great men, but by their position they were greater than all the other children of earth, for they stood on Rome. When they descended from the Seven Hills they were again small. Hence the littleness which we discover in their private life; in Herculaneum and Pompeii, those palimpsests of Nature, where the original old stone text is again brought to life, showing the traveller Roman life in little houses, with diminutive rooms, which contrast so singularly with those colossal buildings which set forth their public life, and those theatres, aqueducts, fountains, highways, and bridges, whose ruins still awake our wonder. And this is just it; the Greeks were great in the idea of art, the Hebrews in the idea of a holiest God, and the Romans in the idea of their eternal Rome, wherever it was by them fought, written, or built in the inspiration of this idea. The greater Rome became the more she extended this idea, the individual





was lost in it; the great who rose above it were still borne along by it, and it makes the littleness of the little still more apparent. On this account the Romans were at the same time the greatest heroes and the greatest satirists—heroes while they acted and thought of Rome, satirists if they thought of Rome and judged of the deeds of their contemporaries. Measured by such an enormous standard as the greatness of Rome, the greatest personality must have appeared dwarf-like, and even have attracted mockery. Tacitus is the grimmest of masters in this satire, because he, more than any other, felt in his soul the grandeur of Rome and the littleness of men. He is gloriously in his element whenever he can tell us what slanderous tongues prattled in the forum over some deed of imperial infamy, and fiercely laughed when he has an opportunity of detailing some senatorial scandal, or some abject flattery which missed its mark.

I remained walking for a long time on the upper benches of the amphitheatre, dreaming my way back into the dim past. As all buildings reveal most clearly in twilight their inner spirit, so did these walls whisper to me in their fragmentary lapidary style the most mysterious things, for they spoke of the men of old Rome, and it seemed to me that I beheld their spirits wandering far below me like white shadows in the

darkened circus. I seemed to see the Greeks with their inspired martyr eyes! "Tiberius Sempornius!" cried I aloud, "I will vote with thee for the agrarian law!" And I saw Cæsar too, wandering arm-in-arm with Marcus Brutus. "Are ye again reconciled?" I cried. "We both believed that we were in the right," laughed Cæsar up to me. "I knew not that a Roman still existed, and therefore thought myself justified in putting Rome in my pocket; and because my son Marcus was just this Roman, he thought himself justified in making away with me." Behind the two glided Tiberius Nero, with cloud-like limbs and undetermined mien. And there were women too in the spectral throng; among them Agrippina, with beautiful ambitious features, like those of an antique statue, and on which the traces of pain seemed petrified. "Whom seekest thou, daughter of Germanicus?" Scarcely had I heard her wail ere there rolled over all the heavy tones of a vesper-bell, and the horrible drumming of the evening roll-call. The proud Roman spirits passed away, and I found myself once more in the Austrian Christian present age.

CHAPTER XXV.

As soon as it is dark, the *beau monde* of Verona promenades on the place *La Bra*, or sits there on little chairs before the cafés, sipping sherbet and evening air and music. It is right pleasant sitting there; the dreaming heart cradles itself in soft tones, and rings back in echo to them. Often, as if reeling with sleep, it trembles when the trumpets re-echo and join in with full orchestra. Then the soul is again revived as with fresh sunshine, great flowering feelings and memories with vast black eyes come blooming up, and over them sweep thoughts like trains of clouds, proud and slowly and eternally

I wandered until midnight through the streets of Verona. Little by little they were deserted and re-echoed strangely. The buildings and their armaments glimmered in the half moonlight, and many a marble face looked pale and painfully upon me. I walked quickly past the tombs of the Scaligeri, for it seemed to me as though Can Grande—courteous as ever towards poets—would descend from his horse and accompany me as guide. “Still where thou art,” I cried, “I need thee not. My heart is the best guide, and tells all that passes in the houses, and

excepting names and dates, tells them truly enough."

As I came to the Roman triumphal gate, there swept through it a black monk, and far in the distance sounded a rumbling German "*Wer da ?*" ("Who goes there ?") "Good friend !" answered a laughing soprano.

But what woman's voice was that which thrilled so strangely sweet through my soul as I ascended the *Scala Ammazati* ? It was a song which echoed as if from a dying nightingale—death-delicately, and which seemed to cry to the very stone walls for aid. On this spot Antonio della Scala murdered his brother Bartolomeo, as the latter went to meet his lady-love. And my heart told me that she sat in her chamber awaiting her beloved, and sang to drown foreboding fears. But soon the song and air seemed to me so strangely familiar—I had before heard those silken, fearful, bleeding tones ; they twined around me soft, tearful memories, and—O thou stupid heart, said I to myself, hast thou then forgotten the song of the sick Moorish king sung to thee so often by the dead Maria ? And the voice itself ; knowest thou no longer the voice of the dead Maria ?

The long-drawn notes followed me through every street into the hotel *Due Torre*, into my bedroom, into my dream. And there I saw once more my sweet, dead life, lying beautiful and

motionless ; the old washerwoman stole away with a meaning side-glance, the night-violet breathed out its perfume ; I again kissed the lovely lips, and the dear corpse slowly arose to offer again a kiss.

If I only knew what it was that blew out the light !

CHAPTER XXVI.

“ Know’st thou the land where the bright lemon blows ? ”

KNOWEST thou the song ? All Italy is sketched in it, but in the sighing tones of longing and desire. Goethe in his “ Italian Journey ” has sung it more in detail, and whenever *he* paints he always has the original before his eyes, and we can rely on the truthfulness both of outline and of colouring. And I find it appropriate to speak here, once for all, of Goethe’s “ Italian Journey,” and I do this the more willingly since he made the same tour from Verona through the Tyrol. I have already spoken of that work before I was personally familiar with its subject, and I now find my presentiment as to its merits fully established. Everywhere in it we find a practical comprehension and the calm repose of Nature. Goethe holds the mirror up to, or, to speak more accurately, is himself the mirror of Nature. Nature wished to know how she looked, and therefore created

Goethe. He even reflects the thoughts and intentions of Nature, and we should not judge harshly of some enthusiastic "Goethian," especially in the dog-days, if he is at times so astonished at the identity of the object mirrored with its original, that he ascribes to the mirror a power of creating similar objects. A certain Mr. Eckermann once wrote a book on Goethe, in which he solemnly assures us that if the Lord on creating the world had said to Goethe, "Dear Goethe, I am now, the Lord be praised, at an end; I have created everything except the birds and the trees, and you would oblige me by getting up these trifles for me," then Goethe would have finished them all in the spirit of the original design, the birds with feathers, and the trees of a green colour.

There is some truth in all this, and I even believe that in some particulars Goethe could have given the Lord a few valuable hints as to the improvement of certain articles, and would, for instance, have created Herr Eckermann much more correctly by covering him with green feathers. It is at least a pity that a tuft of green feathers does not grow out of Eckermann's head, and Goethe did in fact strive to remedy the defect, as far as possible, by writing to Jena for a doctor's hat, and by placing it with his own hands on his admirer's poll.

Next to Goethe's "Italian Journey," I would

commend Lady Morgan's "Italy" and the "Corinna" of Madame de Staël. What these ladies lack in talent they make up; in order to equal the original; in the manliness of thought, which is wanting in him. For Lady Morgan has spoken like a man; she spoke scorpions to the hearts of many brazen hirelings, and sweet were the notes of this fluttering nightingale of freedom. Of like nature, as many well know, was Madame de Staël, an amiable *vivandière* in the liberal army, who ran courageously through the ranks of the combatants with her canteen of enthusiasm, strengthening the weary, and fighting with them too, better than the best.

As for works on Italian travel, William Müller gave us a review of them some time since in "Hermes," and their number is legion. Among the older German writers in this line, the most distinguished in genius or originality are Moritz, Auchenholtz, Bartels, the brave Seume, Arndt, Meyer, Benkowitz, and Rehfues. I know but little of the more recent tourists, and I have derived from only a few of them pleasure or profit. Among these I may mention the "Rome, the Romans, and the Roman Women," of the too early deceased W. Müller—ah! he was a German poet. Then the journey of Kephhalides, which is a little dry; Lesmann's "Cisalpine Leaves," which is a little too watery; and finally,

the "Tours in Italy, since 1822, of Frederick Thiersch, Ludwig Schorn, Edward Gerhardt, and Leo von Klenze." Only the first part of this work has as yet appeared, and it consists principally of contributions from my dear and noble-hearted friend Thiersch, whose humane glance is evident in every line.¹

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Know'st thou the land where the bright lemon blows?
 'Mid dark green leaves the golden orange glows;
 A gentle breeze from its blue heaven blows,
 Calm lies the myrtles, high the laurel grows.
 Know'st thou it well?"

Oh, there, oh, there, with thee,
 How glad were I, loved one, to wander free!"

ONLY don't go in the beginning of August, when you are liable to be roasted by the sun during the day, and to be devoured by fleas at night. And I moreover counsel thee, thou best of readers, not to travel from Verona to Milan in the post-coach.

I rode in company with six bandits in an

¹ Frederick Thiersch, well known from his contributions to the knowledge of the Greek language and art, and to æsthetics. The translator, who was while in Germany a pupil of Thiersch, trusts that he will not be accused of undue intrusion in warmly assenting to Heine's commendation of one whom he (the translator) has also learned to esteem and admire.

unwieldly bumping *carozza*, which, on account of the all-prevailing dust, was so carefully shut up that I could see but little of the beauty of the scenery. Only twice ere we gained Brescia did my neighbour lift the side leather curtain in order to spit. The first time he did this, I saw nothing but some perspiring fir-trees, which, in their green winter overcoats, seemed to suffer greatly from the sultry summer heat; the second time I saw a fragment of a wondrous clear blue lake, wherein the sun and a lean grenadier mirrored themselves. The latter of the pair—an Austrian Narcissus—gazed admiringly and joyfully at the accuracy with which his reflections imitated all his movements when he presented, shouldered, or aimed with his gun.

I have but little to tell of Brescia, as I occupied myself during the time of my "residence" there in eating a good luncheon. No one can blame a poor traveller for satisfying bodily hunger in preference to the spiritual. Still I was conscientious enough, ere I re-entered the coach, to inquire a few particulars relative to the town from a waiter, and learned of him that Brescia contained, among other things, forty thousand inhabitants, one town-hall, twenty-one coffee-houses, twenty Catholic churches, a madhouse, a synagogue, a menagerie, a house of correction, a hospital, an equally good theatre, and a gallows

for those thieves who steal less than one hundred thousand dollars.

I arrived about midnight in Milan, and went to Herr Reichmann's, a German, whose hotel is fitted up entirely in the German manner. It was the best inn in all Italy, said certain friends whom I there met, and who had mournful tales to relate relative to Italian swindling and taking in. Especially did Sir William curse as he assured me that if Europe is the head of the world, Italy is its bump of theft. The poor baronet had been obliged to pay in the *Locanda Croce Bianco* at Padua not less than twelve francs for a poor breakfast, and at Vicenza some wretch of a waiter had demanded a gratuity for picking up for him a glove just dropped from his coach.¹ His cousin Tom said that all Italians are rogues, except that they do not steal. Had he been more attractive, he might have said the same of their women. The third in the party was a Mr. Liver, whom I had left as a young calf in Brighton, and whom I now found a *bœuf à la mode* in Milan. He was dressed entirely as a dandy, and I have never met a mortal who better knew how to bring out the corners with his figure. When he stuck his thumbs into his vest armlets he made

¹ Here, as in other passages, Heine borrows an idea from Sterne.—*Translator*.

nothing but angles, his very mouth folded up square as a brick. Withal he had a square head, small behind, pointed above, with a low forehead and a very long chin. Among the English acquaintances whom I met in Milan was Liver's corpulent aunt, who seemed like an avalanche of fat, which had rolled down from the Alps in company with two snow-white, snow-cold winter geese, Miss Polly and Miss Molly.

Do not accuse me, dear reader, of Anglomania, should I very frequently speak of English people in this book. They are too numerous in Italy not to be mentioned; they sweep over the land in swarms, they lodge in every inn, crowd everywhere to see everything, and it is impossible to imagine an Italian orange blossom without thinking of some pretty English girl smelling at it, or a picture-gallery without a mob of Englishmen, who, guide-book in hand, go rushing around to make certain that everything is there which is described in their guide-books. When we see this blonde, red-cheeked race, with their shining coaches, many-coloured lackeys, neighing race-horses, green-veiled chamber-maids, and other costly apparatus, inquisitive and ornamented, sweeping over the Alps and through Italy, we can imagine that we see an elegant invasion, or rather migration of a race. And, in fact, the son of Albion, albeit he wears clean linen and pays cash down

for everything, is a civilised barbarian as compared with the Italian, who indicates a civilisation now passing into barbarism. The former shows a suppressed rudeness, the latter a neglected refinement. And even the pale Italian faces, with the suffering white of their eyes and their sickly delicate lips, how silently aristocratic do they seem as compared to stiff British faces, with their vulgar ruddy health ! The whole Italian race is internally sick, and sick people are invariably more refined than the robust, for only the sick man is really a man ; his limbs have a history of suffering, they are spiritualised. I believe that by suffering animals could be made human. I have seen a dying hound, who in his last agonies gazed on me with the glance of a man.

The suffering expression of the Italians is most visible when we speak to them of the misfortunes of their country, and in Milan there is plenty of opportunity for that. *That* is the sharpest wound in the breast of an Italian, and it quivers and twitches when touched ever so lightly. They have on such occasions a peculiar shrug of the shoulders, which inspires in me a strange pity. One of my Britons regarded the Italians as being politically indifferent, because they seemed to listen with equanimity when we strangers chatted on the Catholic emancipation and the Turkish war ; and he was unjust enough to say as much,

mockingly, to a pale Italian with a jet black beard. We had the previous evening seen the *debüt* of a new opera in *La Scala*, and witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm which a first success excites. "You Italians," said the Englishman, "appear to be dead to everything save music, which is the only thing that seems to excite you." "You do us injustice," said the pale one, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah!" he sighed, "Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song, and springs wildly up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened, which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now gush forth mightily; and this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in *La Scala*."

Perhaps this confession also explains the enthusiasm which Rossini's or Meyerbeer's operas have everywhere produced on the other side of the Alps. If I ever in my life saw human madness, it was at a representation of the *Crociato in Egitto*, when the music frequently underwent a sudden transition from soft wailing tones to exulting defiant pain. Such madness is termed by Italians *furore*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALTHOUGH I have here, dear reader—the Brera and Ambrosiana being in my way—a glorious opportunity to serve up views on art, I will still suffer this cup to pass away from you, contenting myself with the remark that I have observed the pointed chin, which gives such a sentimental impression to so many pictures of the Lombard school, on many a pretty Lombardess in the streets of Milan.

It has always been marvellously comforting and edifying to me, when an opportunity presented itself, to compare the works of a school with the originals which served as its models; for thus I more accurately appreciated its character. Thus in the great fair of Rotterdam, the divine geniality of Jan Steen was suddenly revealed to me; and thus at a later date I learned on *Lung 'Arno* the truth of form and the effective spirit of the Florentines, while in San Marco I caught the truth of colour and the dreamy superficiality of the Venetians. Go to Rome, my dear soul, go to Rome, and there perhaps you may soar to a perception of the ideal, and to the appreciation of Raphael.

However, there is one marvel at Milan, and by long odds the greatest, which I cannot leave unnoted—*that* is the Cathedral.

From a distance it looks as though cut from white note-paper, and when near it the observer is startled to find that this lace-like scissoring is all of undeniable white marble. The countless images of saints which cover the entire building, which peep forth under little Gothic baldachins, and which rise from every point, form a petrified multitude which well nigh bewilders our senses. Yet, if we study the entire work a while longer, we find that it is right pretty, colossally neat, a plaything for giant children. But it appears best in the midnight moonshine, for then all the white stone-men come swarming down from their height, and sweep together over the place, and whisper old legends in our ears, or a quaintly sacred secret tale of Galeazzo Visconti, who begun the Cathedral, and of Napoleon Bonaparte, who at a later day continued it.

"D'ye see," said to me a singular-looking saint, who had evidently been but recently manufactured from bran new marble, "d'ye see, my old friends here cannot understand why the Emperor Napoleon worked away so industriously at the Cathedral; but I flatter myself that I have seen into the matter. He knew perfectly well that this great stone house was at any rate a very

useful building, and that it might be used when Christianity shall have gone out of date."

"When Christianity shall be out of date!" I was fairly frightened to hear that there were *saints* who talked this way in Italy, and that in a place where Austrian sentinels, with bearskin caps and knapsacks, were marching up and down. Anyhow, the old stone chap was right, for the interior of the Cathedral is pleasant and cool in summer, and cheerful and agreeable, and will be worth something, do what they will with it.

The completion of this Cathedral was one of Napoleon's favourite ideas, and he was not far from it when his power came to an end. The Austrians are now carrying it on. They are also working at the celebrated triumphal arch, which is to conclude the Simplon road, though, of course, Napoleon's statue will not be placed on the summit of the arch, as was originally determined. At all events, the great Emperor has left behind him a monument which is better and more durable than marble, and which no Austrian can hide from observation. Long after the rest of us ordinary mortals shall have been mowed down by the scythe of Time, and blown away like chaff of the field, that statue monument will remain unscathed; new races will rise from the earth, will gaze bewildered on the image, and pass away again to earth; and time, incapable

of injuring the form, will seek to involve it in legendary myths, and its tremendous history will finally be a myth.

Perhaps after thousands of years some wonderfully shrewd schoolmaster in a fearfully profound dissertation will prove beyond cavil that Napoleon Bonaparte was identical with that other Titan who stole fire from the gods, and who for this trespass was chained to a solitary rock in the midst of the sea, as a prey to a vulture, which day by day gnawed away at his heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MY excellent friend and reader, I sincerely hope that you will not mistake me for an unconditional Bonapartist; my adoration is entirely for the genius, and not for the deeds of the man. I love him beyond all limit up to the eighteenth *Brumaire*, when he betrayed freedom. And this he did, not from necessity, but from a secret predilection for aristocracy.¹ Napoleon Bonaparte was an aristocrat, a noble enemy of middle-class equality, and it was an enormous mistake and misunderstanding

¹ Heine himself being not one whit behind Napoleon in the same weakness, while he seldom refers to the *bourgeois*, or middle class, save in ridicule.—*Note by Translator.*

when the European aristocracy, represented by England, made such deadly war on him ; for although he intended to introduce a few changes into the *personnel* of this aristocracy, he still wished to uphold the majority of them and their actual principle ; he would have regenerated this aristocracy, which now, after its last and certainly final victory, lies exhausted by age, loss of blood, and weariness.

Dear reader, let us here, once and for all, understand one another. I never praise the *deed*, but the human soul whose garment the deed is, and history is nothing but the soul's old wardrobe.¹ But love sometimes loves old hats and coats, and even so do I love the cloak of Marengo.

"We are on the battlefield of Marengo!" How my heart laughed as the postillion said this. I was in company with a very gentlemanly Lieflander, who rather played the Russian the evening before we had left Milan, and the next morning we saw the sun rise over the famed field of battle.

It was here that General Bonaparte drank so mighty a draught from the goblet of renown, that in his intoxication he became Consul, Emperor,

¹ This passage is a brief epitome of "Sartor Resartus." The simile is more clearly and fully expressed in a Rosicrucian treatise on Fire and Salt by Lord Blaise, seventeenth century.—*Note by Translator.*

World-conqueror, and first grew sober at St. Helena. And it fared no better with us, who also got tipsy with him, dreamed the same wild dreams, awoke in the same manner, and now in all the misery of soberness are making all sorts of reasonable reflections. And it often seems to us as if warlike reputation were an old-fashioned, out-of-date sort of pleasure, for under Napoleon a battle attained its acme of significance, and he was perhaps the last of the conquerors.

It really seems as though more spiritual than material interests were now being fought out, and as though universal history were no longer a robber-legend, but a ghost-story. The grand lever which ambitious and avaricious princes were once wont to employ so industriously—that is to say, nationality, with all its vanity and hatred, is now musty and used up; day by day the ridiculous prejudices of races are disappearing; all harsh peculiarities are perishing in the universality of European civilisation. There are no longer nations but parties, and it is wonderful to behold how these, despite the most varied colours, recognise each other, and make themselves mutually intelligible, notwithstanding the difference of language. As there is a *material* policy of States, so there is also a spiritual party-policy; and as the States' policy would quickly bring to a general, zealous European war the smallest strife which

should spring up between the smallest Powers, where interest is the governing principle, so, on the other hand, the smallest strife could not take place in which, owing to the party-policy already alluded to, the general spiritual tendencies and meanings would not be at once understood, and by which the most distant and heterogeneous parties would find themselves compelled to take side *pro* or *contra*.

On account of this party-policy, which I call a spiritual-policy, because its interests are more spiritual and its *ultimæ rationes* not metallic, there are now formed, as if by the medium of the States' policy, two great masses opposed to each other, fighting with glance and word. The watch-words and representatives of these two great parties change day by day—there is no lack of confusion—the greatest misunderstandings often arise, and these are often rather increased than lessened by the authors, who form the diplomatists of the spiritual party; but though heads may err, hearts still feel what they need, and Time presses on with her great question.

But what is the great question of the age?

It is that of emancipation. Not simply the emancipation of the Irish, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West Indian Negroes, and other oppressed races, but the emancipation of the whole world, and especially that of Europe, which has attained its

majority, and now tears itself loose from the iron leading-strings of a privileged aristocracy. A few philosophical renegades from freedom may forge, if they will, for us the most elaborate chains of conclusions, to prove that millions of men are born to be beasts of burden for a few thousand nobles, but they will never convince us until they make it clear, to borrow the expression of Voltaire, that the former are born with saddles on their backs, and the latter with spurs on their heels.

Every age has its problem, whose solution advances the world. The earlier inequality established by the feudal system in Europe was perhaps necessary, or a necessary condition of the advance of humanity; but now it impedes the latter, and represses the pulsations of the civilised heart.¹ The French, who are pre-eminently the race of social intercourse, have necessarily suffered most from this inequality, which grates so harshly against the principles of sociability; they have sought to force equality by gently nipping off those heads which persisted in rising above the rest, and their revolution was the signal for a war of independence for the whole world.

¹ Thus serfdom was in Russia a great advance from nomadic barbarism, and the Southern United States would have still been a wilderness but for slavery.—*Note by Translator.*

Honour to the French!—they have taken good care of the two greatest needs of human society—of good eating and citizenly equality; they have made the greatest advances in cookery and in freedom; and if it ever comes to pass that we all hold together one grand dinner of jolly good-fellowship—and on this earth there is nothing better than an assembly of peers at a well-spread table—we will give the Frenchmen the first toast. It will be some time, I know, before this grand feast comes off, and before emancipation is finished up; but it is bound to come, this blessed time, when we, all reconciled and on a par, will sit together around the same table.¹ Then in union we will fight against other evils of the world, perhaps at last against death itself—death, whose stern system of equality is not, to say the worst, so oppressive as the smiling theory of inequality held by aristocracy.

Laugh not, thou later reader. Every age believes that its battle is the most important; this is the true creed of the time in which it lives and dies, and we, too, will live and die in this religion of freedom, which perhaps better deserves the

¹ The only question will be to know of whom “we” are to consist. Heine wrote this before the age of railways and steam vessels. England and America are beginning to find that there are some hundreds of millions of outside barbarians who are coming in much more rapidly than our own poor can be civilised.—*Note by Translator.*

name of religion than the hollow, long dead soul-spectre which we have qualified by that name. Our holy battle seems to us to be by far the mightiest ever yet fought on earth, though a historical presentiment tells us that our descendants will look down on this strife with perhaps the same indifference with which we regard the combats of the first men who fought against quite as terrible monsters, dragons and robber-giants.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON the battlefield of Marengo reflections come flying around in such flocks that one can almost believe that they are the same which many travellers have suddenly abandoned there in a hurry, and which now go sweeping about. I love battle-fields ; for, terrible as war is, it still sets forth the spiritual greatness of man, who has gone so far as to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—Death. And just so with this battle-plain, where Freedom danced on blood-roses her wanton bridal measures. For, in those days, France was a bridegroom who had invited all the world to a wedding, and then, as the song says—

“ Hurrah ! upon the bridal eve,
In merry joke, for pots they broke
Aristocratic heads.”

But alas ! every inch which humanity advances costs streams of blood, and is not that paying rather dear ? Is not the life of the individual worth as much as that of the entire race ? For every single man is a world which is born and which dies with him ; beneath every gravestone lies a world's history. "Be silent," Death would say, "as to those who lie here ;" but *we* still live, and will fight on in the holy battle for the freedom of humanity.

"Who now thinks of Marengo ?" said my travelling companion, the Liefland Russian, as we rode over the fallow field. "At present all eyes are turned towards the Balkan, where my countryman Diebitsch is fitting the turban to the Turk's head ; and you'll see that we'll take Constantinople this very year. Are you for Russia ?"

This was a question which I had rather have answered anywhere but on the field of Marengo. I saw, in the morning mists, the man in the little cocked hat and the grey cloak of battle ; he darted onwards, swift as a spirit, and far in the distance rang a terribly sweet "*Allons, enfans de la patrie.*" Yet, notwithstanding all this, I answered, "Yes, I am sound as to Russia."

And in fact, in the wonderful change of watchwords and of representatives in the great battle, it has come to such a pitch that the most enthusiastic friend of revolution can only see the safety

of the world in the victory of Russia, and must regard the Czar Nicholas as the gonfaloniere of freedom. Singular mutation! Two years ago we cast the robe of this noble office upon an English Minister. The howl of high Tory hatred against George Canning led our choice; in the noble, humiliating sufferings which he endured we saw guarantees of his fidelity, and as he died the death of a martyr, we put on mourning, and the 8th of August became a sacred day in the calendar of freedom. But we took the flags from Downing Street and planted them anew in St. Petersburg, and chose for our standard-bearer the Emperor Nicholas, the Knight of Europe, who protected Greek widows and orphans against Asiatic barbarians, and who in that brave battle won his spurs. Again the enemies of freedom had betrayed themselves, and we again availed ourselves of the shrewdness of their hatred to learn what was for our own benefit. Again the wonted vision came to view, that we owed our representatives more to the elective majority of our enemies than to our own choice; and as we gazed on the marvellously assorted multitude who sent forth their best wishes to Heaven for the safety of Turkey and for the destruction of Russia, we quickly found out who was our friend, or rather who was the terror of our foe. How the blessed Lord in heaven must have laughed when he listened to

the cotemporary prayers of Wellington, the Grand Mufti, the Pope, Rothschild I., Metternich, and an endless mess of little nobles, stockjobbers, priests, and Turks, and all for one and the same thing—the safety of the Crescent!

What the alarmists have fabled over the danger to which we are exposed by the overgrowth of Russia is rank nonsense. We Germans, at least, have nothing to risk; a greater or less degree of servitude need not concern us, when the greatest of blessings, the being set free from the relics of feudalism and of priesthood, is at stake. They threaten us with the dominion of the knout, but I for one will gladly take a little thrashing if I can only know for a certainty that our enemies will get their share of it. But I will bet that they will go as of old, fawning and wheedling up to the new powers that be, graciously smiling and proffering the most shameless services, and if it happens that they once for all must be knouted, they will condition for the privilege of a knout of honour—just as a nobleman in Siam, when punished, is stuck into a silken bag and is beaten with perfumed rods, while the criminal citizen is put into a common linen sack, and has his blows laid on with a stick utterly devoid of a sweet-smelling savour. Well, we will grant them this privilege (since it is the only one), if they are only well whipped, and especially the English nobility.

People may recall, if they please, and as much as they please, that it was this very nobility which forced from despotism the Magna Charta, and that England, despite all her maintenance of social inequality, has ever secured the personal liberty of the subject, and that that country was a place of refuge for free souls when despotism subdued the entire Continent; those are *tempi passati*! England, with her aristocracy, is gradually sinking; independent spirits have now a better place of refuge, and if all Europe become a single prison, there would still be another hole for escape—I mean America—and God be praised, that hole is larger than all the prison itself.¹

But these are all ridiculous whimsies, for if any one compares England and Russia with a view to freedom, no doubt remains as to which is the right side to choose. Freedom has sprung in England from historical events, from privileges; in Russia, from principles. The results of those events—like the events themselves—bear the stamp of the Middle Ages. All England is congealed in mediæval, never to be rejuvenated institutions, behind which her aristocracy is entrenched, awaiting the death-struggle. But those principles from which Russian freedom sprung—

¹ Which "hole" Heine on another occasion abused as an intolerably dull place, unfit to live in, or where freedom is as yet only in raw ignorant youthfulness.—*Note by Translator.*

or, to speak more correctly, from which Russian freedom is daily developing itself, are the liberal ideas of our most recent times; the Russian government is penetrated through and through with these ideas; its unlimited absolutism is rather a dictatorship, by which those ideas will be brought directly to life. This government is not rooted in feudalism and priestcraft; it fights directly against the power of the nobles and of the Church, for even Catherine limited the power of the Church, and the Russian nobility exists by Church service. Russia is a democratic state—I would gladly say, a Christian state—if I might be permitted to use this so often misused word in its sweetest and most cosmopolite sense, for the Russians, by the very extent of their realm, are freed from the narrow-mindedness of a heathenish national vanity; they are citizens of the world, lacking only five-sixths, since Russia embraces one-half-dozeneth of the inhabited globe.

And faith! when a German-Russian, like my travelling companion, plays the brag-patriot, and talks about "our Russia" and "our Diebitsch," it seems to me as though I heard a herring calling the ocean his country and the whale his compatriot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I AM sound as to Russia," I said on the battleplain of Marengo, and quitted for a few minutes the coach to offer up my morning devotions.

The sun came forth gloriously, genially, confidently from beneath a triumphal arch of colossal masses of clouds. But my soul was like the poor moon, which stood paling away in heaven. She had wandered on in her lonely course in the desolate night, where happy Fortune slept, and only spectres, owls, and felons carried on their dark vocations; and now, when the young day arose amid rays of rejoicing, and fluttering flags of early morning flame, she must pass silently away; a single glance at the great world of light, and she is lost in eternal mist.

"It will be a fine day," cried my travelling companion from the coach. "Yes, it *will* be a fine day," slowly re-echoed my praying heart, as it trembled with grief and joy. Yes, it will be a beautiful day; the sun of freedom will warm the world with a more thrilling joy than that which comes from cold aristocratic stars; there will spring up a new race, begotten in the embraces of free choice, and not in the bed of compulsion and under the control of clerical tax-gatherers; and with free birth there will arise in mankind

free thoughts and free feelings of which we, poor born serfs, have no conception. Oh, as little will they imagine how terrible was the night in which we lived, and how cruel was our strife with terrible phantoms, gloomy owls, and hypocritical sinners! Ah! we poor warriors! who must waste our life in such battles, and are exhausted and pale when the day of victory dawns! The glow of sunrise will no more gild our cheeks, and no longer warm our hearts; we must die like the fading moon. All too short is the measure of man's allotted path, at whose end lies the pitiless grave.

I really do not know whether I deserve that a laurel wreath be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me only a holy plaything or a consecrated means whereby to attain a heavenly end. I have never attached much value to a poetic reputation, and I care little whether my songs are praised or found fault with.¹ But ye may lay a sword on my coffin, for I was a brave soldier in the war of freedom for mankind.

¹ Heine's attack on Von Platen in the next chapter is an amusing illustration of this asserted indifference as to whether his own poems were found fault with. To judge by his retorts, our author stood at the very head of the *irritabile genus vatium*. —*Note by Translator.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

DURING the noonday heat we sought shelter in a Franciscan monastery, situated on a lofty elevation, and which, with its dark cypresses and white monks, peeped out like a holy shooting-box, looking down into the pleasant green valleys of the Apennines. It was a beautiful building that of the Carthusians at Monza. I only saw it externally, and I also passed many other remarkable cloisters and churches. Often, in regarding these old churches, I know not which most to admire, the beauty of their vicinity, their great size, or the equally great and rock-like firm souls of their builders. They well knew that only their far-off descendants could complete the work; and yet they quietly laid the foundation-stone, and calmly placed one stone upon another until death called them from the work, and other architects continued that work, and in turn were laid in the grave—all in unshaken belief in the eternity of the Catholic Church, and all equally assured of the same faith in the generations to come, who would build on where they had ceased to labour.

It was the faith of the age, and the old architects lived and sank to sleep in this faith. Now they lie before the doors of their antique churches, and it is to be hoped that their slumbers may be

sound, and that they may not be awakened by the laughter of the later age. And it would be a sad thing for them, particularly for those who are buried near old unfinished cathedrals, should they suddenly revive some night, and gaze by the cold sad moonlight on their unfinished day's work, and find that the time for finishing them had passed away, and that their whole life had been spent in vain.

Such is the voice of our own age, which has other problems and another faith.

I once, in Cologne, heard a little boy ask his mother why they did not finish the half-built cathedral. He was a pretty child, and I kissed his bright intelligent eyes; and as his mother could give no answer to the question, I told him that now-a-days people had altogether different things to do.¹

On the summit of the Apennines, not far from Genoa, we behold the sea; between the green

¹ It was a characteristic failing with Heine, as with many highly imaginative men, that he generally took but *one* element or cause into consideration. Here he forgets that national pride and æsthetic culture might continue the work begun by religion. The Cathedral of Cologne has been finished since this was written, Protestants having greatly aided the work. The façade of Santa Croce, in Florence, was executed more recently by an Englishman; in fact, there seems to be little reason to doubt that all the buildings here referred to will be sooner or later completed.—*Note by Translator.*

mountain peaks we catch glimpses of its blue waters, and ships which come forth here and there seem to sail strangely over the mountains. If we see this view during twilight, when the last rays of the sun begin playing a wondrous game with the earliest shades of evening, and when all hues and shapes twine dreamily together, then a feeling as of old legends steals over the mind ; the coach rolls along, the sweetest dreamiest shadows of the soul are revived ; they tenderly greet, until at last in a vision we seem to be in Genoa.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THIS city is old without antiquity, narrow without home-like snugness, and ugly beyond description. It is built on a rock, at the foot of amphitheatre-like hills, which hold in their embrace the loveliest bosom of the sea. The Genoese have consequently from Nature one of the best and securest of harbours. And as the whole town stands on a single rock, the houses must, for the sake of room, be built very high, while the streets are very narrow, so that the latter are very dark and close, only two of them admitting carriages. But the houses are chiefly used by their inhabitants, who are principally merchants, as store-houses, and as sleeping-places by night. During

the whole trafficking day, they run about town or sit before their house-doors—I should say, *within* their house-doors—otherwise opposite neighbours would knock their knees together.

Seen from the sea side, especially towards evening, the whole town gains in appearance. It lies there on the shore like the bleached skeleton of some castaway monstrous beast; dark ants which call themselves Genoese creep over it, blue waves dash it with foam, humming a lullaby, and the moon, the pale eye of night, looks down on it with sorrow.

In the garden of the Palazzo Doria the old sea-hero stands like a Neptune in a great water-basin. But the statue is forlorn and mutilated, the fountain is dry, and seamews nestle amid the dark cypresses. Like a boy always thinking of plays, I was at once reminded by the name of Doria of that of Frederic Schiller, the noblest, if not the greatest, of our German poets.

Though mostly in decay, the palaces of the once powerful lords of Genoa, the *nobili*, are still very beautiful, displaying an excess of magnificence. They are nearly all situated on the two great streets known as the *Strada Nuova* and *Balbi*. Of these palaces, the *Durazzo* is the most remarkable. Here are many good pictures, among them Paul Veronese's Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ. The Mary is so beautiful that

were she alive she would be in danger of a second seduction. I stood a longtime before her, but ah! she did not look up. Christ stands there like a pious Hamlet—"Go to a nunnery!" Here I also found excellent Dutch paintings, and splendid works by Rubens, the latter inspired to the fullest extent by the colossal geniality of the Netherlandish Titan, whose spirit-wings were so powerful that he would have soared to the sun, though a hundred tons of Dutch cheese had been tied to his legs. I cannot pass the smallest painting by this master without paying my tribute of admiration, and all the more because it is now the fashion to glance at him with a shrug of the shoulder on account of his lack of ideality. The historical school of Munich spreads itself with peculiar magnificence in this sort of criticism. With what high-flown depreciation do the long-haired disciples of Cornelius wander through the Reubens Hall! But perhaps their error is more intelligible when we reflect on the great contrast which Peter Cornelius himself forms to Peter Paul Rubens. No greater opposites can be imagined; and yet, with all this, a notion occasionally comes into my head that there are points of affinity between them, which I rather surmise than understand. Perhaps there are peculiarities of their Northern country hidden in them, which proclaim themselves to a third fellow-

countryman—that is, to myself—like soft secret whispers. But this secret affinity does not consist of the Netherlandish joyousness and sprightliness of colour which laughs from all the pictures of Rubens, so that we might almost believe that he had painted them in a glorious Rhine-wine carouse, while dancing fair-music rang and piped around. Truly the pictures of Cornelius seem, on the contrary, to have been painted on Good Friday, while the doleful songs of the processions swept through the street, and re-echoed in the atelier and in the heart of the painter. In productiveness, in boldness of conception, in genial originality, both are alike; both are born painters, and belong to the cycle of great masters, who for the most part flourished in the time of Raphael—an age which was still capable of exercising a direct influence on Rubens, but which is so utterly removed from our own that we are almost terrified by the appearance of Cornelius, for he seems to us like the ghost of one of those great artists of Raphael's time who has risen from the grave to paint a few more pictures—a dead creator, self-conjured by the indwelling word of life which was buried with him. If we study his pictures, they gaze on as with eyes of the fifteenth century; their garments are ghost-like, as though they rustled past in midnight; the bodies are strong with magic power, drawn with dream-like accuracy, power-

fully true, only they want blood-throbbing life and colour. Yes, Cornelius is a creator; but if we look at his creations it seems to us as though they could not live long; as though they were all painted a few hours before death; as though they all were prophetic signs of approaching dissolution. Despite their hearty geniality, the paintings of Rubens awaken in us a similar feeling—they also seem to bear within them the germ of death, and a feeling comes over us that notwithstanding their superabundance of life and their fulness of red blood, they must suddenly be struck down. This is perhaps the secret of that affinity which we so strangely feel when comparing these masters. The excess of pleasure in certain pictures by Rubens, and the infinite sorrow in others by Cornelius, awake in us perhaps the same emotions. But whence comes this sorrow in a Dutchman? It is perhaps the terrible consciousness that he belongs to an age long passed away, and that his life is a mystical re-appearance—for oh! he is not merely the only great artist who now paints, but, it may be, the only great one who ever will paint. Before him, to the time of the Caracci, is a long darkness, and after him the shadows again close together; his hand is a bright, solitary spirit-hand in the night of Art, and the pictures which it paints bear the unearthly confidence of such an earnest,

rugged seclusion. I have never looked at this hand of the Last of the Painters without a secret shudder when I gazed on the man himself, the little sharp man with glowing eyes; and yet that hand has awakened in me feelings of the warmest love and devotion, when I have remembered that it once rested lovingly on my little fingers, and aided me to design outlines of faces, when I, a little boy, was learning to draw in the academy in Düsseldorf.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I CANNOT leave unmentioned the collection of portraits of beautiful Genoese women exhibited in the Palace Durazzo. Nothing in the world inspires the soul with such melancholy as the sight of portraits of fair dames who have been dead for centuries. Sadness steals over the soul when we reflect that of all the originals of those pictures, of all the beauties who were so lovely, so coquettish, so witty, so roguish, and so dreamy—of all those May heads with April moods, of that spring-tide of ladies of the olden time, nothing now remains but these many-coloured shadows which some artist, who, like them, has long been dead, has painted on a perishable canvas, which, like the originals, must pass away in time to decay and

dust.¹ And so all life passes away, the beautiful as well as the hideous, without leaving a trace. Death, the dry pedant, spares the rose as little as the thistle; he forgets not a lonely straw in the most remote wilderness; he thoroughly and incessantly destroys; everywhere we behold him treading into dust plants and animals, mankind and their works; and even those Egyptian pyramids, which seem to defy his annihilating rage, are only trophies of his power, monuments of all long passed away, primeval royal graves.

But sadder far than this idea of an endless dying and of a desolate yawning annihilation is the thought that we do not even perish as originals, but as *copies* of long-vanished mortals who were spiritually and bodily like us, and that after us men will again be born, who will in turn see, and feel, and think like us, and be again in turn annihilated by death;—a comfortless, endless game of reproduction, wherein the prolific earth must constantly be bringing forth more than

¹ "Say in what land is there a trace
Of Flora, once the Roman fair?
Archipiada or Thais,
Who were, like her, of beauty rare?
Echo will fling the question back
O'er silent lake and streamlet lone;
All earthly beauty fades away,
Where has the fore-year's snowfall gone?"
—*Villon, translated by O. G. Leland, 1839.*

death can destroy, so that she, in her need, must give more heed to the maintenance of the species than to the originality of the individual.

Strangely was I thrilled by the mystical terror of this thought, when I, in the Durazzo Palace, gazed upon the portraits of the lovely Genoese ladies, and among them, on a picture which awoke in my soul a sweet storm, which even yet, when I recall it, causes my eyelashes to tremble. It was the picture of the dead Maria.

The guardian of the gallery believed, indeed, that the picture was that of a Duchess of Genoa, and in the cicerone tone began to tell that "it was painted by Giorgio Barbarelli de Castelfranco nel Trevigiano, commonly known as Giorgione. He was one of the greatest painters of the Venetian school, was born in the year 1477, and died in the year 1511."

"That will do, Signor Custode. The likeness is caught exactly, although it was painted a few centuries too early. Drawing accurate, style of colour excellent; why, the folds of drapery on the breast are admirable. Be so kind as to take the picture down from the wall. I will only blow away the dust from the lips and brush away the spider which lurks in a corner of the frame. Maria was always so much afraid of spiders."

"*Excellenza* appears to be a connoisseur."

"If so, I did not know it, Signor Custode."

have the talent of being singularly moved when I behold certain pictures, and then my eyes water. But what do I see? Whose portrait is that of the man in the black cloak hanging yonder?"

"Also by Giorgione—a masterpiece."

"Signor, I beg you be so kind as to take this picture, too, from the wall and hold it near the mirror, that I may see if I resemble it!"

"Your Excellency is not so pale. The picture is a masterpiece by Giorgione, the rival of Titian. He was born in 1477, and died in the year 1511."

Dear reader, I much prefer Giorgione to Titian, and am especially obliged to him for painting Maria for me. And it must also be evident to you that Giorgione painted that other portrait for *me*, and not for some old Genoese. And it is very like, death-silent like; it even has the sorrow in the glance—a sorrow which belongs rather to an imagined pain than to one which has been experienced, and one which is very hard to paint. The whole picture seems to have been sighed upon canvas. Even the man in the black mantle is well painted, and the maliciously sentimental lips are like life—speakingly so, as though they were just about to tell a story, the story of the knight who fain would kiss his lady-love to life, and as the light was blown out——

II.
THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

DEDICATED
TO
KARL IMMERMANN,
THE POET,
AS A TOKEN OF THE MOST GRATEFUL RESPECT
(*Freudigster Verehrung*)
BY THE AUTHOR.

"I am as woman is to man."
—COUNT AUGUST VON PLATEN HALLERMUNDE.
"Would the Count like a dance?
Let him but say so,
I'll play him a tune."—FIGARO.

CHAPTER I

WHEN I sought Matilda in her chamber, she had just fastened the last button of her green riding-habit, and was putting on a *chapeau* with a white plume. She hastily cast it down as soon as she

saw me, and ran to me with all her waving, golden locks. "Doctor of heaven and earth!" she cried, and, according to her old custom, she caught me by the ears and kissed me with the drollest heartiness.

"How are you? maddest of mortal men! How glad I am to see you again; for never in this world shall I find a crazier soul. There are fools and blockheads in plenty, and people often do them the honour to consider them crazy, but real insanity is as scarce as real wisdom; perhaps it is nothing but wisdom which is vexed to think that it knows everything—all the infamy of this world—and has consequently come to the wise conclusion to go mad. The Orientals are a shrewder race, they honour a maniac as a prophet, but we look upon prophets as maniacs."

"But, my lady, why have you not written to me?"

"Surely, Doctor, I wrote you a long letter, and directed it to 'New Bedlam.' But as you, contrary to all expectation, were not there, they sent it to St. Luke, and as you were not there either, it went to another establishment of the same sort, and so it went the rounds of all the lunatic asylums in England, Scotland, and Ireland, until they returned it to me with the remark that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed was not as yet 'in bonds contracted.'

And how under the sun have you counter-acted,¹ so as to keep at liberty ? ”

“ Ah ! I did it cunningly, my lady. Wherever I went, I contrived to slip away from the mad-houses, and I think that I shall succeed in Italy too.”

“ Oh, friend, here you are safe enough, for, in the first place, there is no mad-house in the neighbourhood, and, secondly, we are here in the majority.”

“ *We* ? my lady ! You count yourself then as one of us ? Permit me to imprint the kiss of brotherhood upon your brow.”

“ Ah ! I mean we watering-place guests, among whom I am really the most rational. And so you can easily imagine who the maddest must be, I mean Julia Maxfield, who always maintains that green eyes signify the spring of the soul ; and besides we have two young beauties——”

“ English beauties, of course, my lady——”

“ Doctor, what does this mocking tone mean ? The yellow, greasy, macaroni faces in Italy must suit your taste, if you have no fancy now for British——”

“ Plum-puddings with raisin-eyes, roast-beef bosoms festooned with white strips of horse-radish, proud pies——”

“ There was a time, Doctor, when you were enchanted if a lovely English woman——”

¹ In the original *eingefangen*, ‘ caught,’ is here contrasted with *angefangen*, ‘ managed.’

"Yes, but that was *once*! I always have a proper reverence for your fellow-countrywomen; they are bright as suns, but suns of ice; they are white as marble, but are also marble cold; on their bosoms are frozen the poor——"

"Oho! I know one who did not freeze there, but who jumped fresh and alive over the sea, and he was a great German impertinent——"

"At least he got such a cold on that British frosty heart that he still has a cold in his head in consequence."

My Lady seemed vexed at this answer, she grasped the riding-whip which lay between the leaves of a novel as a book-marker, switched it around the ears of her great white hound, who slowly growled, hastily clapped her hat jauntily on her locks, looked once or twice with approbation at herself in the mirror, and said proudly, "I am still beautiful!" But then, all at once, as if penetrated by a gloomy thrill of pain, she remained silent, musing, slowly drew the long white riding glove from her hand, held the hand out to me, and, reading my thoughts like lightning, said, "This hand is not as beautiful as it was in Ramsgate. Ha! Since that time Matilda has suffered—much!"

Dear reader, we can seldom see a flaw in a bell; we must hear its ring to know if it exists. Could you have heard the ring of the voice where—

with those words were spoken, you would have felt at once that my Lady's heart was a bell of the best metal, but that a secret flaw strangely mingled a discord with its sweetest tones, and gave it an air of strange sadness. Yet I love such bells; they ever find a true echo in my own breast; and I again kissed my Lady's hand, almost as earnestly as of old, though it was no longer in its first bloom, and the veins which rose from it, almost all *too* blue, seemed to repeat, "Since that time Matilda has suffered—much."

Her eyes gazed on me like sorrowful solitary stars in the autumnal heaven, and she said, softly and sadly, from her inmost soul, "You seem to love me less now, Doctor! for that was a tear of pity which you just wept on my hand. It seemed like an alms."

"Who taught you to interpret so unkindly the silent language of my tears? I'll bet that your white hound there, who fawns on you, understands me better. He looks first at me and then at you, and seems to be wondering that human beings, those proud lords of creation, are internally so wretched. Ah! my Lady, only a sympathetic sorrow draws forth such tears; in reality we each weep for ourselves."

"Enough, enough, Doctor. It is good, at any rate, that we are cotemporaries, and that we meet again with our foolish tears in the same corner

of the earth. Oh, our bad luck! If you had only lived two centuries earlier, when I was getting on so well with my friend, Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, or rather if you had only been born a hundred years later, as another intimate friend of mine, whose name I don't just now happen to know, because his first birthday won't be celebrated until the year 1900. But tell me how you've been getting on since we parted."

"At the old business, my Lady, rolling the great stone. When I had shoved it to the top of the hill, then it rolled all at once down again, and I had to go at it once more; and this up-and-down hill work lasted until at last I lie crouched beneath it, and Master Stone-mason has carved on it with great letters, 'Here rests in the Lord——'"

"By my soul, Doctor, I'll bring you to life again. Don't you dare to be melancholy! Laugh, or——"

"No; don't tickle me. I'd rather laugh of myself."

"That's right. Now you please me just as you did in Ramsgate, where we first became so intimate——"

"And finally a little more than intimate. Yes, I *will* be merry. It is fortunate that we have met, and the great German —— will again find his greatest pleasure in risking his life near you."

My Lady's eyes laughed like sunshine after a soft rain, and her merry mood again flashed out as John entered, and, with the stiffest flunkey pathos, announced his Excellency the Marquis Christophero di Gumpelino.

"He's welcome! And now, Doctor, you will become acquainted with a peer of the realm of fools. Don't be shocked at his personal appearance, particularly at his nose. The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a great deal of money, common sense, and the desire to embody in himself all the follies of the age; moreover, he is in love with my green-eyed friend, Julia Maxfield, and calls her his Julia and himself her Romeo, and declaims and sighs; and Lord Maxfield, the brother-in-law to whom the faithful Julia has been intrusted by her husband, is an Argus——"

I was just about to remark that Argus had charge of a cow, when the door opened, and, to my utmost amazement, in waddled my old friend, the banker Christian Gumpel, with his opulent smile and blessed belly. After his broad shining lips had sufficiently scoured my Lady's hand, and delivered themselves of the usual questions as to health, &c., he recognised me—and the friends sank into each other's arms.

CHAPTER II.

MATILDA'S warning not to be struck by Gumpelino's nose had some foundation in fact, for he came within an ace of knocking out one of my eyes with it. I will say nothing against this nose; on the contrary, it was one of the noblest form and seemed of itself to give my friend full right to claim, at least, the title of a Marquis. For it was evident from the nose that Gumpel was of high nobility, and descended from that very ancient world family into which the blessed Lord himself once married without fear of a mesalliance. Since those days, it is true that the family has come down a little, and in fact since the reign of Charlemagne they have been obliged to pick up a living by selling old pantaloons and Hamburg lottery tickets, but without diminishing in the least their pride of ancestry, or losing the hope that some day they will all come again into their long lost property, or at least obtain emigration damages, with interest, when their old legitimate sovereign keeps the promises made when restored to office—promises by which he has been leading them about by the nose for two thousand years. Perhaps this lead-

ing them about by the nose is the cause why the latter has been pulled out to such a length! Or it may be that these long noses are a sort of uniform whereby Jehovah recognises his old bodyguards even when they have deserted. Such a deserter was the Marquis Gumpelino, but he always wore his uniform, and a brilliant one it was, sprinkled with crosses and stars of rubies, a Red Eagle order in miniature and other decorations.

"Look!" said my Lady, "that is my favourite nose, and I know of no more beautiful flower in all the world."

"This flower," grinned Gumpelino, "cannot be placed on your fair bosom, unless I lay my blooming face there also, and such an addition might trouble you in this warm weather. But I bring you an equally precious flower, which is here very rare."

Saying this, the Marquis opened a tissue paper horn, which he had brought with him, and with great care slowly extracted from it a magnificent tulip.

Scarcely had my Lady seen the flower ere she screamed with all her might. "Murder! murder! would you murder me? Away with the horrible vision!" With this she acted as if about to be murdered, held her hands before her eyes, ran madly about the room, invoked maledictions on

Gumpelino's nose and tulip, rang the bell, stamped on the ground, struck the hound with her riding switch till he bayed aloud, and as John entered she cried aloud, like Kean, in *Richard III.*—

“A horse ! a horse !
My kingdom for a horse !”

and stormed like a whirlwind from the room.

“A queer woman !” said Gumpelino, motionless with astonishment, and still holding the tulip in his hand, so that he looked like one of those lotus-bearing fat idols carved on antique Indian temples. But I understood the lady and her idiosyncrasy far better than he—this comedy delighted me beyond description, and opening the window, I cried, “My Lady, how you act ! Is this sense—propriety—especially is it love ?”

Up laughed the wild answer—

“When I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely.”

CHAPTER III.

“A CURIOUS woman,” repeated Gumpelino, as we went our way to visit his two lady friends, Signora Letitia and Signora Francesca, whose acquaintance he promised me. As the dwelling of these ladies was situated on a somewhat distant emi-

nence, I appreciated all the more this kindness of my corpulent friend, who found hill-climbing somewhat difficult, and who stopped on every little mound to recover his breath, and sigh, "O Jesu!"

The dwellings at the baths of Lucca are situated either below, in a village surrounded by high hills, or are placed on one of these hills, which is not far from the principal spring, where a picturesque group of houses peeps down into the charming dale. But many are scattered here and there on the sides of the hill, and are attainable only by a wearisome climb through a wild paradise of vines, myrtle bushes, honeysuckles, laurels, oleanthers, geraniums, and similar high-born plants. I have never seen a lovelier valley, particularly when one looks from the terrace of the upper bath; where the solemn green cypresses stand; down into the village. We there see a bridge bending over a stream called the Lima, which cuts the village in two. At its either end there are waterfalls leaping over rocky fragments with a roar, as though they would fain utter the pleasantest things, but could not express themselves distinctly on account of the roaring echo.

The great charm of the valley is owing to the circumstance that it is neither too great nor too small, that the soul of the beholder is not forcibly elevated, but rather calmly and gradually inspired

with the glorious view ; that the summits of the mountains themselves, true to their Apennine nature, are not magnificently misshapen in extravagant Gothic form, like rocky caricatures, just as the men in German lands on them are human caricatures ; but so that their nobly rounded, cheerful green forms seem of themselves inspired with the civilisation of art, and accord melodiously with the blue heaven.

“ O Jesu ! ” sighed Gumpelino, as we, weary with climbing, and a little too well warmed with the morning sun, attained the above-mentioned cypresses, and gazing down into the village, saw our English lady friend sweeping proudly along on her steed over the bridge, like the queen in a fairy legend, and then vanish, swift as a dream. “ O Jesu ! what a curious woman ! In all my born days I never *did* see such a woman. Only in plays. Don’t you think the actress Holzbecher could play her part well ? There’s something of the waterwitch about her—hey ! ”

“ You’re right, Gumpelino. When I went with her from London to Rotterdam, the captain compared her to a rose sprinkled with pepper. Out of gratitude for this spicy comparison she emptied a whole box of pepper in his hair as he lay asleep in the cabin. Nobody could come near the man without sneezing.”

“ A curious woman ! ” quoth Gumpelino once

again. "Delicate as white silk, but every bit as strong, and she rides horseback as well as I. I only hope she won't ride herself out of health. There, did you see that long lean Englishman on his lean horse, racing after her like a galloping consumption? Those English people ride too outrageously; why, they'd spend all the money in the world on horses. Lady Maxfield's white horse cost three hundred golden live louis-d'ors; ah! and louis-d'ors are at such a premium now, and keep rising every day!"

"Yes, the louis-d'ors will end by rising so high that a poor scholar like myself will never be able to reach them."

"You can't have an idea, Doctor, of how much money I have to spend, and yet I keep only one attendant, and only when I am in Rome hire a chaplain for my private chapel. Look, there comes my Hyacinth!"

The little figure who at this instant appeared approaching us from behind the turn of a hill, reminded me more of a "burning bush" than a hyacinth. It appeared like a waddling great scarlet coat overloaded with gold embroidery, which flashed in the sun-rays, and above this red splendour sweated a little face well known to me of old, and which gaily nodded to me. And in fact, when I saw the sallow, cautious face and the busy, winking eyes, I recognised a countenance

which I should sooner have expected to see on Mount Sinai than on the Apennines, and that was the face of Herr Hirsch, citizen of Hamburg, a man who was not only a very honourable lottery agent, but one who was also learned in hard and soft corns, and in jewels, inasmuch as he not only knew the difference between them, but had skill in cutting the former, and in putting a good round price on the latter.

"I do hope," he said, as he approached, "that you haven't forgot me, though my name ain't Hirsch now. I'm called Hyacinth, and I'm servant of Herr Gumpel."

"Hyacinth!" cried his master, in raging amazement at this indiscretion of his servant.

"Oh, be easy, Herr Gumpel, or Herr Gumpelino, or Herr Marquis, or your Excellence; we needn't put ourselves out of the way with this here gentleman. He knows me; he's bought lots of lottery tickets of me; I'm not afraid to swear that he still owes me seven marks and nine schilling on the last drawing. I am really glad, Doctor, to meet you again. You're here, I s'pose, on pleasure-business. What else, of course, can a man be doing here when it's so hot, a-climbing up and down hill? I'm as used up every night as if I'd gone twenty times from the Altona Gate to the Stone Gate without earning a copper."

"O Jesu," cried the Marquis; "hold your tongue! I'll get another servant, I will."

"Why hold my tongue?" replied Hirsch Hyacinthus. "I do so love to get a chance to talk good German with a face whom I've known in Hamburg, and when I think of Hamburg——"

Here, at the memory of his bit of a step-fatherland, his eyes gleamed with tears, and he said, sighing as he spoke, "What is man? He goes walking with pleasure out of the Altona Gate and on the Hamburg Hill, and there he sees the sights, the lions, the birds, the poll-parrots,¹ the monkeys, the great folks, and he takes a turn on the flying horses, or gets electrified, and then thinks how jolly he'd be if he was only in a place a thousand miles off, in Italy, where the oranges and lemons are a-growing! What is man? When he's before the Altona Gate he wants to be in Italy, and when he's in Italy he wants to be back again before the Altona Gate. Oh, I wish I was a-standing there now, looking at the Michael's steeple, and the big clock on it with the great gold figures—great gold figures—how often I've looked at 'em, when they were a-shining so jolly in the afternoon sun, till I felt like kissing 'em. *Now* I'm in Italy, where the lemons and oranges

¹ Papagoyim, the *polly*-theists. *Goyim* in Hebrew means Gentiles, who worship more gods than one.

grow, and when I see 'em growing, it puts me in mind of the Steinweg in Hamburg, where there's lots of 'em lying in great heaping piles in the wheelbarrows, and where a man can eat and eat 'em to his heart's content, without all this trouble of going up hill and down, and getting so warm. As the Lord may have mercy on me, Herr Marquis, if it wasn't for the honour of the situation, and the genteel edecation I'm getting, cuss me if I'd a-come here. But I *will* say this for you, Marquis, that in your service there's both honour and genteel bringing up to be had, and *no* mistake."

"Hyacinth!" said Gumpelino, who had been somewhat mollified by this flattery, "Hyacinth, go to——"

"Yes, I know."

"I say you *don't* know, Hyacinth."

"And *I* say, Herr Gumpel, I *do* know. No use a-telling *me*. Your Excellency was a-going to say that I must go to Lady Maxfield. Sho! I know all your thoughts before you've thought them, and some maybe that you never will think in all your born days. Such a servant as I am isn't to be found easy, and I only do it for the honour and the genteel edecation, and it's a fact, I do get both by you." With these words, he wiped his face with a very clean white handkerchief.

"Hyacinth," said the Marquis, "go to Lady

Julia Maxfield, to my Julia, and give her this tulip; take good care of it, for it cost five paoli, and say to her——”

“Yes, I know——”

“You know nothing. Tell her that the tulip is among the flowers——”

“Yes, I know; you want to say something to her with this here flower. I’ve made up such mottoes many a time for my lottery tickets.”

“I don’t want any of your lottery ticket notions. Go to Lady Maxfield, and say to her——

‘The tulip is among the flowers
Like among cheeses good Strachino,
But more than cheese and more than flowers
Thou’rt honoured by thy Gumpelino.’”

“Now, as I hope to be saved, that’s first rate,” cried Hyacinth. “Oh, you needn’t be a-nodding to me, Herr Marquis; what you know, I know, and what I know, you know. And you, Doctor, good-bye! Never mind that little trifle you didn’t settle with me.” With these words he descended the mountain, and as he went I could hear him murmur, “Gumpelino, Strachino—Strachino Gumpelino.”

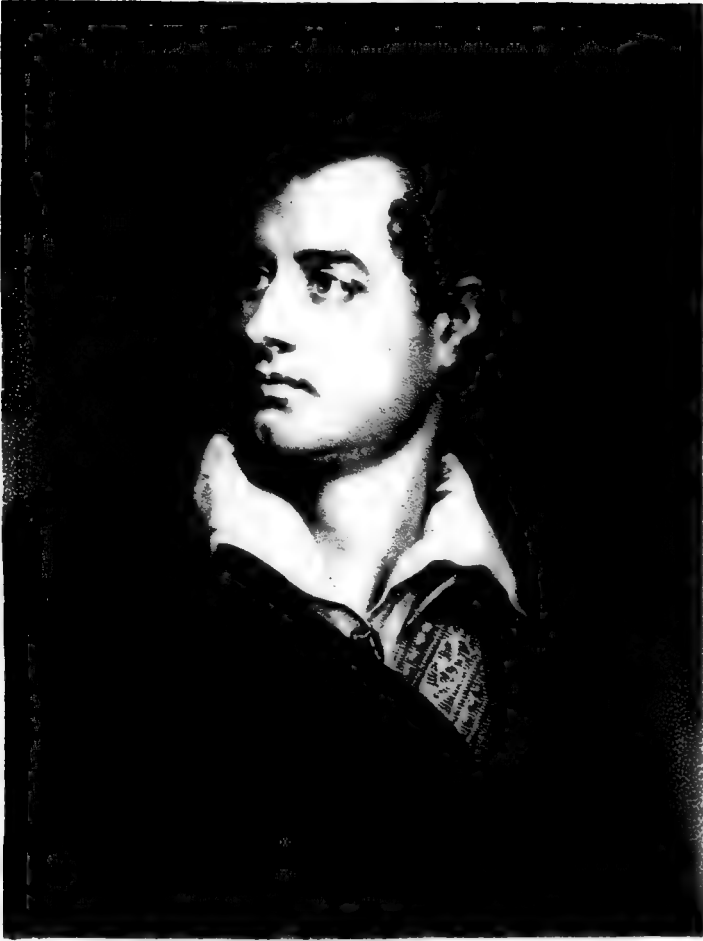
“He’s an honest fellow,” said the Marquis, “or I should have sent him off long ago, on account of his want of etiquette. However, before you it isn’t of much consequence; you understand

me. How do you like his livery? There's thirty dollars' worth of gold on it more than there is on that of Rothschild's servants. It is my greatest delight to see how the man perfects himself. Now and then I give him lessons in refinement and accomplishment myself. I often say to him, 'What is money? Money is round and rolls away, but culture remains.' Yes, Doctor, if I—which the Lord forbid—should ever lose my money, I still have the comfort of knowing that I'm a great connoisseur in art—a connoisseur in painting, music, and poetry. Yes, *sir*. Bind my eyes tight, and lead me all around in the gallery of Florence, and before every picture I'll tell you the name of the painter who painted it, or at least the school to which he belongs. *Music!* Stop up my ears, and I can hear every false note. *Poetry!* I know every actress in Germany, and have got the poets all by heart. Yes, *sir*, and Nature, too. I'm great on Nature. I travelled once two hundred miles in Scotland—two hundred miles, just to see one single hill! But Italy surpasses everything. How do you like this landscape here? What creation! Just look at the trees, the hills, the heaven, and the water down yonder there; don't it all look as if it were painted? Did you ever see anything of the kind finer, even in the theatre? Why, a man gets to be, as you might say, a poet; verses

great whole poets. We may honour these poets and delight ourselves with them, but every imitation of their wholeness is a lie—a lie which every sound eye penetrates; and which cannot escape scorn. Lately, with much trouble, I obtained in Berlin the writings of one of these “perfect poets” who so bewailed my Byronic discordancy; and by the affected verdancy, the delicate appreciation of Nature, which breathed like fresh hay from his poems, my own poor heart, which has been so long discordant, well nigh burst with laughter, and unthinkingly I cried, “My dear Herr Intendant Councillor William Neumann, what do you care for them green treeses?”

“You are a morbid, discordant soul—so to speak, a Byron,” quoth the Marquis, still gazing, as if enraptured, down into the valley, clucking at times his tongue against his gums in sighing admiration, and saying, “Lord! Lord! everything just as if it were painted!”

Poor Byron! such a calm enjoyment was denied to thee. Was thy heart so ruined that thou couldst only see, yes, and even describe Nature, but wert incapable of being blessed by her? Or was Bysshe Shelley in the right when he said that thou hadst, Actæon-like, surprised Nature in her chaste nakedness, and wert on that account torn by her hounds?



W. H. W.

Enough of all this. We are coming to pleasanter subjects, namely, to the dwelling of Signoras Letitia and Francesca, which itself seemed to be *en negligée*, and had in front two great round windows, about which grape-vines curled, so that they looked like a profusion of beautiful green ringlets falling about its eyes. And at a distance we heard ringing from within warbling trills, guitar-tones, and merry laughter.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNORA LETITIA, a young rose of fifty summers, lay in bed, trilling and prattling with her two gallants, one of whom sat upon a foot-stool, while the other leaning back in a great arm-chair played the guitar. From an adjoining room rang scraps of a sweet song, or of a far sweeter wondrously-toned laughter. With a certain cheap and easy irony, which he occasionally assumed, the Marquis presented me to the lady and to the two gentlemen, remarking that I was the same John Henry Heine so celebrated in German legal literature. Unfortunately one of the gentlemen was a professor in the University of Bologna, and a jurist at that, though his fat, round belly seemed rather to indicate that his forte was spherical

trigonometry. Feeling as if I were rather in a scrape, I replied that I did not write under my own name, but under that of Jarke—a statement made from pure modesty, as the name which came into my head was that of one of the most miserable insects among our legal writers. The Bolognese regretted from his soul that he never had heard this distinguished name—which will probably be your own case also, reader—but still entertained no doubt that its splendour would ere long irradiate the entire earth. With this he leaned back in the chair, touched a few cords on the guitar, and sang from “Axur”—

“Oh, powerful Brama !
Ah ! let the weak stammer
Of innocence please thee,
Its stammer and clamour !”

While a delicious mocking nightingale-echo warbled in the adjoining chamber the same air. Meanwhile Signora Letitia trilled in the most delicate soprano—

“For thee alone these cheeks are glowing,
For thee alone these pulses beat ;
With Love’s sweet impulse overflowing,
This heart now throbs, and all for thee.”

And with the commonest prose voice she added,
“Bartolo, bring me the spittoon.”

Then from his lowly seat arose Bartolo, with his dry wooden legs, and presented, with all due honour, a spittoon of blue porcelain.

This second gallant, as Gumpelino said to me aside in German, was a far-famed poet, whose songs, though written twenty years ago, still ring through Italy, and intoxicate with their wild glow of love both old and young; while he himself is but a poor elderly man, with dimmed eyes in a pale face, scanty white hair on his trembling head, and cold poverty in his care-worn heart. Such a poor old poet, with his bald dryness, resembles a vine which we see standing leafless in winter on the bleak hillside, trembling in the wind and covered with snow, while the sweet juice which once ran from it warms, in far distant lands, the heart of many a boon-companion, and inspires songs in its praise. Who knows but that when that wine-press of thought, the printing-press, has squeezed *me* dry, and the ancient tapped spirit is only to be found in the bookseller's vaults of Hoffman & Campe, I too may sit, as thin and care-worn as old Bartolo, on a cricket near the bed of some old innamorata, and hand her, when called on—a spittoon.

Signora Letitia made excuses for lying a-bed. She lay, in fact, in pretty much the attitude of a Sphinx, her high friséed head supported on both arms.

"You are a German?" she inquired.

"I am too honourable to deny it, Signora," replied my Littleness.

"Ah! the Germans are honourable enough!" she sighed, "but what does it avail that the Germans who rob us are honourable!—they are ruining Italy. My best friends are imprisoned in Milan, and only slavery——"

"No, no," cried the Marquis, "do not complain of the Germans; we are conquered conquerors, vanquished victors, so soon as we come to Italy. To see you, Signora, and to fall at your feet, are one and the same." And with this he spread his great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief on the floor, and kneeling on it, exclaimed, "Here I kneel and honour you in the name of all Germany."

"Christophoro di Gumpelino!" sighed the Signora, deeply moved, "arise and embrace me!"

But lest the beloved shepherd might disturb her curling locks and the rouge of her cheeks, she did not kiss him on the glowing lips, but on his noble brow, so that his face reached lower down, and its rudder, the nose, steered about in the red sea below.

"Signor Bartolo," I cried, "permit me also to officiate with the spittoon!"

Sorrowfully smiled Signor Bartolo, but never a word spake he, though said to be, next to Mezzo-

fanti, the best teacher of languages in Bologna. We never converse willingly when talking is our profession. He served the Signora as a silent knight—only, from time to time, he was called on to recite the poem, which he, twenty-five years before, had thrown on the stage when she first in Bologna made her debut in *Ariadne*. It may be that, in those days, he himself was in full leaf and glowing enough—perhaps as much so as the holy Dionysios himself—while, beyond doubt, his Letitia-Ariadne leapt wildly, like a Bacchante, into his passionate arms—*Evœ Bacche!* In those days he wrote many poems, still living in Italian literature, while the poet himself, and the beloved one, have long been mere waste paper.

For five-and-twenty years his devotion has endured, and I think that even until he dies he will sit on the cricket and recite his poem, or serve his lady as commanded. The professor of law has been entwined as long as the other in the love-chains of the Signora; he courts her still with as much ardour as at the beginning of the century, and must still pitilessly shorten his legal lectures when she requires his escort to any place, and he is still burdened with all the servitude of a genuine *patito*.

The constancy of these two adorers of a long ruined beauty may be perhaps mere habit, per-

haps a regard for an earlier feeling, and perhaps the feeling itself, which is now entirely independent of the present condition of its former object, and which now regards it with the eyes of memory. Thus in Catholic cities we often see, at some street corner, old people kneeling before an image of the Madonna, which is so faded that but few traces of it are visible—yes, it may be that it is entirely obliterated, nothing remaining but the niche wherein it was painted, and the lamp hanging over it; but the old people who so piously kneel there have done so since youth—habit sends them thither daily at the same hour—they have not noted the gradual disappearance of the picture, and at last they become so dim of sight with age that it makes no difference whether the object of adoration is visible or not. Those who believe without seeing are, at any rate, happier than the sharp-sighted, who at once perceive every little irregularity in the face of their Madonna. There is nothing so terrible as such observations! Once, I admit, I believed that infidelity in woman was the most dreadful of all possible things, and to give them the most dreadful name, once and for all, I called them serpents. But now, alas! the most terrible thing to me is that they are not altogether serpents, for then they would come out every year with a fresh skin, revived and rejuvenated!

Whether either of the ancient Celadons felt a thrill of envy that the Marquis—or rather his nose—swam in a sea of delight in the manner above described, is more than I know. Bartolo sat calmly on his low seat, his stick legs crossed, and played with the Signora's lap-dog, one of those pretty creatures peculiar to Bologna, and known among us by the familiar term of "Bolognas." The professor was not in the least put out in his song, which was occasionally interrupted by tittering sweet tones in the next room, which drowned it in a merry parody, and which he himself at times discontinued in order to illuminate me with legal questions. When we did agree in our opinions, he swept a few impatient chords and jingled quotations in proof. I, however, supported my views on those of my teacher, the illustrious Hugo, who is greatly celebrated in Bologna under the name of Ugone, and also of Ugolino.

"A great man!" cried the professor, and sang—

"The gentle summons of his voice
Still sounds so deeply in thy breast,
Its very pain makes thee rejoice,
And rapture brings thee heavenly rest."

Thibaut, whom the Italians call Tibaldo, is also much honoured in Italy, though his writings are not so much known there as his principal opinions

and their objections. I found that only the *names* of Gans and Savigny were familiar to the professor, who was under the impression that the latter was a learned lady.

"Ah, indeed!" he remarked, as I corrected this very pardonable error; "really no lady! I have been erroneously informed. Why, I was even told that once, at a ball, Signor Gans invited this lady to dance, but met with a refusal,¹ and that from this originated a literary enmity."

"You have really been misinformed. Signor Gans does not dance, and for the philanthropic reason that he might cause an earthquake should he do so. The invitation to dance, of which you speak, is probably an allegory misunderstood. The historical and philosophical schools are regarded as dancers, and thus we may readily imagine a quadrille between Ugone, Tibaldo, Gans, and Savigny. And in this sense Signor Ugone, though he be the *diable boiteux* of jurisprudence, still dances as daintily as Lemiere, while Signor Gans has recently made some jumps which entitle him to be regarded as the Hoguet of the philosophical school."

"Signor Gans, then," amended the professor, "dances only allegorically, so to say, metaphorically." Then suddenly, without saying more,

¹ *Refus*, pun on a name.

he again swept the strings of his guitar, and, amid the maddest playing, sang—

“It is true, his well-loved name
Is the joy of every bosom,
Though the ocean waves be storming,
And the clouds o’er heaven be swarming,
Still we hear Tarar loud calling,
As though heaven and earth were bowing
To the mighty hero’s name.”

As for Herr Göeschen, the professor did not so much as know that he existed. But this was, however, natural enough, for the name of the great Göschen has not yet got so far as Bologna, but only to Poggio, which is four German miles distant, and where it will for amusement remain awhile. Göttingen itself is by no means so well known in Bologna as it ought to be, merely on the common principles of gratitude, since it calls itself the German Bologna. I will not inquire whether this name be appropriate or not; suffice it to say, that the two universities are really distinguishable by the simple fact that in Bologna they have the smallest dogs and the greatest scholars, while in Göttingen, on the contrary, are the smallest scholars and the greatest dogs.¹

¹ It may also be remarked that Bologna is as famous in Italy as Göttingen in Germany for sausages! The joke as to the name or reputation of a person being on its travels is one which Heine repeats several times in his works.—*Note by Translator.*

CHAPTER VI.

As the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino drew his nose from the red sea, wherein it had been wallowing like a very Pharaoh, his countenance gleamed with selfish delight. Deeply moved, he promised the Signora that so soon as she should again be in a condition to sit down, he would bring her in his coach to Bologna. It was at once arranged that the professor should ride on before, but that Bartolo should sit on the box, and hold the Signora's lap-dog, and that they all would go in a fortnight to Florence, where Signora Francesca, who intended travelling during the same time with my Lady to Pisa, would finally meet us. While the Marquis counted up the cost of all this on his fingers, he hummed *dì tanti palpiti*, Signora sang the clearest-toned trills, and the professor stormed away on his guitar, carolling such burning words, that the sweat ran down from his brow, and, mingled with the tears from his eyes, formed a perfect torrent. While all this ringing and singing went merrily on, the door of the adjoining chamber was suddenly opened and in sprang a being!

I adjure you, ye Muses of the Old and New World, and ye also, oh! undiscovered Muses who



THE ARNO FLORENCE

are as yet to be honoured by later races—sprites of whom I have dreamed in the gay greenwood and by the sounding sea—that ye give me colours wherewith to paint that being which next to virtue is the most glorious of this world. Virtue, of course, is the first among glories, and the Creator adorned her with so many charms, that it would really seem that he could produce naught beside to be compared to her. Yet in a happy hour he once again concentrated all his energies and made Signora Francesca, the fair *danseuse*, that great masterpiece, who was born after the creation of Virtue, and in whom he did not in a single particular repeat himself, as earthly artists are wont to do. No, Signora Francesca is perfectly original; she hath not the least resemblance to Virtue, and there are critics and connoisseurs who even prefer her to the latter, to whom they award only the precedence due to superior antiquity. But is that much of a defect when a *danseuse* is only some six thousand years too young?

Ah! methinks I see her again as she sprung from the open door to the midst of the room, and after an incredible pirouette, cast herself at full length on the sofa, hiding both eyes with her hands, and crying, "Ah! I am so tired with sleeping!" The Marquis now approached and entered into a long address, in which his ironical,

broadly respectful manner enigmatically contrasted with his sudden pauses, when moved by common-sense business recollections, and his fluency when sentimentally inspired. Still this style was not unnatural. It was probably formed in him by his inability, through want of courage, to set forth successfully that supreme influence to which he believed himself to be entitled by his money and intelligence, and he therefore sought, coward-like, to conceal it in language of exaggerated humility. His broad laughter on such occasions was disagreeably delightful, as it inspired a doubt whether it was a matter of duty to reward him with kindness—or a kicking. In this wise he delivered his morning service to Signora Francesca, who, half-asleep, hardly listened to him. Finally he begged permission to kiss at least her left foot, and as he, preparing for the job, spread his yellow handkerchief again on the floor, she held it indifferently out to him. It was enveloped in an exquisitely neat red slipper, in contrast to that on the right, which was *blue*, a droll coquetry by which the dainty littleness of both became more apparent. As the Marquis with deep reverence kissed the small foot, he arose with a sighing "Oh, Jesu!" and begged permission to present me, which was also accorded in a gaping, sleepy manner, when my introducer delivered another oration, filled with praises of

my excellence, not omitting the declaration, on his word of honour as a gentleman, that I had sung with great ability of unhappy love.

I also begged of the lady to be allowed to kiss her left foot, and at the instant in which I enjoyed my share of this honour, she awoke as if from a dim dream, bent smilingly down to me, gazed on me with great wondering eyes, leaped joyfully up to the centre of the room, and pirouetted times without number on one foot. I felt strangely that my heart in my bosom spun around also, until it was well nigh dizzy. Then the professor merrily played on his guitar and sang—

“An Opera Signora
Once loved and married me,
A step I soon regretted,
And wished that I were free.

I sold her soon to pirates,
They carried her afar,
E're she could look around her;
Hey! bravo! Biscromà!”

Once more Signora Francesca measured me from head to foot with a sharp glance, and then, as if fully contented, thanked the Marquis, somewhat as if I were a present which he had been kind enough to make her. She found little to object to in me, save that my hair was of too light a brown; she could have wished that it

were darker, like that of the Abbate Cecco; and my eyes were also too small, and rather green than blue. In revenge, dear reader, I in turn should also describe Signora Francesca as depreciatingly; but I have really no shadow of a defect to point out in her lovely form, whose perfection was that of the Graces, and yet which was almost frivolous in its lightness. The countenance was entirely divine, such as we see in Grecian statues, the brow and nose forming an almost accurate straight line, while the lower line of the nose formed a sweet right angle, which was wondrously short. As close, too, was the distance from the nose to the mouth, whose lips at either end seemed scarcely long enough, and which were extended by a soft dreamy smile, while beneath them arched a dear round chin. And the neck! —ah! my pious reader, I am getting along too far and to fast, and, moreover, I have no right in this inaugural description to speak of the two silent flowers which gleamed forth like white poetry when the Signora loosened the silver neck-button of her black silk dress. Dear reader, let us rather climb up again to a portrayal of the face, of which I have yet to remark that it was clear and gold-yellow, like amber; that the black hair which framed its temples in a bright oval gave it a childlike turn, and that it was lighted up by two black abrupt eyes, as if with a magic light.

You see, dear reader, that I would willingly give you an accurate local description of my good fortune, and as other travellers are accustomed to give maps of the remarkable regions into which they have penetrated, so would I gladly serve up Francesca on a plate—of copper. But, ah! what avails the dead copy of mere outline in forms whose divinest charm consists of living movement. Even the best painter cannot bring this before our eyes, for painting is but a flat lie. Of the two, a sculptor would be more successful, for, by a changing illumination, we can to a certain degree realise motion in forms, and the torches which light them from without appear to inspire a real life within. Yes, there is a statue, dear reader, which may give you some faint idea of Francesca's loveliness, and that is the Venus of the great Canova which stands in the last hall of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. I often think of this statue. At times in dreams it slumbers in my arms, until little by little it awakens to warm life, and whispers with the accents of Francesca! But it was the tone of this voice which gave to every word the gentlest and most infinite significance, and should I attempt to give her phrases, it would be only a dry herbarium of flowers whose real charm was in their perfume. She often leaped up, dancing as she spoke, and it is possible that dancing was her most natural

language. And my heart danced ever with her, executing the most difficult *pas* and exhibiting a capacity for Terpsichorean accomplishments which I had never suspected.

In this language Francesca narrated the history of the Abbate Cecco, a young blade who had loved her while she was still plaiting straw hats in the valley of the Arno, assuring me that I was so fortunate as to resemble him. During this description she indulged in the most delicate pantomime, pressing one over the other the points of her fingers on her heart, then seemed with cup-like hand to be scooping out the tenderest emotions, cast herself finally with upheaving breasts on the sofa, hid her face in the cushions, raised her feet high in the air, and played with them as if they were puppets in a show. The blue foot represented the Abbate Cecco and the red his poor Francesca; and while she parodied her own story, she made the two loving feet part from each other, and it was touchingly ludicrous to see them kiss with their tips, saying the tenderest things; and the wild girl wept withal delightful tittering tears, which, however, came at times unconsciously from the soul with more depth than the part required. In her pride of pain she delivered for Cecco a long speech, in which he praised with pedantic metaphors the beauty of poor Fran-

cesca; and the manner in which she replied in person, copying her own earlier sentimentalism, had in it something puppet-like and mournful, which strangely moved my heart. "Adieu, Cecco!" "Adieu, Francesca!" was the endless refrain; and I was finally rejoiced when a pitiless destiny parted them far asunder, for a sweet foreboding whispered in my soul that it would be an unfortunate thing for me should the two lovers remain continually united.

The professor applauded with droll, shrill guitar tones, Signora trilled, the lap-dog barked, the Marquis and I clapped our hands as if mad, and Signora Francesca arose and gracefully curtesied her thanks. "It is really a pretty comedy," said she, "but it is now a long time since it was first brought out, and I am now so old—guess how old?"

But without waiting for my answer, she sprang up and cried, "Eighteen years!" and spun round eighteen times on one foot. "And, Doctor, how old are you?"

"I, Signora, was born on the New Year's night of the year eighteen hundred."

"I always said," quoth the Marquis, "that he was one of the *first* men of our century."

"And how old should you suppose I am?" suddenly cried Signora Letitia, as she, forgetful of her Eve-costume, suddenly leaped up in great excitement. . . .

Startled at this cry I contrived to stammer out a few phrases as to the difficulty of answering such a question, "having as yet only half seen Signora," but as she pressed me all the more zealously for an answer, I confessed that in truth I had not as yet learned the proportion of the years in Italy to those of Germany.

"Is the difference great?" inquired Signora Letitia.

"Of course," replied I, "for since heat expands all bodies, it follows that the years in your warm Italy must be longer than those of our cold Germany."

The Marquis extricated me better from this embarrassment by gallantly asserting that her beauty had now first begun to manifest itself in all its luxuriant maturity. "And, Signora, he added, "as the pomegranate, the older it is, the yellower it becomes, so will your beauty too become riper with age."

The lady seemed to be gratified with this comparison, and confessed that she really did feel much riper now than of old, when she was but a thin, little thing, and had made her debut in Bologna—and that, in fact, she could not comprehend how it was that with such a figure she could ever have made such a *furor*. And then she narrated all the particulars of this first appear-

ance as Ariadne—a subject to which, as I subsequently ascertained, she frequently recurred, on which occasions Signor Bartolo was obliged to recite the poem which he had thrown upon the stage. It was a good poem, full of touching melancholy at the infidelity of Theseus, and of wild aspirations for Bacchus, and the glowing apotheosis of Ariadne. “*Bella cosa!*” cried Signora Letitia at every verse; and I also praised the metaphors, the construction of the verse, and the entire treatment of the myth.

“Yes, it is very beautiful,” said the professor, “and has beyond doubt a foundation in historical fact, for several writers distinctly state that Oeneus, a priest of Bacchus, married the mourning Ariadne when he found her abandoned on Naxos; and, as often happens in the legend, the priest of the god has been taken for the god himself.”

I could by no means agree with him in this opinion, since in mythology I rather incline to historical interpretation, and consequently asserted, “I can see nothing in the whole fable that Ariadne, after being left by Theseus in the island of Naxos, submitted her person to the embraces of Bacchus, but an allegorical statement that she took to drinking—an hypothesis maintained by many learned men in my fatherland. You, Signor Marquis, are probably aware that, in accordance with this hypothesis, the late Banker Bethmann

has so contrived to illuminate *his* Ariadne that she appears to have a red nose."¹

"Yes, yes, Bethmann in Frankfort was a great man!" cried the Marquis. But at the same instant, some deep reflection seemed to flit across his brain, and with a sigh he said, "Lord! Lord! I have forgotten to write to Rothschild in Frankfort!" And with a serious business face, from which all parodising mockery seemed to have vanished, he departed somewhat abruptly, promising to return towards evening.

When he had left, and I was about—as is usual in this world—to pass my comments on the man to whose kindness I was indebted for the most agreeable of introductions, I found, to my astonishment, that the whole party could not praise him sufficiently, and that, above all, his enthusiasm for the beautiful, his noble and re-

¹ "Danneker's statue of Ariadne, in the garden of Mr. Bethmann, near the Friedburg Gate, is the pride and boast of Frankfort, and deserves to be ranked among the most distinguished productions of modern art." By drawing a crimson curtain over the window which illuminates the room in which the statue is placed, a rosy hue is communicated not only to the nose of the lady, but to her entire person. I have heard it disputed whether the colour thus given most resembles that of healthy flesh or of a nettle-rash—a point settled by ascertaining that those who differed in opinion had seen the statue at different periods of time. When the curtain is new, Ariadne certainly appears rather ultra-incarnadine, but as it fades she gradually lapses into a paler, healthier hue.—*Note by Translator.*

fined deportment, and his utter want of selfishness, inspired in them the most exaggerated expressions of admiration. Even Signora Francesca joined in this hymn of praise, but naïvely confessed that his nose was rather alarming, and that its enormous size reminded her of the tower of Pisa.

When taking leave, I begged as a favour to be allowed to kiss her left foot once more, when she with smiling seriousness drew off not only the red shoe but her stocking also: and, as I knelt, held up to me the white, fresh, blooming, lily foot, which I pressed to my lips, more believingly, perhaps, than I would have done that of the Pope. Of course, I then performed the duties of ladies' maid, aiding her to draw on the stocking and shoe.

"I am contented with you," said Signora Francesca, after the pedal toilette was over, and in accomplishing my share of which I had been by no means in a hurry, "I am contented; and you shall often have an opportunity of pulling on my stockings. To-day you have kissed my left foot, to-morrow the right shall be at your disposal. The next day you may kiss my left hand, and the day after the right. If you do your duty well, by and bye you will get to my mouth, and so on. You see that I'm inclined to help you along, and as you are still quite young, you may yet get along very well in the world."

I did, indeed, advance far into the world of which she spoke! Be my witnesses, ye Tuscan nights, thou clear blue heaven with great silver stars, ye wild laurels and secret myrtles, and ye, too, O nymphs of the Apennines, who swept around us in a bridal dance, and dreamed yourselves once more in those better days of the immortals, when there were no Gothic lies, which permit only blind, groping pleasures in secret, and hasten to stick before every free feeling their hypocritical fig-leaf.

There was, however, in this case, no occasion for any particular fig-leaves, since a whole fig-tree, with broad spreading branches, rustled over the heads of the happy pair!

CHAPTER VII

EVERY one knows what whippings are, but no one has as yet made out what love is. Some natural philosophers have asserted that it is a sort of electricity, which is not impossible, for in certain rapturous periods of love we feel as though an electric flash from the eyes of the loved one had penetrated our heart. Ah! such lightnings are the most destructive of all; and I will honour above Franklin the man who will invent a con-

ductor which will protect us against them. If there were only little conductors running to the heart, to which lightning-rods were attached, which could divert the dreadful fire to some other quarter! But I fear that it is not so easy a matter to rob Cupid of his arrows as Jupiter of his lightning and tyrants of their sceptres. Besides, every love does not work in the lightning style; many a time it is hidden like a snake amid roses, and looks for the first crevice in the heart wherein to nestle—often it is only a word, a glance, the light narration of some secret deed which falls like a seed into the heart, lies there through the long winter time until spring comes, when the little grain shoots up into a flaming flower, whose perfume benumbs the brain. The same sun which hatches forth crocodile's eggs in Egypt, may at the same time fully ripen the love-seed in a young heart in Potsdam—for in Potsdam, as in Egypt, there are tears. But tears are far from being explanations—what is love? Has no one penetrated their being? has no one solved the riddle? Perhaps such a solution would cause greater pain than the riddle itself, and the heart would be by it stricken with horror, and petrified as at the sight of the Medusa. Serpents twine around the awful word which reveals this mystery. Oh, I will never know that word of solution, for the burning misery in my own heart is dearer

to me than cold, marble-like death. Oh, utter it not, ye forms of the dead, which, painless as stone, but as feelingless, wander through the rose gardens of this world, and smile with pale lips on the foolish soul who praises the perfume of the roses and bewails their thorns.

But if I, dear reader, cannot tell thee what love really is, I can at least describe with the utmost accuracy how a man behaves, and how he feels when he is enamoured among the Apennines. For he then behaves like a fool; he dances on rocks and hills, believing that the whole world dances with him. He feels as if the earth had just been finished on that very day, and that he was the first man made. "Ah! how beautiful everything is!" I carolled, as I left Francesca's dwelling. "How fair and precious is this new world!" I felt as though I must give to all plants and animals a new name, and I called every one according to its inner nature and my own feelings, which blended so marvellously with all things without. My breast was a well-spring of revelation, and I understood all forms and figures, the perfume of plants, the song of birds, the piping of the wind, and the rustling of waterfalls. Often, too, I seemed to hear the divine voice, "Adam, where art thou?" "Here am I, Francesca!" I replied. "I pray to thee, for well I know that thou hast created sun, moon, and

stars, and the earth with all its creatures!" Then there was soft laughter among the myrtles, and I secretly sighed within myself, "Oh, delicious folly, do not forsake me!"

But it was when twilight stole over me that the delirious happiness of love first truly began. The trees danced on the rocks, while their heavy heads were ruddily flushed over by the setting sun as though intoxicated from their own embracing vines. Below them the brook darted more hurriedly along and murmured anxiously as though fearing to undermine and overthrow the enraptured quivering trees. And over all flashed the summer heat-lightning, rising and falling as charmingly as light kisses. "Yes," I cried, "the laughing heaven kisses laughing earth—O Francesca! lovely heaven, let me be thy earth? I am all so earthly, and sigh for thee, my heaven!" So I cried, holding my hands in wild prayer up to heaven, and ran and struck my head against many a tree, which instead of scolding I embraced, and my whole soul cried out with joy in all the intoxication of love—when I suddenly beheld a gleaming scarlet form, which at once tore me violently from my dreams and brought me back to a sense of the coldest reality.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON a mossy bank, beneath a wide-branching laurel, sat Hyacinthos, the Marquis's servant, and near him his dog Apollo. The latter, however, might rather be said to be standing, as he had both fore-paws on the scarlet knee of the little man, and inquisitively beheld how the latter, holding a tablet in his hand, wrote from time to time therein. At times, whilst thus employed, Hyacinthos smiled sorrowfully, then shook his head, and then handkerchiefed his face with an air of satisfaction.

"What the devil!" I cried, "Hirsch Hyacinth! are you composing poetry? Well the symptoms are favourable. Apollo is by your side and the laurel hangs over your head."

But I did the poor sinner injustice. He amiably answered, "Poems! no; I'm a lover of poems, but don't write 'em. What should I write? I hadn't anything to do just then, and so just for fun I was writing off a list of the names of those gentlemen who've played in my lottery—some of them are a little in debt to me yet—oh! don't suppose Doctor, I meant to hint anything!—plenty of time for that. I know that you're good. If you'd only

taken ticket number 1365 last time, instead of 1364, you'd have been worth a hundred thousand marks banco now, and needn't have been running around here, and might be sitting cosy and easy in Hamburg, telling folks, as you laid off on the sofa, how things looked in Italy. As true as the Lord may help me, I wouldn't have come here if it hadn't been for Herr Gumpel! Oh, what heat and danger and getting tired I have to stand, and wherever there's anything out of the way or crazy, there's Herr Gumpel, and I must take my share in it. I'd have gone away long, long ago, if I thought he could do without me. For if I didn't, who could certify for him at home how much honour and cultivation he'd enjoyed when travelling? And to tell the truth, Doctor, I begin to set great store myself on cultivation and manners. In Hamburg, the Lord be praised! I don't need it, but a man never knows what he may want when he goes anywhere else. And folks are right, for a little accomplishment ornaments the whole man. And how much honour you get by it too. For instance, how Lady Maxfield received me this morning, and how handsome she 'came down,' just on a horizontal level with me. And she gave me a *francesconi* to drink her health, though the flower only cost five *paoli*. Besides, oh! isn't it a pleasure to hold the little, white naked foot of a pretty lady individual in your hand?"

I was startled by this last remark, and at once thought, "Is he making fun of *me*?" But how could the vagabond know of the good fortune which I had encountered at the same hour, when he was on the other side of the hill? Was there perhaps a similar scene, and was there perhaps displayed in it the irony of the great world-stage-poet, who has acted at the same instant a thousand similar scenes, each parodying the other for the amusement of the heavenly host? But my suspicions were unfounded, for after many and oft-repeated questions, ending with my solemn promise not to tell the Marquis, the poor fellow admitted that when he gave the flower to Lady Maxfield she was still abed, and that just at the instant in which he was about to deliver it, and with it a fine speech, one of her pretty naked feet was thrust out from beneath the counterpane. Observing a corn on it, he at once begged permission to extract the annoyance, which was readily granted, and for which, with the tulip, he was rewarded with a francesconi.

"Yet I only did it for the honour of the thing," added Hyacinth, "and that's just what I said to Baron Rothschild when I had the honour to cut his corns. It took place in his cabinet. He sat there in his green arm-chair like a king, with his courtiers standing around, and he all the while was a-sending expresses to all the kings. And

while I was cutting his corns I thought in my heart, 'Now, you've got in your hands the foot of the man who holds all the world in his hands, and you too are a man that's somebody, for if you cut too deep he'll be angry, and cut the kings himself more cruelly.' It was the happiest moment of my life!"

"I can readily imagine your delightful feelings, Herr Hyacinth. But whom among the Rothschild dynasty did you thus amputate? Was it the high-hearted Briton, the man in Lombard Street, who has set up a pawnbroker's shop for emperors and kings?"

"Of course, Doctor, I mean the great Rothschild, the great Nathan Rothschild, to whom the Emperor of Brazil pawned his diamond crown. But I had the honour too to make the acquaintance of Baron Solomon Rothschild in Frankfort, and though I wasn't on exactly the same footing with him, and had not the same foothold as with the other, he still knew how to esteem me. When the Marquis said to him that I had once been a lottery agent, the Baron answered very wittily, 'I'm head agent of the Rothschild lottery myself, and a colleague of mine mustn't eat among servants, he must sit alongside of me at the table.' And as true as God be good to me, Doctor, I sat by Solomon Rothschild, and he treated me just like one of his equals, quite famillionaire. I was with him

too at the children's ball, which was in the newspapers. I shall never see such a grand show again in all my born days. I was once in Hamburg at a ball, which cost fifteen hundred marks and eight schillings; but that was nothing but a hen-dirt compared to a dunghill. What lots of gold and silver and diamonds I saw there! Such stars and orders! The falcon order, the golden fleece, a lion order, the eagle order, yes, even a child, a right down small child, wore the whole order of the elephant. The children were masked very pretty, and played at pawns, and were dressed up like kings, with crowns on their heads; but one of the biggest was dressed precisely like old Nathan Rothschild. He acted his part very well, kept both his hands in his breeches pockets, shook his money, shook his head, as if vexed when any of the little kings wanted to borrow anything, and only showed favour to the little one with the white coat and red pantaloons. This fellow he patted on the cheeks and praised him, 'You're my boy, my pet, my pride; but let your cousin Michael keep out of my way; I'll not lend the goose a penny, he spends more men in a year than he has to eat; he'll make some trouble yet in the world, and spoil my business.' As true as the Lord may help me the little fellow played his part very well, particularly when he helped a child to walk along, who was dressed in white

satin with real silver lilies, and now and then said to him, 'Now, now, only take good care of yourself, get your living honestly, and look out that you're not driven away again, or I'll lose my money.' I tell you what, Doctor, it was a real pleasure to hear how the little chap and the other children—right nice children they were—played their parts very well till cakes were brought to them, and they begun to fight for the best pieces, and grabbed the crowns off one another's heads, and screamed and cried, and some of 'em even——"

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is nothing so stupid on the face of the earth, as to read a book of travels in Italy, unless it be to write one; and the only way in which its author can make it in any degree tolerable is to say as little in it as possible of Italy. But though I have availed myself of this artistic trick, I still cannot venture to promise the reader anything strikingly captivating in the coming chapter. And if you who read become tired of the stupid stuff in it, just think of what a dreary time I must have had writing it! I would recommend you, on the whole, to once in a while skip half a dozen leaves, for in that way you will arrive much

sooner at the end. Lord ! how I wish that I could follow the same plan. And do not believe that I am jesting, for if I were to speak out in saddest earnestness the real opinion of my very heart, I would advise you to at once close these pages, and read no more therein. By and bye I will improve ; and when we, in a book as yet unwritten, meet Matilda and Francesca together, the dear creatures shall delight you far more than anything in the present chapter, or even in the next.

The Lord be praised, I hear without, before my window, a hand-organ with merry tunes. My befogged head needed such a clearing up, particularly as I must now describe my visit to his Excellency the Marquis Christophero di Gumpe-lino. I will narrate this deeply moving history with the utmost accuracy, the most literal truth, and in all its filthy purity.

It was late as I reached the home of the Marquis. As I entered the room, Hyacinth stood alone, cleaning the golden spurs of his master, who, as I perceived through the half-opened door of his chamber, was on his knees before a Madonna and a great crucifix.

For you must know, dear reader, that this nobleman is now a good Catholic ; that he observes with the utmost strictness all the ceremonies of that Church which alone confers happiness ; and

that when he is in Rome he even keeps his own chaplain, on the same principle which induces to him keep in England the fastest horse, and in Paris the prettiest dancing girl.

"Herr Gumpel is just now doing his prayers," whispered Hyacinth with a significant smile, and, pointing to the cabinet of his master, added in a softer tone, "He lies that way every evening two hours on his knees before the Prima Donna with the Jesus-child. It is a splendid affair, and cost him six hundred francesconis."

"And you, Mr. Hyacinth, why don't you kneel behind him? Or perhaps you are not inclined to the Catholic religion?"

"I'm inclined, and again I a'n't inclined," replied he, reflectively shaking his head. "It's a good religion for a genteel Baron who can go about all day at his leisure, or for one who understands the fine arts, but it's no religion for a Hamburger, for a man who has his business to mind, and no religion at all, any way you take it, for a lottery collector. I must write down fair and square every number that's drawn, and if I happen to think of—bum! bum! bum!—the Catholic bells, or if my eyes swim like Catholic incense, and I make a mistake, and set down the wrong number, the worst sort of trouble may come out of it. Many a time have I said to Herr Gumpel, 'Your Excellency is a rich man, and can

be as Catholic as you please, and may smoke up your wits with incense as much as you like, and may be as stupid as a Catholic bell, and still have victuals to eat; but *I'm* a business man, and must keep my seven senses about me to earn something.' Herr Gumpel thinks, of course, that it's necessary for my accomplishment, and that if I don't become Catholic that I can't understand the pictures which accomplish people, such as John of Fizzle, the Verygreen, the Correctshow, Caratshow, and Cravatshow; but I've always held that all the Correctshows and Cravatshows wouldn't help much if nobody bought tickets of me, and then I should make a mighty poor show! And I must own, Doctor, that the Catholic religion don't amuse me; and, as a reasonable man, you must allow that when it comes to that, I'm right. I don't see any fun in it—it's something such a religion as if the Lord (the Lord forbid it!) had just died, and everything smelt of burial incense, and with it all, they roll out such a melancholy funeral music as to give one the blues; and the long and short of it is, that it's no religion for a Hamburger."

"Well, then, Mr. Hyacinth, how do you like the Protestant religion?"

"That is altogether, on t'other hand, too common-sense like, and if the Protestant churches hadn't an organ, it wouldn't be a religion at all. Between

you and I, the religion does no harm, and is as pure as a glass of water—but it don't help any. I've tried it, sir, and the trial cost me four marks fourteen schilling."

"How so, my good Mr. Hyacinth?"

"Well, do you see, Doctor, that I once came to the conclusion that it was a very enlightened religion, without any visionary notions or miracles, though, by the way, I still think that a church *must* have a few visionary notions and a trifle in the way of miracles to be one of the proper sort. 'But who'd ever work any miracle there?' thought I one day in Hamburg, as I peeped into a Protestant church, one of the regular bald sort, with nothing but brown benches and white walls, and on the walls nothing but a blackboard with half a dozen white numbers on it. 'But,' thinks I, 'maybe you don't do justice to this religion. Who knows but what these numbers can work a miracle as well as the image of the Virgin Mary, or a bone of her husband, St. Joseph?' and, to settle the matter, I went straight to Altona and set these very numbers in the Altona lottery. The *douze* I set with eight schilling, the *terne* with six, the *quaterne* with four, and the *quinterne* with two schilling. But I tell you, upon my honour, that not a single one of the Protestant numbers came out a prize. I very soon made up *my* mind what to think of the Protestant business. A great

religion that, which can't so much as bring out the deuce!—and a nice goose I'd be to stake my salvation on a religion by which I've already lost four marks and fourteen schilling."

"I daresay that the old Jewish religion suits you much better, my friend."

"Doctor, the mischief take the old Jewish religion! I don't wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you it ain't a religion, but a misfortune. I keep out of the way of everything that puts me in mind of it, and because Hirsch is a Hebrew word, and means hyacinth, I've let the old Hirsch run,¹ and now subscribe myself, 'Hyacinth, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser.' And then I have this advantage, that I've got an H on my seal ring, and my new name begins with an H, so that there's no need of having a new one cut. I tell you what—it amounts to a good deal in the long run, if you reckon up what a good name is worth to a man. Name's everything. When I write, 'Hyacinth, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser,' it has another sort of a sound from plain Hirsch. Nobody can treat me like a common blackguard then."

"My good Hyacinth, who would ever treat *you* in such a manner? You appear to have done so

¹ *Hirsch* is also a German word, and signifies a stag or deer.

much towards accomplishing yourself, that it is easy to recognise a refined character in you before you open your mouth."

"You're right, Doctor. I have gone ahead like a giantess in improving myself. I really don't know who I ought to keep company with when I get back to Hamburgh; but I know what I'll do in the religion line. Just for the present I can get along with the New-Israelite temple, I mean the pure Mosaic-Lord's service, with orthographic German hymns and moving sermons, and a few visionary notions, which are things no religion can do without. As true as the Lord may help me, I don't want any better religion, and it is worth keeping up.¹ I mean to do my part for it any how, and every Saturday, when

¹ The reformed Jews are those who have laid aside to a greater or less degree the old ceremonies, observances, superstitions, and forms to which the orthodox adhere. There is also a very obscure and little known sect calling itself the *Neu-Reformirte* or New-Reformed which claims to be, however, extremely ancient, its members asserting that they are descendants from the Sadducees, whom they declare are much misrepresented in the New Testament, also that they have existed for 2500 years. Their belief is the purest and simplest Agnosticism. "We hold," said a very intelligent member of the sect to me, "that no one can prove or disprove the existence of a God or a future state, but that every man knows enough of right or wrong to guide him in his relations to others. If he follows his conscience, and there should be a future life, he will be rewarded; if there be none, he and the world will be none the worse."—*Note by Translator.*

it isn't a day for drawing in the lottery, I'm going there. There are men, and more's the pity, who give this new faith a bad name, and say that it gives occasion for a schism; but I give you my word, it's a good sound religion—perhaps a little too good for common folks, for whom the old Jewish religion is good enough. A common man must have something stupid to make him happy, and he *does* feel happier in something of the sort. A regular old Jew, with a long beard and a ragged coat, and who can't speak a word correct, perhaps feels better than I do, with all my accomplishment. There lives in Hamburgh, in the Bæcker Breiten-gang by a gutter, a man named Moses Lump,¹—the folks call him Lumpy, for short,—and he runs around the whole week in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn a few marks. Well, when Friday evening comes round, he goes home, and finds the seven-branched lamp all lighted, a clean white cloth on the table, and he puts off his pack and all his sorrows, and sits down at the table with his crooked wife and crooked daughter, and eats with them fish which have been cooked in nice white garlic sauce, and sings the finest songs of King David, and rejoices with all his heart at the Exodus of the children of

¹ *Lump* means in German not only a tatter or rag, but also a ragamuffin or blackguard.

Israel from Egypt. He feels glad, too, that all the bad people who did anything bad to them died at last; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and such like, are all dead, but that Lumpy is still alive, and eats fish with his wife and child. And I tell you what, Doctor, the fish are delicate, and the man is happy; he hasn't any cause to torment himself with any 'accomplishment;' he sits just as contented in his religion and in his green night-gown as Diogenes in his cask, and he looks with joy at the lights burning, which he hasn't even the trouble of cleaning. And I tell you that if the lights should happen to burn dim, and the Jewess who ought to snuff them isn't at hand, and if Rothschild the Great should happen to come in, with all the brokers, discounters, forwarders, and head-clerks with whom he overcomes the world, and if he should say, 'Moses Lump, ask what thou wilt, it shall be given thee,'—Doctor, I believe that Moses would say, quiet and easy, 'Pick the lamp, then!' and Rothschild the Great would answer in wonder, 'If I wasn't Rothschild, I'd like to be such a Lump as this!'"

As Hyacinth, according to custom, thus developed his doctrines with epic copiousness, the Marquis rose from his cushions and came towards us, still mumbling a paternoster through his nose. Hyacinth then drew the green curtain over the

image of the Madonna which hung over the bed, extinguished the two candles, took down the bronze crucifix, and approaching us, began to clean it with the same rag and with the same care with which he had just cleaned his master's spurs. But the Marquis was melting with heat and with soft sentiment; instead of a coat he wore a full blue silk domino with silver fringe, and his nose shone sorrowfully, like an enamoured louis-d'or. "Oh, Jesus!" he sighed, as he sank among the cushions of the sofa. "Don't you think, Doctor, that I have a very dreamy, visionary, poetical look this evening? I am very much moved; my soul is melting; I perceive from afar a higher world.

' My eye beholds the heaven open,
My heart leaps up in wondrous bliss.'

"Herr Gumpel, you must take something," interrupted Hyacinth. "The blood in your inside has got to going again. I know what is the matter with you."

"You *don't* know," sighed his master.

"I tell you I *do*," replied the man, nodding with his good-natured, going-to-work little face. "I know you in and out—I *know*. You are just my opposite; when you're hungry I'm thirsty, and when I'm thirsty you're hungry. You are too corpulent, and I'm too lean. You have lots of imagination, and I've got all the more business

capacity. I'm a *practicus*, and you're a *diarrheticus*¹—in short, you are altogether my *antipodex*."

"Ah, Julia!" sighed Gumpelino, "would that I were the yellow glove upon thy hand, and kissed thy cheek. Doctor, did you ever see the actress Crelinger in *Romeo and Juliet*?"

"Of course, and my whole soul is still enraptured with the memory."

"Well, then," cried the Marquis with enthusiasm, and fire flashed from his eyes, illuminating his nose, "then you appreciate my feelings—then you know what I mean when I say *I love!* I will show myself to you, and expose everything. Hyacinth, just step out of the room!"

"I needn't go out," said his man, as if vexed; "you needn't stand on any ceremony with me, for I know what love is, too, and how it——"

"You *don't* know!" cried the Marquis.

"I'll prove that I know, Herr Marquis, by just speaking the name of Julia Maxfield. Oh, be easy! You're loved, too, but it's of no use. The

¹ Hyacinth, in this sentence, is supposed to be attempting to "air" the Latin which he has picked up under his master. For *diarrheticus* read *theoreticus*, and for *antipodex*, *antipodes*. An instance of the erudite character of the Germans may be found in the fact that even among very vulgar people the Latin word *podex* is frequently used for its German equivalent.—*Note by Translator.*

brother-in-law of your lady never lets her go out of sight, and watches her night and day like a diamond."

"Ah! wretched that I am," moaned Gumpelino. "I love and am loved again; we secretly press each other's hands—we tread on each other's feet under the table—glance meaningly at each other—and yet can't find an opportunity to—— Ah! how often I stand in the moonlight on the balcony, and imagine that I am Julia and that my Romeo or my Gumpelino has promised me a rendezvous—and then I declaim exactly like the Crelinger:—

'Come, night! come, Gumpelino!—come, day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back—
Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo—or Gumpelino!'

But ah! Lord Maxfield watches us all the time, and we're both dying with intense desire. I shall never survive the day when either sets the blossom of youthful purity at stake, winning to loose. Ah! I'd rather enjoy one such hour with Julia than win the great prize in the Hamburg lottery!"

"What a crazy notion!" cried Hyacinth; "the great prize!—one hundred thousand marks!"

"Yes, rather than the great prize," continued Gumpelino, "could I have one such hour—and

she has promised me often that I should have such when the first opportunity occurs, and I've often thought that she would declaim to me—just like Crelinger—

‘Wilt thou begone ! it is not yet near day !
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.’”

“The great prize for only one night,” repeated Hyacinth several times, as if he could never assent to such an assertion. “I have a very high opinion, Herr Marquis, of your accomplishments, but I never did think you'd have brought your visionary fancies up to such a pitch. That any man could ever prefer love to the great prize! Really, Herr Marquis, since I've waited on you I've got used to a great deal of accomplishment, but this much I know, I wouldn't give an eighth of the great prize for all the love afloat. The Lord keep me from it! Why, if I reckon off five hundred marks premium, there'd still remain twelve thousand marks. *Love!* Why, if I reckon up all together that I've ever paid out for love in all my life, it only comes to twelve marks and thirteen schilling. *Love!* Why, I've had lots of love, free, *gratis*, for nothing; only once in a while, to please my woman, I've cut her corns for her. I never had a real sentimental pas-

sionate love-scraper but once in my life, and that was for fat Sally of Dreckwall. She used to buy lottery tickets of me, and whenever I called on her to square accounts, she used to give me a piece of cake—very good cake indeed—and sometimes she'd make up a nice little fancy dish for me, with a drop of liquor to it; and when I once told her that I was troubled with the blues, she gave me a recipe for the powder which her own husband used. I use the powder to this very day, it always works on me; and that was the only consequence which our love ever had. I thought, Herr Marquis, that maybe you needed one of those powders. When I came to Italy they were the first thing I thought of, so I went to the apothecary and had 'em made up, and I always carry 'em about with me. Just wait a minute and I'll hunt for 'em; and if I hunt for 'em, I'll find 'em; and if I find 'em, your Excellency's got to take 'em."

It would require too much time to repeat all the comments with which Hyacinth accompanied his researches as he drew in succession each of the following articles from his pocket. These were:—I., half a wax candle; II., a silver case, in which he kept his instruments for cutting corns; III., a lemon; IV., a pistol, which, though unloaded, was carefully wrapped in paper lest the sight of it might awaken apprehension; V., a

scheme of the last drawing of the Hamburg lottery; VI., a black leather bound little book, containing the Psalms of David and the debts not as yet collected; VII., a dry willow withe twined in a true-love knot;* VIII., a little packet covered with faded rose-coloured silk, and containing the receipt in full for a lottery prize which had once won fifty thousand marks; IX., a flat piece of bread resembling ship's biscuit with a hole in the middle; and X., the above-mentioned powder, which the little man took out, not without a certain emotion and a sorrowful shaking of the head.

"When I think," he sighed, "that ten years ago fat Sally gave me this receipt, and that I'm in Italy now, and have the same receipt in my hands, and see the same words on it, '*Sal mirable Glauberi*'—that means in German 'extra fine Glauber salt of the best quality'—ah! I feel as if I had already taken the salt and could feel it a-working inside. What is man! I'm in Italy a-thinking of fat Sally of Dreckwall! Who'd a thought it? I can think I see her now in the country in her garden, where the moon shines,

* Among Gypsies in Hungary and other people in Eastern Europe certain twists or gnarls of willow leaves or twigs are supposed to possess magic virtues, especially as love charms. *Vide* "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling," by Charles G. Leland. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1890.

and where there must be for certain a nightingale singing, or maybe a lark——”

“It is the nightingale, and not the lark!” sighed Gumpelino in parenthesis.

“‘Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.’”

“It’s all one to me,” continued Hyacinth; “it may be a canary for all I care; only wild birds in the garden don’t cost so much. The main thing is the hot-house, and the carpet in the pavilion, and the statuary* all round it, and among ’em there’s a naked General of the gods and the Venus Urinia; both cost three hundred marks. And in the middle of the garden Sally’s got a fontenelle, and may be she’s a-standing there having make-believe pleasures in her fancy, and thinking—of—me!”

After this sigh followed a rapt silence, which the Marquis finally broke with a languishing tone and question, “Tell me, Hyacinth, on your honour, do you really believe that your medicine will have its effect?”

“Yes, upon honour, it will. Why shouldn’t it work? It works on *me*. And ain’t I a living man just the same as you? Glauber salts make all men alike, and when Rothschild takes Glauber salts, they operate on him just as they would on

* *Staatfiguren.*

the smallest broker. And I'll just tell you now how it's all done. I shake the powder into a glass, pour some water on it, and as soon as you've swallowed it you twist up your face and say, 'Prr—phew!—pooh!' Then you feel it a sort of quarrelling about inside of you, and you feel queer, and you lie down on the bed, and then I promise you, 'pon honour, that by and bye you'll get up, then you'll lay down again and get up again, and so on and so forth, and the next morning you feel as light as an angel with white wings, and you'll dance about because you feel so well; only you'll look a little pale, but I know you like to look pale, because its languishing-like, and that's interesting."

While thus chattering, Hyacinth had prepared the powder; but as for the Marquis, he would have taken this pains for nothing had not the passage suddenly flashed into his mind where Julia takes the draught which has such a dire effect on her destiny. "What do you think, Doctor," he cried, "of the actress Mueller in Vienna? I have seen her as Julia, and Lord! Lord! how she *did* play! I'm the greatest enthusiast for Crelinger living; but Mueller, when she drank off the goblet, completely tore me down! See!"—this was his exclamation, as he took with a comic gesture the glass into which Hyacinth had poured the powder—"See! *this* was the way in which she took the

cup, and shuddered, so that you could feel every thrill which *she* felt, as she said—

‘There is a faint cold fear which thrills my veins,
And almost freezes up the heat of life.’

And *so* she stood, just as I stand, and held the goblet to her lips, saying—

‘Stay, Talbot, stay !
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.’

And with these words she swallowed the medicine.”

“ Much good may it do you, Herr Gumpel ! ” said Hyacinth in a joyful tone, for the Marquis had, in imitative inspiration, drained the entire dose, and sunk weary with declamation on the sofa.

He did not remain long in this position, for almost immediately there was a knock at the door, and there entered Lady Maxfield’s little jockey, who gave to the Marquis, with a laugh and a bow, a note, and at once retired. Hastily did Gumpelino break the seal, and while he read, his eyes and nose gleamed with delight ; but suddenly a spectral paleness covered his face, emotion was apparent in every muscle, and he sprang about with gestures of despair, laughing grimly, and rushed about the chamber, exclaiming—

“ Woe to me, fool of fortune ! ”

“ What is it ? what is it ? cried Hyacinth, with a trembling voice, as he distractedly cleaned away

at the crucifix, which he had again taken up; "are we going to make our attack to-night?"

"What is the matter, Herr Marquis?" I inquired, equally astonished.

"Read! read!" cried Gumpelino, as he threw towards us the note, and again rushed despairingly about the room, his blue domino streaming behind him like a storm-cloud.

It was a note from Lady Maxfield, inviting him to call on her immediately, stating that she would leave on the following morning for England.

"Woe me, fool of fortune!" bewailed Gumpelino. "Love holds out to me his nectar cup, and I, alas! the Jack-fool of fortune, have already drained a goblet of Glauber salts! Who can get the accursed stuff out of me now? Help! help!"

"No earthly living man can help you now!" sighed Hyacinth.

"I pity you from my very heart," said I condolingly. "To drain a tumbler of Glauber salts instead of a goblet of nectar is bitter!"

"O Jesus! O Jesus!" cried the Marquis; "I feel it thrill through my every vein. Oh, true apothecary, thy drugs are quick! but it shall not hinder me. I will hasten to her; I will sink at her feet!"

"Don't be passionate!" replied Hyacinth. "Don't go off into rhapsodies."

"No, no! I will hasten to her, and in her arms—Oh, night! oh, night!"

"I tell you," continued Hyacinth, with philosophical indifference, "that you will find no repose in her arms. Don't be so passionate. Your mind plays into the hands of Nature. You must endure like a man what your fate has determined. Maybe it's good that it's come so, and perhaps it came so because it's good. Man is an earthly being, and doesn't understand the ways of Divinity. Folks often think they're going straight ahead to their happiness, and bad luck stands in the way with a stick; and when a plain vulgar stick strikes a noble back, they feel it, Herr Marquis!"

"Woe me! a fool of fortune!" raved Gumpelino. But his servant calmly continued—

"A man often expects a cupful of nectar, and instead of it gets horse-whip soup—if the nectar is sweet, then the horsewhipping is all the bitterer; and it is really lucky that the man who thrashes another must tire out sooner or later, or the fellow he whips could never stand it. But it is a great deal worse when bad luck with dagger and poison hides in a man's way to love, so that his life's in danger. Maybe, Herr Marquis, it is really all right that things have gone as they have, or perhaps, who knows, you might, while running in the heat of love, have been met on the way by a little Italian with a dirk six yards long, who would have gone slap at you, and have stuck you (not to put too fine a point upon it) through your calves. For a

man can't holler for the watch here as in Ham-
burgh, and there are no policemen among the
Apennines. Or maybe," continued the pitiless
consoler, without paying the slightest attention to
the growing rage of his master, "maybe when you
were sitting snug and warm by Lady Maxfield,
the brother-in-law would have come rushing back
and clapped a pistol to your breast, and made
you sign a bill of a hundred thousand marks. I
don't want to make mischief or tell lies—but I
say, suppose now—only suppose that you were a
good-looking man, and Lady Maxfield was in
despair for fear she should lose her beau, and was
jealous—like all women—for fear some other
woman might get you after she was gone, what
would she do? Why, she'd just take an orange
or a lemon and put a little white powder on it, and
say, 'Here, dear, just suck this and cool yourself off
a little; you've got warm a-running so fast,' and
the next day you'd be cooled down and no mistake.
There was a man named Piper, who had a passional
attraction for a female individual who was called
Trumpet-Angel Jenny, and she lived in the 'Coffee-
factory,' and the man by the Duck Pond——"

"I wish, Hirsch," screamed the Marquis in a
rage, "I wish that your Piper of the Duck-Pond,
and his Trumpet-Angel of the Coffee-Mill, and
you and your Sally, all had my Glauber's salts
rammed down your throats!"

"What would you have, Herr Gumpel?" exclaimed Hyacinth, not without heat. "Was it my fault that Lady Maxfield's a-going away to-morrow and invited you to come to-night? Could I know *that* beforehand? Am I Aristotle? Have I got a situation in a prophecy office? I only said that the powder would work, and it *will* work, just as sure as I'm a-going to heaven, and if you go running about the room in such a disparaging and passionate way, it'll work all the sooner."

"Well, then, I'll sit down calmly on the sofa," groaned Gumpelino; and, stamping on the ground, he rolled in a rage on the sofa, restrained his mood by a mighty effort, and both servant and master gazed long and silently at each other, until the latter said, with a deep sigh and in a whimpering tone—

"But, Hirsch, what will the lady say if I don't come? She waits for me, yes, lingers and trembles and burns with love."

"She has a beautiful foot," said Hyacinth to himself, and sorrowfully shook his little head. But there were mighty throbs of emotion at work in his heart, and a daring idea was working itself out under his scarlet coat.

"Herr Gumpel," said the words, as they came forth, "—— *send* me!"

And as he spoke, a deep blush stole over the sallow business countenance.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Candide came to El Dorado, he saw several boys in the street who were playing with nuggets of gold instead of stones. This extravagance made him think that they must be royal children, and he was not a little astonished to learn that in El Dorado nuggets of gold were as valueless as flint-pebbles with us, so that the very school-boys played with them. Something very similar happened to one of my friends, who, when he first came to Germany and read German books, was greatly amazed at the wealth of thought which he found in them, but soon observed that thoughts are as common in Germany as gold ingots in El Dorado, and that many a writer who seems to be an intellectual prince is, after all, a mere schoolboy.¹

This reflection often occurs to me when I am about to write down the most admirable reflections on Art and Life. Then I laugh, and keep my thoughts in my pen, or scribble in their stead a picture or a carpet-pattern on the paper, persuad-

¹ So with wit and humour in France, as with the exquisite ornaments in its Gothic architecture. (*Vide Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture*, p. 144, by J. H. Parker.) We are at first struck by their abundance, but find after a time that they are often repeated and worked over into common property — *Note by Translator.*

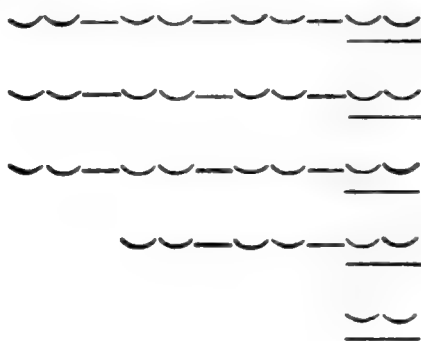
ing myself that such carpets are more useful in Germany—that intellectual El Dorado—than the goldenest thoughts.

Dear reader, I shall bring on the carpet now, spreading out before thee, the familiar figures of Gumpelino and his Hirsch-Hyacinth; and if the former be painted with less accurate traits, I trust that you will be sharp-witted enough to appreciate a negative character, even if positive points be wanting in it. For he might bring a suit for libel against me, or something even more significant. For the Marquis is mighty with money and many friends. Besides, he is the natural ally of my enemies; he upholds them with subsidies; he is an aristocrat, an ultra-papist; in fact, he only wants one thing as yet to be as bad as possible, and that one thing he must soon learn, having the book which teaches it already in his hands, as you will perceive from my picture-carpet.

It was again evening. On the table stood two candelabras with lighted wax-candles, and their gleam flashed on the golden frames of the pictures of saints hanging on the wall, and which, in the flickering light and wavering shadow, seemed inspired with life. Without, before the window, the dark cypress trees stood strangely motionless in the silver moonlight, while far in the distance resounded a sad hymn to the Virgin, rising and falling in broken tones, apparently the voice of

a sick child. The air within was close and warm, and the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino sat, or rather reclined, in aristocratic indolence on the cushions of the sofa, his noble though overheated figure being again clad in its blue silk domino, while in his hands he held a book bound in scarlet morocco-paper, heavily gilt, and from which he declaimed in a loud yet languishing tone. His eyes had that sticky-pasty lustre peculiar to enamoured tomcats, and his cheeks, including the side-wings of the nose, were pale as if from suffering. Still this pallor admits of a philosophically anthropological explanation if we remember that the Marquis had swallowed the night before a whole tumbler of Glauber salts.

Hirsch-Hyacinthus was down on all fours on the floor, and with a great piece of white chalk was busy in drawing on the brown tiles the following characters, or something like them:—



This business appeared to be anything but agreeable to the little man, for, puffing at every stoop, he growled vexedly, "Spondee, Trochee, Iambus,—I am bust!—Pyrr-hic, Anapest—and the pest!" For the sake of working more at his ease, he had taken off his red coat, and there now appeared two short modest-looking legs in tight scarlet breeches, and somewhat longer arms in white loose sleeves.

"What curious figures are those?" I inquired, after watching his work for a while.

"These are feet the size of life," he groaned for answer, "and I, wretched man, must keep these feet in my head, and my hands already ache with all the feet they've had to write. These are the real true feet of poetry, and if it wasn't for the accomplishments I'm getting, I'd let the poetry run with all its feet. Just now I have private lessons from the Marquis in the poetry business. The Marquis reads the poem and explains how many feet there are in it, and then I must note them down and reckon up whether the poem is all right."

"You find us," remarked the Marquis in didactically pathetic tone, "engaged in a truly poetic occupation. I well know, Doctor, that you belong to that body of poets who have ideas of their own, and do not perceive that in poetry the feet come

first, and that *metre* is the main thing; but a refined spirit can only express itself in refined forms, and these are only to be learned from the Greeks, and from those modern poets who strive to think like Greeks, *feel* like Greeks, and bring their feelings home in the Greek fashion to a man."

"To man, of course, and not to woman, as an unclassic, romantic poet is bound to do," replied my Insignificance.

"Herr Gumpel talks now and then like a book," whispered Hyacinth aside to me, as he contracted his thin lips, winked his little eyes with delighted pride, and significantly shook his small head, whose every motion was one of wondering amazement. "I tell you," he continued, in somewhat louder tones, "he talks sometimes like a book, and then he's what you might call no sort of a man at all, but a higher sort of being and I become regularly *dumb* the nearer I come to him."

"And what have you there in your hands?" I inquired of the Marquis.

"Gems," he replied laconically, holding out the book.

At the word "gems" Hyacinth leaped up, but, when he saw the book, smiled pityingly. The precious gem in question had on its title-page the following words:—

POEMS
OF
AUGUST, COUNT VON PLATEN.

STUTTGARD AND TUBINGEN :

PUBLISHED BY J. G. COTTA.

1828.

On the blank leaf was neatly written, "A Gift of True Brotherly Friendship."

"I haven't slept a wink all night," he complained to me. Fortunately, I had this glorious bit of reading by me, and I got from it not only poetical instruction, but also sound consolation for life. I swear, sir, by our blessed Lady of Loretto, and as true as I'm an honourable man, that these poems haven't their equal! You know that I was in a state of desperation yesterday evening—*au désespoir*, as one might say—because Fate forbade me to possess my Julia. Then I read these poems, one every time when I had to get up, and the result has been, that I feel so indifferent to women that my own passion became repulsive to me. And that is the beauty of this poet, that he only burns with friendship for men. Yes, he prefers us to women; and for this very preference we ought to be grateful to him. How much greater he is in this than common poets! You do not find him flattering the every-day tastes of the

masses; he cures us of that passion for women which causes us so much suffering. O woman! woman! what a benefactor to his race is that man who frees us from your chains! It is an eternal shame that Shakespeare never applied his wonderful theatrical talent to this end, since he, as I have just found in these poems, was inspired by the same greatness of soul as the great Count Platen, who says, in his sonnets of Shakespeare:

‘A maid’s caprices never broke thy slumbers,
And yet for friendship still we see thee yearning;
From female snares a friend thy steps is turning,
His beauty is thy care, and fires thy numbers.’”

While the Marquis declaimed these verses with enthusiasm, and while the moisture gathered on his tongue, Hyacinth was making a series of grimaces which were evidently inspired by anything but assent, though they appeared partly to be those of vexation and partly of affirmation, until he at last exclaimed—

“Herr Marquis, you talk like a book, and the verses go out like a purge, but I don’t like their contents. As a man, I feel flattered that Count Platen gives us the preference, but as a friend to women, I go against such men. Such is man! One likes onions, and another has the feeling for warm friendship; but I, as an honest man, must

confess that I prefer onions, and that a cross-eyed cook-maid is more to my taste than any friend such as your poet talks about. And, in fact, I must say that I, for one, can't *begin* to see so much beauty in the male sex that one can fall in love with it."

Hyacinth spoke these last words while giving a side squint at his own reflection in the mirror as though he were the ideal pattern of manly perfection. But the Marquis, without suffering himself to be disturbed, read on—

" ' Hope's foam-built palaces may fall together ;
We strive, yet do not come at all together ;
Melodious from thy mouth my name is ringing,
And yet my verse thou wilt not call together.
Like sun and moon must we be ever parted,
That use and custom may be all together ?
Oh, lean thine head on mine, for sweet in union
Thy dark locks and my light ones fall together ;
But ah ! I dream, for lo I see thee parting
Ere joy has found us in one thrall together ;
Our souls are bleeding since our forms are parted,
Would we were flowers, oft bound and all together ! ' "

" Queer poetry that ! " exclaimed Hyacinth, as he re-echoed the rhymes : " ' Use and custom all together, ' ' thrall together, ' and ' fall together ! ' Queer poetry ! I've got a brother-in-law who, when he reads poetry, often for fun puts ' from before ' and ' from behind ' in turn at the end of

every other verse, but I declare I never knew that the poems he made up that way ought to be called 'gazelles.' I must try myself and see whether the verses which the Marquis has just declaimed won't be improved by putting 'from before' and 'from behind' in turn after the 'together.' Depend upon it they'll be twenty per cent. stronger!"

Without attending to this speech, the Marquis drove ahead in his declamation of "gazelles" and sonnets, in which the loving one sings his "friend of beauty," praises him, wails over him, accuses him of indifference, devises plans to attain him, ogles him, is jealous of him, languishes for him, fondles through a whole scale of love-tones with him, and that so meltingly, amorously, and lecherously, that the reader would suppose that the poet were a maiden suffering with nymphomania. One thing, however, must seem to him to a certain degree extraordinary, that this maiden is always complaining that her love is contrary to the usual manner or "custom;" that she cherishes as intense a hatred of this "custom which parts" as a pickpocket could against the police; that in her love she would fain embrace "the limbs" of her friend; that she laments dolefully over envious wretches who cunningly part us, "to hinder us and keep us ever parted;" that she bewails annoying personal afflictions on the part of her friend; that she assures him that she will only casually glance

at him; that she protests that "no single syllable shall shock thine ear," and finally confesses, that

"My wish in others but gave birth to strife;
Thou hast not granted it, but oh! as yet
Thou hast not said me nay, oh my sweet life!"

I must do the Marquis the justice to admit, that he declaimed these verses well, sighed at full length in repeating them, and groaned while Hyacinth continued to babble the verses after him, not omitting to interweave with them his own original chatter. He honoured the odes with the most attention. "There's a heap more to be learned," quoth he, "from this sort of poetry than from your sonnets and gazelles; for in the odes the feet are set down all fair and square, and a man can count up every poem nice and easy. Every poet ought to do in his hardest poetry-verses like Count Platen—that is, set it down with the feet up, and say to folks, 'See here! I'm an honourable man, one of the kind that don't cheat. The straight and crooked marks which I put before every poem are what you may call the *counter-feet*¹ of it, and you may reckon up for yourself the trouble it all cost me. In fact, they're a kind of yard-stick for every poem; take it and measure 'em with it, and if you find I cheat you out of a single syllable, why then call

¹ *Conto-finto*, a simulated account.

me a d——d rascal—that's all!' But then the public may be taken in just by the honourable face he puts on it. When the feet are all set down so honest-looking and plain, the reader'll say, 'Well, I'm not going to be one of your suspicious sort; what's the use of counting after the man. I daresay it's all right; I ain't a-going to do it!' And he *don't* do it—and gets cheated. And who can always count 'em up? Now we're in Italy, and I've got time to write the feet on the ground with chalk, and collationate every ode. But in Hamburgh, where I've my business to attend to, I've no time for it, and must take Count Platen without calling him to an account, just as a man takes the bags of money from the treasury with the number of the dollars they hold, written on 'em. They go about, sealed up, from one man to another, everybody takes it for granted that they hold as much as the number says; and yet it *has* happened that a man who didn't have much to do has opened one and counted the specie, and found it ran short a few dollars. And there may be just the same sort of swindling in poetry. Particularly do I mistrust when I think of bags of money. For my own brother-in-law has told me that in the House of Correction at Odensee they've got a fellow who had some sort of a situation in the Post Office, and who opened the specie-bags that went through his hands, and

then sewed 'em up again and forwarded 'em. When one hears of such rascality, he loses his trust in fellow-mortals, and gets to be a mistrustful man. There's ever so much rascality in this world, and I suppose it's the same in the poetry business as in any other."

"Honesty," continued Hyacinth, while the Marquis declaimed on, all absorbed in feeling and without attending to us,—“Honesty, Doctor, is the correct thing, and a man who isn't honest I consider as a scamp, and when I consider a man as a scamp, I'll buy nothing from him, read nothing of his—in short, devil the bit of business of any sort will I do with him. I'm a man, Doctor, who don't set myself up on anything, but if there's anything I would set myself up on, it would be on doing the correct thing. If you've no objection, I'd like to tell you of a noble trait in my character, and you'll be astonished at it. I tell you you'll be astonished as sure as I'm an honourable man. There's a man lives in the Spear Place in Hamburgh, and he's a greengrocer, and his name's Blocky—that is to say, I say that his name's Blocky, because we're good friends, for his real name is Block.¹ And his wife of course is Madam Block, and she never could bear that her husband should buy lottery tickets of me, and when he did, I didn't dare to go to his house with 'em. So

¹ *Klots*, log, block, stump; a blockhead.

he used to tell me in the street, 'I want this or that number, and here's the money, Hirsch!' And I'd say, 'All right, Blocky!' And when I got home, I used to lay the number he'd taken apart for him under cover, and write on it in German hand, 'On account of Herr Christian Hinrich Block.' And now just listen and be astonished. It was a fine spring day, and the trees round the Exchange were all green, and the zephyr airs were nice, and the sun shone in the heaven, and I stood by the Bank of Hamburg. And then Blocky—my Blocky, you know—came walking along with fat Mrs. Blocky on his arm, and was the first to speak to me, and spoke of the Lord's splendid spring, and made some patriotic remarks on the town-guard, and asked me how business was, and I told him that a little while before there'd been a chap in the pillory, and so as we talked he told me that the night before he'd dreamed that number 1538 had drawn the grand prize; and just at that instant, while Madam Block was looking at the *statutes*¹ of the Emperors before the town-hall, he put thirteen louis-d'ors, full weight, into my hand. Lord! it seems to me that I can feel them now; and before Madam could turn around I said, 'All right, Blocky!' and went away. And I went at once,

¹ *Kaiserstatisten.*

without stopping, to the head office, and got number 1538, and covered it up as soon as I was home, and wrote on the cover, 'On account of Herr Christian Hinrich Block.' And what did the Lord do? Fourteen days later, to try my honesty, he let number 1538 turn up a prize of fifty thousand marks. And what did Hirsch then do, the same Hirsch who now stands before you? This Hirsch put on a clean white shirt and a clean white cravat, and took a hackney-coach and went to the head office, and drew his fifty thousand marks and rode with 'em to the Spear Place. And when Blocky saw me he says, 'Hirsch, what are you dressed up so fine for to-day?' I, however, didn't answer a word, but set a great astonishing bag of gold on the table, and said, right cheerful and jolly, 'Herr Christian Hinrich Block! number 1538, which you were so kind as to order of me, has been so lucky as to draw fifty thousand marks. I have the honour to present you that same money in this bag, and take the liberty of begging a receipt for the amount.' When Blocky heard *that*, he began to cry; when Madame Block heard it, *she* cried; the fat red servant-girl cried; the crooked shop-boy cried; the children cried; and I, a man of feelings as I am, couldn't cry at all, but fainted dead away, and it wasn't till I came to that the tears came into my eyes like a river, and I cried for three hours!"

The voice of the little man quivered as he told this story, and with an air of joy he drew from his pocket the packet I have already spoken of, unrolled the faded rose silk, and showed me the document in which Herr Christian Hinrich Block acknowledged the receipt of fifty thousand marks. "When I die," said Hyacinth with a tear in his eye, "this receipt must be buried with me, and on the judgment-day, when I must give an account of all my deeds, then I will go with this receipt in my hand before the throne of the Lord, and when my evil angel has read off the list of all the evil deeds I've been guilty of, and my good angel has read off in turn all my good deeds, I'll say, calm and easy, 'Be quiet! all I want to know is if this receipt is correct?—is that the handwriting of Herr Christian Hinrich Block?' Then a little angel will come flying up, and he'll say that he knows Block's hand perfectly well, and he'll tell the whole story of the honourable business I carried through. And the Creator of Eternity, the Almighty, who knows all things will remember it all, and he will praise me before the sun, moon, and stars, and reckon up at once in his head that if the value of my evil deeds be subtracted from fifty thousand marks, that there'll remain a balance to my account, and he'll say, 'Hirsch, you are appointed an angel of the first class, and may wear wings with white and red feathers.'"

CHAPTER XI.

WHO is, then, the Count Platen, whom we have in the previous chapter learned to know as a poet and warm friend? Ah! dear reader, I have been reading that very question for a long time in your countenance, and it is with a trembling heart that I set about answering it. The worst thing with German authors is, that whenever they show up a fool, they must beforehand set him forth in full by means of wearisome descriptions of character and personal peculiarities, firstly, that the reader may know of his existence, and secondly, that they may understand how, where, and when the lash cuts—before or behind. It was a different matter with the ancients, and it is still different with some modern nations, for instance, the English and French, who have a public life, and, in consequence, public characters. We Germans, on the contrary, though we have a foolish enough public, have very few fools distinguished enough to be generally recognised as ‘characters,’ when used in prose or in verse. The few men of this mould whom we possess are perfectly justifiable in giving themselves airs of importance. They are of inestimable value, and are entitled to the highest

claim to our consideration. For instance, the Herr Privy Counsellor Schmaltz, professor at the University of Berlin, is a man worth his weight in gold; a humorous writer could never do without him, and he himself is so perfectly conscious of his personal importance and needfulness that he loses no opportunity to supply such writers with material for satire. For this purpose, therefore, he labours night and day, either as statesman, civil villain, or civilian,¹ deacon, anti-Hegelian, and patriot, to make himself as ridiculous as possible, and thus advance that literature for which he sacrifices himself. And therefore the German universities deserve great praise, since they supply us with more fools than any other trade-unions, especially Göttingen, which I have never failed to appreciate, so far as this point is concerned. This is the true and secret reason why I have always boldly advocated the maintenance of the universities, even while preaching freedom of exercising a trade, and recommending the abolition of the guilds. When fools of note are thus wanting, the world cannot be too grateful to me should I bring out a few new ones and render them available. For the advancement of literature, I will therefore now speak more in detail of

¹ *Servilist* in the original, which I presume to be a Rabelaisian "twist" of the word *Civilist*.—*Note by Translator.*

Count August von Platen Hallermunde. I will so arrange it that he may be made well enough known to be useful, and to a certain degree celebrated, giving him, as it were, a literary fattening, as the Iroquois are said to do with prisoners who are subsequently devoured at their festivals. In this business I shall act with all due honour and courtesy, as a good citizen should, touching on the material or so-called personal interests only so far as they are needed to throw light upon spiritual phenomena, always giving the point of view from which I regarded him, and not unfrequently exhibiting the spectacles wherewith I took my peep.

The point of view from which I first beheld Count Platen was Munich, the scene of those efforts which rendered him very celebrated among his acquaintances, and where he will unquestionably be immortal, so long as he lives. The spectacles with which I saw him belonged to certain inhabitants of the city, who, in their merry moments, occasionally indulged in merry remarks relative to his personal appearance. I have never seen him myself, and when I have a fancy to imagine him, I recall the droll rage with which my friend Doctor Lautenbacher attacked poetic folly in general, and particularly that of a certain Count Platen, who, with a wreath of laurel on his brow, stood—in the way of passers-by—in an

attitude of poetic inspiration on the public promenade at Erlangen, staring, with spectacled nose, up at heaven. Others have spoken better of the poor Count, lamenting only his straitened circumstances, which, as he was very ambitious of honour, compelled him to extraordinary industry, and thus at least gave him distinction as a poet. Such stories, of course, moved my pity to a certain extent, although I found that his failures in the art of pleasing were very natural.

In vain the poor Count declared that he was destined to become the greatest of poets; that the shadow of the laurel was already visible on his brow, and that he could also make others immortal in poems which would live for ever. Alas! even this celebrity was not acceptable to any one, nor was it, in fact, a thing to be particularly desired. So far as I am concerned, dear reader, I am not so malicious as you think; I pity the poor Count, and when others mock him, I doubt whether he has ever practically revenged himself on the hated "custom" spoken of, although in his songs he sighs for such revenge; no, I rather believe in the repulsive afflictions, injurious disregard, and rejections of which he sings so plaintively. I believe, in fact, that he acted towards morality in a far more laudable manner than he was desirous of doing, and it is possible that he can boast, with General Tilly, "I was never

intoxicated, never touched a woman, and never lost a battle." It was, beyond question, for this that the poet says of himself—

"Thou art a sober and a modest youth."

The poor youth, or rather the poor old youth, for he had several lustrums behind him, once squatted, unless I err, at the University of Erlangen, where some sort of occupation had been allotted him, but as this was insufficient for his soaring spirit, since with his increasing lustrums he lusted with greater lustiness for illustrious lustre, and as he day by day felt himself more inspired with his future glory, he gave up his business, being determined to live by writing, by gifts from heaven whenever they might turn up, and by similar earnings. For the county of the Count is unfortunately situated in the moon, and, owing to the bad state of the roads which communicate with Bavaria, will not (according to Gruithuisen's calculation) be attainable until 20,000 years have elapsed, after which time, when that planet approaches the earth, he will be able to draw from it his enormous revenues.

At an earlier period Don Platen de Colibrados Hallermunde had published by Brockhaus in Leipzig a collection of poems with the title of *Lyrical Leaves, No. I.*, which of course met with no success, although he assured us in the preface

that the Seven Wise Men had lavished their praise on the author. At a later date he wrote, in Tieck's style, several dramatic legends and stories, which also had the fortune to remain hidden from the ignorant multitude, and were only read by the Seven Wise Men. In order to get a few more readers, the Count applied himself to controversy, and wrote a satire against eminent writers, especially against Müllner, who was already universally hated and morally overthrown, so that the Count came just in the nick of time to give the dead Court Counsellor Oerindur another *coup de grâce*; not gracefully, however, in the head, but very awkwardly, in the Falstaffian manner, in the thigh. A dislike of Müllner inspired every noble heart; the attack of the Count "took," and "The Mysterious and Terrible Fork" met here and there with a kindly reception; not from the public at large, but among literati and the regular school-people; the latter being pleased with the satire because it was not an imitation of the romantic Tieck, but of the classic Aristophanes.

I believe that it was about this time that the Count travelled to Italy, no longer entertaining a doubt but that he would be able to live by his poetry. Cotta had indeed paid him the common prosaic honour to pay him money for his bill for poetry; for Poetry, the nobly-born, never has any money herself, and when in difficulties always

goes to Cotta. Now the Count versified day and night; he no longer copied the patterns of Tieck and of Aristophanes, but imitated first Goethe in ballads, then Horace in odes, then Petrarch in sonnets, then Hafiz in Persian gazelles; in short, he gave us, such as it was, a selection of flowers of the best poets, and with it his own lyrical leaves, under the title of "Poems of Count Platen, &c."

No one in Germany is so indulgent as I towards poetic productions, and I am willing from my very soul that a poor devil like Platen should enjoy his bit of celebrity which he has so bitterly earned by the sweat of his brow; and no one is more willing to praise his industry, his efforts and his poetry, or to recognise his metrical merits. My own efforts enable me better than another to appreciate those merits. The bitter labour, the indescribable perseverance, the chattering of teeth through weary winter nights, the restrained anger at a fruitless straining for effect, is far more apparent to one of us than to the ordinary reader who supposes that the smoothness, neatness, and polish of the Count's verses are the effect of ease, and who thanklessly enjoys himself over the glittering play of words, just as spectators at the feats of circus *artistes*, when they behold the latter dancing on ropes, hopping among eggs, or standing on their heads, never reflect that the poor fellows have

acquired this pliancy of limb and poetry of motion only by long years of hard work and bitter hunger. I, who have never worried myself so much in poetry, and who have always exercised it in company with good eating, esteem poor Platen all the more, since his experiences have been of such a sour and sober nature; I will boast for him that no literary rope-dancer in Europe can balance so well as he on slack gazelles, that no one can perform so well as he such an egg-dance as

~~~~~  
 ~~~~~, &c.

and that no one can stand so well on his head. If the Muses are not complaisant to him, he at least has the genius of our language in his power, or knows how to clothe it with power. As for winning the willing love of the genius, it is beyond his power; he must perseveringly run after this youth as after others, and his utmost ability is to catch the outward form, which, despite its beautiful contour, never speaks to our soul. Never did the deep tones of Nature, as we find them in popular song among children and other true poets, burst from the soul of Platen, or bloom forth like an apocalypse from it, and the desperate effort which he is obliged to make in order to say something he calls a "great deed in words," for so utterly

unfamiliar is he with the true spirit of poetry, that he does not know that the successful mastery of words can only be a great *deed* for the rhetorician ;¹ for the true poet it should be a natural occurrence. Unlike the true poet, language was never yet his master. On the contrary, he has become master of it, playing on it as a virtuoso plays on an instrument. The more he advanced in this mechanical facility, the higher opinion did he form of his own powers of performance. He learned how to play in every manner and metre ; he versified even the most difficult passages, often poetising, so to speak, on the G string, and was vexed when the public did not applaud. Like all *virtuosi* who have developed this sort of single-string talent, he only exerted himself for applause, regarding with anger the celebrity of others. He envied his colleagues all that they gained, as, for instance, when he fired five-act pasquinades at Clauren at a time when he could not attract more than a mere poetic squib at himself ; he laid a strong hand on every review in which others were praised, and cried without ceasing, "I am not sufficiently praised, I am not sufficiently praised,

¹ It may here be observed that it is chiefly for this mastery of words, and of "the genius of language," which he himself considered as such a trifle, that Heine has been so greatly exalted in England. Hence the cry that he is not translatable. But *thought* is always translatable.—*Note by Translator.*

for I am the poet, the poet of poets," &c. Such a hunger and thirst for praise and for alms was never yet shown by a true poet—by Klopstock or by Goethe, to whose companionship Count Platen has appointed himself, although any one can see that he justly forms a triumvirate only with Aug. Wilhelm von Schlegel, and perhaps with Ramler. "The great Ramler," as he was called in his own time, when he, without a laurel crown, it is true, but with all the greater cue and hair-bag, with his eyes raised to heaven, and with a canvas umbrella under his arm, wandered scanning about in the Berlin *Thiergarten*, believed himself to be the representative of poetry on earth. His verses were the most perfect in the German language, and his adorers, among whom even a Lessing went astray, believed that poetry could go no further. Such, at a late date, was almost the case with Aug. Wilhelm von Schlegel, whose poetical insufficiency became manifest as the language was more fully developed, so that many who once looked upon the singer of *Arion* as an *Arion* himself, now regard him merely as a school-master of some ability. But whether Count Platen is as yet qualified to laugh at the otherwise really great Schlegel, as the latter once laughed at Ramler, I cannot take it on me to say. But this I do know, that they are all three on a par in poetry, and though Count Platen in his gazelles

displays ever so exquisitely his juggling arts of balance, though he executes his egg-dance ever so admirably, and if he in his plays even stands on his head, he is not for all that a poet. Severe critics, who wear first-class spectacles, add their voice to this verdict, or express themselves with more laconic significance.

Everywhere in Platen's poems we see the ostrich, which only hides its head, the vain, weak bird, which has the most beautiful plumage, and yet cannot fly; and which, ever quarrelsome, stumbles along over the polemic sandy desert of literature. With his fine feathers, without the power to soar, with his fine verse, without poetic flight, he is the very opposite to that eagle of song who, with less brilliant wings, still rises to the sun. I must return to my old refrain; Count Platen is no poet.

Two things are required of every poet: that there should be natural tones in his lyric poems, and characters in his epic or dramatic productions. If he cannot legitimately establish himself on these points, he must lose his title as poet, although all his other family papers and diplomas of nobility are in perfect order. I have no doubt that the last is the case with Count Platen, and I am convinced that he would only deign a smile of pitying sorrow to any one who should attempt to cast doubt on his title as Count. But dare to so

much as level a couplet at his poetic title, and he will at once set himself down and publish five-act satires against you. For the more dubious and uncertain their title to an honour may be, the more earnestly do men hold to it. Perhaps Count Platen would have been a poet had he lived in another age, and had he been, moreover, somebody else. The want of natural chords in the poems of the Count is the more touching from the fact that he lives in an age when he dare not so much as name his real feelings, when the current morality which is so directly opposed to his love, even forbids him to openly express his sorrows, and when he must anxiously and painfully disguise every sentiment for fear of offending by so much as a single syllable the ear of the public as well as that of the "disdainful and beautiful one." This constant fear suppresses every natural chord in him—it condemns him to metrically labour away at the feelings of other poets which have already passed muster as acceptable, and which must of necessity be used to cloak his own conceptions. It may be that wrong is done him when those who understand such unfortunate situations assert that Count Platen is desirous of showing himself as Count in poetry and of holding in it to his nobility, and that he consequently only expresses the feelings of such well-known families as have their sixty-four descents. Had he lived in the

days of the Roman Pythagoras, it may be that he would have expressed these feelings more openly and perhaps have passed for a true poet. Then natural chords at least would not have been missed in his lyric poems—albeit the want of characters in his dramas must ever have remained, at least until he changed his physical nature and became an altogether different man. The forms of which I speak are those independent creatures which spring perfect and fully armed from the creative power of the poet, as Pallas Athene sprang from the head of Kronion—living dream-forms whose mystic birth stands, far more than is imagined, in active relation with the mental and moral nature of the poet—a spiritual production denied to the one who, a mere fruitless creature, vanishes gazelle-like in his windy weakness.

These are, however, after all, only the private opinions of a poet, and their importance depends on the degree of credit which is accorded them. But I cannot avoid mentioning that Count Platen has often assured the public that in days as yet to come he will compose the most remarkable poetry, of which no one has as yet even a presentiment; yes, and that he will publish *Iliads* and *Odysseys* and classic tragedies, and similar immortally colossal poems, after he has toiled so or so many lustrums. Reader, you have perhaps

read some of these outpourings of self-consciousness in his laboriously-filed verses, and the promise of such a glorious future was probably the pleasanter to you when the Count at the same time represented all the contemporary German poets, with the exception of the aged Goethe, as a set of nasty wretches, who only stood in his way on the path to immortality, and who were so devoid of shame as to pluck the laurels and the praise which of right belonged to him alone.

I will pass over what I heard in Munich on this theme; but for the sake of chronology I must mention that it was at this time that the King of Bavaria announced his intention of bestowing on some German poet a pension without any attendant official duties; an unusual example, which might have the happiest result on the entire literature of Germany. I was told——

But I will not quit my theme. I spoke of the vain boasting of Count Platen, who continually cried, "I am the poet, the poet of poets! I shall yet write Iliads and Odysseys," &c., &c. I know not what the public thinks of such boasting, but I know right well what a poet thinks of them¹—

¹ There are not a few passages here and there in our author's works in which "this good Heine" is not a whit behind Platen as regards making a brave sound in blowing his own poetical trumpet; which, however, renders these pages the more amusing.
—*Note by Translator.*

that is to say, a true poet, who has felt the ashamed sweetness and the secret trembling of poetry, and who, like a happy page who enjoys the secret favours of a princess, most assuredly will not boast of them in the public market-place.

Not unfrequently has the Count for thus puffing himself up been soundly taken down, yet, like Falstaff, he always knew how to excuse himself. He has for such excuses a useful talent, which is peculiarly his own, and one deserving special mention. It lies in this, that Count Platen, who is familiar with every failing in his own breast, is also quick at recognising the faintest trace of kindred faults in any great man, and is not less prompt, on the strength of this elective affinity of vice, to institute a comparison between the other and himself. Thus, for instance, having observed that Shakespeare's sonnets have certain defects of his own, praises Shakespeare, compares himself with him—and that is all which he has to say of him. One might negatively write an apology for Count Platen, and assert that he has not as yet developed this or that failing because he has not as yet compared himself with this or that great man who has been reputed guilty of them. Most genial, however, and amazing did he show himself in the choice of one in whose life he discovered speeches void of modesty, and by whose example he fain would lend a colour to

his own boasting. In fact, the words of this man as establishing such a point have not been cited, for it was none other than Jesus Christ himself, who has hitherto always been taken for the pattern of meekness and humility. Christ once boasted! the most humble of mankind, and the more humble—since he was the divinest? Yes, what has escaped all theologians was discovered by Count Platen, for he insinuates that Christ, when he stood before Pilate, was not humble nor did he answer humbly, for when the latter asked him, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" he answered, "Thou sayest it." And so, says he, the Count Platen, "I am he; I am the poet!" What the hate of one who scorned Christ never as yet effected was brought to pass by the exegesis of self-enamoured vanity.

As we know what we should think when any one thus cries out without intermission, "I am the poet!" so we also understand the affinity which it has to the immensely remarkable poems which the Count, when he has attained due ripeness, intends to write, and which are to surpass in such an unheard-of manner all his previous performances. We know well enough that the later works of a true poet are no more superior to his first than the later children to which a woman gives birth are superior to her first-born, although the bearing them is easier. The lioness does not

first bring forth a puppy, then a hare, then a hound, and finally a lion. Madame Goethe, at her first birth, brought forth her young lion, and he in turn, at the first throw, gave us his lion of Berlichingen. Even so did Schiller bring forth his "Robbers," whose claws at once showed the lion breed. At a later date came the polish and refinement and finish in the "Natural Daughter" and the "Bride of Messina." It was not thus with Count Platen, who began with anxious and elaborate art, and of whom the poet sings—

"Thou who from naught so lightly didst advance,
With thy smooth-licked and lackered countenance,
Like some toy-puppet neatly carved from cork."

Yet should I speak out the very thought of my soul, I would confess that I by no means regard Count Platen as the extraordinary fool which one would take him to be from his boasting and incessant burning of incense before his own shrine. A little folly, it is well known, always accompanies poetry; but it would be terrible if Nature should burden a single man with such an incredible quantity of folly as would suffice for a hundred poets, and give him therewith such an insignificant dose of poetry. I have reason to suspect that the Count does not believe in his own boasting, and that he, poverty-stricken in life as in literature, is compelled in literature as

in life by the needs of the instant to be his own self-praising Ruffiano.¹ Hence the phenomena of which one might say that they have rather a psychological than an æsthetic interest; hence the joint company of the most lamentable somnambulism of the soul and affected excess of pride; hence the miserable little deeds with a speedy death and the threatened big deeds with their future immortality; hence the high flashing beggarly pride, and the languishing slavish submissiveness; hence the unceasing cry that "Cotta lets him starve," and again that "Cotta lets him starve," hence the paroxysms of Catholicism, &c., &c.

Whether the Count is in *earnest* with all his Catholicism is to me a matter of doubt. Nor do I know whether he has become specially Catholic, like certain of his high-born friends. That he intended to do so first came to my knowledge from the public papers, wherein it was even stated that Count Platen was about to become a monk and retire to a monastery. Of course, when this news was heard in Munich, the pious chimes rang loudly in the hearts of his friends. His poems were praised with *Kyrie Eleison* and *Hallelujah* in the priestly papers. And quite as little was I astonished when the day before my departure for Italy I learned from my friend, Doctor

¹ *Souteneur*, male bawd.

Kolb, that Count Platen was very inimically disposed towards me, and that he had already prepared my utter annihilation in a comedy, entitled "King Œdipus," which in Augsburg had got into the hands of certain princes and counts, whose names I have either forgotten or shall forget. Others also told me that Count Platen hated me, assuming the position of an enemy towards me; and I would much prefer having it reported that Count Platen hated me to my face, than that he loved me behind my back. As for the holy men whose holy hatred burst out at the same time against me, and which was inspired, not only by my anti-cœlibatic poems, but also by the "Political Annals" which I then published, it is evident enough that I could only gain when it became evident enough that I was none of their party. And when I here intimate that nothing good is said of them, it does not follow that I speak evil of them. I am even of the opinion that they, purely out of love for what is good, seek to weaken the words of the Evil One by pious deception and by slander pleasing to the Lord. Those good people who, in Munich, presented themselves publicly as a congregation, have been foolishly honoured with the title of Jesuits. They are in faith no Jesuits, or they would have seen, for example, that of all men, I—one of the bad—least understand the literary alchemic art,

by which, as in a mental mint, I strike ducats out of my enemies, and that in such a manner that I retain the ducats while my foes get the blows. They would have seen, too, that such blows, with their impressions, lose nothing of their value, even when the name of the mint-master is worn away, and that a wretched criminal does not feel the lash the less severely, though the hangman who lays it on be declared dishonourable. But—and this is the chief point—they would have seen that a slight prepossession for the anti-aristocratic Voss, and a few merry vergings towards jokes on the Virgin Mary,¹ for which they pelted me with filth and stupidity, did not proceed from any anti-Catholic zeal. In truth they are no Jesuits, but only mixtures of filth and of stupidity, whom I am no more capable of hating, than I do a manure waggon and the oxen which draw it, and who, with all their efforts, only reach the very opposite of what they intended, and can only bring me to this point, that I show them how Protestant I am; that I exercise my good Protestant right to its fullest extent, and swing around the good Protestant battle-axe with a right good will. To win over the multitude, they may have the old women's tales of my unbelief repeated by their poet laureate as much as they

¹ *Muttergotteswitze.*

please, but by the well-known blows they shall recognise the fellow-believer with Luther, Lessing, and Voss. Of course I could not swing the old axe with the earnestness of these heroes, for I burst into laughter at the sight of such enemies, and I have a bit of the Eulenspiegel nature in me, and love a seasoning of jokes; and yet I would not rap those manure oxen less soundly although I beforehand wreath my axe with smiling flowers.

But I will not wander from my subject. I believe that it was about the time in question that the King of Bavaria, from the motives alluded to, gave to Count Platen an annual pension of six hundred florins, and that, indeed, not from the public treasury, but from his own royal private purse, this being requested by the Count as an especial favour. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seems (since it characterises the caste of the Count), for the benefit of the investigator into the secrets of Nature, and who perhaps studies the aristocracy. Everything is of importance to science, and let him who would reproach me for devoting myself too seriously to Count Platen go to Paris, and see with what care the accurate, exquisite Cuvier, in his lectures, describes the filthiest insect even to the minutest particulars. I even regret that I cannot more accurately determine the date of those six hundred and forty florins; but this much I know, that it was subse-

quent to the composition of "King Œdipus," and that the play would not have been so biting if its author had had something more to bite.

It was in North Germany, where I was suddenly called by the death of my father, that I first received the monstrous creation which had finally crept from the great egg over which our beautifully-plumed ostrich had so long brooded, and which had been greeted long in advance by the night-owls of the congregation with pious croaking, and by the noble peacocks with joyful spreading of plumes. It was to be at least a destroying basilisk. Dear reader, do you know what the legend of the basilisk is? People say that when a male bird lays an egg after the manner of the female, that a poisonous creature is hatched from it, whose breath poisons the air, and which can only be destroyed by holding a mirror before it, in which case it dies from terror at its own ugliness.¹

Sacred sorrows, which I would not profane, first permitted me, two months later, when visiting the watering-place Heligoland, to read "King Œdipus," and there, raised to a lofty state of mind by the continual aspect of the great, bold sea, the

¹ Demons were anciently supposed to have a great aversion for their own likenesses, hence images of them were placed in public buildings in Assyria to drive them away. (Vide Lenormant, *Magie Chaldaienne*, p. 52.) This was probably the reason why forms of devils and goblins abound in Gothic architecture.—*Translator*.

petty, narrow thoughts, and the literary botching of the high-born writer were to me visible enough. I saw him at length in that master-work exactly as he is, with all his blooming decay, all his copiousness of want of spirit, all his vain imaginings without imagination,—a writer, forced without force, piqued without being *piquant*, a dry, watery soul, a dismal debauchee. This troubadour of misery, weakened in body and in soul, sought to imitate the most powerful, the richest in fancy, and most brilliant poets of the young Grecian world! Nothing is really more repulsive than this cramp-racked inability, which would fain puff itself up into the likeness of bold strength, these wearily-collected invectives, foul with the mouldiness of ancient spite, and this painfully-laboured imitation of delirious rapture, trembling throughout at syllables and trifles. As a matter of course, there is nowhere in the Count's work the trace of an idea of a deep world-annihilation such as lies darkling at the base of every Aristophanic comedy, and from which the latter shoots like a phantastic ironic magic tree, rich in the blooming garniture of flowers of thought, bearing amid its branches nests of singing nightingales and capering apes. Such an idea, with the death merriment and the fireworks of destruction which it involves, cannot, of course, be anticipated from the poor Count. The central point, the first and last idea, ground,

and aim of his so-called comedy, consists, as in the "Mysterious and Terrible Fork," of petty literary managings; the poor Count indeed could only imitate a few of the external traits of Aristophanes—the dainty verses and the vulgar words. I say vulgar words, not wishing to use any vulgar expression myself. Like a brawling woman, he casts whole flower-pots of abuse on the heads of the German poets. I heartily forgive the Count his spite, but he should have guarded against a few oversights. But the indelicate wretch! he tells the public without reserve that we poets in North Germany have all "the itch, giving us cause, alas! to use a salve, in filthy scent peculiarly rich." The rhyme is good; but he handles Immermann the most rudely. He did not even spare Houwald, that good soul, soft-hearted as a maiden; ah! perhaps it is on account of this gentle woman-likeness that a Platen hates him. Müllner, whom he, as he says, "long since by real wit laid low, deprived of force," rises again like a dead man from the grave. Child and child's child are not spared in their rights. Raupach is a Jew—

"The small Jew canker-worm,
Who now as Raupach holds so high his nose."¹

"Who scrawls tragedy in sickly, drunken head-

¹ Das Jüdchen Raupel,
Das jetzt als Raupach trägt so hoch die Nase.

aches." Far worse does it fare with the "Baptized Heine." Yes, yes, reader, you are not mistaken; it is I of whom he speaks, and in "King Œdipus" you may read how I am a real Jew; how I, after writing love-songs for a few hours, sit me down and clip ducats; how I on the Sabbath higgie and trade like some long-bearded Moses and sing the Talmud; how I on Easter-night slay a Christian youth, and out of malice choose some unfortunate writer for the purpose. No, dear reader, I will not tell you lies, such admirably-painted pictures are not to be found in "King Œdipus," and the fact that they are not there is the very thing which I blame. Count Platen has sometimes the best subjects and does not know how to treat them. If he had only been gifted with a little more imagination, he would have shown me up at least as a secret pawnbroker, and what comic scenes he might then have sketched! It really vexes me when I see how the poor Count suffers every opportunity to be witty to escape him. How gloriously he could have represented Raupach as a tragedy-Rothschild, from whom the royal theatres get their loans! By slightly modifying the plot of the fable, he might have made far better use of Œdipus himself, the hero of his play. Again, I do not find it politic in the Count that he assures us in his comedies that he has "real wit." Or is he working to bring about the startling and un-

precedented effect as a *coup de théâtre* of making the public continually expect wit, which after all will not appear? Or does he wish to encourage the public to look for the real secret wit in the play, the whole affair being a game at blind-man's buff, in which the Platenic wit is so shrewd as not to suffer itself to be caught? It is probably for this reason that the public, which is accustomed to laugh at comedies, is so solemn and sad over the Platen pieces; in vain it hunts for the hidden wit and cannot find it; in vain the hidden wit squeaks out "Here I am," and again more clearly "Here I am, here I am indeed!"—all is of no avail, the public is dumb, and makes a solemn face. But I, who know where the joke really lies, have laughed from my heart as I detected the meaning of "the Count-like imperious poet, who veils himself in an aristocratic nimbus, who boasts that every breath which passes his teeth is a crushing to fragments," and who says to all the German poets—

"Yes, like to Nero, I would ye had but one head,
That by one blow of wit I might decapitate it."

The verse is incorrect. But the hidden joke consists in this, that the Count really wishes that we were all out and out Neros, and he, on the contrary, our single dear friend, Pythagoras.

Perhaps I will, for the benefit of the Count, yet

praise many a hidden jest of his up into notice; but since he in his "King Œdipus" has touched me on my tenderest point—for what can be dearer to me than my Christianity?—it should not be blamed in me if I, yielding to human weakness, honour the Œdipus, this "great deed in words," less fervently than the earlier works of its composer.

Meanwhile, true merit never misses its reward, and the author of the Œdipus will prove to be no exception to the rule, though he has here, as everywhere, yielded entirely to the interest of his noble and spiritual bum-bailiffs.¹ Ay, there is a very old tradition among the races of the East and of the West, that every good or bad deed has its direct consequences for the doer. And the day will come when they will come—get ready, I beg you, reader, for a flourish of the pathetic and the terrible combined—the day will come when they will rise from Tartarus, "the Eumenides," the terrible daughters of Night. By the Styx!—and by this oath we gods never swore falsely—the day will come when they will appear, the gloomy, primævally just sisters, and they will appear with countenances serpent-locked and glowing with rage, with the same scourges of snakes with which they once scourged Orestes, the unnatural sinner, who murdered his mother, the Tyndaridean Cly-

¹ *Hinterlassen.*

tæmnestra. It may be that even now the Count hears the serpents' hiss; I beg you, reader, just at this instant to think of the Wolf's Ravine and the Samiel music; perhaps even now the secret shudder of the sinner seizes on the Count, heaven grows dark, night-birds cry, distant thunders roll, lightning flashes, there is a smell of burning rosin, —woe! woe! the illustrious ancestors rise from their graves, they cry three and four times "Woe! woe!" over their wretched descendant, they conjure him to don their breeches of iron mail to protect himself from the terrible lashes—for the Eumenides intend slashing him with them—the serpents of the scourge will ironically solace themselves with him, and like lascivious King Rodrigo, when he was shut in the Tower of Serpents, the poor Count will at last whimper and wail—

"Ah! they're biting; ah! they're biting
That with which I chiefly sinned!"

Be not alarmed, dear reader, 'tis all a joke! These terrible Eumenides are nothing but a merry comedy, which I, after a few lustrums, intend writing under this title, and the tragic verses which just now frightened you so much, are to be found in the jolliest book in the world, in "Don Quixote de la Mancha," where an old respectable lady in waiting recites them before all the court. I see that you're smiling again. Let us take leave

of each other merry and laughing! If this last chapter is tiresome, it is owing to the subject; besides, it was written rather for profit than for pleasure, and if I have succeeded in making a new fool fit for use in literature, the Fatherland owes me thanks. I have made a field capable of cultivation, on which more gifted authors will sow and harvest. The modest consciousness of this merit is my best reward. To such kings as are desirous of presenting me, over and above this, with snuff-boxes for my deserts, I would remark that the book firm of "Hoffmann & Campe," in Hamburgh, are authorised to receive anything of the sort on my account.¹

¹ Written in the latter part of the autumn of 1829.





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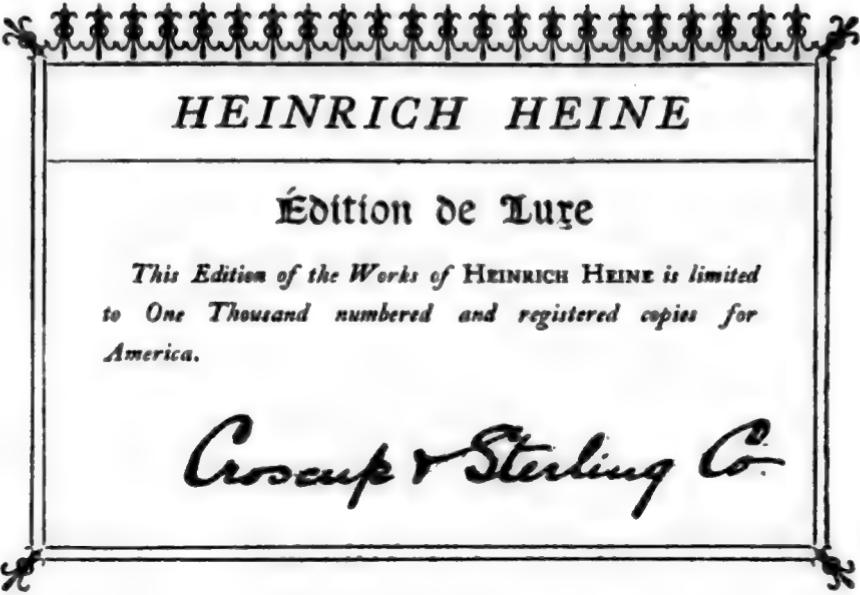


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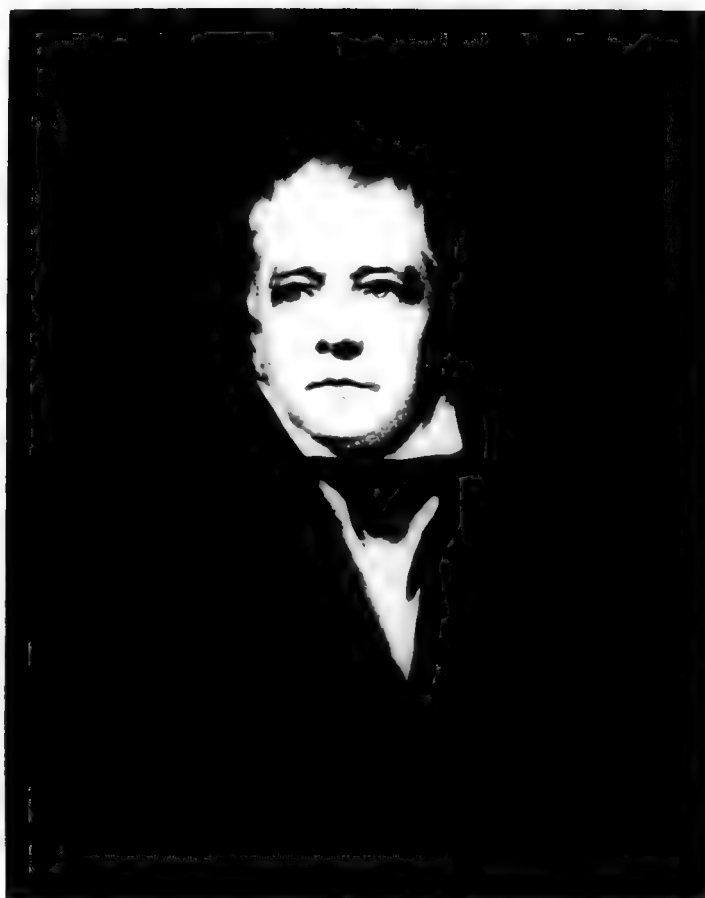
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PICTURES OF TRAVEL

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III.

THE CITY OF LUCCA.

"I must always laugh at the English, who judge this their second post—since after Shakespeare Byron bears the palm—in such miserable, petty-souled manner, because he mocked their pedantry, would not adapt himself to their small provincial ways, or share their cold belief. Their sobriety revolted him, and he bewailed their pride and hypocrisy. Many cross themselves when they speak of him, and even the women, though their cheeks glow with enthusiasm when they read him, publicly speak with zeal against their secret favourite."—*Letters by a Dead Man, a Fragmentary Diary in England.* Munich, 1830.

"The City of Lucca," which is connected with "The Baths of Lucca," and which was written at the same time, is not given here by any means as a picture by itself, but as the conclusion of a period of life corresponding with that of one of the world's.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE around us acts upon man—why not man upon the Nature which encircles him? In Italy she is passionate, like the people who live there; with us in Germany she is more solemn, reflective, and patient. Was there once a time when Nature had, like man, a deeper life? The

force of soul in Orpheus, says the legend, could move trees and rocks by his inspired rhymes. Could the like be done now? Man and Nature have become phlegmatic, and stare gaping at each other. A royal Prussian poet will never, with the cords of his harp, set the Tempelower Hill or the Berlin lindens to dancing.

Nature has also her history, and it is an altogether different Natural History from that which is taught in schools. Let one of those grey old lizards which have dwelt for centuries in the rocky crevices of the Apennines be appointed as an altogether extraordinary professor¹ at one of our Universities, and we should learn from him some very extraordinary things. But the pride of certain gentlemen of the legal faculty would rebel against such an appointment. One of them already cherishes a secret jealousy of the poor puppy, Fido Savant, fearing lest he may displace him in erudite fetching and carrying.

The lizards, with their cunning little tails and bright crafty eyes, have told me wonderful things as I clambered along among the cliffs of the

¹ An "extraordinary professor" at a German University is not, as might be supposed from the name, one pre-eminent in dignity or distinguished by very remarkable qualifications. He is, on the contrary, a sort of breveted professor, awaiting his promotion to a regular appointment in ordinary.—*Note by Translator.*

Apennines. Truly there are things between heaven and earth which not only our philosophers, but even our commonest blockheads have not comprehended.

The lizards have told me that there is a legend among the stones that God will yet become a stone to redeem them from their torpid motionless condition. One old lizard was, however, of the opinion that this stone-incarnation will not take place until God shall have changed himself into every variety of animal and plant, and have redeemed them.

But few stones have feeling, and they only breathe in the moonlight; but these few which realise their condition are fearfully miserable.¹ The trees are better off; they can weep. But animals are the most favoured, for they can speak,

¹ This passage, relative to the feeling and life of stones, appears to have been suggested by that strangest of strange books, *Anthropodemus Plutonicus; A World-Description of all Kinds of Wonderful Men*, by M. Johannes Prætorius. Magdeburg, 1666. Heine was very familiar with this work, and cites it frequently in his "Germany."

"Stones have *being* (i.e., existence or life), but they do not *feel*. More advanced are herbs and shrubs, for they live yet do not feel. Yea, they live, but it is not with a real soul, but by blooming and greening. Hence St. Paul says, 'Thou fool, what thou seest does not live unless it first perish.' And so are the stones, but they do not *live*, and so are the shrubs, which live yet do not feel. More advanced are the unreasoning animals which live and feel, yet cannot understand. . . . Animals have

each after its manner, and man the best of all. At some future time, after all the world has been redeemed, then all created things will speak, as in those primeval times of which poets sing.

The lizards are an ironic race, and love to quiz other animals. But they were so meek and submissive to me, and sighed with such honourable earnestness as they told me stories of Atlantis, which I some day will write out for the pleasure and profit of the world. It went so to my very soul among those little creatures who guard the secret annals of Nature. Are

not souls, but they can speak and laugh like men" (Chapter XIV., *Of Men who Live in the Ocean*).

Cardanus also writes: "*Hic autem probatur, lapides non tantum vivere, sed etiam intelligere. Lapides et trunci sunt, qui hoc credunt.*" The same belief occurs in Church legends, e.g., that when the blind Bede preached to the stones, and ended with, "*Omnia secula seculorum,*" they all cried out, "*Amen, venerabilis pater!*" From which it appears that they also understand Latin.

In reference to the passage, "this stone-incarnation will not take place until God shall have changed himself into every variety of animal and plant," it may be observed that it was an old Chaldaic conception that God took the forms of all the animals pair by pair and thus originated them.

Prætorius asserts effectively, as Heine does, that there are degrees from vitality, or *Leben*, to feeling, *Geist* and *Seele*. This was also taught by Schubert, who was, if I mistake not, teacher of Natural History at the University at Munich while Heine lived there. Longfellow makes some fun of it in "*Hyperion.*" Schubert's views are set forth in a book entitled *Geschichte der Seele*.

they perhaps enchanted families of priests, like those of ancient Egypt, who, prying into the secrets of Nature, dwelt amid labyrinthine rocky grottoes? And we see on their little heads, bodies, and tails just such wondrous characters and signs as in the Egyptian hieroglyphic caps and garments of the hierophants.¹

My little friends also taught me a language of signs, by means of which I could converse with silent Nature. This often cheered my soul, especially towards evening, when the mountains were veiled in fearful pleasant shadows, and the waterfalls roared, and every plant sent forth its perfume, and hurried lightnings twitched hither and thither.

O Nature! thou dumb maiden! well do I understand thy summer lightning, that vain effort at speech which convulses thy lovely countenance, and thou movest me so deeply that I weep. But then thou understandest me also, and thou art glad and smilest on me with thy golden eyes. Beautiful one, I understand thy stars and thou understandest my tears!

¹ In Tuscany the tail of a lizard, but especially a lizard with two tails, is believed to be a powerful amulet not only against sorcery, but as conferring intelligence and wisdom.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER II.

"NOTHING in the world will go backwards," said an old lizard to me. "Everything pushes onwards, and finally there will be a grand advance in all Nature. The stones will become plants, the plants animals, the animals human beings, and human beings gods."

"But," I cried, "what will become of those good folks, the poor old gods?"

"That will all arrange itself, good friend," replied he. "Probably they will abdicate or be placed in some honourable way or other on the retired list."

I learned many another secret from my hieroglyph-skinned natural philosopher, but I gave him my word of honour to reveal nothing. I now know more than Schelling and Hegel.

"What do you think of these two?" once inquired of me the old lizard with a scornful smile, as I chanced to mention their names.

"When we reflect," I replied, "that they are merely men and not lizards, we should be amazed at their knowledge. At bottom they teach one and the same doctrine, the Philosophy of Identity, which you so well know, but differ

in their manner of representation. When Hegel sets forth the principles of his philosophy, one imagines that he sees those neat figures which an expert schoolmaster knows how to form by an artistic combination of all manner of numbers, so that a common observer only sees in them the superficial—the house, or boat, or absolute soldier formed from the figures, while a reflecting school-boy rather sees in the picture the solution of a deep problem in arithmetic. But what Schelling gives reminds us of those Indian images of beasts which are formed themselves by bold combinations from other beasts, serpents, birds, elephants, and similar material. This sort of representation is far more agreeable, cheerful, and causes warmer throbbings of the heart. All lives in it, while the abstract Hegelian ciphers stare at us, on the contrary, so grey, so cold and dead.”

“Good, good!” replied the old lizard. “I see what you mean; but tell me, have these philosophers many auditors?”

I explained to him how, in the learned caravanserai at Berlin, the “camels” assemble around the fountain of Hegelian wisdom, kneel down to be loaded with precious skins, and then wend their way on through the sandy deserts of the Mark. I further described to him how the modern Athenians crowded to the well of the

spiritual wisdom of Schelling as though it were the best of beer, the lush of life, the swizzle of immortality.

The little natural philosopher paled with all the yellowness of envy as he heard that his colleagues had such a run of customers, and he vexedly asked, "Which of the two do you regard as the greater?" "That," I replied, "is as difficult to answer as though you had inquired of me if the Schechner were greater than the Sunday, and I think——"

"*Think!*" cried the lizard, in a sharp aristocratic tone, indicating the very intensity of slight—" *Think!* who among you *thinks!* My wise gentleman, for some three thousand years I have devoted myself to investigating the spiritual functions of animals, with especial regard to men, monkeys, and snakes as objects of study. I have expended as much untiring industry on these curious beings as Lyonnet on caterpillars, and as a result of all my observations, experiments, and anatomical comparisons, I can plainly assure that no human being *thinks*; only once in a while something occurs to a man, or comes into his head, and these altogether unintentional accidents they call thoughts, while the stringing them together they call thinking. But in my name you may deny it; no man thinks, no philosopher thinks, neither Schelling nor Hegel

thinks ; and as for all their philosophy, it is empty air and water, like the clouds of heaven. I have seen myriads of such clouds, proud and confident, sweeping their course above me, and the next morning's sun dissolved them again into their primeval nothingness. There is but *one* true philosophy, and that is written in eternal hieroglyphs on my own tail."

With these words, which were spoken with disdainful pathos, the old lizard turned his back on me, and as he slowly wriggled away, I saw on him the most singular characters, which in variegated significance spread at length over his entire tail.

CHAPTER III.

THE dialogue detailed in the previous chapter took place between the Baths of Lucca and the city of that name, not far from the great chestnut tree whose wild green twigs overshadow the brook, and in the vicinity of an old white-bearded goat who dwelt there as a hermit. I was on the way to Lucca, to visit Francesca and Matilda, whom I was to meet there, as agreed on eight days before. But I had gone thither in vain the first time, and now I was once more on the road. I went on foot through beautiful moun-

tain tracts and groves, where the gold oranges, like day-stars, shone out from the dark green, and where garlands of grape-vines in festal drapery spread along for leagues. The whole country is there as garden-like and adorned as the rural scenes depicted in our theatres, even the peasants resembling those gay figures which delight us as a sort of singing, smiling, and dancing stage ornament. No Philistine faces anywhere. And if there are Philistines here, they are at least Italian orange-Philistines, and not the plump, heavy German potato-Philistines. The people are picturesque and ideal as their country, and every man among them has such an individual expression of countenance, and knows how to set forth his personality in gestures, fold of the cloak, and, if needful, in ready handling of his knife. With us, on the contrary, one sees nothing but mere men with universally similar countenances; when twelve of them are together they make a round dozen, and if any one attacks them they call for the police.

I was struck in the Luccan district, as in other parts of Tuscany, with the great felt hats with long waving ostrich plumes worn by the women; and even the girls who plaited straw had these heavy coverings for the head. The men, on the contrary, generally wear a light straw hat, and young fellows receive them as

presents from girls who have braided with them their love thoughts, and it may be many a sigh besides. So sat Francesca once among the girls and flowers of the Val d'Arno, weaving a hat for her Caro Cecco, and kissing every straw as she took it, trilling at times her pretty "*Occhie, Stelle mortale*;" the curly-locked head which afterwards wore it so prettily is now tonsured, and the hat itself hangs, old and worn-out, in the corner of a gloomy abbé's cell in Bologna.

I am one of that class who are always taking shorter cuts than those given by the regular highway, and who in consequence are often bewildered in narrow, woody, and rocky paths. That happened to me during my walk to Lucca, and I was beyond question twice as long on the journey as any ordinary high-road traveller would have been. A sparrow, of whom I inquired the way, chirped and chirped, and could give me no correct information. Perhaps he did not know himself. The butterflies and dragon-flies, who sat on great flower-bells, would not throw me a word, fluttering away even before my question was asked, and the flowers shook their soundless bell-heads. Often the wild myrtles awakened me, tittering with delicate voices from afar. Then I hurriedly climbed the highest crags, and cried, "Ye clouds of heaven! sailors of the air! which is the way to Francesca? Is she in

Lucca? Tell me what she does? What is she dancing? Tell me all, and when ye have told me, tell me it once again!"

In such excesses of folly it was natural enough that a solemn eagle, wakened by my cry from his solitary dreams, should have gazed on me with contemptuous displeasure. But I willingly forgave him; for he had never seen Francesca, and could in consequence sit so sublimely on his firm rock, and gaze so free of soul at heaven, or stare with such impertinent calmness down on me. Such an eagle has such an insupportably proud glance, and looks at one as though he would say, "What sort of a bird art *thou*? Knowest thou not that I am as much of a king as I was in those heroic days when I bore Jupiter's thunders and adorned Napoleon's banners? Art thou a learned parrot, who hast learned the old songs all by heart, and pedantically repeats them? Or a sulky turtle-dove, who feels beautifully and coos miserably? Or an almanack nightingale?¹ Or a gander who has seen better days, and whose ancestors saved the Capitol? Or an altogether servile farmyard cock, around whose neck, out of irony, men hang my image in miniature, the emblem of bold flight, and who for that reason spreads himself, and struts as though he himself

¹ *Almanachsmachtigall.*

were a veritable eagle?" But you know, reader, how little cause I have to feel injured when an eagle thinks so of me. I believe that the glance which I cast at him was even prouder than his own, and if he took the trouble to inquire of the first laurel in his way, he now knows who I am.

I had really lost my way in the mountains as the twilight shadows began to fall, as the forest songs grew silent, and as the trees rustled more solemnly. A sublime tranquillity and an inexpressible joy swept like the breath of God through the changed silence. Here and there beautiful dark eyes gleamed up at me from the ground, disappearing in the same instant. Delicate whispers played with my heart, and invisible kisses merrily swept my cheek. The evening crimson hung over the hills like a royal mantle, and the last sun-rays lit up their summits till they seemed like kings with gold crowns on their heads. And I stood like an Emperor of the World, among these crowned vassals, who in silence did me homage.

CHAPTER IV.

I DO not know if the monk who met me not far from Lucca is a pious man. But I know that his aged body hides, poor and bare, in a coarse gown year out and year in; his torn sandals do not sufficiently protect his feet when he climbs the rocks through bush and thorn, that he may, when far up there, console the sick or teach children to pray; and he is content if any one, for his pains, puts a piece of bread in his bag, and lets him have a little straw to sleep on.

"Against *that* man I will write nothing," said I to myself. "When I am again at home in Germany, sitting at ease in my great arm-chair by a crackling stove, by a good cup of tea, well fed and warm, and writing against Catholic priests, I will write nothing against that man——"

To write against Catholic priests one must know their faces. But the original faces are only to be found in Italy. The German Catholic priests and monks are only bad imitations, often mere parodies of the Italian, and a comparison of the two would be like comparing Roman or Florentine pictures of the saints with the scare-

crow, pious caricatures which come from the blockhead bourgeois pencil of some Nuremberg town-painter, or were born of the blessed simplicity of some soul-borer, who owes his dreary existence to the long-haired Christian New German school.

9- The priests in Italy have long settled down into harmony with public opinion; the people there are so accustomed to distinguish between clerical dignity and priests without dignity, that they can honour the one even when they despise the other. Even the contrast which the ideal duties and requirements of the spiritual condition form with the unconquerable demands of sensuous nature—that infinitely old, eternal conflict between the spirit and matter—makes of the Italian priest a standing character of popular humour in satires, songs, and novels. Similar phenomena are to be found all the world over where there is a like priestly rank, as, for instance, in Hindostan. In the comedies of this primevally pious land, as we have remarked in the *Sacuntala*, and find confirmed in the more recently translated *Vasantasena*, a Brahmin always plays the comic part, or, as we might say, the priest-harlequin, without the least disturbance of the reverence due to his sacrificial functions and his privileged holiness—as little, in fact, as an Italian would experience in hearing of mass or confession to a

priest whom he had found the day before tipsy in the mud of the street. In Germany it is different ; there the Catholic priest will not only set forth his dignity by his office, but also his office by his person ; and because he perhaps in the beginning was in earnest with his calling, and subsequently found that his vows of chastity and of poverty conflicted somewhat with the old Adam, he will not publicly violate them (particularly lest by so doing he might lay himself open to our friend Krug of Leipsig), and so endeavours to assume at least the appearance of a holy life. Hence sham holiness, hypocrisy, and the gloss of outside piety among German priests, while with the Italians the mask is more transparent, manifesting also a certain plump, fat irony, and a digestion of the world passing right comfortably.

But what avail such general reflections ? They would be of but little use to you, dear reader, if you had a desire to write against the Catholic priesthood. To do this, one should see with his own eyes the faces thereunto pertaining. Of a truth it is not enough to have seen them in the royal opera-house in Berlin. The last head-manager did his best to make the coronation array in the *Maid of Orleans* true to life, to give his fellow-countrymen an accurate idea of a procession, and to show them priests of every colour. But the most accurate costumes cannot

supply the original countenances, and though an extra hundred thousand dollars should be fooled away for gold mitres, festooned surplices, embroidered chasubles, and similar stuff, still the cold reasoning Protestant noses which come protesting out from beneath the mitres aforesaid, the lean meditative legs which peep from under the white lace of the surplices, and the enlightened bellies, a world too wide for the chasubles, would all remind one of us that it was not Catholic clergymen, but Berlin worldlings which wander over the stage.

I have often reflected whether the chief stage-manager would not have succeeded better, and have brought more accurately before our eyes the idea of a procession, if he had had the priestly parts played, not by the ordinary supernumeraries, but by those Protestant clergymen of the theological faculty who know how to preach so orthodoxically in the *Church Journal* and from the pulpit against "reason," "worldly lusts," "Gesenius," and "devil-dom." We should then have seen faces whose priestly stamp would have corresponded far more illusively with the part. It is a well-known observation that priests, all the world over, whether Rabbis, Muftis, Dominicans, Councillors of the Consistory, Popes, Bonzes,—in short, the whole diplomatic corps of the Lord, have a certain family likeness in

their faces, such as we are accustomed to find in those who follow the same trade. Tailors in every quarter of the globe have weak legs, butchers and soldiers all have a fierce colour and style, and the Jews have their own peculiar honourable expression, not because they spring from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but because they are business men, and the Frankfort Christian shopman looks as much like a Frankfort Jewish shopman as one rotten egg looks like another. And the spiritual shop-people, such as get their living by the religion business, also acquire by it a resemblance in countenance. Of course certain shades of difference result from the manner and fashion in which they do business. The Catholic priest manages it like a clerk who has a place in an extensive establishment. The firm of the Church, at whose head is the Pope, gives him a regular occupation and a regular salary; he works leisurely or lazily, like every man who is not in business on his own account, and has many fellow-labourers, and who escapes observation among the multitude; only he has the credit of the house at heart, and still more its permanence, since by a bankruptcy he would lose his means of support. The Protestant clergyman is, on the contrary, everywhere himself principal, and he carries on the religion business on his own account. He does not

drive a wholesale business like his Catholic colleague, but only a small retail trade, and as he represents his own interests, it would never do for him to be negligent. He must cry up his articles of faith to the people, depreciate those of his rivals, and, like a real retailer, he stands in his small shop, full of professional envy of all the large houses, particularly of the great firm in Rome, which salaries so many thousand book-keepers and salesmen, and has its factories in every quarter of the globe.

Each has, of course, its physiognomic separate effect, but these are not perceptible from the parquette. In their main features the family likeness between Catholic and Protestant remains unchanged, and if the head-manager would pay down liberally to the gentlemen aforesaid, he could induce them to act their parts admirably, as they are in the habit of doing. Even their walk and gait would conduce to the illusion, though a sharp practised eye would readily detect certain shades of difference between it and that of Catholic priests and monks.

A Catholic priest walks as if heaven belonged to him; a Protestant clergyman, on the contrary, goes about as if he had taken a lease of it.

CHAPTER V.

It was not till night that I reached the city of Lucca.

How differently it had appeared to me the week before, as I wandered by day through the echoing deserted streets, and imagined myself transported to one of those enchanted cities of which my nurse had so often told me. *Then* the whole city was silent as the grave, all was so pale and death-like. The gleam of the sun played on the roofs like gold-leaf on the head of a corpse. Here and there from the windows of a mouldering house hung ivy tendrils like dried green tears; everywhere glimmering, dreary, and dismally petrifying death. The town seemed but the ghost of a town, a spectre of stone in broad daylight. I sought long and in vain for some trace of a living being. I can only remember that before an old palazzo lay a beggar sleeping, with outstretched open hand. I also remember having seen above at the window of a blackened mouldering little house a monk, whose red neck and plump shining pate protruded right far from his brown gown, and near him a full-breasted stark-naked girl was







visible; while below, in the half-open house door, I saw entering a little fellow in the black dress of an abbé, and who carried with both hands a mighty full-bellied wine-flask. At the same instant there rang not far off a delicately ironic little bell, while in my memory tittered the novels of Messer Boccaccio. But these chimes could not entirely drive away the strange shudder which ran through my soul. It held me the more ironly bound since the sun lit up so warmly and brightly the uncanny buildings, and I marked well that ghosts are far more terrible when they cast aside the black mantle of night to show themselves in the clear light of noon.

But what was my astonishment at the changed aspect of the city when I, eight days later, revisited Lucca. "What is that?" I cried, as innumerable lights dazzled my eyes and a stream of human beings whirled through the streets. "Has an entire race risen spectre-like from the grave to mock *life* with the maddest mummery?" The lofty melancholy houses were bright with lamps, variegated carpets hung from every window, nearly hiding the crumbling grey walls, and above them peered out lovely female faces, so fresh, so blooming, that I well marked that it was Life herself celebrating her bridal feast with Death and who had invited the Beauty of Life

as a guest. Yes, it was such a living death-feast, though I do not know exactly how it was called in the calendar. At any rate, it was the flaying-day of some blessed martyr or other, for I afterwards saw a holy skull and several extra bones, adorned with flowers and gems, carried around with bridal music. It was a fine procession.

First of all went such Capuchins as were distinguished from the other monks by wearing long beards, and who formed, as it were, the sappers of this religious army. Then followed beardless Capuchins, among whom were many noble countenances, and even many a youthful and beautiful face, which looked well with the broad tonsure, since the head seemed through it as if braided around with a neat garland of hair, and which came forth with the bare neck in admirable relief from the brown cowl. These were followed by cowls of other colours, black, white, yellow, and gaily striped, as well as down-drawn triangular hats,—in short, all those cloister costumes which the enterprise of our theatrical manager has made so familiar. After the monkish orders came the regular priests, with white shirts over black pantaloons, and wearing coloured caps, who were in turn succeeded by still more aristocratic clergymen, wrapped in different coloured silken garments and bearing on their heads a sort of high caps,

which, in all probability, originated in Egypt, and with which we are familiar from the works of Denon, from the "Magic Flute," and from Belzoni. These latter had faces which bore marks of long service, and appeared to form a sort of Old Guard. Last of all came the regular staff around a canopied throne, beneath which sat an old man with a still higher head-dress and in a still richer mantle, whose extremity was borne after the manner of pages by two other old men clad in a similar manner.

The first monks went with folded arms in solemn silence, but those with the high caps sang a most miserable and unhappy psalm, so nasally, so shufflingly, and so gruntingly, that I am perfectly convinced that if the Jews had formed the great mass of the people, and if their religion had been the established religion, the aforesaid psalmodising would have been characterised with the name of "*mauscheln*."¹ For-

¹ *Mauscheln*, a slang term signifying to speak like a Jew. It is derived from *Mause* or *Mauschel*, an equally vulgar name for a Jew, corresponding to the old-fashioned English word "smouch." If, as is said, *Mauschel* is derived from Moses, the verb in question should strictly be rendered "to mosey." Unfortunately this word is already preoccupied in English with an entirely different meaning. To *mosey*, as the reader doubtless knows, signifies to beat a rapid retreat, or, musically speaking, to perform an Exodus in the time of *Mose in Egitto*. *Mauscheln* as a noun is also known as *Yiddish*, *Schmussen*, and *Lusnekutisch*.—Note by Translator.

tunately one could only half hear it, since there marched behind the procession, with a full accompaniment of drums and fifes, several companies of troops, besides which there was on each side, near the priests in their flowing robes, grenadiers going by two and two. There were almost as many soldiers as clergy, but it requires many bayonets now-a-days to keep up religion, and even when the blessing is given, cannon must roar significantly in the distance.

When I see such a procession, in which clergymen amid military escort walk along so miserably and sorrowfully, it strikes painfully to my soul, and it seems to me as though I saw our Saviour himself surrounded by lance-bearers and led to judgment. The stars at Lucca felt beyond question as I did, and as I sighing glanced up at them, they looked down on me, one with my soul, with their pious eyes so clear and bright. But we needed not their light. Thousands and fresh thousands of lamps and candles, and girls' faces gleamed from all the windows. At the corners of the streets flaring pitch-hoops were placed, and then every priest had his own private torch-bearer to keep him company. The Capuchins had generally little boys who carried their lights for them, and the youthful fresh little faces looked up from time to time right curiously and pleased at the old

solemn beards. A poor Capuchin like these cannot afford a greater torch-bearer, and the boy to whom he teaches the Ave Maria, or whose old aunt confesses to him, must, at the procession, perform this service gratis, and, beyond question, it is not done with the less love on that account. The monks who came after did not have much larger boys, a few more respectable orders had grown-up youths, and the high-minded and mitred priests rejoiced in having each a real citizen to hold a candle. But the one last of all, the Lord Archbishop—for such was the man who, in aristocratic humility, went along beneath the canopy, and whose train was borne by grey pages—had on either side a lackey, each brilliant in blue livery with yellow laces, and who bore a white wax taper as ceremoniously as though he officiated at court.

At all events, this candle-bearing seemed to me to be a good arrangement, since it enabled me to see so plainly the faces pertaining to Catholicism; and now I have seen them, and in the best of lights at that. And what did I see? Well, the clerical stamp was nowhere wanting. But if this was not thought of, there was as great a variety in the faces as in those of other men. One was pale, another red; this man held his nose well up, that one was dejected; here there was a flashing black, there a flickering grey eye;

but in every face there was a trace of the same malady—a terrible incurable malady, which will probably be the reason why my descendant, when he, a century later, looks at the procession in Lucca, will not find a single one of all those faces. I fear that I myself am infected with that illness, and that one result of it is that languor which so strangely steals over me when I see the sickly face of a monk and read in it such sorrows as hide under a coarse cowl—aggravated love, gout, disappointed ambition, spine complaint, remorse, hemorrhoids, and the heart-wounds which are caused by the ingratitude of friends, by the slander of enemies, and by our own sins. Yea, all of these, and far many more, which find no more difficulty in settling under a coarse cowl than beneath a fashionable dress coat. Oh, it is no exaggeration when the poet cries out in his agony, “Life is a sickness, all the world a lazarus-house!”

“And Death is our physician!” Ah! I will say nothing evil of him and disturb none in their confidence in him, for as he is the only physician, they may as well believe that he is the best, and that the only remedy which he employs—his eternal earth-cure—is also the best. His friends can say at least this much in his favour, that he is always at hand, and that, despite his immense practice, he makes no one wait who earnestly

desires to see him. And often does he follow his patient, even to the procession, and bears for them the torch. Surely it was Death himself whom I saw walking by the side of a pale, sorrowful priest; bearing in his thin, quivering, bony hands, a flickering torch, who nodded pleasantly and consolingly with his anxious, bald pate, and who, weak as he himself was on the legs, still held up from time to time the old priest whose steps seemed growing weaker and readier to fall. He seemed to be whispering courage to the latter, "Only wait a few short hours, then we will be home, and I will put out thy torch, and lay thee in bed, and thy cold, weary limbs may rest as long as they will, and thou shalt sleep so soundly that thou wilt not hear the whimpering of the little St. Michael's bell."

"And against *that* man, also, I will write nothing," thought I, as I saw the poor pale priest, whom Death himself was lighting to his bed.

Alas! one ought really to write against no one in this world. We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities,

how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbours, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but revolting misery and mutilation.

CHAPTER VI.

“ He then also poured forth to the other immortals assembled
Sweetest, pleasantest nectar, the goblet quickly exhausting,
And still an infinite laughter rang from the happy immortals
As they saw how Hephaestus around was so cleverly passing.
Thus through the live-long day, until the sun was declining,
The feast went on, nor was wanting through all the genial
 banquet
Either the sound of the strings of the exquisite lyre of Apollo,
Nor the soft song of the Muse with voices sweetly replying.”

SUDDENLY there came gasping towards them a pale Jew, dripping with blood, a crown of thorns on his head, bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder, and he cast the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they melted in utter mist.

Then there were dreary days, and the world became grey and gloomy. There were no more happy immortals, and Olympus became an hospital, where flayed, roasted, and spitted gods went wearily, wandering round, binding their wounds and singing sorrowful songs. Religion no longer offered joy, but consolation; it was a woeful, bleeding religion of transgressors.

Was it perhaps necessary for miserable and oppressed humanity? He who sees his God suffer bears more easily his own afflictions. The merry gods of old, who felt no pangs, knew not, of course, the feelings of poor tortured man, who in turn could in his need find no heart to turn to them. They were holiday gods, around whom the world danced merrily, and who could only be praised at feasts. Therefore they were never loved from the very soul and with all the heart. To be so loved, one must be a sufferer. Pity is the last consecration of love, it may be love itself. Of all the gods who loved in the olden time, Christ is the one who has been the most loved—especially by the women!

Avoiding the bustling throng, I lost myself in a solitary church, and what you, dear reader, have just read, are not so much my own thoughts as certain involuntary words which came to life in me while I, reclining on one of the old benches for prayer, let the tones of the organ

flow freely through my breast. Thus I lie in soul amid strange phantasies, the wondrous music suggesting from time to time a more wondrous text. At times my eyes sweep through the dim-growing archways, seeking the dark visible echoes of forms belonging to those organ melodies. Who is that veiled figure kneeling yonder before an image of the Madonna? The swinging lamp which hangs before it lights up fearfully yet sweetly the beautiful Mother of Suffering of a crucified love, the Venus *dolorosa*; but pander-ing gleams, full of mystery, fall from time to time as if by stealth on the beautiful outlines of the veiled and praying lady. She lay, indeed, motionless on the stone altar steps, but in the quivering light her shadow seemed to live and often run up to me and then retreated in haste, like a dumb negro, the timid love-messenger of a harem—and I understood him. He announced the arrival of his lady, the Sultanness of my heart.

Minute by minute it grew darker in the empty house; here and there an undefined form glided along the pillars; now and then a soft murmur was heard in a side chapel, and the organ groaned out its long-drawn tones, like the heart of a sighing giant.

It seemed as though those organ-notes would never cease, as though the death-notes of that living death would endure for ever. I felt an

indescribable depression of spirits, and such a nameless, anxious terror, as though I had been buried in a trance. Yes, as though I, one of the long dead, had risen from my grave and had gone with dark mysterious comrades of the night into the church of phantoms, to hear the prayer of the dead and confess the sins of the corpse. I often felt as though I saw seated near me, in the spectral twilight, the long departed of the city, in obsolete old Florentine dresses, with long pale faces, with gold-bound books of devotion in their thin hands, secretly whispering, nodding in silent melancholy-wise one to the other. The wailing tone of a far-away bell of the dead reminded me again of the sick priest whom I had seen in the procession, and I said to myself: He too is now with the departed, but he will come here to read the first night mass, and then the sad spectre scene will begin in earnest. But suddenly there arose from the steps of the altar the lovely form of the veiled and praying lady.

Yes, it was she; her living shade had already driven afar the white phantoms, I now saw but her alone. I followed her quickly from the church, and as she, on passing the door, raised her veil, I saw it was Francesca's face, bedewed with tears. It was like a white rose flowered to fulness by love-longing, pearled by the dew of night and gleaming in the moon rays. "Francesca,

dost thou love me?" I asked much and she answered little. I accompanied her to the *Hotel Croce di Malta*, where she and Matilda lodged. The streets were empty, the houses slept with their window-eyes closed; only here and there, through their wooden lashes, there gleamed a light. High in heaven, among the clouds, there was a clear green space, and in it swam the half-moon, like a silver gondola in an emeraldine sea. In vain I begged Francesca to look up for once at our dear old trusty friend—but she kept her head dreamily bent downwards. Her gait, once so elate and spirited, yet gliding, was now as it were in ecclesiastical measure, her steps were gloomy and Catholic, she moved as if to the music of an organ on some high festival day, and as her limbs had in other nights been inspired by Sin, so they now seemed to be inspired by Religion. On the way she crossed her head and breast before every saint's image; and in vain did I attempt to aid her in this. But when we, on the Market Place, passed the Church of San Michele, where the marble Mother of Pain gleamed forth dimly from her dark niche, with a gilded sword in her heart and a crown of lamps on her head, Francesca suddenly cast her arms around my neck, kissed me, and whispered, "Cecco, Cecco, *caro* Cecco!"

I calmly took charge of the kiss, though I

well knew that it was really intended for a Bolognese abbé, a servant of the Roman Catholic Church. As a Protestant, I did not scruple to appropriate to my use the goods of the Catholic Church, and I consequently secularised the pious kiss of Francesca on the spot. I know that when the priests come to hear of this they will rage, they will scream out church robbery at me, and, if possible, would gladly apply to me the French Law of Sacrilege. To my sorrow, I must confess that the aforesaid kiss was the only one which I got hold of that night. Francesca had determined to devote the night, kneeling and in prayer, to the safety of her soul. In vain did I beg leave to share her pious exercises;—when she reached her room she shut the door in my face. In vain did I stand a whole hour without, begging for entrance, sighing every possible sigh, feigning pious tears, and swearing the most sanctified oaths—of course with clerical reservation.—I felt that I was, little by little, becoming a Jesuit, I grew altogether depraved, and finally offered for *one* night to become Catholic.

“Francesca!” I cried, “Star of my thoughts! Thought of my soul! *vita della mia vita!* my beautiful, oft-kissed, slender, Catholic Francesca! for this *one* night, if thou wilt grant it to me, I will become a Catholic—but only for this night! Oh the beautiful, blessed, Catholic night! I will

lie in thy arms, with deepest Catholicism, I will believe in the heaven of thy love, we will kiss the sweet confession from our lips, the Word will be made flesh, Faith will become corporeal in body and in form! oh what religion! Ye priests, ring forth meanwhile in joy your Kyrie Eleison, ring, burn incense, sound the bells! let the organ be heard, peal out the mass of Palestrina—that is the Body!—I believe, I am blest, I sleep—but so soon as I awake on the next morning, I will rub away sleep and Catholicism from my eyes, and see again clearly the sunlight and the Bible, and be as before, Protestant, reasonable, and sober.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the next day the sun smiled gloriously down from heaven, it banished all the sad thoughts and sombre feelings which the procession of the previous night had awakened in me, and had made life appear like a sickness and the world like a hospital.

All the town was alive with a cheerful multitude—gaily decked mortals—while here and there among them hastened along a black little priest. All was noise and laughter and gossip; scarce could we hear the chiming of the bells,

which summoned us to grand mass in the Cathedral. This is a beautiful simple church, whose façade of variegated marble is ornamented with those short pillars, rising one above the other, and which look with such a merry melancholy on us. Within, pillars and walls were clad in scarlet drapery, and serene music swelled forth over the wave-like masses of human beings. Francesca leaned upon my arm, and as I, on entering, gave her holy water, and as our souls were electrified by the delicious damp touch of each other's fingers, I received, simultaneously, such an electric shock on my leg that I very nearly tumbled for terror over the kneeling peasant women who, clad all in white and loaded with long ear-rings and necklaces of yellow gold, covered in masses the floor. As I looked around I saw another kneeling female, fanning herself, and behind the fan I spied my Lady's merry eyes. I bent towards her, and she breathed at the same time languishingly into my ear, "*Delightful!*"

"For God's sake!" I whispered to her, "be serious! If you laugh we shall certainly be turned out of doors!"

But prayer and entreaty were in vain. Fortunately no one understood the language in which we spoke, for when my Lady arose and accompanied us through the throng to the high

altar she gave herself entirely up to her wild caprices without the slightest caution, as though we had stood alone on the Apennines. She ridiculed everything; even the poor painted pictures on the wall did not escape her arrows.

"Look there," she cried, "at Lady Eve *née* Rib, how she chats with the Serpent! It was a good idea, that of the painter, to give the snake a human head with a human countenance; but it would have been much more sensible if he had adorned the face of the seducer with a military moustache. Look there, Doctor, at the angel announcing to the highly blest Virgin her blessed 'situation,' and who laughs at the same time so ironically. I know what the rascal is thinking of. And that other Maria, at whose feet the holy alliance of the East are kneeling with their offerings of gold and incense, doesn't she look like Catalani?"

Signora Francesca, who, on account of her ignorance of English, understood nothing of all this chatter, save the word Catalani, quickly remarked that the lady of whom our friend spoke had really lost most of her celebrity. But our friend did not suffer herself to be in the least put out, and passed her comments on the pictures of the Passion to that of the Crucifixion, an exquisitely beautiful painting, where, among others, three stupid idle faces were painted,

looking on at their ease at the divine martyrdom, and which my Lady insisted represented the deputies plenipotentiary of Austria, Russia, and France.

Saint Joseph had to endure the most. She made the maddest remarks on the Flight to Egypt, where Mary sits with the babe on the ass, while Joseph follows on foot. My Lady declared that the artist had made the donkey resemble its driver; and it is true that in both their long ears hang down from their melancholy heads.

"Ah, what a terrible mess and perplexity the poor man is in!" cried Matilda. "If he believes that the Lord has let himself down to his level as rival and fellow-labourer, he has good cause to give himself to the devil; and if he does not, then he is a heretic, and must go to the devil to a certainty. What an awful dilemma! Therefore he bows his head so mournfully. And they have adorned his head with a glory which looks like a crown of horns. How the history of the poor ass-driver goes to my heart! Never unto this day did anything in any church move me so deeply."

Meanwhile the old frescoes, which occasionally appeared between the folds of scarlet drapery, had, with their wondrous innate earnestness, some influence in subduing the British love of

mockery. There were among them faces from the heroic age of Lucca, of which so much is said in Machiavelli, that romantic Sallust, whose spirit sweeps towards us with such fire from the songs of Dante, the Catholic Homer. In those faces the strong feelings and barbaric thoughts of the Middle Age are well expressed, although on the mouth of many a silent youth there quivers a smiling confession that in those days all the roses were not of stone or unblown, and although through the pious down-drooping eyelashes of many a Madonna of the day there twinkles a roguish leer of love, as though she were willing to present us with another infant Jesus. At all events it is a higher spirit which speaks to us from those old Florentine paintings; it is the truly heroic which we recognise in the marble images of the gods of antiquity, and which does not consist, as our æsthetic philosophers suppose, in eternal calm without passion, but in an eternal passionate emotion without unrest. We also see, in several oil paintings of a later day which hang in the Cathedral of Lucca, the same old Florentine spirit, perhaps as a traditional echo. I was particularly pleased with a "Wedding of Cana," by a scholar of Andrea del Sarto, and which was somewhat harshly and stiffly painted. In it the Saviour sits between the soft fair bride and a Pharisee,

whose stony law-table countenance is in amazement at the genial prophet who so cheerfully mingles with the merry guests and treats them to miracles far surpassing those of Moses; for the latter, though he struck with all his force on the rocks, brought forth nothing but water, while the latter needed only to speak a single word to fill all the jars with the best of wine. Far softer, almost Venetian in colour, is the picture by an unknown artist hanging near it, and in which the pleasant blending of hues is strangely qualified by a pain which thrills the soul. It represents Mary anointing the feet of Jesus with a pound of pure and costly nard, and drying them with her hair. Christ sits there among his disciples, a beautiful, intelligent God, who with human sorrow feels a fearful pious commiseration for his own body, which ere long must suffer so much, and to whom the flattering unction of honour which the dead receive is already due and already realised. He smiles calmly on the kneeling woman, who, impelled by a presentiment of loving anguish, performs her pitying task, a deed which will never be forgotten so long as suffering humanity shall endure, and which will breathe forth a perfume for the refreshing of those suffering for thousands of years. With the exception of the youth who rested on the bosom of Christ, and who remarks

the deed, none of the apostles appear to realise its peculiar significance, and the one with the red beard appears, even as the Scripture states, to make the morose remark, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" This economical apostle was the one who carried the purse—familiarity with money and business appears to have rendered him insensible to all the unselfish perfume of love; he would gladly exchange it for pence for a practical purpose, and it was just he, the penny-changer, who betrayed the Saviour for thirty pence. Thus does the Bible symbolically, in the history of the Banker among the Apostles, reveal the unholy power of seduction which lurks in the money-bag and warn us against the faithlessness of business men. Every rich man is a Judas Iscariot.

"You are making faces as though you were trying to choke down your piety, dear Doctor," whispered my Lady. "I was just looking and—excuse me if the remark is slanderous—but I really thought that you looked like a good Christian."

"Between you and me, I am so; yes, Christ——"

"Do you believe, perhaps, that he is a God?"

"That of course, my good Matilda. He is the God whom I mostly love—not because he is a legitimate God whose Father since time imme-

morial ruled the world, but because he, though a born Dauphin of Heaven, is democratically-minded, loving no courtly ceremonial splendour; because he is not a God of shaven and shorn bookish pedants and laced men-at-arms; and because he is a modest God of the People, a citizen-God, *un bon dieu citoyen*. Truly, if Christ were no God, I would vote that he should be such, and much rather than an absolute God who has forced himself to power would I obey him, the elected God, the God of my choice."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Archbishop, a solemn, grey old man, read mass in person; and, to tell the truth, not only I, but even, to a certain degree, my Lady, was moved by the spirit latent in this holy ceremony and by the sanctity of the old man who officiated;—albeit every old man is in and by himself a priest, and the ceremonies of the Catholic world are so primævally old that they are perhaps the only ones which have remained from the infancy of the world and have a claim on our pious feelings as a memorial of the first forefathers of all mankind. "Look, my Lady," said I; "every gesture which you here behold,

the manner of laying on the hands and the spreading out of the arms, this bowing, this washing of the hands, this burning and offering of incense, this cup,—yes, the entire clothing of the man from the mytra¹ to the hem of the stole, all is ancient Egyptian and the remains of a priesthood of whose wondrous existence the oldest records only tell us a little, an early hierarchy which investigated the first wisdom of the world, which discovered the first gods, which invented the first symbols, and by whom young humanity——”

“Was first cheated and betrayed,” added my Lady in a bitter tone; “and I believe, Doctor, that of this earliest age of the world there remains nothing but a few dreary formulas of deceit, and they are still active and potent. Only look there, for instance, at the fearfully benighted faces, particularly at that fellow who is planted on his stupid knees, and who, with his wide, staring mouth, looks so much like an ultra-blockhead.”

“For Heaven’s sake!” I remarked in a soothing manner, “what does it matter if that head has received so little of the light of reason? What is that to us? Why should that irritate you? Don’t you see every day oxen, cows, dogs, asses, which are quite as stupid, without suffering

¹ Mithra, mytra, mitre.

your equanimity to be disturbed at the sight or being excited to angry expressions?"

"Ah, that is an entirely different matter," rejoined my Lady, "for those beasts have tails behind, and I vex myself just for that, to think that a fellow who is so bestially stupid has, however, behind him no tail at all."

"Yes, that is a very different matter indeed, my Lady."

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the mass there was still much to see and to hear, especially the sermon of a great two-fisted monk, whose bold, commanding old Roman countenance contrasted singularly with his coarse cowl, so that he looked like the Emperor of Poverty. He preached of heaven and of hell, falling at times into the wildest enthusiasm. His description of heaven was somewhat barbarously overloaded, since he filled it with gold, silver, jewels, costly food, and wine of the best vintages. He made, too, such inspired mouth-watering grimaces, and rolled himself to and fro in his gown as though he believed himself to be flying among white-winged angels and one of them. Much less delightful—yes, even very practically earnest—was his description of hell.

Here the man was far more in his element. He was especially zealous against those sinners who do not believe, as Christianly as they should, in the old fires of hell, and even think that they have somewhat cooled down of late preparatory to a general extinguishment. "And," he cried, "if hell were going out, then would I with my breath blow up the last glimmering coals till they should blaze up again into all the first fury of their flame." Had any one heard the voice, like the north wind, with which these words were howled forth, and could he have seen the glowing face, the red neck strong as a buffalo's, and the mighty fists of the monk, he would not have regarded this hellish threat as a hyperbole.

"*I like this man,*" said my Lady.

"There you are right," I replied; "and he pleases me too, better than our soft homœopathic spiritual doctors, who dilute their one ten-thousandth grain of reason with a bucket of moral water, and with it preach us to repose of a Sunday."

"Yes, Doctor, I have respect for his hell, but I can't quite agree with him as to his heaven. In fact, I very early had my secret doubts as to the nature of heaven. While I was still very young in Dublin, I often lay on my back in the grass and looked up at heaven and wondered if it really contained so many splendid things as people said.

‘And,’ thought I, ‘if it does, why is it that none of these fine things ever fall down, say a diamond ear-ring or a pearl necklace, or at least a piece of pine-apple cake? And why is it that nothing but hail, snow, or common rain is ever vouchsafed to us? That isn’t exactly as it should be,’ I thought——”

“Why do you say that, my Lady? Why not rather be silent with such doubts? Unbelievers who put no faith in heaven should not make proselytes. I much less blame—on the contrary, I rather praise—the efforts of those convert-makers who have a splendid heaven, and who, so far from wishing to keep it to themselves, invite their fellow-mortals to share it with them, and who never rest till their invitations are accepted.”

“I have always wondered, Doctor, that so many rich people of that sort, such as presidents, vice-presidents, or secretaries of societies for converting unbelievers, take such pains to make, for instance, some rusty old Jew-beggar fit for heaven, and to secure his future society there, without ever so much as dreaming of letting him take part in the things which they enjoy here on earth, such as inviting him during summer to their country-seats, where there are, beyond question, dainties which would taste as good to the poor rogue as though he were in heaven itself.”

"That is intelligible enough, my Lady; the heavenly delights cost nothing, and it is often a double pleasure when we can make our fellow-beings happy at so slight an expense. But to what pleasures can the unbeliever invite any one?"

"To nothing, Doctor, but to a long peaceful sleep, which may, however, be very desirable to a suffering mortal, especially if he has been previously tormented with importunate invitations to heaven."

The beautiful woman spoke these words with bitter accents which went to the heart, and it was not without some earnestness that I replied: "Dear Matilda, in all that I have seen and done in this world I have not once troubled myself as to whether there were a heaven or a hell. I am too great and too proud to be tempted by heavenly rewards or alarmed by the punishments of hell. I strive for the good because it is beautiful and irresistibly attracts me, and I hate the bad because it is ugly and repulsive. Even as a boy when I read Plutarch—and I still read him every night in bed, and often feel as if I would fain jump up and take extra-post and become a great man—even then I was pleased with the story of the woman who went through the streets of Alexandria, bearing in one hand a burning torch, and in the other a leathern

bottle of water, crying to the multitude that with the water she would quench the fire of hell, and with the torch would set fire to heaven, so that people should not cease to do evil merely from fear of punishment and do good for the sake of reward. All our deeds should spring from the source of an unselfish love, whether there is to be a continuance after death or not."

"Then you do not believe in immortality?"

"Oh, you are shrewd, my Lady! *I* doubt it? *I*, whose heart ever strikes deeper and deeper root into the most distant millenniums of the past and of the future. *I*, who am myself one of the most immortal of men, whose every breath is an eternal life, whose every thought is an undying star—*I* disbelieve in immortality!"

"I think, Doctor, that it must require an inordinate share of vanity and presumption, too, after enjoying so much that is good and beautiful on earth, to ask immortality of the Lord in addition to it all. Man, the aristocrat among animals, who thinks himself better than his fellow-creatures, would like also to work out for himself this privilege of endless life by court-like hymns of adoration and praise and kneeling-prayer. Oh, I know what that twitching of the lips means, my immortal gentleman!"

CHAPTER X.

THE Signora begged us to accompany her to a convent where a miraculous cross, the most remarkable in all Tuscany, was preserved. And it was well that we left the Cathedral, for my Lady's eccentricities would have soon got us into a scrape. She foamed over with brilliant caprices, pretty and pleasant foolish fancies, which leaped about self-willed and wild as kittens jumping about in spring sunlight. On leaving the Cathedral she dipped her forefinger three times in the holy water, and sprinkled herself with it each time, murmuring, "*Dem zefardeyim kinnim*," which is, according to her assertion, the Arabic formula used by sorceresses to transform a human being to an ass.

On the *Piazza*, or open place before the Cathedral, a body of troops, nearly all clad in Austrian uniform, were exercising, the word of command being given in German. At least I heard the German words, "*Præsentirts Gewehr ! Fuss Gewehr ! Schulters Gewehr ! Rechts um ! Halt !*"¹ I believe that in all the Italian as

¹ "Present arms ! Ground arms ! Shoulder arms ! Right-about face ! Halt !"

well as in several other European states they command in German. Ought we Germans to plume ourselves on it? Have we so many orders to give in this world that German has even become the language of command? Or have we been ordered about so much that those who are obedient and subject best understand the German tongue?

My Lady did not seem to be a friend to parades and reviews. "I do not like," said she, "to be near such men with sabres and guns, particularly when they march along in great numbers, and in regular rows in great reviews. What if some one among these thousands of men should suddenly go mad, and stab me dead on the spot with the weapon which he holds in his hand? Or what if he should suddenly become rational and think, 'What have I to risk or lose, even if they should take my life? Perhaps the other world which they promise us isn't so brilliant, after all, as they say; and if it be ever so bad, they certainly cannot give me less than six kreutzers a day. Suppose, then, just for the joke of the thing, that I stab that little English lady with the impertinent nose?' Wouldn't I be in the greatest danger of my life then? If I were a king I would divide my soldiers into two classes, and one of them should believe in immortality, so that they might be brave in

battle and not fear death, and I would only use them in war. But the others should be employed in parades and reviews; and lest it should come into their heads that they have nothing to lose, and so kill somebody for the sake of a joke, I would forbid them on pain of death to believe in immortality—yes, I would even give them some butter on their ammunition-bread, so that they might have a real fancy to live. But the first, those immortal heroes, should have a right hard life of it, so that they might despise mortality and regard the roar of the cannon as the introduction to a better life.”

“My Lady,” said I, “you would be but an indifferent ruler. You know but little of government, and nothing at all of politics. If you had read the *Political Annals*——”

“I understand them, perhaps, even better than you, my dear Doctor. While I was very young I tried to instruct myself in them. While I was still young in Dublin——”

“And lay on your back in the grass, reflecting or not, as at Ramsgate——”

A glance as of a light reproach of ingratitude shot from my Lady’s eyes, but she then smiled again, and continued, “While I was yet young in Dublin, and used to sit on a corner of the cricket where mother’s feet rested, I had all sorts of questions to ask: what the tailors, the shoe-

makers, the bakers—in short, what all sorts of people had to do in the world. And mother explained that the tailors made clothes, the shoemakers made shoes, the bakers baked bread. And when I asked what the kings did, mother told me that they governed. ‘Dear mother,’ I replied, ‘do you know that if I were a king I’d go one whole day without reigning, just to see how it looked in the world.’ ‘Dear child,’ said mother, ‘many a king does that, and yet the world looks just the same as ever.’”

“Yes, my Lady, your mother was really in the right. Particularly here in Italy are there such kings, as we see, for instance, in Piedmont and Naples——”

“Well, Doctor, we shouldn’t blame an Italian king for not reigning on some days when it is so terribly warm. The only danger is that the Carbonari may turn such a day to account, for I have remarked that now-a-days revolutions always break out on those days when no reigning is going on. If the Carbonari made a mistake and believed that it was a day without reigning, when, contrary to all expectation, the king *did* reign, they all lost their heads. Therefore the Carbonari can never be careful enough, and must be particular in choosing their time. So that the most delicate and difficult duty of the king is to keep secret those days when there

is no reigning ; and then they should at least sit down three or four times on the throne, and perhaps mend a pen, or seal up envelopes, or rule white paper—all for show, of course—so that the people outside who peep into the palace windows may believe in all sincerity that the reigning is still going on.”

While such remarks came from my Lady's delicate little mouth there swam a smile of tranquil happiness around the full, rosy lips of Francesca. She scarcely spoke, but her gait was no longer inspired with the sighing rapture of self-denial so manifest on the previous evening. She now walked triumphantly along, every step the sound of a trumpet ; and yet it seemed to be rather a spiritual victory than one of this world which inspired her movements. She was almost the ideal image of a Church triumphant, and around her head swept an invisible glory. But the eyes, as if smiling through tears, were again those of a child of this world ; and in the varied stream of humanity which swept past us, no single article of clothing had escaped her searching glance.

“*Ecco !*” was her exclamation, “ what a shawl ! — the Marquis shall buy me such a cashmere for my turban when I dance Roxelana. Ah ! and he has promised me a diamond cross too ! ”

Poor Gumpelino ! you will agree to the shawl without much demurring ; the cross, however, will cost you many a bitter hour. But Signora will torture you so long and keep you so long on the rack that you must at last give in to her wishes !

CHAPTER XI.

THE church in which the miraculous crucifix of Lucca is to be seen belongs to a monastery the name of which at this instant has escaped me.

As we entered the church there lay on their knees before the high altar a dozen monks in silent prayer. Only now and then they spoke, as if in chorus, a few broken words, which echoed, as it were, awfully through the solitary columned aisles. The church was dark, except that through small painted windows fell a many-coloured light on bald heads and brown cowls. Unpolished lamps of copper dimly illuminated the blackened frescoes and altar-pieces, while from the wall projected carved wooden heads of saints, coarsely coloured, and which, in the dubious flickering light, seemed grinning at us in grim life. Suddenly my Lady screamed aloud and pointed to a

tombstone beneath our feet, on which, in relief, was the stiff image of a bishop with mitre and crosier, folded hands and trodden-away nose. "Ah!" she whispered, "I just then trod rudely on his stone nose, and now he will appear to me in dreams; and *then* his nose—who knows ———"

The sacristan, a pale young monk, showed us the miraculous cross, and narrated the miracle which it had effected. Whimsical as I am, I probably did not appear incredulous on this occasion. I have now and then my attacks of belief in marvels, especially when, as in this instance, the place and the hour are favourable to them, and I then believe that everything in the world is a miracle and all history a legend. Was I inspired with the faith in marvels of Francesca, who kissed the cross with the wildest enthusiasm? I was vexed and annoyed with the wild mockery of the witty English lady—perhaps I was the more irritated by it since I felt that I was not myself entirely free from the contagion, yet still regarded it as by no means praiseworthy. It cannot be denied that the passion for ridicule and mockery, the delight in the incongruity of things, has something evil in it, while seriousness is more allied with the better feelings—virtue, the sense of liberty, and love itself are very serious. Meanwhile there

are hearts in which jest and earnest, the bad and the holy, heat and cold, mingle so strangely that it would be difficult to pass a separate judgment on either. Such a heart swam in the bosom of Matilda; often it was a freezing island of ice on whose polished mirror-like ground there bloomed forth deeply longing, glowing forests of palms; as often an enthusiastic blazing volcano, which was suddenly overwhelmed by a laughing avalanche of snow. She was by no means evilly inclined, with all her *abandon*—not even sensuous; nay, I believe that she had only caught the humorous side of sensuality, and delighted herself with it as with a merry, ridiculous puppet-show. It was a humorous longing, a sweet curiosity to know how this or that queer character would behave when in love. How entirely different was Francesca! There was a catholic unity in all her thoughts and feelings. By day she was a pale yearning moon, by night a glowing sun. Moon of my days! sun of my nights! I shall never see thee again!

“You are right,” said my Lady; “I also believe in the wonder-working powers of a cross. I am convinced that if the Marquis does not higggle and hesitate too long over the diamond cross it will certainly work a brilliant miracle on the Signora, and she will be at last so dazzled by its brilliancy as even to be enamoured of his nose.

And I have often heard of the miraculous powers of crosses of nobility which have the power of changing an honest man into a rascal."

And so the beautiful lady ridiculed everything. She flirted with the poor sacristan, made the drollest excuses to the bishop with the worn-out nose, declining in the politest manner any return of her call, and as we came to the holy-water font she again attempted to turn me into an ass.

Whether it was a sincere mood inspired by the place, or whether it was that I felt inclined to rebuff as sharply as possible this jest, which really vexed me, I know not, but I assumed the appropriate pathos, and spoke—

"My Lady, I have no liking for those of your sex who despise religion. Beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume, resembling those cold, sober tulips which look upon us from their porcelain vases, as though they themselves were of porcelain, and which, if they could speak, would without doubt explain to us how very naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for any one here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever."

Even at the very mention of a tulip my Lady was in a state of the most passionate excitement, and as I spoke her idiosyncrasy against the

flower acted so powerfully that she held her ears as if desperate. It was half of it acted, but half was piqued earnestness as she cast at me a bitter glance, and asked from her very heart, and with all the sharpness of irony—

“And you, dear flower, which of the current religions do you profess?”

“I, my Lady, have them all; the perfume of my soul rises to heaven and overcomes even the immortal gods themselves.”

CHAPTER XII.

As Signora could not understand our conversation, which was carried on principally in English, she conceived the idea—Lord knows how!—that we were quarrelling about the pre-eminence of our respective nations. She therefore began to praise the English and the Germans also, although at heart she regarded the former as wanting sense and the latter as stupid. And she had a peculiarly bad opinion of the Prussians, whose country, according to her geography, lay far beyond England and Germany; while her worst ill-will was reserved for the King of Prussia, the great Federigo, before whom her enemy, Signora Seraphina, had danced the pre-

vious year in a ballet at her benefit; for, singular enough, this King, that is to say, Frederick the Great, still lives on the Italian stage and in the memory of the Italian people.

"No," said my Lady, without paying the slightest attention to Signora's sweet caresses and blandishments—"no, it is not necessary to change this man into an ass. Why, he not only changes his opinions every ten steps and continually contradicts himself, but now he even turns missionary, and, upon my word, I believe he is a Jesuit in disguise. I must make up devout faces myself to be safe, or else he'll give me over to his fellow-hypocrites in Christ, to the dilettanti of the Holy Inquisition, who will burn me in effigy, since the police do not as yet permit them to throw people in person into the fire. Oh! honourable gentleman, dear sir, don't believe that I am as intelligent as I seem to be; indeed, I am not wanting in religion, I am not a tulip; on my honour, no tulip!—for heaven's sake, no tulip—I had rather believe anything! I believe now in the principal things in the Bible. I believe that Abraham begat Isaac, that Isaac begat Jacob, and that Jacob begat Judah, and that Judah in turn 'knew' his daughter-in-law Tamar on the highway. I believe, too, that Lot drank too much with his daughters. I believe that Potiphar's wife kept in her hands the robes

of Joseph. I believe that both the elders who surprised Susanna in her bath were *very* old. Moreover, I believe that the patriarch Jacob cheated first his brother and then his father-in-law, that King David gave Uriah a good appointment in the army, that Solomon got himself a thousand wives and then complained that all was vanity! I believe in the Ten Commandments, too; and even keep most of them. I do not covet my neighbour's ox, nor his maid-servant, nor his cow, nor his ass. I do not work on the Sabbath, the seventh day on which the Lord rested; yet, to be on the safe side, since we don't know exactly which *was* the seventh day of rest, I often do nothing through the whole week. But, as for the commandments of Christ, I always obeyed the one which is most important—that we should love our enemies—for, ah! those persons whom I have best loved were always, without my knowing it, my worst enemies.”

“For heaven's sake, Matilda, do not weep!” I cried, as there once more darted forth a tone of the acutest anguish from the most genial mockery, like a serpent from a bed of flowers. I well knew that tone which often thrilled the wild and witty crystal heart of the strange and lovely woman—powerfully, it was true, but never for a long time; and I well knew that it would vanish as readily as it had risen before the first jest

which one would utter to her or which would flit through her own soul. While she stood leaning against the monastery gate, pressing her burning cheeks against the cold stone and wiping the tears from her eyes with her long hair, I tried to revive her merry mood by mystifying poor Francesca, giving the latter the most important particulars of the Seven Years' War, which appeared to be to her a matter of especial interest, and which she believed to be still going on. I told her many interesting things of the great Federigo, the witty gaiter-god of Sans Souci who invented the Prussian monarchy, and when young played right well on the flute and made French verses. Francesca asked me if the Prussians or the Germans would conquer; for, as I have already intimated, she supposed the former to be an entirely different race, and it is indeed common enough in Italy to imply by the name Germans only the natives of Austria. Signora was not a little astonished when I told her that I myself had lived for a long time in the *Capitale della Prussia*, that is to say, in Berelino, a city which lies very far up on the map, not far from the North Pole. She shuddered as I depicted to her the dangers to which one is there exposed from the Polar bears which stray about the streets. "For, dear Francesca," I explained to her, "in Spitzbergen there are by far too many bears,

which lie there in garrison, and they sometimes visit Berlin, either inspired by desire to see the 'bear'¹ and the Bassa, or else to eat a good dinner at Beyermann's in the Café Royal, an indulgence which sometimes costs more money than they have with them, in which case one of the bears is bound down there until his companions return and pay for him, whence the expression 'to bind a bear' originated. Many bears live in the city itself; yes, some people even assert that Berlin owes its origin to the bears and ought really to be called *Bearlin*. The town bears are, however, very tame, and some of them are so highly educated that they write the most beautiful tragedies and compose the finest music. *Wolves* are also very common there, but as they generally go clad in sheep's clothing on account of the cold, they are difficult to recognise. 'Snow-geese'² flutter about there and sing bravura airs, while reindeer,³ who are *dear* enough to their tenants, reign with undis-

¹ It may be remarked that a "bear" not only signifies a debt, but is also used by students as an abusive epithet. It is in this latter sense as well as the former that Heine here uses it.

² *Schneegaense*, from *Schneegans*. Latin, *Anser hyperboreus*, soft white pretty misses of the kind which reminded Thackeray of rabbits.

³ *Rennthiere*, a reindeer. *Rentirer*, one who lives on his rents.

puted sway as connoisseurs in art. On the whole the Berliners live very temperately and industriously, and most of them sit buried up to their navels in snow, writing works of positive religion, devotional books, religious tales for daughters of the higher classes, catechisms, sermons for every day in the year, Eloha poems, and are meanwhile very moral, for they sit up to the navel in snow."

"Are the Berliners, then, Christians?" cried Signora, in amazement.

"Their Christianity is of a peculiar species. This religion is at bottom utterly and entirely wanting in them, and they are also much too reasonable to seriously practise it. But as they know that Christianity is necessary in a State, so that the subjects may be nicely obedient, and so that people may not steal and murder too much, they endeavour with great eloquence to at least convert their fellow-beings to Christianity, seeking, as it were, 'substitutes' in a religion whose maintenance is desirable to them, and whose strict practice as well as profession would give them too much trouble. In this dilemma they enjoy the zealous service of poor Jews, who are obliged to become Christians for them; and as this race will do anything for gold and for good words, they have at length exercised themselves completely into the very depths of Christianity.

Yes, so deeply that they cry out as well as the best against unbelief, fight as for life and death for the Trinity, believe in it even in the dog-days, rage against the naturalists, slip secretly around in many lands as missionaries and spies of the faith, circulate edifying tracts, roll up their eyes better than any one in the churches, make the most hypocritical faces, and act piety with such success that the old 'two of a trade' envy is beginning already to show itself, and the ancient masters of the business secretly bewail that Christianity is at present entirely in the hands of the Jews."

CHAPTER XIII.

THOUGH Signora did not understand me, you at least, dear reader, will have no difficulty in doing so. My Lady also understood me, and the effect thereof was to revive her good-humour. But as I—(I do not really know if it was done with a serious expression)—undertook to assert that the multitude needed a settled religion, she could not refrain from again attacking me in her peculiar manner.

"People must have a religion!" she cried.
"Always must I hear that text preached by a

thousand stupid and by endless thousands of hypocritical lips——”

“And yet, my Lady, it is true. As the mother cannot answer every question to the child with truth because its power of comprehension is not sufficient, so, in like manner, there must be a positive religion, a Church which can answer for the people according to their comprehension and reduce to the test of the senses all such questions as transcend sensation.”

“Oh, misery, Doctor! your very comparison puts me in mind of a story, which, in its application, is not very favourable to your theory. While I was yet young in Dublin——”

“And lay on your back——”

“Pshaw! Doctor, there’s no speaking a reasonable word with you—stop laughing at me, I say, in that indecent way and listen. While I was still young in Dublin and sat at my mother’s feet, I once asked what people did with the old full-moons. ‘My dear child,’ said mother, ‘the Lord breaks the old moons to pieces with the sugar-hammer and makes little stars of them.’ One shouldn’t blame my mother for telling such a story, for with the very best astronomical knowledge she could never have explained to me the whole system of the sun, moon, and stars, and she accordingly answered the supernatural question in a natural way. But it would have been

better had she put off the question until I was older, or at least told me the plain truth; for when I afterwards was looking with little Lucy at the full-moon, and explained to her how stars were to be made from it, she laughed at me, and said that her grandmother, old Mrs. O'Meara, had told *her* that the full-moons were eaten in hell for fire-melons, and because there was no sugar there they sprinkled them with pepper and salt. As Lucy had at first laughed at my naïve evangelic opinion, so I now laughed at her gloomy Catholic idea. From laughing we got to fighting; we banged and we spit at each other in the real polemic style, until little O'Donnel came out of school and separated us. This boy had been better instructed than we in the heavenly science; he understood mathematics, and calmly explained to us our mutual errors and the folly of our quarrel. And what was the result? Why, we two girls at once stopped our quarrel and united our forces to give the quiet little mathematician a good beating."

"My Lady, I am troubled, grieved at what you say, for you are in the right. But matters can't be changed. People will always go on fighting as to the pre-eminence of the conceptions of religion which were first instilled into their minds, and the reasonable men among them will thereby be doomed to double suffering. Once,

of course, things were different, when it never occurred to any one to particularly extol the doctrines or solemnity of his religion or to press it on any one. Religion was a dear and beautiful tradition; holy narratives, commemorative festivals and mysteries were handed down from ancestors as the sacred family rites of the people, and it would have been a harsh and cruel thing for a Greek if a foreigner, not of his race, had demanded fellowship in the same religion with him; and it would have seemed to him a still more inhuman thing to induce any one by compulsion or cunning to give up the religion to which he was born and to substitute for it a strange one. But there came a race from Egypt, from the fatherland of the crocodile and of priesthood, and in addition to cutaneous diseases and the stolen vessels of gold and silver, this race brought with it a so-called positive religion, a so-called Church, a structure of dogmas, in which men must believe, and holy ceremonies which men must celebrate, the first type of later religions of State. Then arose the endless finding of faults in human nature, the making of proselytes, the compulsion of faith, and all that holy torture which has cost the human race so much blood and so many tears."

"God damn this primevil race!"¹

¹ *Goddamm : dieses Uruebelvolk.*

"O Matilda! it has long been damned, and has dragged the agonies of its damnation with it for thousands of years. O this Egypt! her works defy time, her pyramids still stand unshattered as of old, her mummies are as imperishable as ever; and not less imperishable is that mummy of a race which wanders over the world wrapped in most ancient swathing-bands of letters, a petrified fragment of the History of the World, a spectre which gets its living by trading in bills of exchange and old pantaloons. My Lady, do you see yonder that old man with a white beard, the point of which seems to be growing black again, a man with ghost-like eyes?"

"Are not the ruins of the old Roman graves there?"

"Yes. And there he sits offering his prayer, a fearful prayer, in which he bewails his sufferings and accuses races which have long since vanished from the earth and now live only in nursery legends, while he, in his pain, scarce marks that he sits on the graves of those very enemies for whose destruction he prays to Heaven."¹

¹ The reference here appears to be to the Hebrew prayer-poem, "A kid, a kid," given in full in the Rabbi of Bacharach. The old man with the black-and-white beard indicates the Wandering Jew.—*Note by Translator.*

CHAPTER XIV.

I SPOKE in the previous chapter of positive religions only so far as as they are especially privileged by the State as Churches, under the name of State religions. But there is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will prove to you in the most convincing manner that the opponent of the ecclesiastical system of such a religion of State is also an enemy of religion and of the State, an enemy of God and of the King, or, as the common formula reads, an enemy of the throne and of the altar. But *I* tell you that it is a lie; I honour the real holiness of every religion, and conform myself to the interests of the State. And if I do not render homage and devote myself to Anthropomorphism, I still believe in the power and glory of God;¹ and even though kings are so insane as to resist the spirit of the people, or even so ignoble as to oppress their organs by neglect and persecution, I still remain, in accordance with my deepest conviction, an adherent to the kingdom and to the monarchical principle. I do not hate the throne, but I *do* those windy nothings of aristocratic vermin which have nestled in the crannies of

¹ This recalls Madame de Stael, who did not believe in ghosts, but was very much afraid of them.—*Note by Translator.*

the old throne, and whose character Montesquieu has described so accurately with the words, "Ambition hand-in-hand with Indolence, Vulgarity allied to Pride, the longing to become rich without labour, the dislike of truth; flattery, treachery, faithlessness, and the breaking of words, the contempt of the duties of the citizen, the fear of princely virtue, and an interest in princely vice!" I do not hate the altar, but I hate the serpents which lurk amid the loose stones of the old altar; those malignantly cunning snakes which can smile innocently as flowers, while they secretly spirt their poison into the cup of life, and hiss slander into the ear of the pious one praying; those glossy gliding worms with soft, sweet words—

"Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis."¹

¹ It were a pity to spare the lover of Latin rhymes a line of this fine old proverb, which crackles like a fire of twigs in so many eccentric collections of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:—

"Multis annis jam peractis
Nulla fides est in pactis,
Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis;"

and which is translated as follows in my work, "The Sketch-Book of Meister Karl:"—

"For many years, my friend, the fact is
That honesty is out of practice

And just because I am a friend of the State and of religion do I hate that abortion termed the religion of State, that mockery of a creation, which was born of the lewd love of the worldly and the spiritual powers, that mule which the white stallion of Anti-Christ begot upon the she-ass of Christ. If there were no such religion of State, no privilege of dogma and of a religion, Germany would be united and strong, and her sons lordly and free. But as it is, our poor Fatherland is torn by divisions of creeds; the people are separated into warring parties in religion; Protestant subjects quarrel with Catholic princes, or *vice versa*; everywhere there is mistrust, or crypto-Catholicism or crypto-Protestantism, accusations of heresy, espionage of views and opinions, pietism, mysticism, smelling of rats by Church journals, sectarian hatred and zeal for conversion; so that while we fight for heaven above, we are all going to the devil here on earth below. An indifferentism in religion would be, perhaps, the only thing which could save us,

And honied words and fawning smile
Are ever mixed with fraud and guile."

I have somewhere met with another version of these rhymes, in which the first line was given thus:—

"Omnibus rebus jam peractis."

—Notes by Translator.

and by becoming weak in faith Germany might grow politically strong.

But it is as ruinous for religion itself, and for her holy existence, when she is clad with privileges, and when her servants are especially endowed by the State with power to represent it, so that one hand, as it were, washes the other, the religious the worldly, and *vice versa*, from which a wish-wash results which is to the blessed Lord a folly and to man a torture. If the State has opponents, they will become foes to the religion which confers privileges on the State, and consequently renders them allies; and even the innocent believer will become mistrustful when he detects political objects in religion. But the most repulsive of all is the pride of the priests when they, for the service which they think they have done the State, presume to count upon the support of the latter, and when they, in return for the spiritual fetters which they have lent the State to bind the people, betake themselves to the protection of the State's bayonets. Religion can never sink so low as when she is in such a manner raised to a religion of State; her last claim to innocence is then vitiated, and she becomes as brazenly proud as a declared concubine. Of course, more homage and assurances of reverence are then made her; she every day celebrates new conquests in gleaming processions,

where even generals who once served under Buonaparte bear torches; the proudest spirits swear fidelity to her banner, day by day unbelievers are converted and baptized; but all this pouring on of water butters no parsnips, and the new recruits of the religion of State are like those of Falstaff—they fill the churchyard. As for self-sacrifice, no one even speaks of such a thing; the missionaries with their tracts and books travel about like commercial agents with their samples—there is no longer any danger in the business, and all goes on in a regular mercantile economical form.

Only so long as religions are rivals, and more persecuted than persecutors, are they noble and worthy of honour, and only then do we find inspiration, sacrifice, martyrs, and palms. How beautiful, how holy and lovely, how strangely sweet was the Christianity of the early ages while it as yet resembled its Divine Founder in the heroism of suffering! Then there was still the legend of a God, all their own, who, in the form of a gentle youth, wandered under the palms of Palestine and preached human love, and set forth those doctrines of freedom and of equality which at a later day were recognised as true by the reason of the greatest thinkers, and which as a French gospel inspired our age. But let any one compare that religion of Christ with the

different Christianities which have been formed in different countries as religions of State; for instance, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or even that Catholicism without poetry¹ which we see ruling as "High Church of England;" that dismal, crumbling skeleton of faith from which all fresh life has departed! The monopoly of system is as injurious to religions as to trades; they are only strong and energetic by free competition, and they will again bloom up in their primitive purity and beauty so soon as the political equality of the Lord's service, or, so to speak, so soon as the trades-freedom of the divinities, is introduced.

The noblest-minded men in Europe have long since asserted that this is the only means to preserve religion from an utter overthrow; but its present servants would sooner sacrifice the altar itself than the least thing which is sacrificed on it; just as the nobility would sooner give up to utter destruction the throne and the illustrious Highness seated thereon than that he should seriously give up the most improper of his proper privileges. But is the affected interest for throne and altar only a mocking show played off before the people? He who has been behind the scenes and peeped into the mysteries of the business

¹ This sentence sets forth perfectly Heine's extreme ignorance of the inner life of England.—*Note by Translator.*

knows that the priests do not so much as the laity respect that God whom they, for their own profit and at will, knead from bread and words, and that the nobility respect the king much less than a serf would have them do, and that they in their hearts scorn and despise even that royalty for which they in public manifest so much honour and seek to awaken respect in others; in fact, they resemble those people who exhibit for money to the gaping public in booths on the market-place a Hercules, or a giant, or a dwarf, or a savage, or a fire-eater, or some other remarkable man of whom they praise the strength, size, bravery, and invulnerability; or if he is a dwarf, his wisdom. All this they do with the most incredible readiness of speech, blowing at times their trumpet, and wearing a gaily-coloured jacket, while in their hearts they laugh at the ready faith of the staring people, and mock the poor bepraised subject, who by dint of daily intercourse has become very uninteresting to them, and whose weaknesses and whose arts, acquired by training, they understand only too accurately.

Whether the blessed Lord will long suffer the priests to pass off a bugbear for him and make money by the show is more than I know;—at least it would cause me no surprise if I should some day read in the *Hamburg Impartial Correspondent* that the old Jehovah warns every one against

giving credit in his name to any one, no matter who he be, or even to his own son. But I am convinced—and time will show it—that there will come a day when kings will no longer submit to be the show-puppets of their high-born despisers, when they will burst loose from etiquette and break down the marble booths in which they are shown. Then they will disdainfully cast aside the shining frippery¹ intended to impose upon the people, the red mantle which terrified, in such a headsman-like manner, the diamond tiara which was pulled over their ears that they might not hear the voices of the people, the golden rod given as a sham sign of supremacy into their hands; and the kings set free will become free as other men, and walk freely among them, and feel free, and marry free, and express their opinions freely, and that will be the emancipation of monarchs.

CHAPTER XV.

BUT what are the aristocrats to do when they shall have been robbed of their crowned means of sub-

¹ *Plunder* in the original meaning frippery, property, trash, baggage, and also plunder. The same word is used in the same senses in the Western United States. "So Tom got Judy and all her plunder" (*Crockett's Almanac*). In America this was derived from the Canadian or French *butin*.—*Note by Translator.*

sistence, when kings are a special property of the people, maintaining an honourable and stable government according to the will of the people—the only source of all power? What will the priests do when kings perceive that a little consecrated oil cannot make any human head guillotine-proof, just as the people on their part learn from day to day that no one can grow fat on sacramental wafers? Well, of course nothing will then remain for the aristocracy and clergy save to join hands and cabal and intrigue against the new order of things in this world.

Vain efforts! The age like a fiery giantess tranquilly advances, giving no heed to the chatter of the snappish priestlings and lordlings down below. How they howl whenever one of them has burnt his snout on the foot of the giantess, or when she has trodden unwittingly upon a head or two, so that the dark reactionary poison spirts forth! Then their vindictiveness turns all the more bitterly against single children of the age, and, powerless against the mass, they seek to assuage their cowardly spark of spirit on individuals.

Ah! we must confess that many a poor child of the age feels none the less the stabs which he receives in the dark from lurking lords and priests; and oh! though a glory gathers around the wounds of the conqueror, yet they still bleed and smart! It is a strange martyrdom that which such con-

querors endure in our days, and one which cannot be done away with by bold confession, as in those early ages when the martyrs found a speedy scaffold, or the burning pile with its wild hurrahs! The spirit of martyrdom to sacrifice all earthly things for a heavenly jest is still the same as ever; but it has lost much of its deepest cheerfulness of faith; it has become rather a resigned endurance, a firm holding out, a life-long dying; and it even happens that in cold grey hours even the holiest martyrs are assailed by doubts. There is nothing so terrible as hours like those wherein Marcus Brutus began to doubt the reality of that virtue for which he had suffered all things. And, ah! he was a Roman who lived in the palmy days of the Stoa; but we are of modern softer stuff, and withal we witness the successful course of a philosophy which grants to any inspiration whatever only a relative significance, and thus in itself annihilates it, or at any rate neutralises it into a self-conscious Don Quixotery.

The cool, calm, cunning philosophers! How compassionately they smile on the self-torture and mad freaks of a poor Don Quixote, yet with all their school-wisdom do not perceive that that Don Quixotery is the most laudable thing in life—yes, life itself—and that it inspires to bolder effort the whole world, and all in it which philosophises, plays, plants, and gapes! For the great mass of

the people with the philosophers is, without knowing it, nothing but a colossal Sancho Panza who, despite all his sober dread of whippings and homely wisdom, still follows the knight in all his dangerous adventures, lured by the promised reward in which he believes because he longs for it, but still more attracted by the mystic power which enthusiasm always exerts on the masses—as we see in all political and religious revolutions, and it may be, also, daily in the smallest events.

Thus, for example, you, dear reader, are in spite of yourself the Sancho Panza of the insane poet whom you follow through the erratic mazes of this book—it may be while shaking your head misgivingly, but whom you still follow.

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANGE! “The Life and Deeds of the Sagacious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha,” written by Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, was the first book which I read after I had attained a tolerably boy-age of discretion and had become to a certain degree familiar with the nature of letters. I can well remember the bit of leisure time when I early one morning stole away from home and hastened to the Court Garden, that I might read

"Don Quixote" without being disturbed. It was a beautiful May-day; the blooming spring lay lurking in the silent morning light, listening to the sweet praises of her flatterer the nightingale; and the bird sang so softly and caressingly, with such melting enthusiasm, that the most shame-faced buds sprang into life, and the love-longing grass and the sun-rays quivering in perfume kissed more hurriedly, and trees and flowers trembled for sheer rapture. But I sat myself down on an old mossy stone-bench in the so-called "Walk of Sighs," near the waterfall, and solaced my little heart with the great adventures of the daring knight. In my childish uprightness of heart, I took it all in sober earnest, and ridiculously as the poor hero was treated by luck, I still thought that it was a matter of course, and must be so, the being laughed at as well as being wounded, and that troubled me sadly as I sympathised with it all in my soul. I was a child, and knew nothing of the irony which God had twined into his world as he created it, and I could have found it in my heart to weep the bitterest tears when the noble knight, for all his heroic courage, received only ingratitude and blows; and as I, who was as yet unpractised in reading, pronounced every word aloud, it was possible for birds and trees, brook and flowers, to hear everything with me, and as such innocent beings of nature knew as little as

children of the irony of the great world, they took it all for sober earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the poor knight; even a worn-out old oak sighed deeply, and the waterfall shook more rapidly his white beard and seemed to scold at the wickedness of the world. We felt that the heroic will of the knight was not the less worthy of admiration when the lion turned tail on him without wishing to fight, and that his deeds were the more praiseworthy in proportion to the weakness and meagreness of his frame, the brittleness of his armour, and the worthlessness of his palfrey. We despised the base mob who treated him with such thrashing rudeness, and still more that mob of a higher rank, which, ornamented with gay silk attire, aristocratic phrase, and ducal titles, scorned a man who was in strength of soul so immeasurably their superior. Dulcinea's knight rose higher in my estimation, and gained more and more in my love, the more I read in that wondrous book—and that I did every day in the same garden, so that by the autumn I had concluded the story—and never, in all my life, shall I forget the day on which I read of the sorrowful combat wherein the knight was so shamefully subdued!

It was a gloomy day; hideous clouds swept along the grey heaven; the yellow leaves fell painfully from the trees; heavy tears hung on the last flowers, which, fading in sorrow, sunk their dying

heads; the nightingales had long been silent; the image of all things passing away stared at me still and death-like on every side,—and my heart was all but broken as I read how the noble knight lay bewildered and crushed on the ground, and without removing his vizor, spoke with weak and sickly voice to the victor as though from the grave: “Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth; but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, knight!”

Ah! this gleaming knight of the silver moon, who conquered the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a disguised barber!

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT was all long, long ago. Many fresh springs have bloomed since then, but they were all wanting in their greatest charm; for, alas! I no longer believe in the sweet falsehoods of the nightingale, the flatterer of spring, I know how quickly the bloom passes away; and when I see the latest rosebuds, I see them blooming forth glowing with pain, growing pale and scattering in the wind. On every hand I perceive a winter in disguise.

But in my breast that flaming love still blooms, which rises full of longing over the whole earth and sweeps dreamily and then wildly through the yawning realms of heaven, is struck back by the cold stars, sinking again to this little ball of earth, and which, with sighs and shouts of exultation, must confess that in all creation there is nothing more beautiful or better than the heart of man. This love is Inspiration, ever of a divine nature, whether her deeds be of folly or of wisdom. And so it happened that the little boy by no means lavished those tears in vain which he shed over the sorrows of the mad knight, any more, indeed, than the youth did in later years, when he many a night in his narrow study wept over the death of the holiest heroes of liberty—over King Agis of Sparta, over Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, over Jesus of Jerusalem, and over Robespierre and Saint Just of Paris. Now that I have donned the *toga virilis*, and must myself be a man, there is an end to weeping, and the business in hand is to act like a man, after the manner of great predecessors, and, if God so wills, to be wept in turn in future years by boys and youths. Yes, these are the ones on whom we may count in this cold age; for they will be inspired by the gloomy breath which is wafted to them from ancient lore, and it is thus that they appreciate the hearts of flame of the

present age. Youth is unselfish in thought and in feeling, and therefore thinks and feels the truth most deeply, and is not backward when a bold participation in faith or deed is called for. Older people are selfish and small-souled; they think more of the interest of their money than of the interest of mankind; they let their little boat swim calmly along in the ditch of life, troubling themselves but little as to the sailor who on the high seas fights the billows; or they creep with sticky obstinacy to the summit of a mayoralty, or to the presidency of a club, and shrug their shoulders at the images of heroes which the storm cast down from the pillars of renown; telling, perhaps, meanwhile, how they too, when young, also ran their heads against the wall, but that they afterwards made friends with the wall, because the wall was the Absolute, that which was appointed so to be, the existing in and for itself, that which because it is, is also reasonable, and that therefore he is unreasonable who will not endure a sublimely reasonable, undeniably existing, firmly grounded Absolutism. Alas! these rejecters and challengers, who philosophise us into a mild servitude, are always more worthy of regard than the rejected; who, in the defence of despotism, never take stand on the reasonable ground of reason, but, strong in their familiarity with history, defend it as a right of prescription

and custom with which men have gradually grown familiar in the course of time, and which is now legally and equitably impregnable.

Ah! I will not, like Ham, lift the cloth from the shame of the Fatherland, but it is terrible how it has been agreed on among us to make slavery a matter of gossip, and how German philosophers and historians who torment their brains about every despotism, however stupid or crazy it may be, defend it as reasonable or just. "Silence is the honour of slaves," says Tacitus; those philosophers and historians assert the contrary, and point to the ribbons of honour in their button-holes.

Perhaps you are in the right, and I am only a Don Quixote; and the reading of all manner of strange books has turned my head, as the knight of La Mancha's was turned; and Jean Jacques Rousseau was my Amadis de Gaul, Mirabeau was my Roldan or Agramanto, and I have studied too deeply in the heroic deeds of the French Paladins, and of the Round Table of the National Convention. It is true that my madness and the fixed ideas which I have gathered from those books are of a diametrically different description from the monomania and madness of the Manchan. He was desirous of restoring decaying chivalry to its pristine splendour, while I, on the contrary, would utterly destroy all that there is as yet remaining

from those days ; and we, consequently, work with views at utter variance. My colleague regarded windmills as giants ; I, however, in the braggart giants of the day see only noisy windmills. He thought that leathern wine-sacks were mighty magicians, while I in our cotemporary enchanters see nothing but leather-headed wine-sacks. He took beggarly pothouses for castles, ass-drivers for cavaliers, low prostitutes for court-ladies ; while I take our castles for mere inns for blackguards, our knights for ass-drivers, our court-ladies for common whores ; and, as he mistook a puppet-show for the deeds of a State, so do I regard our State deeds as mere puppet-comedies ; yet just as bravely as the bold knight of La Mancha do I let drive into the wooden trash. Ah ! such a heroic deed often costs me as much as it did him, and I must, like him, often suffer much for the honour of my lady. If I would only be false to her from fear or base avarice, I might live comfortably in this absolute existing reasonable world, and I could lead some lovely Maritornes to the altar, and be blessed by sleek magicians and banquet with noble ass-drivers, and beget harmless novels and the like base little slaves ! Instead of that, adorned with the three colours of my lady, I must constantly be taking my place on the combating-ground, and dash onward through fearful toil and tumult ; and I fight my way through no victory

which does not also cost me some heart's blood. By day and night I am in extremity, for those enemies are so treacherous that many whom I long ago struck down to death still give themselves the guise of living forms, and, changing into every shape, weary and disgust me by day and by night. How many sufferings have I endured through these wretched ghosts! Where love bloomed for me they stole in, the false stealthy spectres, and broke even the most innocent buds. Everywhere, and most unexpectedly, I found on the ground their silvery trace of slime, and, unless I beware, I may slip on it to my destruction in the house of the nearest and dearest love. You may laugh, and regard such anxious feeling as to idle phantoms as the delusions of a Don Quixote. But imagined woes pain none the less; and if one believes that he has drunk hemlock he may waste away, and, at least, certainly will not fatten on the thought. And it is a slander to say that I have grown fat on it; at least I have as yet gained no fat sinecure, though I have the talent which would qualify me for one. As for fat, my fatality drives every trace of it from me.¹ I fancy that every means has been taken to keep me lean; when I hungered they fed me with snakes;

¹ Auch is von dem Fett der Vетterschaft nichts an mir zu verspüren.

when I thirsted they gave me wormwood to drink, and they poured hell into my heart till I wept poison and sighed fire. Yes; they stole by night into my very dreams, and there I see horrible spectres, the noble lackey faces with gnashing teeth, the threatening banker noses, the deadly eyes glaring from cowls, the white ruffled hands with gleaming knives.

Even the old lady who lives next to me, my neighbour through the wall, thinks that I am insane, and declares that I talk the maddest stuff in my sleep, and that last night she distinctly heard me call out that "Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth; but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, knight!"

POSTSCRIPT.

NOVEMBER 1830.

I DO not know what the peculiar feeling of reverence was which impelled me to modify even the most trivial of several expressions in the foregoing pages, and which, on a subsequent reading, appeared to be rather too harsh. The manuscript had already become as yellow as a corpse, and I could not persuade myself to mutilate it. Everything which has been written for years seems to have an inherent right to remain uninjured; even these pages, which to a certain degree belong to a dark past. For they were written nearly a year before the third Hegira of the Bourbons, at a time which was harsher than the harshest phrase; a time when it seemed as if the battle for liberty might yet be delayed for a century. It was, to say the least, a matter for critical and nice reflection, when we saw our knightly nobility looking so confident; how they had their faded coats-of-arms freshly painted; how they tourneyed with shield and spear at Munich and Potsdam; and how they sat so proudly on their high steeds, as

though they would ride to Quedlinburg to have themselves retouched by Gottfried Basse.

Still more insufferable were the triumphant and treacherous eyes of our priests, who hid their long ears so slyly under their cowls that we continually anticipated the most deadly wiles. No one could know beforehand that the noble knights would shoot so wretchedly wide of the mark, and generally from an ambuscade, or at least in galloping away with averted heads, like flying Bashkirs. Just as little could one know beforehand that the serpent-like sagacity of our priests could be so brought to shame. Ah! it is enough to awaken one's pity to see how stupidly they use their best poison, and how, in their rage, they throw the arsenic in great lumps at our heads, instead of sprinkling it by the ounce and amiably in our soup; how they rummage among the long-forgotten children's clothes of their enemies to discover some obsolete baby wrappings from which to nose out trouble; how they even rake the fathers of their enemies out of their graves to see if they perhaps were circumcised. Oh, the fools! who imagine that they have discovered that the lion belongs to the feline race; and with this natural historical discovery go hissing about so long, that finally the great cat exemplifies the *ex ungue leonem* on their own flesh. Oh, the obscure wights! upon whom no light shines until they

hang in person on the lamp-post! With the entrails of an ass would I string my lyre that I might worthily sing them—the shorn blockheads!

A mighty joy seizes on me! While I sit and write, music sounds under my window; and in the elegiac grimness of the long-drawn-out melody I recognise that Marseilles hymn with which the beautiful Barbaroux and his companions greeted the city of Paris; that *rans des vaches* of liberty, whose tones gave the Swiss in the Tuileries the home-sickness, that triumphant death-song of the Gironde—the old sweet cradle-song.

What a song! It shudders through me with fire and joy, and lights up in me the glowing stars of inspiration and the rockets of scorn and mockery. Yes, they shall not be wanting in the great fireworks of the age. Ringing fire-streams of song shall pour forth in bold cascades from the summit of Freedom's revels, as the Ganges leaps from Himalaya! And thou, dear Satyra, daughter of the just Themis and of goat-footed Pan, lend me thine aid, for thou art, by the mother's side, of Titanic blood, and hatest like me the enemies of thy kin, the weak usurpers of Olympua. Lend me the sword of thy mother that I may execute the hated brood, and give me the pipes of thy father that I therewith may pipe them to death.

Already they hear the deathly piping and panic

fears seize them, and they again take to flight in bestial forms as of old, when we piled Pelion upon Ossa :—

“Aux armes, citoyens !”

They did great injustice to us poor Titans when they blamed the dark ferocity with which we raged upward in that storming of heaven. Ah ! down there in Tartarus it was terrible and dark ; we heard there only the howls of Cerberus and the rattling of chains ; and it is pardonable if we appear somewhat savage in comparison with those divinities, *comme il faut*, who, so refined and elegant in manners, enjoyed in the cheerful saloons of Olympus so much exquisite nectar, and so many sweet concerts given by the Muses.

I can write no more, for the music under my window intoxicates my head, and still more forcibly am I moved by the refrain—

“Aux armes, citoyens !”

ENGLISH FRAGMENTS.

(1828.)

"Happy Albion ! merry old England ! why did I leave thee ! —to fly from the society of gentlemen, and to be among a pack of blackguards, the only one who lives and acts with consciousness !" —W. ALEXIS' *Honourable People*.

THE "English Fragments" were partly written two years ago for the "Universal Political Annals," which I at that time published with Lindner, to supply a want of the time, and believing them to be appropriate, I have added them as a completion of the "Pictures of Travel."

I trust that the amiable reader will not misapprehend my object in giving these "English Fragments." Perhaps I may, at a proper time, supply further contributions of the same nature. Our literature is by no means too richly provided with them. Though England has been frequently described by our novelists, Willibald Alexis is the only one who has set forth her local peculiarities and customs with true outline and colour. I believe that he was never in the country, and knows its physiognomy only by that strange in-

tuition which renders a personal examination of the reality needless to a poet. In like manner, I myself wrote, eleven years ago, "William Ratcliffe," to which I here the more emphatically refer, since it not only contains an accurate picture of England, but also the germ of my later observations of the country, which I had not then seen. The piece may be found in the "Tragedies, with a Lyrical Intermezzo, by Henry Heine. Berlin, 1823, published by F. Duemmler."

As for books of travel in England, I am confident that, with the exception of those of Archenholtz and Goede, there are none which set forth matters as they really are there, which can be compared to a work published this year by Frankh, in Munich. I refer to "Letters of a Dead Man. A Fragmentary Diary kept in England, Wales, Ireland, and France in the Years 1828 and 1829."

It is, moreover, in many other respects an admirable book, and fully deserves the praise which Goethe and Varnhagen Von Ense have lavished on it in the "Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism."

HENRY HEINE.

HAMBURG,

Nov. 15, 1830.

I.

DIALOGUE ON THE THAMES.

. . . . THE sallow man stood near me on the deck, as I gazed on the green shores of the Thames, while in every corner of my soul the nightingales awoke to life. "Land of Freedom!" I cried, "I greet thee! Hail to thee, Freedom, young sun of the renewed world! Those older suns, Love and Faith, are withered and cold, and can no longer light nor warm us. The ancient myrtle woods, which were once all too full, are now deserted, and only timid turtle-doves nestle amid the soft thickets. The old cathedrals, once piled in towering height by an arrogantly pious race, which fain would force its faith into heaven, are brittle, and their gods have ceased to believe in themselves. Those divinities are worn out, and our age lacks the imagination to shape new. Every power of the human breast now tends to a love of Liberty, and Liberty is, perhaps, the religion of the modern age. And it is a religion not preached to the rich, but to the poor, and it has in like manner its evangelists, its martyrs, and its Iscariots!"

"Young enthusiast," said the sallow man, "you will not find what you seek. You may be in the right in believing that Liberty is a new religion

which will spread itself over all the world. But as every race of old, when it received Christianity, did so according to its requirements and its peculiar character, so, at present, every country adopts from the new religion of liberty only that which is in accordance with its local needs and national character.

“The English are a domestic race, living a limited, peaceable family life, and the Englishman seeks in the circle of those connected with and pertaining to him that easy state of mind which is denied to him through his innate social incapacity. The Englishman is, therefore, contented with that liberty which secures his most personal rights and guards his body, his property, and his conjugal relations, his religion, and even his whims, in the most unconditional manner. No one is freer in his home than an Englishman, and, to use a celebrated expression, he is king and bishop between his four stakes; and there is much truth in the common saying, ‘My house is my castle.’

“If the Englishman has the greatest need of personal freedom, the Frenchman, in case of need, can dispense with it, if we only grant him that portion of universal liberty known as equality. The French are not a domestic but a social race; they are no friends to a silent *tête-d-tête*, which they call *une conversation Anglaise*; they run

gossiping about from the *café* to the casino, and from the casino to the *salons*; their light champagne-blood and inborn talent for company drives them to social life, whose first and last principle, yes, whose very soul is equality. The development of the social principle in France necessarily involved that of equality, and if the ground of the Revolution should be sought in the Budget, it is none the less true that its language and tone were drawn from those wits of low degree who lived in the *salons* of Paris, apparently on a footing of equality with the high *noblesse*, and who were now and then reminded, it may have been by a hardly perceptible, yet not on that account less aggravating, feudal smile, of the great and ignominious inequality which lay between them. And when the *canaille roturière* took the liberty of beheading that high *noblesse*, it was done less to inherit their property than their ancestry, and to introduce a noble equality in place of a vulgar inequality. And we are the better authorised to believe that this striving for equality was the main principle of the Revolution, since the French speedily found themselves so happy and contented under the dominion of their great Emperor, who, fully appreciating that they were not yet of age, kept all their *freedom* within the limits of his powerful guardianship, permitting them only the pleasure of a perfect and admirable equality.

“Far more patient than the Frenchman, the Englishman easily bears the glances of a privileged aristocracy, consoling himself with the reflection that he has a right by which it is rendered impossible to the others to disturb his personal comfort or his daily requirements. Nor does the aristocracy here make a show of its privileges as on the Continent. In the streets and in places of public resort in London, coloured ribbons are only seen on women’s bonnets, and gold and silver signs of distinction on the dresses of lackeys. Even that beautiful coloured livery which indicates with us military rank is in England anything but a sign of honour, and as an actor after a play hastens to wash off the rouge, so an English officer hastens, when the hours of active duty are over, to strip off his red coat and again appear like a gentleman, in the plain garb of a gentleman. Only at the theatre of St. James are those decorations and costumes, which were raked from the off-scourings of the Middle Ages, of any avail. There we may see the ribbons of orders of nobility; there the stars glitter, silk knee-breeches and satin trains rustle, golden spurs and old-fashioned French styles of expression clatter; there the knight struts and the lady spreads herself. But what does a free Englishman care for the Court comedy of St. James, so long as it does not trouble him, and so long

as no one interferes when he plays comedy in like manner in his own house, making his lackeys kneel before him, or plays with the garter of a pretty cook-maid? '*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*'

"As for the Germans, they need neither freedom nor equality. They are a speculative race, ideologists, prophets, and after-thinkers, dreamers who only live in the past and in the future, and who have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a *present*; with them every day has its field of action, its opposing element, its history. The German has nothing for which to battle, and when he began to realise that there might be things worth striving for, his philosophising wiseacres taught him to doubt the existence of such things. It cannot be denied that the Germans love liberty. But it is in a different manner from other people. The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife, and if he does not treat her with remarkable tenderness, he is still ready in case of need to defend her like a man, and woe to the red-coated rascal who forces his way to her bedroom—let him do so as a gallant or as a catchpoll. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride. He burns for her; he is a flame; he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations; he will fight for her to the death; he commits for her sake a thousand

follies. The German loves liberty as though she were his old grandmother."

Men are strange beings! We grumble in our Fatherland; every stupid thing, every contrary trifle, vexes us there; like boys, we are always longing to rush forth into the wide world; and when we finally find ourselves out in the wide world, we find it a world too wide, and often yearn in secret for the narrow stupidities and contrarieties of home. Yes, we would fain be again in the old chamber, sitting behind the familiar stove, making for ourselves, as it were, a "cubby-house" near it, and nestling there, read the *German General Advertiser*. So it was with me in my journey to England. Scarcely had I lost sight of the German shore ere there awoke in me a curious after-love for the German night-caps and forest-like wigs which I had just left in discontent, and when the Fatherland faded from my eyes I found it again in my heart.

And, therefore, it may be that my voice quivered in a somewhat lower key as I replied to the sal-low man—"Dear sir, do not scold the Germans! If they are dreamers, still many of them have dreamed such beautiful dreams that I would hardly incline to change them for the waking realities of our neighbours. Since we all sleep and dream, we can perhaps dispense with freedom; for our tyrants also sleep, and only dream their

tyranny. We only awoke once—when the Catholic Romans robbed us of our dream-freedom; then we acted and conquered, and laid us down again and dreamed. O sir! do not mock our dreamers, for now and then they speak, like somnambulists, wondrous things in sleep, and their words become the seeds of freedom. No one can foresee the turn which things may take. The splenetic Briton, weary of his wife, may put a halter round her neck and sell her in Smithfield. The flattering Frenchman may perhaps be untrue to his beloved bride and abandon her, and, singing, dance after the Court dames (*courtisanes*) of his royal palace (*palais royal*). But the German will never turn his old grandmother quite out of doors; he will always find a place for her by his fireside, where she can tell his listening children her legends. Should Freedom ever—which God forbid—vanish from the entire world, a German dreamer would discover her again in his dreams."

While the steamboat, and with it our conversation, swam thus along the stream, the sun had set, and his last rays lit up the hospital at Greenwich, an imposing palace-like building which in reality consists of two wings, the space between which is empty, and a green hill crowned with a pretty little tower, from which one can behold those passing by. On the water the throng of

vessels became denser and denser, and I wondered at the adroitness with which the larger avoided contact. While passing, many a sober and friendly face nodded greetings—faces whom we had never seen before, and were never to see again. We sometimes came so near that it was possible to shake hands in joint welcome and adieu. One's heart swells at the sight of so many swelling sails, and we feel strangely moved when the confused hum and far-off dancing-music and the deep voices of sailors resound from the shore. But the outlines of all things vanished little by little behind the white veil of the evening mist, and there only remained visible a forest of masts, rising long and bare above it.

The sallow man still stood near me and gazed reflectively on high, as though he sought for the pale stars in the cloudy heaven. And still gazing on high, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and said in a tone as though secret thoughts involuntarily became words—"Freedom and equality! they are not to be found on earth below nor in heaven above. The stars on high are not alike, for one is greater and brighter than the other; none of them wander free, all obey a prescribed and iron-like law—there is slavery in heaven as on earth!"

"There is the Tower!" suddenly cried one of our travelling companions, as he pointed to a

high building which rose like a spectral, gloomy dream above the cloud-covered London.

II.

LONDON.

I HAVE seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit; I have seen it, and am still astonished; and still there remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred—I mean London.

Send a *philosopher* to London, but, for your life, no poet! Send a philosopher there, and stand him at a corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the billows of human life roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him; he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly; for if London is the right hand of the

world—its active, mighty right hand—then we may regard that route which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street as the world's pyloric artery.

But never send a poet to London! This downright earnestness of all things, this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this troubled spirit in pleasure itself, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart. And should you ever send a German poet thither—a dreamer, who stares at everything, even a ragged beggar-woman, or the shining wares of a goldsmith's shop—why, then, at least he will find things going right badly with him, and he will be hustled about on every side, or perhaps be knocked over with a mild "*God damn!*"¹ *God damn!*—damn the knocking about and pushing! I see at a glance that these people have enough to do. They live on a grand scale, and though

¹ The English or American reader has doubtless heard the expression, "*God damn it!*" and also "*Damnation!*" but I am not aware that the interjection quoted by Heine is used in our language. Popular opinion in America ascribes it exclusively to Germans who have but a limited familiarity with English. Many eminent French writers also seem to labour under an erroneous impression that a mysterious expletive written by them, "*Goddem!*" or "*Godam!*" is used in English. The foreign conception of the word is amusingly set forth by Monier in "*Haji Baba in England.*"—*Note by Translator.*

food and clothes are dearer with them than with us, they must still be better fed and clothed than we are—as gentility requires. Moreover, they have enormous debts, yet occasionally, in a vain-glorious mood, they make ducks and drakes of their guineas, pay other nations to box about for their pleasure, give their kings a handsome *douceur* into the bargain; and, therefore, John Bull must work to get the money for such expenditure. By day and by night he must tax his brain to discover new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and runs and rushes, without much looking around, from the Docks to the Exchange, and from the Exchange to the Strand; and therefore it is quite pardonable if he, when a poor German poet, gazing into a print-shop window, stands bolt in his way on the corner of Cheapside, should knock the latter sideways with a rather rough “God damn!”

But the picture at which I was gazing as I stood at Cheapside corner was that of the French crossing the Beresina.

And when I, jolted out of my gazing, looked again on the raging street, where a parti-coloured coil of men, women, and children, horses, stage-coaches, and with them a funeral, whirled groaning and creaking along, it seemed to me as though all London were such a Beresina Bridge, where every one presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of

life; where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian; where every one who falls is lost for ever; where the best friends rush, without feeling, over each other's corpses; and where thousands in the weakness of death, and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and are shot down into the icy grave of death.

How much more pleasant and home-like it is in our dear Germany! With what dreaming comfort, in what Sabbath-like repose, all glides along here! Calmly the sentinels are changed, uniforms and houses shine in the quiet sunshine, swallows flit over the flag-stones, fat Court-councilloresses smile from the windows, while along the echoing streets there is room enough for the dogs to sniff at each other, and for men to stand at ease and chat about the theatre, and bow deeply—oh, how deeply!—when some small aristocratic scamp or vice-scamp, with coloured ribbons on his shabby coat, or some Court-marshal-low-brain¹ struts along as if in judgment, graciously returning salutations:

I had made up my mind in advance not to be astonished at that immensity of London of which I had heard so much. But I had as little success as the poor schoolboy who determined beforehand not to feel the whipping which he was to receive.

¹ Hofmarschalkchen.

The facts of the case were, that he expected to get the usual blows with the usual stick in the usual way on the back, whereas he received a most unusually severe licking on an unusual place with a cutting switch. I anticipated great palaces, and saw nothing but mere small houses. But their very uniformity and their limitless extent impress the soul wonderfully.

These houses of brick, owing to the damp atmosphere and coal smoke, are all of an uniform colour, that is to say, of a brown olive-green, and are all of the same style of building, generally two or three windows wide, three storeys high, and finished above with small red tiles, which remind one of newly extracted bleeding teeth; while the broad and accurately squared streets which these houses form seem to be bordered by endlessly long barracks. This has its reason in the fact that every English family, though it consist of only two persons, must still have a house to itself for its own castle, and rich speculators, to meet the demand, build wholesale entire streets of these dwellings, which they retail singly. In the principal streets of the city where the business of London is most at home, where old-fashioned buildings are mingled with the new, and where the fronts of the houses are covered with signs, yards in length, generally gilt, and in relief, this characteristic uniformity is less striking—the less

so, indeed, because the eye of the stranger is incessantly caught by the new and brilliant wares exposed for sale in the windows. And these articles do not merely produce an effect, because the Englishman completes so perfectly everything which he manufactures, and because every article of luxury, every astral lamp and every boot, every tea-kettle and every woman's dress, shines out so invitingly and so *finished*. There is also a peculiar charm in the art of arrangement, in the contrast of colours, and in the variety of the English shops; even the most commonplace necessities of life appear in a startling magic light through this artistic power of setting forth everything to advantage. Ordinary articles of food attract us by the new light in which they are placed; even uncooked fish lie so delightfully dressed that the rainbow gleam of their scales attracts us; raw meat lies, as if painted, on neat and many-coloured porcelain plates, garlanded about with parsley—yes, everything seems painted, reminding us of the highly polished yet modest pictures of Franz Mieris. But the human beings whom we see are not so cheerful as in the Dutch paintings, for they sell the jolliest wares with the most serious faces, and the cut and colour of their clothes is as uniform as that of their houses.

On the opposite side of the town, which they call the West End—"the west end of the town"—

and where the more aristocratic and less occupied world lives, the uniformity spoken of is still more dominant; yet here there are very long and very broad streets, where all the houses are large as palaces, though anything but remarkable as regards their exterior, unless we except the fact that in these, as in all the better class of houses in London, the windows of the first *étage* (or second storey) are adorned with iron-barred balconies, and also on the *rez de chaussée* there is a black railing protecting the entrance to certain subterranean apartments. In this part of the city there are also great "squares," where rows of houses like those already described form a quadrangle, in whose centre there is a garden, enclosed by an iron railing and containing some statue or other. In all of these places and streets the eye is never shocked by the dilapidated huts of misery. Everywhere we are stared down on by wealth and respectability, while crammed away in retired lanes and dark, damp alleys Poverty dwells with her rags and her tears.

The stranger who wanders through the great streets of London, and does not chance right into the regular quarters of the multitude, sees little or nothing of the fearful misery existing there. Only here and there at the mouth of some dark alley stands a ragged woman with a suckling babe at her weak breast, and begs with her eyes.

Perhaps, if those eyes are still beautiful, we glance into them, and are shocked at the world of wretchedness visible within. The common beggars are old people, generally blacks, who stand at the corners of the streets cleaning pathways—a very necessary thing in muddy London—and ask for “coppers” in reward. It is in the dusky twilight that Poverty with her mates Vice and Crime glide forth from their lairs. They shun daylight the more anxiously since their wretchedness there contrasts more cruelly with the pride of wealth which glitters everywhere; only Hunger sometimes drives them at noonday from their dens, and then they stand with silent, speaking eyes, staring beseechingly at the rich merchant who hurries along, busy and jingling gold, or at the lazy lord who, like a surfeited god, rides by on his high horse, casting now and then an aristocratically indifferent glance at the mob below, as though they were swarming ants, or rather a mass of baser beings, whose joys and sorrows have nothing in common with his feelings. Yes—for over the vulgar multitude which sticks fast to the soil soar, like beings of a higher nature, England’s nobility, to whom their little island is only a temporary resting-place, Italy their summer garden, Paris their social saloon, and the whole world their inheritance. They sweep along, knowing nothing of sorrow or suffering,

and their gold is a talisman which conjures into fulfilment their wildest wish.

Poor Poverty! how agonising must thy hunger be, where others swell in scornful superfluity! And when some one casts with indifferent hand a crust into thy lap, how bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moistenest it! Thou poisonest thyself with thine own tears. Well art thou in the right when thou alliest thyself to Vice and Crime. Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than those cool, reproachless town burghers of virtue, in whose white hearts the power of evil, it is true, is quenched—but with it, too, the power of good. And even vice is not always vice. I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted, and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity. I have seen women—I would that I saw them again!—

III.

THE ENGLISH.

UNDER the archways of the London Exchange every nation has its allotted place, and on high tablets we read the names of Russians, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, Maltese, Jews, Hanseatics,

Turks, &c. Now, however, you would seek them there in vain, for the men have been jostled away ; where Spaniards once stood Dutchmen now stand, the citizens of Hanse Towns have elbowed out the Jews, Russians are now where Turks once were, Italians are on the ground formerly held by Frenchmen ; even the Germans have advanced a little.

As in the London Exchange, so in the rest of the world the ancient tablets have remained, and men have been moved away while other people appear in their place, whose new heads agree very indifferently with the old inscriptions. The old stereotyped characteristics of races, as we find them in learned compendiums and ale-houses, are no longer profitable, and can only lead us into dreary errors. As we during the last ten years have observed a striking change in the character of our Western neighbours, just so has there been, since the continent was thrown open, a corresponding metamorphosis on the other side of the canal. Stiff, taciturn Englishmen go pilgrim-like in hordes to France, there to learn to speak and move their limbs ; and on returning we observe with amazement that their tongues are loosened, they no longer have two left hands, and are no longer contented with beef-steak and plum-puddings. I myself have seen such an Englishman, who in Tavistock Tavern asked for some sugar with his cauliflowers—a heresy against

the stern laws of the English *cuisine*, which nearly caused the waiter to fall flat on his back; for, certainly, since the days of the Roman invasion, cauliflower was never cooked otherwise than by simply boiling in water, nor was it ever eaten with sweet seasoning. It was the self-same Englishman who, although I had never seen him before, sat down opposite to me and began to converse so genially in French that I could not for my life help telling him how delighted I was to meet, for once, an Englishman who was not reserved towards strangers; whereupon he, without smiling, quite as candidly remarked that he merely talked with me for the sake of practice in French.

It is amazing how the French, day by day, become more reflecting, deeper, and more serious, while the English, on the other hand, strive to assume a light, superficial, and cheerful manner, not merely in life, but in literature. The London presses are fully busied with fashionable works, with romances which move in the glittering sphere of "high life," or mirror it; as, for instance, "Almacks," or "Vivian Grey," "Tremaine," "The Guards," and "Flirtation." This last romance bears a name which would be most appropriate for the whole species, since it indicates that coquetry with foreign airs and phrases, that clumsy refinement, that heavy bumping lightness, that sour style of honeyed compliment, that

ornamented coarseness; in a word, the entire lifeless life of those wooden butterflies who flutter in the saloons of West London.

But, on the contrary, what a literature is at present offered us by the French press—that real representative of French spirit and volition! When their great Emperor undertook, in the leisure of his captivity, to dictate his life, to reveal the most secret solutions of the enigmas of his divine soul, and to change the rocks of St. Helena to a chair of history, from whose height his cotemporaries should be judged and latest posterity be taught, then the French themselves began to employ the days of their adversity and the period of their political inactivity as profitably as possible. They also are now writing the history of their deeds, the hands which once grasped the sword are again becoming a terror to their enemies by wielding the pen, the whole nation is busied in publishing its memoirs, and if it will follow my advice it will prepare a particular edition *ad usum Delphini*, with nicely coloured engravings of the taking of the Bastille and storming of the Tuileries.

If I have above remarked that the English of the present day are seeking to become light and frivolous, and endeavouring to creep into the monkey's skin which the French are gradually stripping off, I must also add that the ten-

dency in question proceeds rather from the nobility and gentry, or aristocratic world, than from the citizens. On the contrary, the trading and working portion of the people, especially the merchants in the manufacturing towns, and nearly all the Scotch, bear the external marks of pietism—yes, I might almost say of Puritanism, so that this blessed portion of the people contrast with the worldly-minded aristocrats, like the cavaliers and Roundheads so truthfully set forth by Scott in his novels.

Those readers honour the Scottish bard too highly who believe that his genius imitated and penetrated the outer form and inner manner of feeling of those two historical parties, and that it is an indication of his poetic greatness that he, free from prejudice as a god in his judgment, does justice to both and treats them with equal love. Let any one cast a glance into the prayer-meetings of Liverpool and Manchester, and then into the fashionable saloons of the West End, and he will plainly see that Walter Scott has simply described his own times, and clothed forms which are altogether modern in dresses of the olden time. And if we remember that he himself from one side, as a Scotchman, sucked in by education and national influence a Puritan spirit, while on the other side, as a Tory who even regarded himself as a scion of the Stuarts, he must have been

right royally and aristocratically inclined, and that therefore his feelings and thoughts must have embraced either tendency with equal love, and must also have been neutralised by their opposition, we can very readily understand his impartiality in describing the democrats and aristocrats of Cromwell's time, an impartiality which might well lead us into error if we hoped to find in his "History of Napoleon" an equally "fair-play" description of the heroes of the French Revolution.¹

He who regards England attentively may now find daily opportunities of observing those two tendencies, the frivolous and the Puritanic, in their most repulsive vigour, and with them, of course, their mutual contest. Such an opportunity was recently manifested in the famous suit at law of Mr. Wakefield, a gay cavalier, who, in an off-hand manner eloped with the daughter of the rich Mr. Turner, a Liverpool merchant, and married her at Gretna Green, where a blacksmith lives who forges the strongest sort of fetters. The entire head-hanging community, the whole race of the elect of the Lord, screamed murder at such horrible conduct; in the conventicles of Liverpool the vengeance of Heaven

¹ With change of name and circumstance one might accept this as an accurate description of Heine himself.—*Note by Translator.*

was evoked on Wakefield and his brother who assisted; they prayed that the earth's abyss might swallow them as it once swallowed the host of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; while, to make celestial anger more certain, they brought the thunders of the King's Bench, of the Lord Chancellor, and even of the Upper House to bear on this profaner of the holy sacrament; while in the fashionable saloons people merely laughed merrily and jested in the most liberal manner at the bold damsel-stealer. But the contrast of the two states of thought or feeling was recently shown me in the most delightful manner as I sat in the Grand Opera near two fat Manchester ladies who visited this *rendezvous* of the aristocratic world for the first time in their lives, and who could not find words strong enough to express the utter detestation and abhorrence which filled their hearts as the ballet began, and the short-skirted beautiful dancing-girls exhibited their lasciviously graceful movements, and fell passionately, like burning Bacchantes, into the arms of the male dancers who leaped towards them. The inspiring music, the primitive clothing of flesh-coloured stockinet, the bounds so like the exuberance of nature, all united to force the sweat of agony from the poor ladies; their bosoms flushed with repugnance; they continually heaved out in chorus, "*Shocking! For shame!*"

for shame !” and were so benumbed with horror that they could not for an instant take their opera-glasses from their eyes, and consequently remained in that situation to the last instant when the curtain fell.

Despite these diametrically opposed tendencies of mind and of life, we still find in the English people an unity in their way of thinking, which comes from the very fact that they are always realising that they are a people by themselves; the modern cavaliers and Roundheads may hate and despise one another mutually and as much as they please; they do not, for all that, cease to be English; as such they are at union and together, like plants which have grown out of the same soil and are strangely interwoven with it. Hence the secret unity of the entire life and activity and intercourse of England, which at the first glance seems to us but a theatre of confusion and of contradiction. Excessive wealth and misery, orthodoxy and infidelity, freedom and serfdom, cruelty and mildness, honour and deceit—all of these incongruities in their maddest extremes; over all a grey misty heaven, on every side buzzing machines, reckoning, gas-lights, chimneys, pots of porter, closed mouths—all this hangs together in such-wise that we can hardly think of the one without the other; and that which singly, really ought to excite our astonishment or laughter

appears to be, when taken as a part of the whole, quite commonplace and serious.

But I imagine that such would be the case everywhere, even in countries of which we have much more eccentric conceptions, and where we anticipate a much richer booty of merriment or amazement. Our earnest longing to travel, our desire to see foreign lands, particularly as we feel it in early youth, generally results from an erroneous anticipation of extraordinary contrasts, and from that spiritual pleasure in masquerades which makes us involuntarily expect to find the men and manner of thought of our own home, and to a certain degree our nearest friends and acquaintances, disguised in foreign dress and manners. If we think, for example, of the Hot-tentots, at once the ladies of our native town dance around in our imaginations, but painted black and endowed with the proper *a posteriori* developments, while our *beaux esprits* climb the palm-trees as bush-beaters; and if we think of the North Polanders, we see there also the well-known faces; our aunt glides in her dog-sleigh over the ice road; the dry Herr Conrector lies lazily on the bearskin and calmly sips his morning train-oil; Madame the inspector's wife, Madame the tax-gatherer's lady, and Madame the wife of the Councillor of Infibulation gossip together and munch candles. But when we are really in those

countries, we at once observe that mankind has there grown up from infancy with its manners and modes; that people's faces harmonise with their thoughts and clothes to their needs—yes, that plants, animals, human beings, and the land itself form a harmonious whole.

IV.

JOHN BULL.

TRANSLATED FROM AN ENGLISH DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

It would seem to be an immutable law of the nature of the Irish that they regard idleness as the characteristic of a gentleman, and as all of this race cannot cover their genteel backs, yet are all the same aristocrats, it comes to pass that comparatively few of the sprouts of Green Erin flourish among the merchants of the City. Those Irishmen who have had little or no education—and these are in the majority—are *gentlemen day-labourers*, and the rest gentlemen for and by themselves. If they could, by a bold stroke—*coup de main*—attain the enjoyment of mercantile wealth, they would gladly go into business; but they can-

not sit on the three-legged stools of a counting-house or bend over desks and account-books so as to win treasure by long hard work.

On the other hand, this is just what suits a Scotchman. His desire to climb to the top of the tree is also pretty keen, but his hopes are not so sanguine as they are determined, and unwearied application with him takes the place of momentary fiery enthusiasm. The Irishman springs and jumps like a squirrel; and when he, as often happens, does not keep firm hold of the twig or bough, down he goes into the mud, and finds himself defiled if not damaged. These numerous jumps and springs are the preparations for a fresh effort, which probably results in the same manner. The cautious Scotchman, on the contrary, chooses his tree with the greatest care; examines if it be well grown, well rooted, and strong enough to bear him, so that it cannot be blown down by the storms of fortune or accident. And he takes good care that the lowest twigs are within his reach, and that there is a convenient series of knots or ridges in the bark to aid his climbing. He begins from the bottom, looks carefully at every twig before he trusts to it, and never advances one foot till he is sure that the other is firmly planted. Other people, more enthusiastic and less careful, climb over him, and ridicule the anxious slowness of his pace; but he, patient and persevering, cares

little for that; and when they tumble and he is on the top, it is his turn to laugh, and he does so with all his heart.

This admirable ability of the Scotchman to make his way in business, his extraordinary docility and obedience to superiors, the invariable promptness with which he trims his sails to the winds, has had the result that we find in London firms not only an incredible number of Scottish clerks, but also Scottish partners. And yet, notwithstanding their number and their influence, the Scotch have not succeeded in impressing their national character on this sphere of London society. For the very gifts which enable them to become first the best of *employés*, and then the best of associates, cause them to adopt the manners and style or tastes of those around them.

For they soon find that those things to which they attached the utmost importance in their native land are of no account whatever in their new home. Their small feudal ties, their boasted relationship to some unshorn proprietor of two or three barren mountains, their legends of two or three wonderful men whose names were never heard of out of Scotland, the Puritanical temperance in which they were brought up, and the frugality which they have made their own—all is far from agreeing with the positive and lavish habits of John Bull.

The stamp of John Bull is as deeply impressed and as sharp as that on a Greek medal; and wherever we find him, be it in London or in Calcutta, as master or man, he is alway perfectly recognisable. He is everywhere a plump fact, very honourable, but cold and absolutely repelling. He has all the solidity of a material substance, and one cannot fail to remark that, wherever or with whom he may be, John Bull regards himself always as the chief person present; also that he will accept no counsel or advice from any one, though he may have intimated that he required it. And be he where he may, we remark that his own comfort—comfort personal and peculiar—is the great subject of all his efforts and desires.

Should John Bull think there is an opening or opportunity to profit, he will fraternise with any one at the first interview. But to make an intimate friend of him he must be courted like a girl, and when his friendship is won it is generally found that it was not worth the trouble it cost. What he gave before he was sought was cold, correct politeness, and all that he gave afterwards was little more. We find in him a mechanical formality and an open avowal of that selfishness or egoism which other people perhaps possess just as much as he does, but which they conceal so carefully that the costliest banquet of

an Englishman does not taste so pleasantly as a handful of dates from a Bedouin in the desert.¹

But while John Bull is the coldest friend, he is the surest of neighbours and the most straightforward and generous enemy. While he guards his own castle like a Pacha, he never seeks to penetrate into another's. Comfort and independence are the essentials with him; by the one he understands the right to buy whatever can contribute to his most convenient comfort, by the other to do whatever he pleases and say whatever he chooses — and this allowed, he troubles himself little with the chance and perhaps chimerical distinctions which cause so much plague and pain in the rest of the world. His pride—and he has it in full measure—is not that of Haman. Little would it trouble him that Mordecai the Jew sat full-spread before the door of his house; all that he would guard against would be to keep Mordecai from entering without his special permission, which he would assuredly only grant under the condition that it should

¹ To an impartial foreign observer who really knows the English to their hearts, these remarks of Heine on them are the most amusing in his works. And yet they are strangely mingled here and there with searching truths. It is as if some Malay of genius, who had only heard of Russians from Chinese, had written on the inner nature of the Muscovite.—*Note by Translator.*

perfectly accord with his special comfort and be to his advantage.

His pride is an English growth, and though he boasts somewhat, his boasting is not that of other people. No one ever sees him take on airs because of his ancestors; if John Bull has his pockets full of guineas, and has become one who is "warm," he cares not a mushroom whether his grandfather was a duke or a hand-carter. "Every man is himself, and not his father," is John's theory, and according to this he regulates his acts. He only boasts that "he is an Englishman;" that he first saw the light of day somewhere between Lowestoft and Saint David's, between Penzance and Berwick, and he is more rejoiced at this than if he had been born on any other spot in this planet. For Old England belongs to him, and he belongs to Old England; there is nothing like it in all the world, for it can support and teach all the world, and, if it should come to that, conquer it.

But this is only so generally speaking. For if we go to details and examine John closely, we find that, after all, in this so greatly praised England there is nothing with which he is really contented except himself.

Say anything to him, for example, about the king—the same king whose throne he bears with such pride on his shoulders—and lo! at once

he wails or rails at extravagance in the royal expenditure, venality and royal favouritism, the growing, threatening influence of the Crown, and declares that if serious and speedy action and restraint are not resorted to, England will soon be England no more. Mention Parliament, and he begins to grumble, and damns both Houses—the Upper because it is inspired with Court-patronage, and the Lower by faction and favour; nay, he may declare, over and above all, that England would be better off if it had no Parliament at all. Say anything to him about the Church—he breaks out into a death-shriek at tithes and fattened parsons who have turned the Word of God into priestly property and devour at their leisure the hard-earned fruits of the labour of others. Speak of Public Opinion, and the great advantage of the rapid dissemination of information—he regrets that Error travels as quickly on these improved roads as Truth, and that the people abandon old follies only to embrace new. In short, there is not in all England an institution with which John is perfectly contented. Even the elements incur his blame, and he grumbles from the beginning of the year to the end at the climate, as much as at things which are of human cause.

He is discontented even with the property which he has acquired, as you will find on close examination. Though he may have amassed

great riches, it is his endless refrain that he is going to the dogs; and is poor as a beggar, while he sits between piles of gold in a palace; and is dying of hunger, while he is fed so fat that he can hardly waddle from one end of the room to the other. One thing only does he praise with all his heart—even if you mention it—and that is the fleet, the ships of war, the wooden walls of Old England—and these he praises because perhaps he never sees them.

Yet we will not blame this passion for blaming almost everything, for it has contributed to make and keep England what it is. This instinct for grumbling of the rough and stiff-necked but honourable John Bull is perhaps the bulwark of British greatness abroad and of British freedom at home; and though many of the British provinces do not properly esteem it, still the real prosperity which they enjoy is due far more to John Bull's endless grumbling than it ever could be to the docile, pliant philosophy of the Scotchman or the stormy fire of the Irishman. These two races in the present crisis do not seem to have the strength or endurance requisite to maintain their rights and achieve their own prosperity, and whenever there is to be resistance to attacks on popular liberty or a measure to be advanced for the common weal, then the records of Parliament, and petitions which are brought there, show that in most cases, be they

of defence or reform, no other comes forward than John Bull—the grumbling, selfish, and growling, yet bold, manly, independent, unyielding, on and through-pushing John Bull.¹

V.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

POOR Walter Scott! Hadst thou been rich thou wouldst not have written that book, and so hadst not become a poor Walter Scott! But the trustees of the Constable estate met together, and reckoned up and ciphered, and after much subtraction and division, shook their heads, and there remained for poor Walter Scott nothing but laurels and debts. Then the most extraordinary of all came

¹ If this chapter was not suggested by the *John Bull* of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," all that can be said is, that we have here one of the most marvellous coincidences in literature. It is probably, or certainly, to this that our author refers when he says that it is translated from an English description of London. It is curious and pleasing to observe that, while the genial "Geoffrey Crayon" says the same things, he does it in such a kindly, merry vein that no Englishman, in all probability, ever took exception to them.—*Note by Translator.*

to pass, the singer of great deeds wished for once to try his hand at heroism, he made up his mind to a *cessio bonorum*, the laurels of the great unknown were taxed to cover great and well-known debts; and so there came to life in hungry haste, in bankrupt inspiration, the "Life of Napoleon," a book to be roundly paid for by the wants of the English people in general, and of the English Ministry in particular.

Praise him, the brave citizen! praise him, ye united Philistines of all the earth! praise him, thou beautiful shopkeeper's virtue, which sacrificest everything to meet a note on the day when it is due! only do not ask of me that I praise him too.

Strange! the dead Emperor is, even in his grave, the bane of the Britons, and through him Britannia's greatest poet has lost his laurels!

He *was* Britannia's greatest poet, let people say and imagine what they will. It is true that the critics of his romances carped and cavilled at his greatness, and reproached him that he assumed too much breadth in execution, that he went too much into details, that his great characters were only formed by the combination of a mass of minor traits, that he required an endless array of accessories to bring out his bold effects; but, to tell the truth, he resembled in all this a millionaire, who keeps his whole property in the form of small specie, and who must drive up three or four wag-

gons full of sacks of pence and farthings when he has a large sum to pay. Should any one complain of the ill-manners of such a style of liquidation, with its attendant troubles of heavy lifting and hauling and endless counting, he can reply with perfect truth that, no matter *how* he gives the money, he still gives it, and that he is in reality just as well able to pay and quite as rich as another who owns nothing but bullion in bars; yes, that he even has an advantage greater than that of mere facility of transport, since in the vegetable market gold bars are useless, while every huckster woman will grab with both hands at pence and farthings when they are offered her. *Now* all this popular wealth of the British poet is at an end, and he, whose change was so current that the duchess and the cobbler's wife received it with the same interest, has at last become a poor Walter Scott! His destiny recalls the legend of the mountain elves, who, mockingly benevolent, gave money to poor people, which was bright and profitable so long as they spent it wisely, but which turned to mere dust when applied to unworthy purposes. Sack by sack we opened Walter Scott's new load, and lo! instead of gleaming smiling pence, there was nothing but idle dust, and dust again! He was justly punished by those mountain elves of Parnassus, the Muses, who, like all noble-minded women, are enthu-

siastic Napoleonists, and who were consequently doubly enraged at the misuse of the spirit-treasure which had been loaned.

The value and tendency of this work of Scott's have been shown up in the journals of all Europe. Not only the embittered French, but also the astonished fellow-countrymen of the author have uttered sentence of condemnation against it. In such a world-wide discontent the Germans must also have their share, and therefore the *Stuttgart Literary Journal*¹ spoke out with a fiery zeal difficult to restrain within due limit, while the *Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism*² expressed itself in tones of cold tranquillity; and the critic, who was the more readily swayed by that tranquillity the less he admired the hero of the book, characterises it with these admirably appropriate words:—

“In this narration we find neither substance nor colour, harmony nor life. The mighty subject drags heavily along, entangled in superficial, not in profound perplexities, uncertain and changeable, without any manifestation of the characteristic; no leading principle strikes us in its affected singularity, its violent points are nowhere visible, its connection is merely external, its subject-

¹ *Stuttgarter Literaturblatt.*

² *Berliner Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik.*

matter and significance are hardly appreciable. In such a manner of portrayal all the light of history must be quenched, and itself be reduced to, not wonderful, but commonplace stories. The unnecessary remarks and reflections which often intrude themselves on the subject under consideration are of a corresponding description. Such a watery, transparent preparation has long been out of date in our reading world. The scanty pattern of a moral, applicable only to certain particulars, is unsatisfactory." . . .

I would willingly pardon poor Scott for such, and even worse, things, to which the sharp-witted Berlin reviewer, Varnhagen von Ense, gives utterance. We are all mortal, and the best of us may once in a while write a bad book. People then say that the thing is below criticism, and that ends the matter. But it is really extraordinary that in this new work we do not find a trace of Scott's beautiful style. The colourless commonplace strain is sprinkled in vain with sundry red, green, and blue words; in vain do glittering patches from the poets cover the prosaic nakedness; in vain does the author rob all Noah's ark to find bestial comparisons; and in vain is the Word of God itself cited to heighten the colour of stupid thoughts. Stranger still is it that Walter Scott has not here succeeded in a single effort to bring into play his inborn talent of sketching

characters, and of catching the traits of the outer Napoleon. Walter Scott learned nothing from those beautiful pictures which represent Napoleon surrounded by his generals and statesmen, though every one who regards them without prejudice must be deeply moved by the tragic tranquillity and antique severity of those features, which contrast in such fearful sublimity with the modern, excitable, picturesque faces of the day, and which seem to announce something of the incarnate God. But if the Scottish poet could not comprehend the form, how much less capable must he have been of grasping the character of the Emperor! And I therefore willingly pardon his blasphemy of a divinity whom he never knew. And I must also forgive him that he regards his Wellington as a god, and in deifying him, falls into such excessive manifestations of piety, that, rich as he is in figures of beasts, he knows not wherewith to compare him. Everywhere on earth as men are so are their gods. Stupid black savages adore poisonous snakes; cross-eyed Baschkirs pray to ugly logs; idiotic Laplanders reverence seals. Sir Walter Scott, in nothing behind them, worships his Wellington.

But if I am tolerant towards Walter Scott, and forgive him the emptiness, errors, slanders, and stupid things in his book—nay, if I even pardon him the weariness and *ennui* which its reading

caused me, I cannot, for all that, forgive him its tendency. This is nothing less than the exculpation of the English Ministry as regards the crime of St. Helena. "In this case of equity between the English Ministry and public opinion," as the Berlin reviewer expresses it, "Walter Scott makes himself judge of its merits;" he couples legal quibblings with his poetic talent, in order to distort both facts and history, and his clients, who are at the same time his patrons, may well afford, beside the regular fees, to privately press an extra *douceur* into his hand.

The English have merely murdered the Emperor—but Walter Scott sold him. It was a real Scotch trick, a regular specimen of Scottish national manners, and we see that Scotch avarice is still the same old dirty spirit as ever, and has not changed much since the days of Naseby, when the Scotch sold their own king, who had confided himself to their protection, for the sum of four hundred thousand pounds sterling. That king was the same Charles Stuart whom the bards of Caledonia now sing so gloriously—the Englishman murders, but the Scotchman sells and sings.¹

The English Ministry, to aid in the work, threw

¹ Charles I. was sold, certainly; but Heine errs in stating that the Scotch sing of him gloriously. The Charles Stuart of whom so many Jacobite lyrics were written was his great-grandson, "Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier."—*Translator*.

open the archives of the Foreign Office to their advocate, and he has, in the ninth volume of his work, scrupulously availed himself of every official document which could throw an advantageous light upon his own side, and a corresponding darkness upon that of his enemies. On this account the ninth volume in question still possesses a peculiar interest, despite all its æsthetic worthlessness, in which it is in no respect behind its predecessors. We expect in it important public papers, and since we find none, it is a proof that there were none in existence which spoke in favour of the English Ministers,—and this negative content of the book is an important result.

All the booty thus obtained from the English archives was limited to a few credible documents from the noble Sir Hudson Lowe and his myrmidons, and a few verbal expressions of General Gourgaud, who, if he really uttered them, deserves to be regarded as a shameless traitor to his imperial master and benefactor. I will not inquire into the authenticity of these expressions; it even seems to be true that Baron Turner, one of the three mute supernumeraries of the great tragedy, has borne witness to them; but I do not see to what favourable result they lead, save that Sir Hudson Lowe was not the only blackguard in St. Helena. With such assistance, and with pitiable suggestions of his own, Walter Scott

treats the history of the imprisonment of Napoleon, and labours to convince us that the ex-Emperor—so the ex-poet terms him—could not have acted more wisely than to yield himself to the English, although he must have foreseen his banishment to St. Helena, and that he was there treated in the most charming manner, since he had plenty to eat and to drink; and that he, finally, fresh and sound, and as a good Christian, died of a cancer in his stomach.

Walter Scott, by thus admitting, to a certain degree, that the Emperor foresaw how far the generosity of the English would extend, viz., to St. Helena, frees him at least from the common reproach: the tragic sublimity of his ill fortune so greatly inspired him that he regarded civilised Englishmen as Parisian barbarians, and looked upon the beef-steak kitchen of St. James as the fireside of a great monarch—and so committed a heroic blunder. Sir Walter Scott also makes of the Emperor the greatest poet who ever lived, since he very seriously insinuates that all the memorable writings which set forth his sufferings in St. Helena were collectively dictated by himself.

I cannot here refrain from the remark that this part of Walter Scott's book, with the writings themselves of which he speaks, especially the memoirs of O'Meara and the narrative of Captain Maitland, remind me sometimes so pointedly of

the drollest story in the world, that the bitterest vexation of my soul suddenly bursts out in merry laughter. And the story of which I speak is none other than the "History of Lemuel Gulliver," a book over which I, as a boy, once had rare times, and in which much that is exquisitely delightful may be read—how the little Liliputians could not conceive what was to be done with their great prisoner; how they climbed upon him by thousands, and bound him down with innumerable fine hairs; how they, with preparations on a grand scale, built for him a great house, all to himself; how they bewailed the vast amount of victuals with which they must daily provide him; how they continually blackened his character in the State Council, always grieving that he was too great a cost to the country; how they would gladly have destroyed him, but feared lest in death his corpse might bring forth a pestilence; how they finally made up their minds to be most gloriously magnanimous and leave him his titles, only putting out his eyes, &c. Truly, Liliput is everywhere where a great man is subjected to little ones, who torment him incessantly in the most pitifully petty manner, and who in turn endure from him great suffering and dire extremity; but had Dean Swift written his book in our day, the world would have seen, in his brilliantly polished mirror, only the history of the im-

prisonment of the Emperor, and have recognised even in the very colour of the coats and countenances those dwarfs who tormented him.

Only, the conclusion of the story of St. Helena is somewhat different, for in it the Emperor dies of a cancer in the stomach, and Walter Scott assures us that it was the sole cause of his death. In this I will not contradict him. The thing is not impossible. It is possible that a man who lies stretched on the rack may suddenly, and very naturally, die of an apoplexy. But the wicked world will say that the tormentor was the cause of his death. And the wicked world has taken it into its head to regard the affair in question in a very different light from our good Walter Scott. If this good man, who is in other respects so firm in his Bible, and who so readily quotes the Gospel, sees in that uproar of elements, and in that hurricane which burst forth at the death of Napoleon, nothing but an event which also took place at the death of Cromwell, the world will still have its own peculiar thoughts regarding it. It regards the death of Napoleon as a most terrible, tremendous, and revolting crime, and its wild burst of agonised feeling becomes adoration. In vain does Walter Scott play the *advocatus diaboli*—the canonisation of the dead Emperor flows from every noble heart; every noble heart of the great European fatherland despises his petty execu-

tioners, and with them the great bard who has sung himself into being their accomplice. The Muses will yet inspire better singers in honour of their favourite; and should men be dumb, then the stones will speak, and the martyr-cliffs of St. Helena will rise fearfully from the waves of the sea, and tell to thousands of years their terrible story.

VI

OLD BAILEY.

THE very name of "Old Bailey" sends a shudder through the soul. We at once think of a great, black, repulsive building—the palace of misery and of crime. The left wing, which forms the real Newgate, serves as a prison for criminals. In it we see nothing but a high wall of square, weather-blackened stones, in which are two niches with equally black, allegorical figures, one of which, unless I err, represents Justice, whose right hand, with the scales, is, as usual, broken off, so that nothing remains but a blind female figure with a sword. Not far off, and about the centre of the building, is the altar of this goddess, that is to say, the window by which the gallows

is erected ; and, finally, to the right is the Criminal Court, where the quarter-sessions are held. Here is a gate which, like that of Dante's "Hell," should bear the inscription :—

" Per me si va ne la citta dolente,
Per me si va ne l'eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente."

Through this gate we come to a small court, where the scum of the people assemble to see criminals pass, and here their friends and enemies also assemble—relations, beggar-children, weak-minded people, and especially old women, who discuss the criminal cases of the day, perhaps with more insight into their merits than judge and jury possess, despite the time so pleasantly passed in ceremonies or so drearily lost in law. Why, I have seen, outside the court door, an old woman who, amid her gossips, defended poor Black William better than his very learned counsel did within ; and as she wiped away her last tear with a ragged apron, it seemed to me that with it vanished the last trace of William's guilt.

In the court-room itself, which is not very large, there is below—beyond the so-called "bar"—little room for the public ; but in the upper portion there are, on both sides, very spacious galleries, with raised benches, where the specta-

tors stand, their heads appearing as if piled in rows, step above step.

When I visited Old Bailey I obtained a place in one of these galleries, for which I gave the old portress a shilling. I arrived just at the instant in which the jury were about to determine whether Black William was guilty or not guilty of the accusation.

Here, as in other courts of justice in London, the judges sit in blue-black togas, which are trimmed with light-blue violet, and wear white powdered wigs, with which black eyes and whiskers frequently contrast in the drollest manner. They sit around a long green table on high chairs at the upper end of the hall, just where a Scripture text, warning against unjust judgments, is placed before their eyes. On either side are benches for the jurymen, and places where the prosecutors and witnesses stand. Directly opposite the judges is the place for the accused, which latter do not sit on "the poor sinners' bench," as in the criminal courts of France and Rhenish Germany, but must stand upright behind a singular plank, which is carved above like a narrow arched gate. In this an optic mirror is placed, by means of which the judge is enabled to accurately observe the countenance of the accused. Before the latter certain green leaves or herbs are placed to strengthen

their nerves¹—and it may be that this is sometimes necessary, when a man is in danger of losing his life. On the judges' table I saw similar green leaves, and even a rose. I know not why it was, but the sight of that rose affected me strangely. A red blooming rose, the flower of love and of spring, upon the terrible judges' table of the Old Bailey! It was close, gloomy, and sultry in the hall. Everything seemed so fearfully vexatious, so insanely serious! The people present looked as though spiders were creeping over their shy and fearful faces. The iron scales rattled audibly over the head of poor Black William.

A jury had also formed itself in the gallery. A fat woman, above whose red, bloated cheeks two little eyes glittered like glowworms, made the remark that Black William was a very good-looking fellow. But her neighbour, a delicate, piping soul in a body of bad post-paper, declared that he wore his black hair too long and matted, and that his eyes gleamed like those of Kean in Othello; "while, on the other hand," she continued, "Thompson is a very different sort of a person, mem, I assure you, with light hair; and a very well-educated person, too, mem—for he plays

¹ Rosemary, anciently a supposed preventive of the plague, gaol-fever, &c. There are terrible tales of the judge and jury dying of disease communicated by criminals.—*Translator.*

the flute a little, and paints a little, and speaks French a little."

"And steals a little, too, hey?" added the fat woman.

"Fiddlesticks on stealing!" replied the lean body; "that isn't half so bad, mem, as forgery, you know; for a thief, if he's stolen nothing but a sheep, gets Botany Bay for it, but if a man counterfeits somebody's hand, why, he hangs for it, mem, as sure as fate, without pity or mercy."

"Without pity or mercy!" sighed a half-starved man in a widower-looking black coat. "Hang! why—why, no man has a right to put another to death, and Christians ought to be the last to think of it; for they ought to remember that Christ, our Lord and Saviour, who gave us our religion, was innocent when he was tried and executed!"

"Pshaw!" cried the lean woman, and smiled with her thin lips; "if they didn't hang such a forger, no rich man would ever be sure of his money; for instance, the fat Jew in Lombard Street, Saint Swithin's Lane, or our friend Mr. Scott, whose writing was imitated so well. And then Mr. Scott has worked so hard to get his money—trouble enough, mem, I assure you—and folks *do* say that he got rich by taking other people's diseases on himself. Yes, mem, they say the very children run after him in the street and cry, 'I'll give ye sixpence if you'll take my toothache!' or

‘ We’ll give ye a shilling if you’ll take Jimmy’s hump-back ! ’ ”

“ Well, that’s odd ! ” interrupted the fat woman. “ And it’s odd, too, that Black William and Thompson used to be such cronies together, and lived and ate and drank together, and now James Thompson accuses his old friend of forgery ! But why isn’t Thompson’s sister here ? Why, she used to be a-running everywhere after her sweet William ! ”

A pretty girl, on whose lovely face lay a deep expression of grief, like a dark veil over a rose-bouquet, here whispered with tears a long, sad story, of which I could only understand that her friend, the pretty Mary, had been cruelly beaten by her brother, and lay sick to death in her bed.

“ Pshaw ! don’t call her pretty Mary ! ” grumbled the fat woman discontentedly ; “ she’s too slim, too much like a stick, to be called pretty ; and if her William is hung—— ”

Just at this instant the jury appeared, and declared that the accused was guilty of forgery. As Black William was led from the hall he cast a long, long glance upon Edward Thompson.

There is an Eastern legend that Satan was once an angel, and lived in heaven with other angels, until he sought to seduce them from their allegiance, and therefore he was thrust down by Divinity into the endless night of hell. But as

he sank from heaven he looked ever on high, ever at the angel who accused him; the deeper he sank, more terrible and yet more terrible became his gaze. And it must have been a fearful glance, for the angel whom it met became pale—red was never again seen in his cheeks, and since that time he has been called the Angel of Death.

Pale as that Angel of Death grew Edward Thompson.

VII.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN ENGLAND.

I CANNOT declare decidedly enough how much opposed I am to whipping in general, and how indignant I am whenever I see my fellow-creatures beaten. The proud lord of the earth, the lofty spirit who rules the sea and investigates the laws of the stars, is degraded by nothing so much as by corporal punishment. The gods, to quench the flaring pride of men, invented the lash. Then men, whose spirit of invention was sharpened by a brooding spirit of resistance, invented against it the *point d'honneur*. Frenchmen, Japanese, Indian Brahmins, have best developed this invention; they have reduced the vengeance to blood to formal paragraphs, and

duelling, though discouraged by religion, law, and even reason, is still a blossom of fair humanity.

But among the English, who have refined every other invention to highest perfection, the *point d'honneur* has not received its ultimate polish. The Briton by no means regards a beating as an evil bad as death, and while I was in England I was present at many a scene which suggested the reflection that blows in free England have by no means such evil effects on personal honour as in Germany. I have seen lords thrashed, and they seemed to suffer only from the bodily pain of the insult. In the races at Epsom and Brighton I saw jockeys who, to make room for the horses running, ran right and left with horse-whips, which they laid on liberally to the lords and gentlemen who were in the way. And what did the same so-disturbed gentlemen? They laughed sourly.

Though bodily punishment in England is not so dishonourable as with us, still the reproach of its cruelty is not by any means the milder for that. But this does not concern the English people, but the aristocracy, who by the welfare of England only understand the safety of their own ruling position. Free men with an independent sense of honour would not trust this despotic gang; it requires the blind obedience of whipped slaves. The English soldier must be

a mere machine, a complete automaton which marches and fires by word of command. Therefore he requires no commander of imposing individual character. Free Frenchmen need, however, one who inspires enthusiasm, and it was under such a great leader they, as if drunken from his fiery soul, conquered the world. English soldiers need no marshal, not even a general, but only a corporal's stick, which carries out calmly and accurately the assigned Ministerial instructions, as a stick of wood is expected to do. And—ah me!—since I must praise him for once, a most admirable stick of this kind is—WELLINGTON, this cowed puppet who moves entirely by the string by which the aristocracy pull him—this wooden vampire of the people, with a wooden loop, as Byron says, and I would add, with wooden heart. Verily old England may add him to the wooden walls of protection of which she for ever prates.

General Foy has, in his "History of the War in the Pyrenean Peninsula," admirably sketched the contrast between the French and English soldiery and their discipline, and this description shows us what a feeling of honour and what whipping make of soldiers.¹

¹ Heine here makes out a case against himself. The German army is more harshly disciplined than the English, and both English and Germans have defeated the French.

It is to be hoped that the cruel system followed by the British aristocracy will not long endure, and that John Bull will break in twain his ruling corporal's cane. For John is a good Christian; he is mild, and wishes well; he sighs over the severity of his country's laws, and in his heart dwells Humanity. I could tell a pleasing tale of that—another time!

VIII.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

LAST summer I made in Bedlam the acquaintance of a philosopher, who, with mysterious looks and whispers, communicated to me many weighty conclusions as to the origin of evil. Like many of his colleagues, he held the opinion that it involved a history. So far as I was concerned, I also assented to what he assumed and declared, that the fundamental evil of the world arose from the fact that the blessed Lord had not created money enough.

"You're right," replied the philosopher; "the blessed Lord was uncommonly short of funds when he created the world. He had to borrow money of the Devil, and mortgage the world to him as a pledge. But as the Lord, according to

every law of God and of justice, is still in debt to him for the world, common politeness of course hindered him from preventing his creditor going about in the property and making all sorts of trouble and mischief. But the Devil, for his part, is deeply interested in the preservation of the world, lest he lose his pledge, so that he takes good care that things do not go altogether to the devil, and the blessed Lord, who is not stupid by any means, and who knows very well that he has his secret guarantee in the Devil's selfishness, often goes so far as to give over the whole government of the world to Old Nick—that is to say, tells him to form a Ministry. Then, as a matter of course, Samiel takes command of the armies of hell, Beelzebub becomes Chancellor, Vitzliputzli is Secretary of State, the old grandmother gets the Colonies, and so forth. These allies then carry on business according to their own evil will; but as their own interests compel them to take good care of the world, they make up for this necessity by always employing the vilest means to bring about their good aims. Lately, they carried this to such an extent that God in heaven could no longer endure their rascality, and commissioned an angel to form a new Ministry. He of course gathered about him all the good spirits. A pleasant, joyful heat again ran through the world, there was light, and the evil spirits vanished. But they

did not quietly fold their claws and kick their hoofs in idleness—no, they went to work in secret against all that was good, they poisoned the new springs of health, they spitefully snapped every rosebud of the fresh spring, they disturbed the tree of life with their amendments, a chaotic destruction threatened everything, and the blessed Lord will have, after all, to hand things over to the Devil, so that he, even by employing bad means, may at least keep things together. Just see, all that is the evil result of a debt.”

This theory of my Bedlamite friend possibly explains the present change in the English Ministry. The friends of Canning are now subdued—those friends, whom I call the good spirits of England, because their opponents are devils, and, with the dumb devil, Wellington, at their head, now raise their cry of victory. Let no one scold poor George—he has been compelled to yield to circumstances. No one can deny that after Canning’s death the Whigs were no longer in condition to maintain peace in England, since the measures which they were in consequence obliged to adopt were constantly nullified by the Tories. The King, to whom the maintenance of public tranquillity—*i.e.*, the security of his crown—seemed the principal thing, was therefore obliged to transfer the government to the Tories. And oh! they will now again, as of old, govern all the

fruits of the people's industry into their own pockets; like reigning corn-market Jews, they will be bulls themselves, and raise the price of bread-stuffs, while poor John Bull becomes lean with hunger, and finally must sell himself with body-service to the high gentlemen. And then they will yoke him to the plough, and lash him, and he will not so much as dare to low, for on one side the Duke of Wellington will threaten with the sword, and on the other the Archbishop of Canterbury will bang him on the head with the Bible—and there will be peace in the land.

The source of all the evil is the debt, the "national debt," or, as Cobbett says, "the King's debt." Cobbett remarks on this, and justly, that while the name of the King is prefixed to all institutions—as, for instance, the "King's army," "the King's navy," "the King's courts," "the King's prisons," &c.—the debt, which really sprang from these institutions, is never called the King's debt, and that it is the only case in which the nation has been so much honoured as to have anything called after it.

The greatest evil is the debt. It cannot be denied that it upholds the English State, and that so firmly that the worst of devils cannot break it down; but it has also resulted in making of all England one vast tread-mill, where the people

must work day and night to fatten their creditors. It has made England old and grey with the cares of payment, and banished from her every cheerful and youthful feeling; and, finally—as is the case with all deeply indebted men—has bowed the country down into the most abject resignation—though nine hundred thousand muskets, and as many sabres and bayonets, lie in the Tower of London, while those who guard them, the fat, red-coated beef-eaters, might be easily subdued.¹

IX.

THE DEBT.

WHEN I was a boy there were three things which especially interested me in the newspapers. I first of all was accustomed to seek, under the head "Great Britain," whether Richard Martin had not presented a fresh petition to Parliament for the more humane treatment of poor horses, dogs, and asses. Then, under "Frankfort," I looked to see whether Dr. Schrieber had addressed the Diet on the subject of the Grand-Ducal purchasers of Hessian domains. Then I

¹ Heine, who had no inkling of Political Economy, never seems to have understood that a national debt may, by stimulating industry, be a national blessing.

at once attacked "Turkey," and read through the long Constantinople, merely to find if a Grand Vizier had not been honoured with the silken noose.

This last subject always supplied me with the most copious food for reflection. That a despot should strangle his servants without ceremony seemed to me to be natural enough; for I had once seen, in a menagerie, how the king of beasts fell into such a majestic rage that he would, beyond question, have torn to pieces many an innocent spectator, had he not been caged in a secure constitution of iron bars. But what really astonished me was, that after the strangulation of the old Mr. Grand Vizier, there was always a new one willing to become Grand Vizier in turn.

Now that I am older grown, and busy myself more with the English than with their friends, the Turks, a like amazement seizes me when I see how, after the resignation of a Prime Minister, another at once forces himself into his place although the new one is always a man who has wherewithal to live, and who (with the exception of Wellington) is anything but a blockhead. This has been especially the case since the French Revolution; care and trouble have multiplied themselves in Downing Street, and the burden of business is well-nigh unbearable.

Affairs of State, and their manifold relations, were much simpler in the olden time, when reflecting poets compared the Government to a ship and the Minister to a steersman. Now, however, all is more complicated and entangled; the common ship of State has become a steamboat, and the Minister no longer has a mere helm to control, but must, as responsible engineer, take his place below, amid the immense machinery, and anxiously examine every little iron rivet, every wheel which could cause a stoppage—must look by day and by night into the blazing fire, and sweat with heat and vexation, since, through the slightest carelessness on his part, the boiler might burst and vessel and passengers be lost. Meanwhile the captain and passengers walk calmly on the deck—as calmly flutters the flag from its staff; and he who sees the boat gliding so pleasantly along never thinks of the terrible machinery, or of the care and trouble hidden in its bowels.

They sink down to early graves, those poor, responsible engineers of the English ship of State! The early death of the great Pitt is touching; still more so that of the yet greater Fox. Percival would have died of the usual ministerial malady, had he not been more promptly made away with by a stab from a dirk. It was the ministerial malady, too, which brought Castlereagh to such a state of desperation that he cut his throat at

North Cray, in the county of Kent. Lord Liverpool in like manner sank into the death of madness. We saw the god-like Canning poisoned by High-Tory slanders, and fall like a sick Atlas under his world-burden. One after the other they are interred in Westminster, those poor Ministers, who must think day and night for England's kings; while the latter, thoughtless and in good condition, have lived along to the greatest age of man.

But what is the name of the great care which preys by night and by day on the brains of the English Ministers, and kills them? It is—the debt, the debt!

Debts, like patriotism, religion, honour, &c., belong, it is true, to the special distinctions of the humanity—for animals do not contract debts—but they are also a special torment to mankind, and as they ruin individuals, so do they also bring entire races to destruction, and appear to replace the old destiny, in the national tragedies of our day. And England cannot escape this destiny; her Ministers see the dire catastrophe approach, and die in the swoon of despair.

Were I the royal Prussian head calculator, or a member of the corps of geniuses, then would I reckon in the usual manner the entire sum of the English debt in silver groschen, and tell you precisely how many times we could cover with them

the great Frederick Street or the entire earth. But figures were never my forte, and I had rather leave to an Englishman the desperate business of counting his debts, and of calculating from them the resulting ministerial crisis. For this business no one is better than old Cobbett, and I accordingly communicate the following conclusions from the last number of his *Register*.

The condition of things is as follows¹:—

1. "This Government, or rather this aristocracy and Church; but if you will have it so, this Government, borrowed a large sum of money, for which it has purchased many victories both by land and sea—a mass of victories of every sort and size.

2. "I must, however, remark by the way, on what occasions and for what purposes these victories were bought. The occasion was that of the French Revolution, which destroyed all aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes; while the

¹ I have preferred, for reasons which will be intelligible to those who are desirous of closely following Heine's conceptions, to give an accurate version of his translation, rather than the original. The point in question is not Cobbett, but Cobbett as Heine understood him. To use Cobbett's own words in reference to one of his own versions as given in the very *Register* referred to, I can say with truth that, "as to the translation, it was originally done at Philadelphia," though I trust it will not be found, as Cobbett admits of himself, that "the translator has made some addition to the authorities referred to."—*Note by Translator.*

object was the prevention of a preliminary reform in England, which would probably have had, as its consequence, a similar destruction of all aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes.

3. "To prevent the example set by the French from being followed by the English, it was necessary to attack the French, to impede their progress, to render dangerous their newly obtained freedom, to drive them to desperate acts, and finally, to make such a scarecrow and bugbear of the Revolution to the people that the very name of liberty should suggest nothing but an aggregate of wickedness, cruelty, and blood ; while the English people, in the excitement of their terror, should go so far as to fairly fall in love with the same despotic Government which once flourished in France, and which every Englishman has abhorred from the days of Alfred the Great down to those of George the Third.

4. "To execute these intentions the aid of divers foreign nations was needed, and these nations were consequently subsidised with English gold. French emigrants were sustained with English money ; in short, a war of twenty-two years was carried on, to subdue that people which had risen up against aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes.

5. "Our Government, therefore, gained 'numberless victories' over the French, who, as it seems, were always conquered ; but these, our number-

less victories, were bought—that is to say, they were fought by mercenaries, whom we hired for this purpose, and we had in our pay at one and the same time whole swarms of Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Swiss, Italians, Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, Hessians, Hanoverians, Prussians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Neapolitans, Maltese, and God knows how many nations besides.

6. “By thus seeking foreign service, and by using our own fleet and armies, we *bought* so many victories over the French (the poor devils being without money to do business in like manner) that we finally subdued their Revolution and restored their aristocracy to a certain degree, although all that could be done was of no avail to restore the clerical tithes.

7. “After we had successfully finished this great task, and had also by means of it put down every Parliamentary reform in England, our Government raised a roar of victory which strained their lungs not a little, and which was sustained as loudly as possible by every creature in this country who, in one way or another, lived by public taxes.

8. “This excessive intoxication of delight lasted nearly two years in this once so happy nation; to celebrate our victories, they heaped together public feasts, theatrical shows, arches of triumph, mock battles, and similar pleasures,

which cost more than a quarter of a million pounds sterling, and the House of Commons unanimously voted a vast sum (I believe three million pounds sterling) to erect triumphal arches and other monuments to commemorate the glorious events of the war.

9. "Since the time of which I speak we have constantly had the fortune to live under the Government of the same persons who conducted our affairs during the aforesaid glorious war.

10. "Since that time we have been at profound peace with all the world; we may indeed assume that such is still the case, despite our little difficulty with the Turks; and therefore one might suppose that there is no reason in the world why we should not now be happy. We are at peace; our soil brings forth its fruits abundantly; and, as the philosophers and lawgivers of our time declare, we are the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth. We really have schools everywhere, to instruct the rising generation; we have not merely a rector, or vicar, or curate in every diocese in the kingdom, but we also have in each of these dioceses perhaps six more teachers of religion, of which each is of a different kind from his four colleagues, so that our country is abundantly supplied with instruction of every kind, in order that no human being of all this happy land shall live in ignorance—and conse-

quently our astonishment must be all the greater that any one who will become Prime Minister of this happy land should regard the office as such a heavy and painful burden.

11. "Alas! we have one misfortune, and it is a real misfortune, viz., we have bought several victories; they were splendid, and we got them at a bargain; they were worth three or four times as much as we gave for them, as Lady Teazle says to her husband when she comes home from buying; there was much inquiry and a great demand for victories; in short, we could have done nothing more reasonable than to supply ourselves at such cheap rates with so great a quantity of reputation.

12. "But—I confess it with a heavy heart—we have, like many other people, *borrowed* the money with which we bought these victories as we wanted them, and now we can no more get rid of the debt than a man can of his wife, when he has once had the good luck to load himself with the lovely gift.

13. "Hence it comes that every Minister who undertakes our affairs must also undertake the payment of our victories, not a farthing of which has as yet been counted off.

14. "It is true that he is not obliged to see that the whole sum which we borrowed to pay for our victories is paid down in the lump, capital

and interest; but he must see—more's the pity!—to the regular payment of the interest; and this interest, reckoned up with the pay of the army, and other expenses coming from our *victories*, is so significant that a man must have pretty strong nerves if he will undertake the business of paying them.

15. "At an earlier date, before we took to buying victories and supplying ourselves too freely with glory, we already had a debt of rather more than two hundred millions, while all the poor-rates in England and Wales together did not annually amount to more than two millions, which was before we had any of that burden which, under the name of dead-weight, is now piled upon us, and which is entirely the result of our thirst for glory.

16. "In addition to this money which was borrowed from creditors who cheerfully lent it, our Government, in its thirst for victories, also indirectly raised a great loan from the poor; that is to say, they raised the usual taxes to such a height that the poor were far more oppressed than ever, and so that the amount of poor and of poor-rates increased incredibly.

17. "The poor taxes annually increase from two to eight millions; the poor have therefore, as it were, a mortgage or hypotheca on the land, and this causes, again, a debt of six millions,

which must be added to those other debts caused by our passion for glory and by the purchase of our victories.

18. "The dead-weight consists of annuities, which we pay, under the name of pensions, to a multitude of men, women, and children, as a reward for the services which those men have rendered, or should have rendered, in gaining our victories.

19. "The capital of the debt which this Government has contracted in getting its victories consists of about the following sums:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| Sums added to the National Debt, | £800,000,000 |
| Sums added to the actual debt for | |
| Poor-rates, | 150,000,000 |
| Dead-weight, reckoned as capital | |
| of a debt, | 175,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £1,125,000,000 |

That is to say, eleven hundred and twenty-five millions, at five per cent., is the sum-total of those annual fifty-six millions; yes, this is about the present total, only that the Poor-rates Debt is not included in the accounts which were laid before Parliament, since the country pays them at once into the different parishes. If any one, therefore, will subtract that six millions from the forty-six millions, it follows that the creditors holding the State Debt, and the dead-weight people, really swallow up all the rest.

20. "The poor-rates are, however, just as much a *debt* as the debt held by the State's creditors, and apparently sprang from the same source. The poor are crushed to the earth by the terrible load of taxes; every other person has borne, of course, some of the burden, but all, except the poor, contrived to shift it more or less from their shoulders, until it finally fell with a fearful weight entirely on the latter,¹ and they lost their beer-barrels, their copper kettles, their pewter plates, their clocks, their beds, and even the tools of their trades; they lost their clothes, and were obliged to dress in rags—yes, they lost the very flesh from their bones. It was impossible to go further; and of that which had been taken from them, something was restored under the name of increased Poor-rates. These are, in consequence, a *real debt*—a real mortgage on the land. The interest of this debt may, it is true, be withheld; but were this done, the people, who have a right to require it, would rise in a body and demand, no

¹ This simile forcibly recalls a common newspaper paragraph to the following effect:—"The Revenue is the great subject which interests England, and especially when associated with the present National Debt. Not long ago an Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there, of course, it rested. 'That stone,' said he, 'resembles the National Debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight is on the lowest.'"—*Note by Translator.*

matter how, payment of the whole amount. This is consequently a *real debt*, and a debt which must be paid to the uttermost farthing; and, as I distinctly declare, preference will be demanded for it before all other debts.

21. "It is therefore unnecessary to wonder at the hard case of those who undertake such duties. It would be rather a matter of astonishment if any one would attempt such a task, were it not left to his free will to also undertake as he pleased a radical change in the whole system.

22. "To this add: The two first-mentioned debts, namely, the State debt and the dead-weight debts, were previously paid, or, to speak more correctly, the interest on them was paid in depreciated paper money, of which currency fifteen shillings were hardly worth a Winchester bushel of wheat. This was the manner in which those creditors were paid for many years; but in the year 1819 a shrewd Minister, Peel, made the discovery that it would be better for the nation should their debts be paid in actual money (at par), of which five shillings instead of fifteen in paper money were worth a Winchester bushel of wheat.

23. "The *nominal sum* was not to be changed. This all remained the same; nothing was done save that Mr. Peel and his Parliament *changed the value of the sum*, and required that the debt should be paid in a kind of money of which five shillings

should be of such value that they realise so much work or so much property as fifteen shillings of that currency in which the debts were contracted, *and in which the interests of those debts were paid during many years.*

24. "From 1819 till to-day the nation lived in a most distressing condition, devoured by creditors, who are generally Jews, or, to speak more correctly, Christians who act like Jews, and who were not to be brought so easily to attack less eagerly their prey.

25. "Many attempts were made to moderate to a certain degree the change which was made in 1819 in the currency, but these efforts failed, and once came near exploding the whole system.

26. "Here there is no possibility of relief should one undertake to lower the annual expenditure of the State creditors' debt, and of the dead-weight debt, and to expect such a diminution of the debt, or such a reduction from the country, or to hinder its causing great commotion, or to prevent half-a-million human beings, in or about London, from perishing of hunger, it is necessary that far more appropriate and proportional reductions be made *in other directions* before the reduction of those two debts or their interest be attempted.

27. "As we have already seen, these victories were purchased with the view of preventing a reform of Parliament in England, and to maintain

aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes ; and it would be, in consequence, a deed of cruelty which would cry aloud to Heaven should we take their lawful dues from those persons who lent us the money, or if we withdrew payment from the people who hired us the hands with which we won the victories. It would be a deed of cruelty which would bring down the vengeance of God on us should we commit such things, while the profitable posts of honour of the aristocracy, their pensions, sinecures, royal gifts, military rewards, and, finally, the tithes of the clergy remained untouched.

28. "*Here, here*, therefore, lies the difficulty ; he who becomes Minister must be Minister of a country which has a great passion for victories, which is sufficiently supplied with them, and has obtained incomparable military glory ; but which, more's the pity, has not yet paid for these splendid things, and which now leaves it to the Minister to settle the bill, without his knowing where he is to get the money."

These be things which bear down a Minister to his grave, or at least make of him a madman. England owes more than she can pay. Let no one boast that she possesses India and rich colonies. As it appears from the last parliamentary debates, England does not draw a single farthing of income from her vast, immeasurable India ; nay,

she must pay thither several millions from her own resources. This country only benefits England by the fact that certain Britons, who there grow rich, aid the industry and the circulation of money at home by their wealth, while a thousand others gain their bread from the East India Company. The Colonies, therefore, yield no income to the State, require supplies, and are of service simply to commerce,¹ and to enrich an aristocracy, whose younger sons and nephews are sent thither as governors and subordinate officials. The payment of the National Debt falls, consequently, altogether upon Great Britain and Ireland. But here too the resources are not so great as the debt itself. Let us hear what Cobbett says of this:—

“There are people who, to suggest some sort of relief, speak of the resources of the country. These are the scholars of the late Colquhoun, a thief-catcher, who wrote a great book to prove that our debt need not trouble us in the least, since it is so small in proportion to the resources of the nation; and in order that his shrewd reader may get an accurate idea of the vastness of these resources, he makes an estimate of all that the land contains, down to the very rabbits, and really seems to regret that he could not, in addition to them, reckon up the rats and mice. He makes

¹ Simply to commerce !—*Note by Translator.*

his estimate of the value of the horses, cows, sheep, sucking-pigs, poultry, game, rabbits, fish, the value of household stuff, clothes, fuel, sugar, groceries; in short, of everything in the country; and after he has assumed the whole, and added to them the value of the farms, trees, houses, mines, the yield of the grass, corn, turnips, and flax, and brought out of it a sum of God knows how many thousand millions, he struts and sneers in his sly, bragging, Scotch fashion, something like a turkey-cock, and laughing with scorn, asks people like me, 'How, with resources like these, can you fear a national bankruptcy?'

"The man never reflects that all the houses are wanted to live in, the farms to yield fodder, the clothes to cover our nakedness, the cows to give milk to quench thirst, the horned cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, and rabbits to eat; yes—the devil take the contrary, obstinate Scotchman!—these things are not where they are to be *sold* so that people can pay the National Debt with the proceeds. In fact, he has actually reckoned up the daily wages of the working-men among the resources of the nation! This stupid devil of a thief-catcher, whose brethren in Scotland made a doctor of him because he wrote such an excellent book, seems to have altogether forgotten that labourers want their daily hire themselves to buy with it something to eat and drink. He might as

well have set a value upon the blood in our veins as if it were stuff to make blood-puddings of !”

So far Cobbett. While I translate his words into German, he bursts forth, as if in person, in my memory as he appeared during last year at the noisy dinner in the Crown and Anchor tavern. I see him again with his scolding red face and his Radical laugh, in which the most venomous, deathly hatred combined terribly with the scornful joy which sees beforehand in all certainty the downfall of his enemies.

Let no one blame me for quoting Cobbett! Accuse him as much as you please of unfairness, of a passion for reviling, and of an altogether too vulgar personality ; but no one can deny that he possesses much eloquence of spirit, and that he very often, as in the above assertions, is in the right. He is a chained dog,¹ who attacks at once in a rage every one whom he does not know, who often bites the best friends of the family in the legs, who always barks, and who on that account

¹ This comparison of Cobbett to a bull-dog, “the dog of England,” must strike the reader as particularly felicitous. Cobbett, indeed, appears to have entertained a remarkable affection for the animal in question. In speaking of abolishing the baiting of bulls with dogs, he bursts forth against the abolition of “that ancient, hardy, and anti-Puritanical sport, and of extirpating a race of animals which are peculiar to this island, peculiarly characteristic of its people.” *Vide Cobbett's Register*, May 22 to May 29, 1802.—*Note by Translator.*

is not minded even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the aristocratic thieves who plunder England do not regard it as necessary to cast the snarling Cobbett a crust, and so stop his mouth. This aggravates him most bitterly, and he shows his hungry teeth.

Old Cobbett! dog of England! I do not love you, for every vulgar nature is hateful to me,¹ but I pity you from my deepest soul, when I see that you cannot break loose from your chain, nor reach those thieves who, laughing, slip away their plunder before your eyes, and mock your fruitless leaps and unavailing howls.

X.

THE OPPOSITION PARTY.

A FRIEND of mine has very aptly compared the Opposition in Parliament to an opposition coach. Every one knows that this is a public stage-coach which some speculating company start at their own expense, and run at such low rates that the travellers give it the preference over the already

¹ Cobbett was plain and rough, but not *vulgar*. There was nothing of the snob in his nature, nor did he affect or parade familiarity with aristocracy.—*Translator*.

established line. The latter must also put down their prices to keep passengers, but are soon outbid, or rather underbid, by the new opposition coach, ruin themselves by the competition, and are obliged eventually to give up the business. If the opposition coach has at last and after this fashion gained the day, and finds itself the only one on a certain route, it at once puts up the prices, often higher than those of the old coach, and the poor passengers, far from gaining, often lose by the change, and must curse and pay until a new opposition coach renews the old game, and then new hopes and new deceptions follow in turn.

How full of blood and pride were the Whigs when the Stuart party were defeated and the Protestant dynasty ascended the English throne ! The Tories then formed the Opposition, and John Bull, the poor State passenger, had good cause to roar with joy when they got the upper hand. But his joy was of short duration. He was annually obliged to pay a higher and still higher fare ; there was dear paying and bad riding ; more than that, the coachmen were very rude, there was nothing but jolting and bumping, every corner-stone threatened an upset, and poor John Bull thanked the Lord, his Maker, when at last the reins of the State-coach were held by other and better hands.

Unfortunately the joy did not last long this

time either; the new Opposition coachman fell dead from the coach-box, others got off cautiously when the horses became restive, and the old drivers, the old courtly riders with golden spurs, again took their old places, and cracked away with the old whips.

I will not run this figure of speech to the ground, and I therefore turn again to the words "Whigs" and "Tories," which I have already used to indicate the two opposition parties, and a discussion of the names will be all the better, since they have for a long time been a source of confusion of ideas.

As the names of Ghibellines and Guelfs acquired by mutations and new events, during the Middle Ages, the vaguest and most opposite significations, so also at a later date in England did those of Whigs and Tories, the origin of which is at present scarcely known. Some assert that they were formerly abusive terms which eventually became honest party names, which often happens; as, for instance, when a party in Holland baptized themselves "beggars" from *les gueux*, as at a later date the Jacobins often called themselves *sans culottes*, and as perhaps the serviles and dark-lantern folks of our own time will perhaps, at same future day, bear these names as glorious epithets of honour—a thing which, it must be admitted, they cannot now do. The word *Whig*

is said to have signified in Ireland something disagreeably sour,¹ and was there used to ridicule the Presbyterians or new sects in general. The word *Tory*, which was used about the same time as a party name, signified in Ireland a sort of scabby thieves. Both nicknames became general in the time of the Stuarts, and during the disputes between the sects and the dominant Church.

The general view is, that the Tories incline altogether to the side of the throne, and fight for the crown's privileges; while, on the other hand, the Whigs lean towards the people, and protect their rights. These explanations are, however, vague, and are rather bookish than practical. The terms may be regarded rather as coterie names. They indicate men who cling together on certain opposing questions, whose predecessors and friends held together on the same grounds, and who, through political storms, bore in common their joys, sorrows, and the enmity of the opposite party. Principles never enter into consideration; they do not unite on certain ideas, but on certain rules of State government—on the abolition or maintenance of certain abuses—on certain bills,

¹ *Sauertopfsch*. This word as used by Heine signifies sour or crabbed, but its component parts of *sauer* or sour, and *Topf*, a pot or pipkin, seem to refer with peculiar aptness to the culinary meaning of "Whig"—i.e., a sort of sour whey.

certain hereditary questions, — no matter from what point of view, generally from mere custom. The English do not, however, let themselves be led astray by these party names. When they speak of Whigs, they do not form in so doing a definite idea, as we do in speaking of Liberals, when we at once bring before us men who are, from their very souls, sincere as to certain privileges of freedom; but they think of an external union of people, of whom each one, judged by his private manner of thought, would form a party by himself, and who, as I have already said, fight against the Tories through the impulse of extraneous causes, accidental interests, and the associations of enmity or friendship. In such a State as this we cannot imagine a strife against aristocracy in our sense of the term, since the Tories are really not more aristocratic than the Whigs, and often even not more so than the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, themselves, who regard the aristocracy as something unchangeable as the sun, moon, and stars; who see in the privileges of the nobility and clergy that which is not merely profitable to the State, but is actually a necessity of nature, and who would perhaps fight for these privileges with far more zeal than the aristocrats themselves, since they believe more implicitly in them, while the latter have very generally lost their faith. In this point of view, we must admit

that the spirit of the English is still overclouded by the night of the Middle Ages—the holy idea of a citizen-like equality has not, as yet, enlightened them; and many a citizen-statesman in England who has Tory tendencies ought not, by any means, to be regarded as servile, or be counted among those servile hounds who *could* be free, and still creep back into their old kennel and bay the sun of freedom.

The names of Whig and Tory are consequently utterly useless, so far as comprehending the British Opposition is concerned, and Francis Burdett, at the beginning of the session of last year, very correctly declared that these names have now lost all their significance. On this remark Thomas Lethbridge, a man whom the Lord has not endowed with too much wit, made a very good joke—perhaps the only one of his life—which was as follows:—"He has un-toried the Tories and un-wigged the Whigs."

Far more significant are the names, "Reformers," or Radical Reformers, or, in short, "Radicals." They are generally regarded as one and the same, and they aim at the same defects in the State and suggest the same remedies, differing only in the moderation or intensity of their views. The defect alluded to is the well-known evil manner of popular representation, by which the so-called rotten-boroughs—obsolete, uninhabited places—or, to

speak more correctly, the oligarchs to whom they belong, have the right to send representatives for the people to Parliament, while great and populous cities, among them many manufacturing towns, have not a single representative. The wholesome cure of this defect is naturally in the so-called Parliamentary Reform. This, of course, is not regarded as an ultimate aim, but as a means. It is hoped that by it the people will attain a better representation of its interests, and the abolition of aristocratic abuses, and help in their affliction. As may be supposed, the Reform—this just and moderate demand—has its champions among moderate men, who are anything but Jacobins; and when they are called *Reformers*, it has a meaning differing, as widely as earth from heaven, from that of *Radicals*, which is pronounced in an altogether different tone—as, for instance, when Hunt or Cobbett is mentioned, or any of the impulsive, raging, revolutionary men, who cry for Parliamentary reform that they may bring about the overthrow of all forms, the victory of avarice, and complete mob-rule. The shades in the coryphæi of these parties are consequently innumerable. But, as before said, the English know their men very well; names do not deceive the public, and the latter decides, with great accuracy, where the battle is in earnest and where it is mere show. Often, for years together,

the strife in Parliament is little more than an idle game, a tournament, where the champions contend for a colour chosen for a freak; but when there is a real strife we see them all hasten, each man to the flag of his natural party. This we saw in the days of Canning. The most passionate opponents united when it came to a war of positive interests—Tories, Whigs, and Radicals formed a phalanx around the bold citizen-Minister who sought to diminish the pride of the oligarchy. But I still believe that many a high-born Whig who sat proudly behind Canning would have wheeled right-about-face to the old fox-hunting order had the question of abolishing all the privileges of the nobility been suddenly agitated. I believe (God forgive me the sin!) that Francis Burdett himself, who during his youth was one of the hottest Radicals, and is not as yet classed among the moderate reformers, would, in such a case, have very quickly have seated himself by Sir Thomas Lethbridge. The plebeian Radicals are perfectly aware of this, and they hate, therefore, the so-called Whigs who advocate Parliamentary reform—yes, almost more than the utterly hostile high Tories.

At present the English Opposition consists more of actual reformers than of Whigs. The leader of the Opposition in the Lower House belongs unquestionably to the latter. I allude to Brougham.

We daily read in the papers the reports of the speeches of this bold hero of Parliament. The personal peculiarities which are manifested in the delivery of these speeches are not so well known, and yet we must know them to duly appreciate the latter. The sketch which an intelligent Englishman has made of Brougham's appearance in Parliament may be appropriately given here:—

“On the first bench, at the left side of the Speaker, sits a figure, which appears to have cowered so long by the study-lamp, that not only the bloom of life, but even life's strength, seem to have begun to exhaust themselves; and yet it is this apparently helpless form which attracts every eye in the House, and which, as it rises in a mechanical, automatic manner, excites all the reporters behind us into rapid movement, while every corner of the gallery is filled as though it were a massy stone vault, and the mob of men without presses in through both the side-doors. In the House below, an equal interest seems to manifest itself; for, as that form slowly unfolds itself in a vertical curve, or rather into a vertical zig-zag of stiff lines joined together, the two zealots on either side, who just before sought in crying out to check each other, have suddenly sunk back into their places, as though they had espied an air-gun hidden under the Speaker's robe.

“After this bustle of preparation, and during the breathless stillness which follows, Henry Brougham has slowly and with thoughtful step approached the table, and there stands bent together—his shoulders elevated, his head inclined forward, his upper lip and nostrils quivering, as though he feared to utter a word. His external appearance, his manner, almost resembles that of one of those preachers who hold forth in the open air—not a modern man of the kind who attracts the indolent crowd on Sunday—but one of those preachers of the olden time who sought to uphold purity of faith, and to spread it forth in the wilderness, when it was banished from the city and even from the church. The tones of his voice are full and melodious, but they rise slowly, thoughtfully, and, as we are tempted to believe, even with difficulty, so that we know not whether the intellectual strength of the man is incapable of mastering the subject, or whether his physical strength is inadequate to express it. His first sentence, or rather the first members of his sentence—for we soon find that with him every sentence goes further than the entire speeches of many other people—come forth very coldly and without confidence, and are especially so far from the real question under discussion that no one can comprehend how he will bring them to bear upon it. It is true that every one of these

sentences is deep, clear, and satisfactory in itself, evidently drawn with artistic selection from the most chosen materials; and let them come from what department of science they may, they still contain its purest essence. We feel that they will all be bent in a determined direction, and that, too, with wondrous force; but the force is as yet invisible as the wind, and, like it, we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

“But when a sufficient number of these beginning sentences have gone forth in advance; when every lemma which human knowledge can supply to confirm a conclusion has been rendered serviceable; when every exception has, by a single impulse, been successfully thrust forward; and when the whole army of political and moral truth stands in battle-array, then it moves forwards to a determination, firmly closed as a Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as Highlanders when they charge with fixed bayonets.

“When a leading point has been won with this apparent weakness and uncertainty, behind which, however, a real strength and firmness lies concealed, then the orator rises both physically and mentally, and with a bolder and shorter attack he conquers a second position. After the second he conquers a third, after the third a fourth, and so on until all the principles and the entire philosophy of the question in dispute are, as it were,

conquered, and until every one in the House who has ears to hear and a heart to feel is as irresistibly convinced of the truths which he has just heard as of his own existence ; so that Brougham, if he would pause here, could pass unconditionally for the greatest logician of St. Stephen's Chapel. The intellectual resources of the man are really marvellous, and he almost recalls the old Northern legend of one who always slew the first masters of every branch of learning, and thereby became sole heir to all their united spiritual abilities. Let the subject be as it may, sublime or commonplace, abstruse or practical, Henry Brougham still understands it, and understands it fundamentally. Others may rival him—yes, one or the other may even surpass him in the knowledge of the external beauties of ancient literature, but no one is more deeply penetrated than he by the spirit of the glorious and glowing philosophy which gleams like a precious gem from the caskets left us by antiquity. Brougham does not use the clear, faultless, and at the same time somewhat courtly language of Cicero, and his speeches are as little in the form of those of Demosthenes, though they have something of their colour ; but he is not wanting either in the strongly logical conclusions of the Roman orator nor the terrible words of scorn of the Greek. Add to this that no one understands better than he how to use the know-

ledge of the day in his parliamentary speeches, so that they sometimes, apart from their political tendency and signification, merit our admiration merely as lectures on philosophy, literature, and art.

“It is, however, altogether impossible to analyse the character of the man while hearing him speak. When he, as already described, has laid the foundation of his speech on a good philosophical ground and in the depths of reason; when he, again returned to the work, applies to it plummet and measure to see if all is in order, and seems to try with a giant’s hand if all holds together securely; when he has firmly bound together the thoughts of all hearers with arguments as with ropes which no one can rend asunder, then he springs in power on the edifice which he has built, he raises his form and his voice, he conjures the passions from their most secret hiding-place, and subdues and overwhelms his gaping parliamentary cotemporaries and the whole murmuring House. That voice, which was at first so slow and unassuming, is now like the deafening roar and the endless billows of the sea; that form, which before seemed sinking under its own weight, now looks as though it had nerves of steel and sinews of copper—yes, as though it were immortal and unchangeable as the truths which it has just spoken; that face, which before was pale and cold as a stone, is now

animated and gleaming, as though its inner spirit were still mightier than the words spoken; and from those eyes, which at first looked so humbly at us, with their blue and tranquil rings, as though they would beg our forbearance and forgiveness, there now shoots forth a meteoric fire which lights up every heart with admiration. In this manner he concludes the second, the passionate or declamatory part of his oration.

“ When he has attained what might be regarded as the summit of eloquence, when he looks around as if to behold with a scornful laugh the admiration which he has excited, then his form again shrinks together and his voice sinks to the most singular whisper which ever came from human breast. This strange lowering, or rather letting fall, of expression, gesture, and voice, which Brougham possesses to a perfection such as was never found in any other orator, produces a wonderful effect, and those deep, solemn, almost murmured-out words, which are, however, fully audible, even to the breathing of every single syllable, bear with them a magic power which no one can resist, even when he hears them for the first time, and has not learned their real significance and effect. But let no one believe that the orator or the oration is exhausted. These subdued glances, these softened tones, signify nothing less than the beginning of a peroration, wherewith the orator,

as though he feels that he has gone too far, will again soothe his opponent. On the contrary, this contraction of the body is no sign of weakness, and this lowering of the voice is no prelude to fear and exhaustion; it is the loose, hanging inclination of the body in a wrestler who looks for an opportunity by which he can grasp his adversary the more powerfully; it is the recoil of the tiger, who, an instant after, leaps with more certain claws upon his prey; it is the indication that Henry Brougham puts on all his armour and grasps his mightiest weapons. He was clear and convincing in his arguments; in conjuring up the passions he was, it is true, somewhat supercilious, yet powerful and triumphant; now, however, he puts the last and longest arrow to his bow—he will be terrible in his invectives. Woe to the man on whom that eye, which was once so calm and blue, now flashes from the mysterious darkness of its contracted brows! Woe to the wight to whom these half-whispered words are a portent of the terrible fate which hangs over him!

“He who as a stranger visits to-day, perhaps for the first time, the Gallery of Parliament does not know what is coming. He merely sees a man who convinces him with his arguments, who has warmed him with his passion, and who now appears to arrive, with that strange whispering, at a weak and impotent conclusion. O stranger!

wert thou acquainted with the phenomena of this House, and on a seat whence thou couldst see all the Members of Parliament, thou wouldst soon mark that they are by no means of thy opinion so far as concerns a lame and impotent conclusion. Thou wouldst see many a man whom party feeling or presumption has driven, without proper ballast or needful helm, into this stormy sea, and who now glances around as fearfully and anxiously as a sailor on the China Seas when he on one side of the horizon discovers the dark calm, which is a sure presage that on the other, ere a minute has passed away, the typhoon will blow with its destructive breath—thou wouldst perceive some shrewd man well-nigh groaning, and who trembles in body and soul like a small bird, which, yielding to the fascination of a rattlesnake, feels with terror its danger, yet cannot help itself, and which yields in a miserably foolish manner to destruction; or thou wouldst observe some tall antagonist who clings with shaking legs to the benches, lest the approaching storm should drive him away; or thou wouldst perhaps even see a stately, pursy representative of some fat county, who digs both fists into the cushions of his bench, fully determined, in case a man of his weight should be cast from the House, still to keep his seat and to bear it thence, beneath him. And now it comes—the

words, which were so deeply whispered and murmured, swell out so loudly that they outsound even the rejoicing cry of his own party; and after some unlucky opponent has been flayed to the bones, and his mutilated limbs have been stamped on through every figure of speech, then the body of the orator is as if broken down and shattered by the power of his own soul, he sinks back on his seat, and the assenting applause of the assembly bursts forth without restraint."

I was never so fortunate as to be able to see Brougham at my leisure during the delivery of such a speech in Parliament. I only heard him speak in fragments, or on unimportant subjects, and I seldom saw his face while so doing. But always, as I soon observed, whenever he began to speak an almost painful silence at once followed. The sketch of him given above is most certainly not exaggerated. His figure, of ordinary stature, is very meagre and in perfect keeping with his head, which is thinly covered with short black hair which lies smooth towards the temples. This causes the pale, long face to look even thinner; its muscles are ever in strange, nervous movement, and he who observes them sees the orator's thoughts before they are spoken. This spoils his witty outbursts; since jests, like borrowers, should, to succeed, surprise us unawares. Though his black dress is altogether gentlemanly, even to the

very cut of the coat, it still gives him a certain clerical appearance. Perhaps this is owing more to his frequent bending of the back, and the lurking, ironic suppleness of his whole body. One of my friends first called my attention to this "clerical" appearance in Brougham's manner, and the above sketch fully confirms the accuracy of the remark. The "lawyer-like" in his general appearance was first suggested to me by the manner in which he continually demonstrates with his pointing finger, while he nods assentingly with his head.

The restless activity of the man is his most wonderful feature. These speeches in Parliament are delivered after he has been eight hours at his daily tasks, that is to say, practising law in the courts, and when he perhaps has sat up half the night writing an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, or labouring on his improvements of Popular Education and Criminal Law. The last-mentioned work, that on Criminal Legislation, with which Brougham and Peel are now principally busied, is perhaps the most useful, certainly the most necessary; for England's laws are even more cruel than her oligarchs. Brougham's celebrity was first founded by the suit against the Queen. He fought like a knight for this high dame, and, as any one might suppose, George IV. will never forget the service rendered to his wife.

Therefore, when in April last the Opposition conquered, Brougham did not enter the Ministry; although, according to old custom, such an entry was due to him, as leader of the Opposition.

XL

THE EMANCIPATION.

TALK *politics* with the stupidest Englishman, and he will be sure to say something sensible; but so soon as the conversation turns on *religion*, the most intelligent Englishman utters nothing but silly speeches.¹ Hence arises all that confusion of ideas, that mixture of wisdom and nonsense, whenever Catholic Emancipation is discussed in Parliament, a question in which politics and religion come into collision. It is seldom possible for the English, in their parliamentary discussions, to give utterance to a principle; they discuss only the profit or loss of things, and bring forth *facts, pro or con*.

With mere *facts* there can, indeed, be much

¹ An amusing opinion from a writer who has himself uttered more inconsistent, and often more flippant and even nonsensical, remarks on religion than any cotemporary or predecessor.—*Translator*.

fighting, but no victory ; they induce nothing but blows on one or the other side ; and the spectacle of such a strife reminds us of the well-known *pro patria* conflicts of German students, the results of which are that so and so many lunges are exchanged, and so and so many carte and tierce thrusts made, and nothing gained with it all.

In the year 1827, as a matter of course, the Emancipationists again fought the Orangemen in Westminster, and, as another matter of course, nothing came of it. The best "hitters" of the Emancipation party were Burdett, Plunkett, Brougham, and Canning. Their opponents, with the exception of Peel, were the well-known, or, more correctly speaking, the not-at-all-known, fox-hunting squirearchy.

At all times the most intelligent and gifted statesmen of England have fought for the civil liberty of the Catholics, and this they did inspired as much by the deepest sense of right as by political shrewdness. Pitt himself, the discoverer of the firm system, held to the Catholic party. In like manner, Burke, the great renegade of freedom, could not so far suppress the voice of his heart as to act against Ireland. Even Canning, while yet a slave to Toryism, could not behold, without emotion, the misery of Ireland ; and at a time when he was accused of luke-warmness, he showed, in a naïvely touching manner, how dear

its cause was to him. In fact, a great man can, to attain great aims, often act contrary to his convictions, and go ambiguously from one party to another; and, in such cases, we must be complacent enough to admit that he who will establish himself on a certain height must yield accordingly to circumstances, like the weathercock on a church-spire, which, though it be made of iron, would soon be broken and cast down by the storm-wind if it remained obstinately immovable, and did not understand the noble art of turning to every wind. But a great man will never so far contradict his own feelings as to see, or, it may be, increase, with cold-blooded indifference, the misfortunes of his fellow-countrymen. As we love our mother, so do we love the soil on which we were born; and even so do we love the flowers, the perfume, the language, and the men peculiar to that soil. No religion is so bad, and no politics so good, that they can extinguish such a love in the bosoms of its devotees; and Burke and Canning, though Protestants and Tories, could not, for all that, take part against poor, green Erin. Those Irishmen who spread terrible misery and unutterable wretchedness over their fatherland are men—like the late Castlereagh.

It is a regular matter of course that the great mass of the English people should be opposed to the Catholics, and daily besiege Parliament for

the purpose of withholding privileges from the latter. There is a love of oppression in human nature, and when even we, as is constantly done, complain of civil inequality, our eyes are always directed upwards—we see only those who stand over us, and whose privileges abuse us. But we never look downwards when complaining thus—the idea never comes into our heads to raise to our level those who are placed by unjust custom below us; yes, we are soundly vexed when they seek to ascend, and we rap them on the head. The Creole demands equality with the European, but oppresses the Mulatto, and flares up in a rage when the latter puts himself on an equality with him.¹ Just so does the Mulatto treat the Mestizo, and he in turn the Negro. The small citizen of Frankfort worries himself over the privileges of the nobility, but he worries himself much more when any one suggests to him the emancipation of his Jews. I have a friend in Poland who is wild for freedom and equality, but who, to this hour, has never freed his peasants from their serfdom.

No explanation is requisite to show why the Catholics are persecuted, so far as the English clergy is concerned. Persecution of those who

¹ Heine appears to have laboured under the common, but erroneous, European idea that a *Creole* is one of mixed blood or of inferior race and social position.—*Note by Translator.*

think differently is everywhere a clerical monopoly, and the Anglican Church strongly asserts her rights. Of course, tithes are the main thing with her; by emancipating the Catholics she would lose a great part of her income, and the sacrifice of *self-interest* is a talent manifested as little by the priests of love as by sinful laymen. Hence it happened that that glorious revolution to which England owes most of her present liberty sprang from religious Protestant zeal; a circumstance which imposes special duties of gratitude towards the dominant Church, and causes her to regard the latter as the main bulwark of her freedom. Many a fearful soul may at present really dread Catholicism and its restoration, and think of the flaming piles of Smithfield—and a burnt child dreads the fire! There are also timid Members of Parliament who dread a new Gunpowder Plot—those fear powder most who have not discovered it—and so they often feel as if the green benches on which they sit in St. Stephen's Chapel became, little by little, warmer; and when an orator, as very often happens, mentions the name of Guy Fawkes, they cry out "Hear, hear!" as if in terror. As for the Rector of Göttingen, who has an appointment in London as King of England, he is fully familiar with his policy of moderation and forbearance; he declares himself in favour of neither party; he sees both mutually weaken

themselves by combat ; he smiles in his hereditary manner when they peaceably court him ; he knows everything, does nothing, and in cases of difficulty leaves everything to his head catch-poll, Wellington.

I trust that I may be pardoned for treating in a flippant tone a question on whose solution depends the happiness of England, and with it, perhaps directly, that of all the world. But just the weightier the subject, so much the more merrily must we manage it ; the bloody butchery of battles, the fearful whetting of the sickle of death, would be beyond all bearing did there not ring out with it, and through it, deafening military music, with joy-inspiring drums and trumpets. This the English know right well, and therefore their Parliament displays a cheerful comedy of the most unrestrained wit, and of the wittiest unrestraint. In the most serious debates, where the lives of thousands and the welfare of whole countries is at stake, it never occurs to any one to make a stiff German district-representative face,¹ or to declaim French pathetically, and their minds, like their bodies, act freely and without restraint. Jest, self-quizzing, sarcasms, natural disposition and wisdom, malice and good-nature, logic and verse, spray forth in the freshest variations of

¹ *Landstandsgezicht*—in American a face for Bunkum.

colour, so that the annals of Parliament, years after, afford us a most glorious entertainment. How strongly do these debates contrast with the empty, bolstered-up, blotting-paper speeches of our South German Chambers, whose tiresomeness defies the patience of the most unwearied newspaper reader; yes, whose very aroma suffices to scare away any living reader, so that we must believe that the tiresomeness in question is a secret and deliberate intention to frighten the public from reading their acts, and thereby to keep them secret, despite their publicity!

If the manner in which the English treat the Catholic question in Parliament is but little adapted to produce a result, it is not the less true that the reading of these debates is on that account all the more interesting, because facts are more entertaining than abstractions, and they are especially amusing when a contemporary event is narrated in a story-telling form, which handles it with witty persiflage, and thereby illustrates it, it may be, in the best possible manner. In the debate on the Royal Speech, December 3, 1825, we had in the Upper House one of these parallel histories such as described, and which I here literally translate (*vide* "Parliamentary History and Review during the Session of 1825-1826," page 31):—

"Lord King remarked that if England could be

called flourishing and happy, there were, notwithstanding, six millions of Catholics in an altogether different condition on the other side of the Irish Channel, and that the bad government there was a shame to our age and to every Briton. The whole world, said he, is now too reasonable to excuse Governments which oppress their subjects, or rob them of a right, on account of differences in religion. Ireland and Turkey could be regarded as the only countries in Europe where whole classes of men were oppressed and made to suffer on account of their creeds. The Grand Sultan had endeavoured to convert the Greeks in the same manner in which the English Government had attempted the conversion of the Catholics, but without result. When the unfortunate Greeks bewailed their sufferings, and begged in the humblest manner to be treated a little better than Mohammedan dogs, the Sultan summoned his Grand Vizier to give counsel. This Grand Vizier had been formerly a friend, and more recently an enemy, of the Sultana. He had thereby suffered considerably in the favour of his lord and was obliged to endure, in his own Divan, many contradictions from his own officers and servants. (Laughter.) He was an enemy of the Greeks. The second person in influence in the Divan was the Reis Effendi, who was favourably inclined to the just demands of that unlucky race.

This officer, as was well known, was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his policy merited and received general approbation. He manifested in this field extraordinary liberality and talent; he did much good, and would have effected much more had he not been impeded in all his measures by his less enlightened colleagues. He was, in fact, the only man of real genius in the whole Divan—(laughter)—and he was esteemed as an ornament to the statesmen of Turkey, since he was also endowed with poetic talent. The Kiaya-Bey, or Minister of the Interior, and the Kapitan Pasha were also opposed to the Greeks; the leader of the whole opposition to the demand for rights of this race was the Grand Mufti, or the head of the Mohammedan Faith. (Laughter). This officer was an enemy to every change. He had regularly opposed every improvement in commerce, every improvement in justice, every improvement in foreign policy. (Laughter). He declared and showed himself on every occasion to be the great champion of existing abuses. He was the most finished intriguer in the whole Divan. (Laughter). At an earlier time he had declared for the Sultana, but he had turned against her so soon as he feared that he thereby might lose his seat in the Divan, and had even gone over to the party of her enemies. The proposition was once made to enlist some Greeks into the corps of regular

troops or Janissaries, but the Head-Mufti raised against this such a terrible hue-and-cry—something like our No-Popery cry—that those who adopted the measure were obliged to quit the Divan. He gained the upper hand, and so soon as this was done he declared himself in favour of the very cause against which he previously displayed all his zeal. He took care of the Sultan's conscience and of his own; but it had been remarked that his conscience was never in opposition to his interests. (Laughter). Having studied the Turkish Constitution with the utmost accuracy, he had found in it that it was substantially Mohammedan—(laughter)—and consequently must be inimical to all the rights of the Greeks. He had therefore determined to adhere firmly to the cause of intolerance, and was soon surrounded by Mollahs, Imans, and Dervishes, who confirmed him in his noble determinations. To complete this picture of a perfect division in the Divan, it should also be mentioned that its members had agreed to unite on certain questions, and to oppose one another on others, without breaking up their union. After the evil arising from such a Divan had been seen, after it had been seen, too, how the Mussulman realm had been torn, and that by their intolerance to the Greeks and by their own want of harmony, we should pray Heaven to preserve the fatherland from such a division in the Cabinet."

It requires no remarkable acuteness to guess who the persons are here disguised in Turkish names; still less is it necessary to set forth the moral of the tale in dry words. The cannon of Navarino have spoken it out loud enough; and when the Sublime Porte shall be shattered—and shattered it will be, despite Pera's plenipotentiaried lackeys, who oppose the ill-will of the people—then John Bull may call to mind that, with changed names, the fable applies to him. England may already surmise something of the kind, since its best journalists have declared against the war of intervention, and signified, naïvely enough, that the other nations of Europe might, with equal right, take up the part of Catholic Ireland, and compel the British Government to a better treatment of it. They think that they have thereby fully refuted the right of intervention, whereas they have simply illustrated it more perfectly and intelligibly. Of course, the nations of Europe would have the most sacred right to remedy, by force of arms, the sufferings of Ireland; and this right would soon be realised were not injustice the stronger. It is no longer crowned heads, but the people themselves, who are the heroes of modern times, and these heroes have also formed their holy alliance. They hold together wherever there is a question of the common weal, or the popular rights of political and

religious liberty ; they are connected by the *Idea* ; they have sworn themselves to it, and bleed for it—yes, they themselves have become an idea—and therefore it runs like a sharp pain through the hearts of all the people when the Idea is made to suffer, though it be in the uttermost corner of the earth.

But I wander from my topic. I meant to repeat old parliamentary jokes, and see ! the spirit of the time turns my jest to earnest. But now I will give something merrier ; that is to say, an address which Spring Rice, on the 26th of May of the same year, delivered in the Lower House, and in which he jested most admirably at the Protestant terror at the possible supremacy of the Catholics.¹

“In the year 1753,” he said, “there was brought before Parliament a Bill for the nationalisation of Jews—a measure against which, to-day, in all this land, not so much as an old woman would have a word to say, but which in its time provoked the most violent opposition, resulting in a mass of petitions from London and other places, much like those which we now see presented against the Catholic Bill. In the one from the citizens of London it was declared that, should

¹ *Vide* “Parliamentary History and Review,” &c., page 252.

the Bill for the Jews receive legal sanction, it would terribly endanger the Christian religion and undermine the State and our holy Church. (Laughter.) Especially would it injure the interests of trade, and to an extraordinary degree those of the city of London. (Laughter.)

“However, notwithstanding this powerful denunciation, the next Chancellor of the Exchequer found that the dire results threatened had not taken place when the Jews were admitted to citizenship in London, and even to Downing Street. (Laughter.) At that time a newspaper called *The Artisan*, in denouncing the countless disasters to which such a measure would lead, expressed itself as follows:—‘I must beg leave to set forth separately the consequences of this Bill. There is grace and mercy in God, but none in the Jews, and they have seventeen hundred years of oppression to revenge on us. Should this Bill pass we shall all become slaves of the Jews, and without hope of rescue, save by the goodness of God. The King will be subjected to Jews, and no longer look to the interests of the free landed proprietors. He will do away with our British soldiers, and establish a great army entirely of Jews, who will force us to renounce our Royal Family and be naturalised under a Jewish monarch. Therefore awake, my Christian and Protestant brothers! It is not Hannibal but

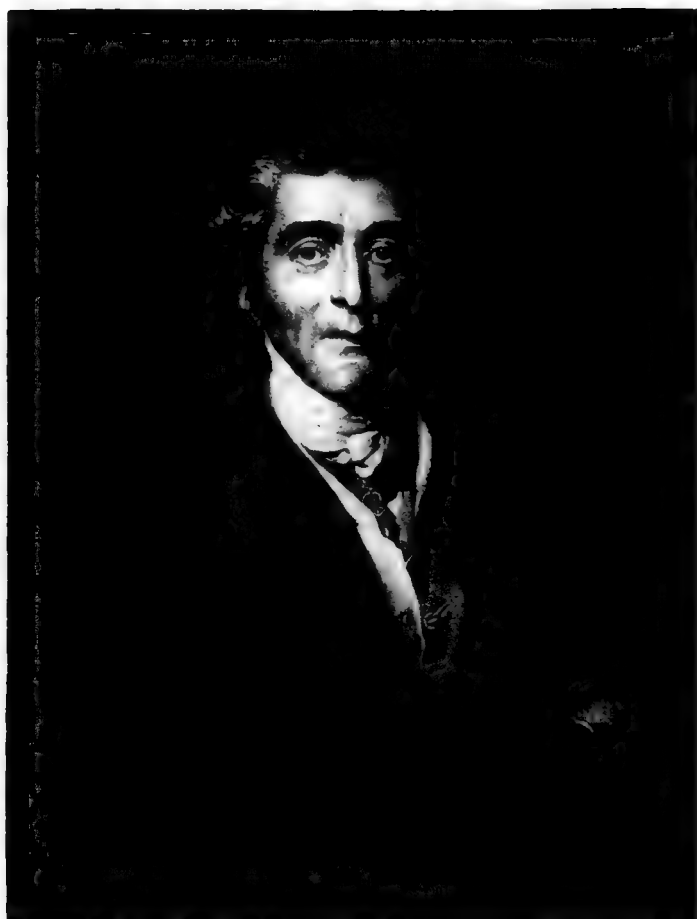
the Jews who are before your gates, and they demand the keys of your church-doors.' (Long-continued laughter.)

"In the debates on this Bill in the House, a baron from the West—(laughter)—declared that if naturalisation should be granted to the Jews we should be in danger of soon seeing them in Parliament. 'They will,' he said, 'divide our counties among their race, and sell our landed properties to the highest bidder.' (Laughter.) Another Member of Parliament was of the opinion that 'if the Bill should pass, the Jews will increase so rapidly that they will spread over the greatest part of England, and deprive the people of their land and of their power.' The Member for London, Sir John Bernard, regarded the matter from a deeper theological point of view, one which is repeated exactly in the late petition from Leicester, whose signers reproach the Catholics as being descendants of those who burned their ancestors. 'And, in like manner,' he cried, 'the Jews are the descendants of those who crucified the Saviour, and for that are cursed by God unto their latest descendants.' He (Spring Rice) cited these instances to show that the old alarm-cry was as much founded in reason as the new outcry against the Catholics. (Hear, hear!) In the time of the Jewish Bill there was published a jesting mock Jewish journal, in which the follow-

ing notice appeared :—‘ Since our last number the post-coach from Jerusalem has arrived. The last week in the lying-in hospital, Brownlow Street, twenty-five boys were publicly circumcised. Yesterday evening the Bill for naturalising Christians was unanimously rejected in the Sanhedrim. The report of a rising of the Christians in North Wales is without foundation. Last Friday the annual celebration of the Crucifixion was celebrated with great gaiety throughout the kingdom.’

“In this manner, and at all times, both as regards the Jewish and the Catholic Bills, the most laughable opposition was provoked by the most absurd means; and if we seek for the causes of such alarms, we find that they were quite alike. If we investigate the causes of the opposition to the Jewish Bill in 1753, we find as leading authority Lord Chatham, who declared in Parliament that ‘he, as well as most other gentlemen, was convinced that religion itself had nothing to do with this question, and that it was only *the old High Church’s persecuting spirit* which had succeeded in persuading the people to the contrary.’ (Hear, hear!) So it is in this case, and it is their love of exclusive power and precedence which now impels the old exalted Church to stir up the people against the Catholics; and he (Spring Rice) was convinced that many who use such arts knew perfectly well how little religion was really in-

volved in the last Catholic Bill—just as little as in a Bill for regulating weights and measures, or for determining the length of a pendulum according to the number of its swings. There had just then appeared in the *Hardwick Journal*, in reference to the Jewish Bill, a letter from Dr. Birch to Mr. Philip York, in which he declared that all this alarm was only intended to influence the next elections. (Hear! and laughter.) It had happened then, even as it has in this our time, that a reasonable, sensible Bishop of Norwich had come forward in favour of the Jewish Bill. Dr. Birch relates that the Bishop, on his return to his church district, was for this insulted. ‘As he went to Ipswich to confirm certain boys, he was mocked by the way, people asking him to circumcise them, and it was also announced that the Lord Bishop would on the next Sabbath confirm the Jews, and the next day circumcise the Christians.’ (Laughter.) In like manner the outcry against liberal measures in all ages was equally unreasonable and brutal. (Hear, hear!) Those fears as regarded the Jews could be compared with the alarm which had been excited in certain places by the Bill for the Catholics. The danger which men feared, should more power be granted to the Catholics, was just as absurd—the power to work mischief, should they be so inclined, could not be given them by law in even so high



a degree as they now possessed simply by their oppression. For it is by this oppression that such men as Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel have become so popular. These men were not named to make them suspicious characters; on the contrary, one should respect them, and they have deserved well of their country; but it would be better if power were in the laws instead of in the hands of individuals, no matter how deserving of respect they may be. The time will come when the resistance of Parliament to such concessions of justice will be regarded, not merely with amazement, but contempt. The religious wisdom of an earlier age was often the subject of contempt to the following generation." (Hear, hear!)

XII.

WELLINGTON.

THE man has the bad fortune to meet with good fortune everywhere, and wherever the greatest men in the world were unfortunate; and that excites us, and makes him hateful. We see in him only the victory of stupidity over genius—Arthur Wellington triumphant where Napoleon Bonaparte is overwhelmed! Never

was a man more ironically gifted by Fortune, and it seems as though she would exhibit his empty littleness by raising him high on the shield of victory. Fortune is a woman, and perhaps in womanly wise she cherishes a secret grudge against the man who overthrew her former darling, though the very overthrow came from her own will. Now she lets him conquer again on the Catholic Emancipation question—yes, in the very fight in which George Canning was destroyed. It is possible that he might have been loved had the wretched Londonderry been his predecessor in the Ministry; but it happens that he is the successor of the noble Canning—of the much-wept, adored, great Canning—and he conquers where Canning was overwhelmed. Without such an adversity of prosperity, Wellington would perhaps pass for a great man; people would not hate him, would not measure him too accurately, at least not with the heroic measure with which a Napoleon and a Canning is measured, and consequently it would never have been discovered how small he is as man.

He is a small man, and smaller than small at that. The French could say nothing more sarcastic of Polignac than that he was a Wellington without celebrity. In fact, what remains when we strip from a Wellington the field-marshal's uniform of celebrity?

I have here given the best apology for Lord Wellington—in the English sense of the word. My readers will be astonished when I honourably confess that I once praised this hero—and clapped on all sail in so doing. It is a good story, and I will tell it here:—

My barber in London was a Radical, named Mr. White—a poor little man in a shabby black dress, worn until it almost shone white again; he was so lean that even his full face looked like a profile, and the sighs in his bosom were visible ere they rose. These sighs were caused by the misfortunes of Old England—by the impossibility of paying the National Debt.

“Ah!” I generally heard him sigh, “why need the English people trouble themselves as to who reigns in France, and what the French are a-doing at home? But the high nobility, sir, and the High Church were afraid of the principles of liberty of the French Revolution; and to keep down these principles John Bull must give his gold and his blood, and make debts into the bargain. We’ve got all we wanted out of the war—the Revolution has been put down, the French eagles of liberty have had their wings cut, and the High Church may be cock-sure that none of them eagles will come a-flying over the Channel; and now the high nobility and the High Church between ’em ought to pay, any way, for the debts

which were made for their own good, and not for any good of the poor people. Ah! the poor people!"

Whenever Mr. White came to the "poor people" he always sighed more deeply than ever, and the refrain then was, that bread and porter were so dear that the poor people must starve to feed fat lords, stag-hounds, and priests, and that there was only one remedy. At these words he was wont to whet his razor, and as he drew it murderously up and down the strop, he murmured grimly to himself, "Lords, priests, hounds!"

But his Radical rage boiled most fiercely against the Duke of Wellington; he spat gall and poison whenever he alluded to him, and as he lathered me he himself foamed with rage. Once I was fairly frightened when he, while barbering away at my neck, burst out in wonted wise against Wellington, murmuring all the while, "If I only had him *this* way under my razor, I'd save him the trouble of cutting his own throat, as his brother in office and fellow-countryman, Londonderry, did, who killed himself that-a-way at North Cray in Kent—God damn him!"

I felt that the man's hand trembled, and fearing lest he might imagine, in his excitement, that I really was the Duke of Wellington, I endeavoured to allay his violence, and in an underhand manner, to soothe him, I called up his national pride, I

represented to him that the Duke of Wellington had advanced the glory of the English, that he had always been an innocent tool in the hands of others, that he was fond of beefsteak, and that he finally—but the Lord only knows what fine things I said of Wellington as I felt that razor tickling around my throat!

What vexes me most is the reflection that Wellington will be as immortal as Napoleon Bonaparte. It is true that, in like manner, the name of Pontius Pilate will be as little likely to be forgotten as that of Christ. Wellington and Napoleon! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can at the same time think of both these names. There can be no greater contrast than the two, even in their external appearance. Wellington, the dumb ghost, with an ashy-grey soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile in his freezing face—and by the side of *that* think of the figure of Napoleon, every inch a god!¹

That figure never disappears from my memory. I still see him, high on his steed, with eternal eyes in his marble-like, imperial face, glancing calm as destiny on the Guards defiling past—he

¹ This remark, in such a train of argument, suggests the fact that Heine—not unlike Carlyle—was chiefly influenced in his historical judgments by the melo-dramatic or theatrical. Like the American lady, he would have been opposed to the Republican party “because Abe Lincoln was so ugly.”—*Translator*.

was then sending them to Russia, and the old Grenadiers glanced up at him, so terribly devoted, so all-consciously serious, so proud in death—

“Te, Cæsar, morituri, salutant !”

There often steals over me a secret doubt whether I ever really saw him, if we were ever contemporaries, and then it seems to me as if his portrait, torn from the little frame of the present, vanished away more proudly and imperiously in the twilight of the past. His name even now sounds to us like a word of the early world, and as antique and as heroic as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It has already become a rallying word among races, and when the East and the West meet they fraternise on that single name.

I once felt in the deepest manner how significantly and magically that name can sound. It was in the harbour of London, at the India Docks, and on board an East Indiaman just arrived from Bengal. It was a giant-like ship, fully manned with Hindoos. The grotesque forms and groups, the singularly variegated dresses, the enigmatical expressions of countenance, the strange gestures, the wild and foreign ring of their language, their shouts of joy and their laughter, with the seriousness ever rising and falling on certain soft yellow faces, their eyes like black

flowers which looked at me as with wondrous woe—all of this awoke in me a feeling like that of enchantment, I was suddenly as if transported into Scherezade's story, and I thought that broad leaved-palms, and long-necked camels, and gold-covered elephants, and other fabulous trees and animals must forthwith appear. The supercargo who was on the vessel, and who understood as little of the language as I myself, could not, in his truly English narrow-mindedness, narrate to me enough of what a ridiculous race they were, nearly all pure Mohammedans collected from every land of Asia, from the limits of China to the Arabian Sea, there being even some jet-black, woolly-haired Africans among them.

To one whose whole soul was weary of the spiritless West, and who was as sick of Europe as I then was, this fragment of the East which moved cheerfully and changingly before my eyes was a refreshing solace ; my heart enjoyed at least a few drops of that draught which I had so often tasted in gloomy Hanoverian or Royal Prussian winter nights, and it is very possible that the foreigners saw in me how agreeable the sight of them was to me, and how gladly I would have spoken a kind word to them. It was also plain from the very depths of their eyes how much I pleased them, and they would also have willingly said something pleasant to me, and it was a vexa-

tion that neither understood the other's language. At length a means occurred to me of expressing to them with a single word my friendly feelings, and stretching forth my hands reverentially as if in loving greeting, I cried the name, "Mohammed!"

Joy suddenly flashed over the dark faces of the foreigners, and folding their arms as reverentially in turn, as a cheerful greeting they exclaimed, "Bonaparte!"

XIII.

THE LIBERATION.

SHOULD the time for leisurely research ever return to me, I will prove, in the most tiresomely fundamental manner, that it was not India but Egypt which originated that system of castes which has for two thousand years disguised itself in the garb of every country, and has deceived every age in its own language; which is now perhaps dead, yet which, counterfeiting the appearance of life, wanders about among us, evil-eyed and mischief-making, poisoning our blooming life with its corpse vapour; yes, which, like a vampire of the Middle Ages, sucks blood from the nations and light from their hearts. It was not merely crocodiles, who knew so well how to weep, who

sprang from the mud of the Nile, but also priests who understand it far better, and that privileged hereditary race of warriors who, in their lust of murder and ravenous appetites, far surpass any crocodiles.

Two deeply-thinking men of the German nation discovered the soundest and best counter-charm to the worst of all Egyptian plagues, and by the black art—by gunpowder and the art of printing—they broke the force of that clerical and laical hierarchy which had formed itself from an union of the priesthood and warrior caste; that is to say, from the so-called Catholic Church and from the feudal nobility, and which enslaved all Europe both in body and in the spirit. The printing-press burst asunder the walls of the building of dogmas in which the high priest of Rome had imprisoned souls, and Northern Europe again breathed freely, freed from the nightmare of that clergy which had indeed abandoned the *form* of Egyptian inheritance of rank, but which remained all the truer to the Egyptian priestly spirit, since it presented itself with greater sternness and asperity, as a corporation of old bachelors, continued not by natural propagation, but by a Mameluke system of recruiting. In like manner we see how the warlike caste has lost its power since the old routine of the business is worth nothing in the modern methods of war. For the strongest castles are now thrown down by the

trumpet-tones of the cannon, as the walls of Jericho were thrown down of old; the iron harness of the night is no better protection against the leaden rain than the linen blouse of the peasant; powder makes men equal; a citizen's musket fires as well as a nobleman's—the people rise.

The earlier efforts of which we read in the history of the Lombard and Tuscan Republics, of the Spanish Communes, and of the free cities in Germany and other countries do not deserve the honour of being classed as a movement on the part of the people; they were not efforts to attain liberty, but merely liberties; not battles for right, but for municipal power; corporations fought for privileges, and all remained fixed in the bonds of guilds and trades-unions.

Not until the days of the Reformation did the battle assume general and spiritual proportions, and then liberty was demanded, not as an imported but as an aboriginal, not as an inherited but as an inborn, right. Principles were brought forward instead of old parchments; and the peasants in Germany and the Puritans in England fell back on the Gospel, whose texts then were of as high authority as our modern reasoning.¹ Yes, and

¹ Which does not prevent Heine from elsewhere reviling the Puritans as if they were the worst foes of humanity and truth.
—*Translator*.

even higher, since they were regarded as the revealed reason of God himself. There it stood legibly written, that men are of equal birth, that the pride which exalts itself must be damned, that wealth is a sin, and that the poor also are summoned to enjoyment in the beautiful garden of God, the common Father of all.

With the Bible in one hand and with the sword in the other the peasants swept over South Germany, and announced to the proud and wealthy burgherhood of high-towered Nuremberg that in future no house should be left standing which seemed other than a peasant's house. So truly and so deeply had they comprehended the truth. Even at the present day in Franconia and in Suabia we see traces of this doctrine of equality, and a shuddering reverence of the Holy Spirit creeps over the wanderer when he sees in the moonshine the dark ruins of castles from the time of the peasants' war. It is well for him who in sober, waking mood sees naught besides; but if one is a "Sunday child"—and every one familiar with history is that—he will also see the high hunt in which the German nobility, the rudest and sternest in the world, pursued their victims. He will see how unarmed men were slaughtered by thousands; how they were racked, speared, and martyred; and from the waving corn-fields he will see the bloody peasants' heads nodding

mysteriously, while above a terrible lark is heard whistling, piping revenge, like the piper of Helfenstein.¹

The brothers in England and Scotland were more fortunate; their defeat was neither so disgraceful nor so unproductive, and to the present day we see there the results of their rule. But they did not effect a firm foundation of their principles; the dainty cavaliers now rule again as before, and amuse themselves with merry tales of the stiff old Roundheads which a friendly bard has written so prettily to entertain their leisure hours. No social overthrow took place in Great Britain; the framework of civil and political institutions remained undisturbed, the tyranny of castes and of trade-guilds has remained there till the present day, and though penetrated by the light and warmth of modern civilisation, England is still congealed in a mediæval condition, or rather in the condition of a fashionable Middle Age. The concessions which have there been made to liberal ideas have been with difficulty wrested from this mediæval immovability, and all modern improvements have there proceeded, not from a principle but from actual necessity, and they all bear the curse of that half-way system which inevitably makes new exertion and new

¹ Or the piper of Hamelin, so quaintly sung by Browning !

conflicts to the death, with all their attendant dangers, a matter of necessity. The religious reformation in England is consequently but half perfected, and one finds himself much worse off between the four bare prison-walls of the Episcopal Anglican Church than in the large, beautifully painted and softly cushioned prison for the soul of Catholicism. Nor has it succeeded much better with the political reformation; popular representation is in England as faulty as possible, and if ranks are no longer distinguished by their coats, they are at least divided by different courts of justice, patronage, rights of Court presentation, prerogatives, customary privileges, and similar fatalities; and if the rights of person and property of the people depend no longer upon aristocratic caprice, but upon laws, still these laws are nothing but another sort of teeth with which the aristocratic brood seizes its prey, and another sort of daggers wherewith it treacherously murders the people. For in reality no tyrant upon the Continent squeezes, by his own arbitrary will, so many taxes out of his subjects as the English people are obliged to pay by law,¹ and no tyrant was ever so cruel as England's criminal law, which daily

¹ Heine is always consistent in at least one thing—in his utter ignorance that taxes return again to the people who pay them.—*Translator*.

commits murder for the amount of one shilling, and that with the coldest formality. Although many improvements have recently been made in this melancholy state of affairs in England, although limits have been placed to temporal and clerical avarice, and though the great falsehood of a popular representation is, to a certain degree, occasionally modified by transferring the perverted electoral voice of a rotten borough to a great manufacturing town, and although the harshest intolerance is here and there softened by giving certain rights to other sects, still it is all a miserable patching up which cannot last long, and the stupidest tailor in England can foresee that, sooner or later, the old garment of State will be rent asunder into the wretchedest of rags.

.

“No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment; for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.”

The deepest truth blooms only from the deepest love, and hence comes the harmony of the views of the elder Preacher in the Mount, who spoke against the aristocracy of Jerusalem; and those later preachers of the mountain, who from the

summit of the Convention in Paris preached a tri-coloured gospel, according to which not merely the form of the State but all social life should be, not patched, but formed anew, and be not only newly founded, but newly born.

I speak of the French Revolution, that epoch of the world in which the doctrines of freedom and of equality rose so triumphantly from those universal sources of knowledge which we call reason, and which must, as an unceasing revelation which repeats itself in every human head and founds a distinct branch of knowledge, be far preferable to that transmitted revelation which makes itself known only in a few of the elect, and which can only be *believed* in by the multitude. The privileged aristocracy, the caste-system, with their peculiar rights, were never able to combat this last-mentioned sort of revelation (which is itself of an aristocratic nature) so safely and surely as reason, which is democratic by nature, now does. The history of revolution is the military history of this strife, in which we have all taken a greater or lesser part; it is the fight to the death with Egyptianism.

Though the swords of the enemies grow duller day by day, and though we have already conquered the best positions, still we cannot raise the song of victory until the work is perfected. We can only during the night, between battles, when

there are armistices, go forth with the lantern on the field of death to bury the dead. Little avails the short burial-service! Calumny, the vile insolent spectre, sits upon the noblest graves.

Oh that the battle were only with those hereditary foes of truth who so treacherously poison the good name of their enemies, and who even humiliated that first Preacher of the Mount, the purest hero of freedom; since, when they could no longer deny that he was the greatest of men, they made of him the least of gods! He who fights with priests may make up his mind to have his poor good name torn and befouled by the most infamous lies and the most cutting slanders. But as these flags which are most rent, or blackened by powder-smoke in the battle, are more highly prized than the whitest and soundest recruiting banners, and as they are at last laid up as national relics in cathedrals, so at some future day the names of our heroes, the more they are torn and blackened, will be all the more enthusiastically honoured in the holy Saint Genevieve Church of Freedom.

The Revolution itself has been slandered, like its heroes, and represented as a terror to princes, and as a popular scarecrow in libels of every description. All of the so-called "horrors of the Revolution" have been learned by heart by children in the schools, and at one time nothing

was seen in the public fairs but harshly coloured pictures of the guillotine. It cannot be denied that this machine, which was invented by Monsieur Guillotin, a French physician and a great world orthopædist, and with which the stupidest heads are easily separated from evil hearts, this most excellent and wholesome machine has indeed been applied rather frequently, but still only in incurable diseases; in such cases, for example, as treachery, falsehood, and weakness; and the patients were not for a long time tortured, racked, and broken on the wheel, as thousands upon thousands of *vilains*, citizens, and peasants were tortured or racked, and broken as *roturiers*, on the wheel, in the good old time. It is, of course, terrible that the French, with this machine, once even amputated the head of State, and no one knows whether they ought to be accused, on that account, of parricide or of suicide; but, on more moderate and thorough reflection, we find that Louis of France was less a sacrifice to passion than to circumstances, and that those men who forced the people on to such a sacrifice, and who have themselves in every age poured forth princely blood far more abundantly, should not appear solely as accusers. Only two kings, both of them rather kings of the nobility than of the people, were sacrificed by the people, and that not in a time of peace, or to subserve

petty interests, but in the extremest needs of war, when they saw themselves betrayed, and when they least spared their own blood. But certainly more than a thousand princes were treacherously slain, on account of avarice or frivolous interests, by the dagger, by the sword, and by the poison of nobility and priests. It really seems as though these castes regarded regicide as one of their privileges, and therefore bewail the more selfishly the death of Louis XVI. and of Charles I. Oh that kings at last would perceive that they could live more safely as kings of the people, and protected by the law, than under the guard of their noble body-murderers!

But not only have the heroes of our Revolution and the Revolution itself been slandered, but even our entire age has been parodied with unheard-of wickedness, and if one hears or reads our vile traducers and scorners, then he will learn that the people are the *canaille*—the vile mob—that liberty is license,¹ and with heaven-bent eyes and pious sighs our enemies complain and bewail that we were frivolous, and had, alas! no religion. Hypocritical, dissembling souls, who creep about bent down beneath the burden of their secret vices, dare to vilify an age which is, perhaps,

¹ Dass die Freiheit heisst Frecheit.



holier than any of its predecessors or successors—an age that sacrifices itself for the sins of the past and for the happiness of the future—a Messiah among centuries, which could hardly endure its bloody crown of thorns and heavy cross, did it not now and then trill a merry vaudeville and crack a joke at the modern Pharisees and Sadducees. Its colossal pains would be intolerable without such jesting and persiflage! Seriousness shows itself more majestically when laughter leads the way. And the age in this shows itself exactly like its children among the French, who have written frightfully frivolous books, and yet have been very strong and serious when strength and seriousness were necessary; as, for instance, Laclos, and even Louvet de Couvray, who both, when it came home to them, fought for freedom with the boldness of martyrs and with self-sacrifices, yet who wrote very trivially and lasciviously, and alas! had no religion!¹

As if freedom were not as good a religion as any other! And since it is ours, we may, measuring with the same meter, declare its contemners to be themselves frivolous and irreligious.

Yes, I repeat the words with which I opened

¹ The "Chevalier de Faublas," of Louvet de Couvray, was probably meant for a bitter satire on the age.—*Translator*.

these pages—freedom is a new religion, the religion of our age. If Christ be no longer the God of this religion, he is, nevertheless, one of its high priests, and his name shines consolingly into the hearts of the younger believers. But the French are the chosen race of the new religion; the first gospels and dogmas were penned in their language. Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which separates the land of liberty from the country of the *Philistines*.

CONCLUSION.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER 29, 1830.

It was in depressed times in Germany—times which were under arrest—when I wrote the second volume of the "Pictures of Travel," and had it printed as I wrote. But before it appeared, something relative to it was whispered about; it was said that my book would encourage and awaken the cowed-down spirit of freedom, and that measures were being taken to suppress it. When such rumours were afloat it was advisable to bring out the book as quickly as possible, and to drive it through the press. As it was necessary that it should contain a certain number of

leaves, to escape the requisitions of the eminently estimable censorship, I followed the example of Benvenuto Cellini, who, when he, in founding his "Perseus," found himself short of bronze, to supply the deficiency, and to fill up the mould, threw into the melted metal all the tin plates which he could find. It was, beyond question, easy enough to detect the difference between the tin—especially the tin termination of the book—and the better bronze,¹ but any one who understood the business would not betray the secrets of the workman.

But as everything in this world is liable to turn up again, so it came to pass that, in this very volume, I found myself again in the same scrape, and I have been obliged to again throw some tin into the mould—let me hope that this renewed melting of baser metal will simply be attributed to the pressure of the times.

Ah! the whole book sprang from the pressure of the times, as did the similar tendency of earlier writings. The more intimate friends of the writer, who are acquainted with his private circumstances, know well how little his own vanity forced him to the tribune, and how great were the sacrifices which he was obliged to make

¹ Bronze is not more valuable than tin. What Heine really had in his mind here was the Dusseldorf statue, which was eked out with silver.—*Translator*.

for every independent word which he has spoken since then, and—if God will!—which he still means to speak. Now-a-days a word is a dead whose consequences cannot be measured, and no one knows whether he may not eventually appear as blood-witness for every word.

For years I have waited in vain for the words of those bold orators who once in the meetings of the German Burschenschaft so often claimed a hearing, who so often overwhelmed me with their rhetorical talent, and spoke a language spoken so oft before; they were then so forward in noise—they are now so backward in silence.¹ How they then reviled the French and the Southern Babel, and the un-German frivolous betrayers of the Fatherland who praised Frenchdom. That praise verified itself in the great week!

Ah, the great week of Paris! The spirit of freedom, which was wafted thence over Germany, upset, of course, here and there, some night-lamps, so that the red curtains of sundry thrones took fire, and golden crowns grew hot under blazing night-caps; but the old catch-polls, in whom the royal police trusted, are already bringing out the fire-buckets, and now scent around all the more suspiciously and forge all the more

¹ Sie waren sonst so vorlaut, und sind, jetzt so nachstill.

firmly their secret chains, and I mark well that a far more impenetrable prison vault is being arched over the German people.

Poor imprisoned people! be not cast down in your need. Oh that I could speak catapults! Oh that I could shoot falaricas from my heart!

The aristocratic icy coat of reserve melts from my heart, a strange sorrow steals over me—is it love, and naught save love for the German race? Or is it sickness?—my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is an unfortunate occurrence for a writer, who should command his material and remain nicely objective, as the schools of art require, and as Goethe himself did—he grew to be eighty years old in so doing, and a minister, and opulent at that—poor German race! that is thy greatest man!

I still have a few octave pages to fill, and will do so with a story—it has been floating in my head since yesterday—a story from the life of Charles the Fifth.¹ But it is now a long time since I heard it, and I no longer remember its details with accuracy. Such things are easily forgotten, if one does not receive a regular salary for reading them every half-year from his lecture books. But what does it matter if the names of places and historical dates are for-

¹ This is more correctly given in the French version as "from the life of the Emperor Maximilian."—*German Editor.*

gotten, so long as their inner significance or their moral remains in a man's memory? This it is which really stirs in my soul and mournfully moves me even to tears. I fear lest sickness should overpower me.

The poor Emperor was captive to his enemies, and lay in stern imprisonment. I believe that it was in Tyrol. There he sat in solitary sorrow, abandoned by all his knights and courtiers, and no one came to his aid. I know not if he already had in those days that pale complexion, like cheese, with which Holbein portrays him. But the misanthropically scornful under-lip protruded, beyond question, even more markedly than in his pictures. He must have despised the beings who fawned and wagged around him in the sunshine of prosperity, and who left him now in dark and bitter need. Suddenly the prison door opened, and there entered a man wrapped in a cloak, and when it was cast aside the Emperor recognised in the visitor his trusty Kunz von der Rosen, the court-fool. This one brought him consolation and counsel—and it was the court-fool.

O German Fatherland! dear German race! I am thy Kunz von der Rosen. The man whose real office was pastime, and who only made thee merry in better days, forces his way into thy prison in time of need; here, beneath my

mantle, I bring thee thy strong sceptre and the beautiful crown; dost thou not remember me, my emperor? If I cannot free thee, I will at least console thee, and thou shouldst have some one by thee who will talk with thee about thy all too pressing oppressions, and will wake up thy courage, and who loves thee, and whose best jokes and best blood are ever at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true emperor, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign and far more legitimate than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, who grounds his claim upon a divine right, without any better guarantee than the quackery of shaved and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the only righteous source of all power. Yea, even though thou liest down there is fetters, thine own good right must prevail at last, the day of freedom draws near, a new time begins—my emperor, the night is over, and the red light of morning gleams without.

"Kunz von der Rosen, my poor fool, thou errest. Thou hast mistaken the shining axe of the executioner for the sun, and the morning-red is nothing but blood."

"No, no, my emperor, it is the sun, though it rises in the West—since six thousand years, we have always seen it rise in the East—it is high time that it for once made a change in its course."

"Kunz von der Rosen, my fool, thou hast

lost the bells from thy red cap, and it now has such a strange look, that red cap !”

“Ah, my emperor; in your distress I have shaken my head in such mad earnest that the fool’s bell fell from my cap; but it is none the worse for that !”

“Kunz von der Rosen, my fool, what is it breaking and cracking without there ?”

“Hush—silence ! it is the saw and the carpenter’s axe, and the doors of your prison will soon be broken in, and you will be free, my emperor !”

“Am I then really emperor ? Ah, it is only the fool who tells me so !”

“Oh ! do not sigh so, my dear, dear lord ; it is the air of the dungeon which so dispirits you ; when you shall have regained your power, you will once more feel the bold imperial blood in your veins, and you will be proud as an emperor, and arrogant, and gracious, and unjust, and smiling, and ungrateful, as princes are.”

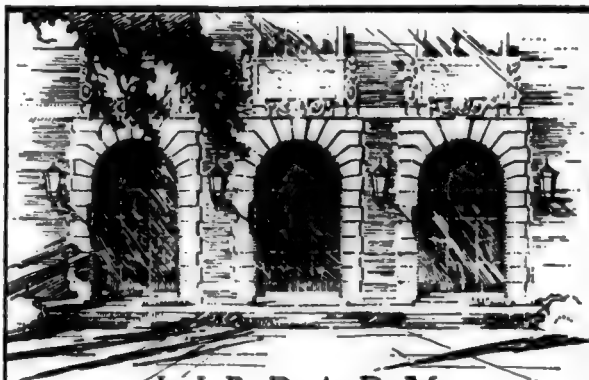
“Kunz von der Rosen, my fool, when I am again free what wilt thou be doing ?”

“I will sew new bells on my cap.”

“And how shall I reward thy fidelity ?”

“Ah ! dear master—do not suffer me to be put to death !”

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OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES



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ROI DE FRANCE

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Préférant les douceurs
LOUIS veut s'enchaîner
Pour ne s songer*



*d'une brillante gloire
d'une solide PAIX,
le char de la Victoire
qu'un bonheur de France*

THE WORKS

OF

Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK: GROSCH & STERLING COMPANY

From an engraving by Lebrun

The Works of
Heinrich Heine

Translated by
Charles Godfrey Leland

THE SALON

AND SOME LETTERS ON THE
FRENCH STAGE (I.)

VOLUME SEVEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE *Salon* of Heine, as it was first published, consisted of papers on the annual exhibitions of pictures held in Paris during several years, and a portion of the "Germany." In the last complete German edition of his works, this arrangement was changed, and all his letters on art and music included in one volume entitled *Lutetia: Berichte über Politik, Kunst und Volksleben* (Reports relative to Politics, Art, and Popular Life). This I have translated, restoring the title *Salon*, because it is now so generally known, that many might suppose that the series was imperfect unless that name could be found in it. And as the whole work is, though very discursive or varied, based on artistic, literary, or æsthetic subjects, it will, I think, be generally admitted that the *Salon* is the most appropriate title for it.

And here I may remark, as I have indeed done in a previous preface, that I know no writer whose works are to be judged so little by mere title or subject, so far as interest or merit is concerned, as Heine's. For as he touched nought which he did not adorn or render fascinating, it was impossible for him to write on anything whatever without displaying the same extraordinary *esprit*, wit, erudition, knowledge of men and life, grotesqueness, pathos, and originality which are to be found in the "Pictures of Travel," "Germany," the "Florentine Nights," or "Shakespeare's Women and Maidens." Had he given to the world papers on any subjects in the "Cyclopædia," chosen at random, they would all have been equally amusing, edifying, irritating, charming, and now and then disgusting to those who cannot take him as he really was. A few writers have possessed his merits, and many his faults, but certainly no human being ever combined the whole so strangely, and yet with a marvellous harmony, which becomes more evident as we learn to know the man.

In one very important respect the *Salon* is by far the ablest of Heine's works. If, as I

declared in the preface to "Germany," he *sometimes* manifested in it an inability to fully grasp, or fairly treat, or clearly set forth, the vast problems in social science, literature, and especially philosophy, which he so daringly discussed, despite the marvellous sagacity which he often displayed, it can on the other hand be claimed that in the *Salon* he shows himself absolutely a master in criticising pictures, music, and the stage. That is to say, that, in keeping with his whole character, he is often weak where he should be strong, and admirably or perfectly strong where weakness might have been anticipated or pardonable. It would almost seem as if, as has been said of life, that the only thing to be expected in him is the unexpected.

In the *Salon* of 1831, our author with unerring eye detected, and with marvellous ability discussed and praised, certain pictures, every one of which, as time has shown, acquired a world-wide reputation. He carefully avoided, in doing this, all technical terms, so that every reader can clearly understand him, and he brings the paintings themselves before us as perfectly as words can do. This is characteristic of all the

criticisms in the book. If I have sometimes ventured in my notes to dissent from certain canons which he has advanced, and to find fault with minor details, it is not to be understood by any means that I do not admire his work as a whole.

The secret of his great skill as an art-critic may be found in this, that he was born and passed his youth in Düsseldorf among artists, that he was taught to draw by the great Cornelius, and to think on art, and to familiarise himself with its history, by Professor Friedrich Thiersch. Having been myself a pupil of the latter, and written out his course of lectures, I feel justified in asserting that a Heine certainly could not have done the same without acquiring such a fundamental and thorough knowledge of art in its chief branches as very few professional critics have enjoyed. If the reader will simply carefully peruse the *Ästhetik* of Thiersch, and reflect on what must have been learned if the pupil resorted daily to the great galleries of Munich to verify its lessons, and remember that with this a great number of master-works on art were also carefully studied, and that after the course of lectures

was ended all the great galleries in Europe were visited with Kugler's *Kunstgeschichte* under the arm, he will admit that our author was not without qualification to discuss pictures. But Thiersch was a great general scholar, as celebrated for Greek learning as for art, and above all gifted as a teacher. Heine speaks gratefully of him in the *Reisebilder*, and his works indicate throughout the influence of the master who taught with immense and minute knowledge the development and systematic correspondences of all the arts in all ages.

He who has received a true coherent *education* in art and its history, when young, and not picked up his knowledge here and there loosely, has a key to archæology, history, *belles lettres* and all that is connected with them, which is, I may say, as yet little understood out of Germany. Heine had enjoyed such a training, and it enabled him in after years to enter readily into numerous fields of culture to which the access would have otherwise been difficult. He evidently had an innate love for and intelligence of music, due probably to hereditary endowment; for it is certain that, with the exception of the Gypsies of

Eastern Europe, no race in the world is so musical as the Jews. In this he indeed shows himself, if anything, more familiarly and easily at home than in discussing the "formative" or plastic arts; nor do I believe that the sense or sincerity of his remarks on the subject have ever been questioned. As regards the stage, he was not only himself an author of plays, but had been from youth upwards familiar with acting, and studied *Dramaturgie* conscientiously, as his works indicate.

I can hardly rise to the height of the stupendous compliment paid by Balzac to Heine when he declared the latter to be the best representative of German literature in France and of French literature in Germany, and which I believe to be chiefly based on the merit of the *Salon*; but I believe this work to be, as a whole, the one which, of its kind, combines more suggestive thought, amusement, and information than any other with which I am acquainted. I say "amusing," and so it would be were it for one thing alone, which is that the author, to a shrewd observer, so frequently shows himself perfectly unconscious of having said a good or wise thing

—as is proved by his not following it up—and anon manifesting pride and delight at having hit upon some hardly passable bit of vulgar rubbish, which he makes the most of—reminding one of the monkey who rescued from the fire many objects, among others the baby, to which, however, he attached no special value. Thus he was certainly quite unconscious of his absolutely marvellous ability in describing a person or a picture; else he would have given us more such masterpieces, and developed the art of such word-photography to a far greater degree; while, on the other hand, his pitiful and disagreeable abuse of Raupach, Spontini, and other small people not worth mentioning, is elaborated with a care and interest which is as melancholy as it is childish.

I trust that the reader will be tolerant as regards the notes which I have appended. As I have known many of the people, lived in the scenes described at the time, and been deeply interested in the subjects discussed, I have ventured here and there to offer my own opinions freely, and even to give reminiscences and remarks suggested by the text, in a manner which some severe critics may possibly regard as being

rather too gossipy, if not in bad form. Of all such I can only beg pardon, and plead in excuse the exceedingly kind reception which was generally given by reviewers to the notes in the volumes which have already appeared.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

HOMBURG-LES-BAINS,

October 14, 1892.

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THE SALON.

THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF 1831.

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER 1831.

THE Exhibition (*Salon*) is at length closed, its pictures having been shown since the beginning of May. They were generally looked at with only fleeting glances, for people's minds were busy with other things, and anxiously occupied with perplexing politics. As for me, who had but recently come for the first time to the capital of France, and who was bewildered with innumerable new impressions, I was much less able than others to wander through the halls of the Louvre in a befitting tranquil state of mind. There they stood, close one by the other, three thousand beautiful pictures, the poor children of Art, to whom the multitude threw only the alms of an indifferent look. How they begged in silent sorrow for a little bit of sympathy, or to be sheltered in some tiny corner of the heart! It was all in vain, for all hearts were full of families of

their own feelings, and had neither board nor lodging to bestow on such strangers. Aye, there it was; the Exhibition was like an orphan asylum—a crowd of infants gathered here and there, left to themselves, and none of them related one to the other in any way. They moved our souls, as they are wont to be moved on seeing child-like helplessness and youthful despair (*Zerri-senheit*).

With what a different feeling are we seized on entering a gallery of those Italian paintings which are not exposed like foundlings to the cold world, but which, on the contrary, have drawn their nourishment from the breast of one great common mother, and who, like members of one large family, live together in peace and unity, speaking the same language, though they may not utter the same words!

The Catholic Church, which was once such a mother for this and all other arts, is now herself poor and helpless. Every painter now works according to his own taste and on his own account. The caprices of the day, the whims of the wealthy, or of his own idle heart, suggest subjects; the palette offers the most glowing colours, and the canvas is patient to endure. Add to this, that now a badly understood Romanticism flourishes among French painters, and according to its chief rule, every artist strives to

paint as differently as possible from all others, or, as the current phrase has it, to develop his own individuality (*seine Eigenthümlichkeit hervortreten zu lassen*). What pictures are thereby full oft produced may be imagined easily enough.

As the French have in any case much sound common-sense, they have always decided accurately as to failures, readily recognised what was truly characteristic (*Eigenthümliche*), and easily fished out the true pearls from this pictured ocean of many colours. The artists whose works were most discussed and most highly praised were Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Decamps, Lessore, Schnetz, Delaroche, and Robert.¹ I will therefore limit myself to repeating public opinion, which differs little on the whole from mine, and also avoid as much as possible criticism of technical merits or defects. It would be of little use as regards pictures which will not remain in public galleries exposed to general view, and of still less advantage to the German reader, who has not seen them at all. It is only fleeting comments (*Winke*) or hints as to the subject and significance of these pictures which can interest the latter; and, as a conscientious reporter (*referant*) I begin with the works of—

¹ The preceding sentence is omitted in the French version.

ARY SCHEFFER.

The Faust and Marguerite of this painter attracted the most attention during the first month of the Exhibition, because the best works of Delaroche and Robert were not shown till later. Moreover, those who have never seen anything by Scheffer will be at once struck by his manner, which expresses itself particularly in expression by colour. His enemies say of him that he paints only with snuff and soft soap (*grüne Seife*). I will not say how far they do him wrong. His brown shadows are often much affected, and fail to produce the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt which the artist aimed at. His pictures have mostly that repulsive (*fatale*) colour which would disgust us, if we, wearied with a night's watching and in an ill-temper, should see our faces in one of those green mirrors such as are found in old inns where the diligence stops of a morning.¹ But, when we look long

¹ In the original our author says, "such as may often disgust us when," *et cætera*. But as the green mirrors alluded to were great rarities even in his time, the suggestion that the reader has *often* used them after a night's watching may remind those who have read my *Etruscan Roman Remains*, of Peter Pipernus, who, after relating the extraordinary story of a man whose humpback was carried away by the fairies, proceeds to assure us in an airy manner that the same incident had frequently occurred in his neighbourhood.—*Translator*.

and more nearly into Scheffer's pictures, we learn to like his manner—*on se réconcilie avec ce faire*—we find that his treatment of the whole is very poetic, and we perceive that the glow of feeling breaks through these gloomy colours, glittering like sun-rays through dark clouds or misty vapour. This painting, which seems smeared or swept ill-temperedly, those tired-to-death (*todmüden*) colours, with uncanny vague outlines, have actually a good effect in the pictures of Faust and Marguerite. Both are three-quarter pictures.¹ Faust is seated in a red mediæval settle (*Sessel*) by a table covered with parchment-bound books, on which rests his arm, which supports his head. The right arm, with the palm of the hand turned outwards, rests on his hip akimbo.² The garment is soft-soap-greenly-blue. The face, almost in profile, is snuff-tawny-pale (*Fahl*), the features are noble and stern. Despite its sickly and mistaken colour, hollow cheeks, shrivelled lips, and general desolation, this face still bears traces of its former beauty, and as the eyes ray out a gentle melancholy light, we are reminded of a beautiful ruin lit by the moon.

Yes, the man is a beautiful human ruin ; in the

¹ *Knie-stücke*—kit-cat.

² French version—"Tombe le long de sa hanche."

folds of his weather-worn eyebrows brood mysteriously learned owls, and behind that forehead evil spirits lurk. Then at midnight there are thrown open the tombs of dead desires, pale shades come trooping forth, and through the empty chambers of the brain glides, but as with fettered feet, the ghost of Margaret. The merit of the painter is great in this, that he has only painted the head of a man, and that the mere sight of it suggests to us the feelings and thoughts which move in his brain and heart. In the background, almost invisible and quite green—repulsively green—appears the head of Mephistopheles, the evil spirit, the father of lies, the god of soft soap.¹

Margaret is a side-piece of equal value. She also sits on a *fauteuil* of faded red. Her spinning-wheel, with the distaff full of wool, rests by her untouched, and she holds in her hand an open prayer-book, in which she does not read, and in which appears a faded many-coloured picture of the Virgin Mary. Her head hangs down in such a manner that the greater portion of it, which is almost in profile, is strangely shadowed. It seems as if the gloomy soul of Faust threw its shadow over the face of

¹ It may be as well to note here that "soft soap," as a slang synonym for flattery and cajolery, has a depth of expressiveness in English which is not attached to *grüne Seife* in German. French version—"Le dieu du savon vert."

the calm girl. The two pictures hang near one another, and it is very remarkable that all the effect of light falls on the face of Faust; that of Margaret, on the contrary, receives much less, while the outline details of her figure are much more illuminated. The effect thus gained by the latter picture is indescribably enchanting. Gretchen's bodice is a soap-like green, a little black cap scantily covers her head, and her smooth golden hair presses forth the more brilliantly. Her face is a noble touching oval, and the features of a beauty which she would fain hide from modesty. She is, with her dear blue eyes, modesty herself. A tranquil tear, a pearl of silent pain, falls adown her cheek. We see in her the Margaret of Wolfgang Goethe, but she has read all of Friedrich Schiller, and she is far more sentimental than naïve, and is much more heavenly ideal than gracefully light. Perhaps she is too serious and true to be graceful, for grace consists in movement. With this she has in her that which is so trustworthy, so solid, so real, like a louis-d'or which one has in one's pocket. In one word she is a young German girl, and looking deeply into the melancholy violets of her eyes, one thinks of Germany, the perfumed linden (lime) trees, Holtz's poems, the stone statue of Roland before the Town Council House, the old conrector, his rosy niece, the

forester's house with the deer's antlers, bad tobacco and good fellows, grandmother's churchyard stories, faithful night-watchmen, friendship, first love, and all such sweet fads and fancies (*Schnurrrpfeifereien*). Really Scheffer's Margaret cannot be described. She has more feeling than face. She is a painted soul. When I passed by her I involuntarily said "*Liebes Kind!*"—dear child.

We find, unfortunately, Scheffer's style in all his pictures, and though it may be appropriate to his Faust and Margaret, it utterly displeases us in subjects which require a cheerful, vigorous, clear, and well-coloured treatment, as, for instance, in a little picture representing dancing school-children. With his misty sad colour, Scheffer has given us a troop of small goblins.¹ However remarkable his talent for portraits may be, and

¹ Not only was Scheffer the first to popularise in art the use, often to excess, of the "soft soap" green and ashy-grey which has of late years attained its culmination in decorative art in the sage, tea-green, and other tints which specially haunt the eyes during *nausea marina* or sea-sickness, and are almost peculiar to death and decay, but he also invented the art of substituting other colours for those which occur in Nature, so that it is now not unusual to see landscapes in which all the foliage is anything but green, the trunks anything but brown, and everything in hues which are sad, strange, and ghastly. This, when allied to talent or genius in other respects, produces effects which are certainly original, but which when imitated by feeble artists are simply silly. It is not every one who can get to Corinth.—*Translator.*

how much his originality of conception deserves praise, so much the more repulsive in this respect is his colour. And yet there was in this Exhibition a portrait to which his manner was perfectly adapted. It was only with such vague, deceitful, deadly faded hues, without character, that the man could be painted whose fame consists in this, that his thoughts can never be read in his face, or rather that we ever read in it their opposite. I mean the man to whom we might give a kick behind without the disappearance in front of the stereotyped smile from his countenance.¹ I mean the man who swore fourteen false oaths, and whose talent for lying was employed to their advantage by all Governments in France in succession, whenever a deadly act of perfidy was wanted,² so that he reminds me of that Locusta, the old compounder of poisons, who lived like an infamous heirloom in the house of Augustus, and was silently and safely transmitted by, and served one emperor after another, and one against the other, with her diplomatic draughts.³ When I stand before the portrait of the evil and false man, whom Scheffer has painted to the very life, even depicting with hemlock-

¹ *I.e.* Talleyrand. Omitted in the French version.

² Omitted in the French version.

³ Here the passage ends in the "complete French version."

poison colours the fourteen false oaths in his features, then the freezing thought runs through me, "For whom will he brew the next potion in London?"

The Henry IV. and Louis Philippe I., two equestrian pictures of life-size, in any case deserve special attention. The first, *le roi par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance*, lived before my time. I only know that he wore a Henri-quatre beard, and therefore I cannot testify to the likeness. The other, *le roi des barricades, le roi par la grâce du peuple souverain*, is my contemporary, and I can judge whether his portrait resembles him or not. I saw the latter ere I had the pleasure of beholding his Majesty himself, and yet I recognised him at once.¹ I saw him perhaps in a too exalted condition of the soul, that is, on the first celebration of the anniversary of the Revolution, when he rode through the streets of Paris in the midst of the rejoicing National Guard and the decorated men of July, who all roared the *Marseillaise* and *Parisienne* as if mad, dancing ever and anon *La Carmagnole*. His Majesty the King

¹ From this point all is omitted in the French version to the words, "otherwise the picture is fairly successful." This is as good as the anecdote of the gentleman who, having casually met her Majesty the Queen, assured her that he remembered her face perfectly, but could not recall her name.

sat high on horse, half like a compelled *triumphator*, half like a volunteer captive who is adorning a triumphal procession; a dethroned emperor rode symbolically or prophetically at his side; his two youthful sons also rode by him like blooming hopes, and his turgid red cheeks glowed out from the forest darkness of his great whiskers, and his sweetly greeting eyes glittered with joy and embarrassment. In Scheffer's picture he looks less gay and festive (*Kurzweilig*), but rather almost grieving, and as if he were riding over the Place de Grève, where his father was executed, and his horse seems to stumble. I believe that in the portrait the head is not so much run up into a point as in the illustrious original, which ever recalled to me an old song:—

“Es steht eine Tann' im tiefen Thal,
Ist unten breit und oben schmal.”

“A fir-tree deep in the vale doth grow,
’Tis broad above and small below.”

Otherwise the picture is fairly successful, and very like, but I did not detect this likeness till I had *myself* seen the King, which seems to me to be a doubtful, very doubtful, consideration as regards Scheffer's merits as a portrait painter.

Portrait painters are divisible into two classes. Some have the marvellous talent of exactly per-

ceiving and reproducing those traits which may give any stranger an idea of the face represented, so that he at once grasps the character of the unknown originals, and would immediately recognise the latter should he chance to meet him. This manner or merit we find among the old masters, especially in Holbein, Titian, and Van-dyke; and what at once strikes us in their portraits is the directness which so infallibly guarantees them resemblance to their long-deceased originals. "One would swear that this portrait is perfect," we often say when wandering through galleries.¹

¹ This mysterious and very German theory of the "indescrivable" art, which creates portraits which are so like to their originals as to bear full proof of perfection in themselves, is very pretty and popular, but not really *true*. There are very great painters and distinguished authors into whose works a ray of the *genial*, of life-like vivacity, or quaintness never penetrates, while there are others, especially among the very inferior draughtsmen for comic papers, who introduce even into very bad portraits or pictures such vividness that we conclude at once that we have the true air of the original, when the expression, it may be, is altogether foreign. Every artist of genius—and such were Holbein and Titian—by dint of experience, succeeded in giving a very perfect and *natural* expression of some kind to every portrait, but that this naturalness or ease as set forth by them was (as Heine virtually declares) so predominantly *characteristic* that it could be at once recognised not only by all contemporaries, but all mankind down through the ages, is incredible. To illustrate this I may mention that there is a distinguished photographer who has taken me at least twelve times, every likeness having been a caricature. In twenty sittings to different photographers in

Another or second manner of painting portraits prevails, especially among the English and French, who aim no higher than at the ready recognition of some one whom we already know, and only place upon the canvas those traits which call back into our memories the face and character of the well-known original. Such artists work for the memory alone, and they are specially dear to well-bred parents and tender married couples, who show us their family pictures after dinner, and can never sufficiently assure us how much the portrait resembled dear little Johnny before he had the whooping-cough, and how astonishingly like the original is the portrait of "my dear husband"—if we only knew him!—a delight which is reserved for us until Mein Herr shall have returned from the Brunswick fair.

America, every effort was a perfect success. The reason for this was that the former "artist" is never at an end of telling me to "sit up a little higher—turn your eyes just a quarter of an inch more to the right—just smile—a little—a little less, sir, if you please—now incline your arm just a *little* more to the right—now then—Now!" The Americans always let me sit as I please, without a fork in the back of my neck to recall Roman slavery—all at ease—the result being invariably a *success*, if not a great picture. Now there are artists—not all, but *many*—who can give this air of *sans gêne* and characteristic ease even to very bad pictures. This is not saying *at all* that the great portrait painters did not catch the air of "naturalness in repose," it is only a protest against the mystical and marvellous theory which Heine, who, like a true German, could never get enough

Scheffer's Leonore is, as regards colour, far superior to his other works.¹ The story is transferred to the time of the Crusades, by which the painter gained an excuse for displaying brilliant costumes, and a more romantic colour. The army returning homeward passes by, and poor Leonore does not find in it her beloved. There prevails in all this picture a soft melancholy—nothing forebodes in it the fearful spectre of the coming night. And therefore I believe that because the painter has placed the scene in the pious time of the Crusades, the deserted Leonore will not blaspheme Deity, nor will the dead rider carry her away. The Leonore of Bürger lived in an age of Protestantism and of critical examination, and her lover left for the War of Seven Years to conquer Silesia for the good of the friend of Voltaire. The Leonore of Scheffer lived in a Catholic believing age, when hundreds of thousands, inspired by religious ideas, sewed every one a red cross on his coat, and wandered

of "voonders oopon voonders," naturally advocated. What it all amounts to is, that our author declares that the knack, *chique*, or faculty of giving expression (which is really very frequent in inferior artists who never rise), is the one characteristic which distinguishes the true and great artist from second-rate pot-boilers, "English painters," and the like.—*Translator*.

¹ French version—"Le Léonore est un morceau fort distingué sous le rapport de la couleur, et montre avec quelle puissance d'attrait et de charme Scheffer pouvait pendre s'il le voulait."

as pilgrim-warriors to the Orient, to there conquer a grave.¹

A strange time! But after all, are not we mortals all crusaders, who, with all our wearisome combating, at last win for ourselves only a grave?²

¹ As there are eagles of criticism who catch flies by gravely blaming the author for typographical errors, for which proof-readers may perhaps be justly accountable, so Heine here blames the artist for an anachronism which possibly originated in the person who ordered the picture, and who thought to improve on the poet's conception. Thus I have seen certain pictures representing the slaying of the Dragon of Wantley by Moore of Moore Hall, in which the conception of the Percy Ballad was quite ignored, and all made genteelly romantic and mediæval, doubtless in agreement with some ancient legend, but not in accordance with the song which is generally known. There is, in fact, a very ancient mediæval popular ballad in German from which Bürger took his poem, but people will persist in believing that Scheffer should have followed the latter. There is something in all this "genteel refining" and improving which suggests a statue of "Lady Godiva" by an American female artist, in which the subject is not *nude*, but entirely draped. On inquiry, I was told that it represented Lady Godiva *before* her ride.—*Translator*.

² "Oh, my young friend, all taps is vanities," and "all is gas and gaiters!" This finding one's way out of a mudhole of a sentence by a sudden flip-flap of a high moral metaphor, not peculiarly appropriate, but sounding grandly, had keenly impressed Dickens. It is now almost peculiar to small clergymen. The blaspheming blossom in the next sentence is a beautiful conception, reminding one of the wild-flowers which the farmer declared "were a *cuss* to the field."

It is amusing to know what was Heine's own honest and original opinion of this mediæval re-cooking of Leonore, and it appeared concisely as follows in the original letter:—

"Scheffer's Leonore, who misses her Wilhelm among the

I read these thoughts on the noble countenance of the knight who casts from his high horse such a pitying glance on the poor Leonore, who lets her head fall on her mother's shoulder. She is a mourning flower—she will fade but not blaspheme. The Scheffer picture is a beautiful musical composition; the colours resound in it as gaily sad as a melancholy song of spring.

The remaining pictures by Scheffer are not worth notice. However, they attracted much admiration, while many better pictures by less known painters passed unheeded. Of so much avail is the name of a master. When a prince wears a Bohemian glass stone on the finger, it is believed to be a diamond, but if a beggar bore a diamond ring, the world would think it was but worthless glass. This reflection leads me to

soldiers of the passing army, deserves the *least* attention. The legend is here misplaced into the time of the Crusades, and its costume does not correspond to the character of the incident. This picture has, however, been greatly admired, while others," &c.

But as Heine found that the world worshipped the romantic, mediæval fashionable more than truth, he "went back" on himself and re-dressed his opinion! But he was right at first. The picture *au fond*, as regards conception, is trash.—*Translator*.

HORACE VERNET,

who has not himself adorned the Exhibition with altogether genuine gems. The most remarkable of his exhibited pictures was a Judith about to slay Holofernes. She—a blooming, slender girl—has just risen from his couch.¹ A violet robe, hastily wound about her hips, descends to her feet; the upper portion of the body is covered by a pale yellow under-garment whose sleeve falls down from the right shoulder, which she tosses again up with the left hand with something of the deliberate preparation of a butcher, and yet daintily enchantingly withal, for in her right she holds the curved sword which threatens the sleeping Holofernes. There she stands, a ravishing creature, who has just stepped over the limit of virginity, divinely pure, and yet stained before the world like a profaned sacramental cup. Her head is delightfully attractive and sweet (*anmuthig*), and uncannily lovely, with black locks like small snakes, which do not flow downward, but rise and rear their heads, giving her a terrible grace. The face is somewhat shadowed, and a sweet ferocity, a gloomy happiness (*düstere*

¹ French version—"Elle vient de quitter sa couche la belle jeune fille à la taille élancée, brillant de tout l'éclat de sa beauté."

Holdseligkeit), and sentimental rage ripple through the noble traits of the murderous beauty.¹ There sparkle specially in her eyes a sweet cruelty and the lustful joy of vengeance; for she has her own abused body to avenge on the hideous heathen.² He is not, in fact, a very handsome man, but he seems to be at bottom *bon enfant*—a good fellow. He is sleeping so good-temperedly in the after-happiness which followed his blissful rapture. He snores perhaps, or, as Louise says, he “sleeps out loud;” his lips twitch as if he were still kissing and he lay in the lap of luxury, or rather as if the luxury

¹ Here we have our author at full tide of “the ineffable, exquisite, and untranslatable graces” peculiar to his style, owing to the peculiarly attractive naughtiness of the subject. I have heard of a lady who always made it a point at her dinners of coupling clever and stupid, handsome and ugly people—in short, the most striking opposites, with a view to *effect*. As an experiment it was not a success. In like manner, Heine, when he is endeavouring to write æsthetically, and ideas refuse to come, takes refuge in the cheap trick of employing glaring contrasts—as he would say, colours—of adjectives, that is, of coupling unlike conceptions—the *dernier ressort* of “smart” writers, who would fain be original. Of this special flight it may be said that in it the author manifests a red-hot freezingness which indicates with adamantine softness the sable blanchness of his soul.—*Translator*.

² “Car elle a aussi son injure à elle, la profanation de son beau corps.” When we consider that the whole affair, “profanation” and all, was carefully arranged by Judith herself beforehand, this “injury” reminds us of what is called in French *une querelle d’Allemand*.

still lay in his ; and so, drunk with rapture, and certainly with wine, without passing through torment or illness, Death sends him, by the aid of his most beautiful angel, into the white night of eternal annihilation. What an enviable end ! When I die, ye gods, let me die like Holofernes !¹

Was it irony in Horace Vernet that the rising rays of the sun fall on the man about to die, as if transfiguring or glorifying him just as the lamp goes out !

There is another work by the same artist which commends itself less by intellectual conception or *esprit* than by bold drawing and colour. It represents the present Pope. His head crowned with a triple tiara of gold, clad in a gold-embroidered white garment, and sitting on a golden chair, "the servant of the servants of God" is being carried in a procession round the Church of St. Peter. The Pope himself, though ruddy of countenance, looks feeble and almost faded in the smoke of frankincense and the white feather-fans by which he is surrounded. But the bearers of the Papal chair are sturdy men of strong character, in carmine liveries, with black hair falling over brown faces. Only three of them appear, but

¹ The long years of slow pain during which Heine died, as it were, piece by piece, paralytic, blind, and palsied, seem like a terrible sarcasm on this mocking prayer.—*Translator*.

they are admirably painted ; the same may be said of the Capuchins, of whom only the heads, or rather the backs of their broadly tonsured bowed heads, are visible in the foreground. But the vapoury vanishing insignificance of the chief characters and the marked predominance of the accessory figures are a defect in this picture. The ease with which the latter are sketched, as well as their colour, remind me of Paul Veronese. But it lacks the Venetian magic, that poesy of colour which, like the shimmering light of the Lagunes, does but play on the surface, and yet which moves the soul in such a marvellous manner.

As regards bold delineation and vigorous colour, a third picture by Horace Vernet has been greatly admired. It represents the arrest of the Princes Condé, Conti, and Longueville. The scene is the staircase of the Palais Royal at the instant when the men arrested descend, having given up their swords by the order of Anne of Austria. By this series of descent the artist has been able to give every figure in full by itself. Condé is the first on the lower stair ; he holds his moustache as if in deep reflection, and I know what he is thinking about. An officer descending from the highest step carries their swords. There are three groups, very naturally placed and in good relation to

one another. It is only a man who has attained to a very high grade in art who has such ideas as this of the steps.¹

To the less-known pictures of Horace Vernet belongs a Camille Desmoulins, who stands on a bench in the garden of the Palais Royal and addresses the people. With the left hand he plucks a green leaf from a tree, with the right he holds a pistol. Poor Camille! thy rage was no higher than that bench, and there thou didst remain and look about thee. "Onward, ever onward!" is, however, the magic word which can always sustain the men of Revolution; but should they once pause and look round, then they are lost, like Eurydice when she, following the lyre-tones of her husband, looked back only once into the horrors of the world below.² Poor Camille! poor fellow! (*Arme Bursche*). Those were the jolliest freshman years of freedom when thou didst jump upon the bench and smash the windows of despotism, and madest street-lamp jokes. The jokes became dismal in after days; the freshmen (*Füchse*) of the Revolution became

¹ From this passage all is omitted, with the exception of four or five lines, to the next article on Delacroix, from the *Œuvres Complètes de Heinrich Heine*.

² *Wie Eurydice, als sie, dem Saitenspiel des Gemahls folgend, nur einmal zurückschaute in die Greuel der Unterwelt.* According to Lemprière and Offenbach, it was Orpheus who looked back to see if Eurydice was following, and so lost her.—*Translator*.

seniors who saw sights of terror,¹ and thou didst hear awful sounds around thee and behind ; from the realm of shadows the spectral voices of the Gironde did call thee, and thou didst look about.

This picture was to a certain degree interesting as regarded the costume of 1789. In it one could still see the powdered wigs, the close dress of the women, which puffed out over the hips ; the gaily striped swallow-tail coats, the coachman-like overcoats with many capes, the two watch-chains which hung parallel on either side,² and even those Terroristic waistcoats, with wide-spreading flaps, which have again become the fashion among Republican youth in Paris as *gilets à la Robespierre*. Robespierre himself may be seen in the picture, remarkable by his smug toilette and spruce air. In fact, his external appearance was always as neat and bright as a new guillotine, and his heart within was as unselfish, as unassailable

¹ "Die Füchse der Revolution wurden bemooste Häupter, denen die Haare zu Berge stiegen." Long-haired students whose hair stood on end (for fright). A worn-out old university joke. There is in it here an allusion to *La Montagne*.—*Translator*.

² All of these fashions, which were indeed only those of thirty years before, were still to be seen to a certain degree in old-fashioned Philadelphia, and especially in the country, when I was a boy, I having been born in 1824. Very stylish men wore two watches, because very few "tickers" went well, and therefore one served to correct the other. Top-boots, powdered hair and *queues*, steeple-crowned hats, and coats of many capes could be occasionally seen even to 1840.

and consistent as its axe. This implacable severity was not, however, a want of feeling, but *virtue* like that of Junius Brutus, which our heart condemns and our reason admires with terror. Robespierre even had a particular liking for Camille Desmoulins, whom he had executed when this *fanfaron de la liberté* preached untimely moderation and advocated weaknesses which were dangerous to the state.¹ Perhaps while the blood of Camille ran on the Grève, the tears of Robespierre flowed in a solitary chamber. This is not a mere fancy. A friend told me not long ago that Bourdon de Loïse once related to him, that having gone one day into the study of

¹ Robespierre and the Terrorists formed, according to Heine, the *advanced* minds of the Revolution; and yet they were in reality the reactionaries who retarded the Republic in France till 1871; which may suggest to all the dynamiters, mill- and car-burners, and murderers of the present day, that in the end they will appear simply as a dead weight as regards adjusting the relations of Labour and Capital. Should Labour attain all its rights, it will not be by the aid of assassination, destruction of property, or any other crime. This is a point on which Heine frequently touches, and invariably errs. According to him, there were to be necessarily fearful cataclysms of society, endless massacres, much singing of the Marseillaise, trumpeting, and above all, much melodramatic yelling and "action."

When Socialism shall be honestly guided by *Philanthropy*, it will advance rapidly; but at present its chief motive-power seems to be *envy*, with a far greater desire to bring down the lofty than to exalt the lowly. In fact, all the tendencies of all Socialistic writers are to very much degrade man below his

the Comité du Salut Public, he found Robespierre there all alone, buried in thought, sitting over his Acts and weeping bitterly.

I pass over the other not less important works of Horace Vernet, the versatile artist who paints everything, pictures of saints, battles, still-life, landscapes, portraits, all rapidly, as it were, like pamphlets. I now come to

DELACROIX,

who has contributed a picture before which there was always a crowd, and which I therefore class among those which attracted the most attention. The sacredness of the subject forbids a severe criticism of the colouring, with which fault might otherwise be found. But despite a few artistic defects, there prevails in the picture a great thought, which strangely attracts us. It represents a group of the people during the Revolution of July, from the centre of which—almost

present average level as regards art, science, and culture. Heine really admired useless, or worse than useless, *notorieties*, who made a show in history, far more than quiet and truly great men. Hence his exaggeration of the greatness of the men of the Revolution, who simply mismanaged everything, so that France returned to military and regal subjection, while England and America, after their great storms, progressed in freedom.—*Translator.*





like an allegorical figure — there rises boldly (*ragt*) a young woman with a red Phrygian cap on her head, a gun in one hand, and in the other a tricolour flag. She strides over corpses calling men to fight—naked to the hips, a beautiful impetuous body, the face a bold profile, an air of insolent suffering (*frecher Schmerz*) in the features—altogether a strange blending of Phryne, *poissarde*,¹ and goddess of liberty. It is not distinctly shown that the artist meant to set forth the latter; it rather represents the savage power of the people which casts off an intolerable burden. I must admit that this figure reminds me of those peripatetic female philosophers, those quickly-running couriers of love or quickly-loving ones, who swarm of evenings on the Boulevards.² And also that the little chimney-sweep Cupid, who stands with a pistol in either hand by this alley-Venus, is perhaps soiled by something else as well as soot; that the candidate for the Pantheon who lies dead on the ground was perhaps selling *contre-marches* yes-

¹ *Poissarde*, a fish-woman; metaphorically, any very insolent and vulgar woman of the street type.

² One would certainly have expected that on this sacred subject, if ever, the French version would have risen to the occasion. It modestly confines itself to, "Ces devergondées peripaticiennes dont les essaims couvrent le soir les boulevards." "Quickly-loafing, quickly-loving girls," would be considered a good translation in America.—*Translator*.

treen at the door of a theatre, and that the hero who storms onward with his gun, the galleys in his features, has certainly the smell of the criminal court in his abominable garments. And there we have it! a great thought has ennobled and sainted these poor common people, this *crapule*, and again awakened the slumbering dignity in their souls.

Holy July days of Paris! ye will eternally testify in favour of the original dignity of man—a dignity which ne'er can be destroyed. He who beheld you grieves no more o'er ancient graves, but, full of joy, believes in the resurrection of races. Holy days of July! how beautiful was the sun and how great the people of Paris! The gods in heaven, who gazed on the great battle, shouted for joy; gladly would they have left their golden chairs and gone to earth to become citizens of Paris.¹ But envious and

¹ This may recall the enthusiastic assertion in an old English song, that—

“Jove and Mars and Mercury, descending from their spheres,
Might join with admiration the British grenadiers.”

The Revolution of '48 was, historically or otherwise, fully equal to that of July 1830, and we who fought in it deemed we had done a good three days' work, and perhaps did *not* think small beer of ourselves; but that the gods would have liked to change places with us did not really occur to me at the time. This outburst of Heine's reminds me of the American who was brought to trial (as we indeed might have been) on a charge of assault and battery. But the counsel for the defendant made

peevish as they are, they feared lest man would bloom too far and too gloriously above them ; so they sought, by their ever-willing priests, "to blacken the brilliant and lay the lofty in the dust," and so organised that Claude-Potter animal piece, the Belgian rebellion. Therefore it has been provided that the trees of liberty do not grow quite up to heaven.¹

There is no picture in the Salon in which colour is so sunk in as in the July Revolution of Delacroix. But just this absence of varnish and sheen, with the powder-smoke and dust which covers the figures as with a grey cobweb, and the sun-dried hue which seems to be thirsting for a drop of water, all gives to the picture a

up such a righteous record for his client, showing such an unimpeachable character, *et cetera*, that the accused, after listening for a time in utter amazement, at length burst into tears, exclaiming that he did not know before what a noble fellow he was. By the way, I learn with great pleasure from Heine that participation in one of these revolutions absolves a man from all sins committed here on earth below, and opens for him to a certainty the gate of Paradise. The remainder of this high-flown passage is omitted—rather sensibly too—from the French version, which, with all its faults, has sundry merits.—*Translator*.

¹ When this Belgian rebellion broke out, the King manifested the greatest interest in establishing a republic, agreeing cordially with everybody, and only insisting on one condition, viz., that he should receive the first nomination as candidate for Presidency. Monarchy or republic, he was bound to be the first man in it.—*Translator*.

truth, a reality, an originality in which we find the real physiognomy of the days of July.¹

Among the spectators were many who had been actors or lookers-on in the Revolution, and these could not sufficiently praise the picture. "*Matin!*" exclaimed a grocer, "these *gamins* fought like giants." A young lady observed that the Polytechnic scholar was wanting, who is invariably found in all pictures of the Revolution of July, of which there were more than forty exhibited. An Alsatian corporal said in German to his comrades, "Isn't painting now a great artificiality? (*Künstlichkeit*). How closely everything is imitated! How naturally that dead man lying there on the ground is painted; one would swear he was alive" (*Man sollte drauf schwören er lebt*).²

"Papa," asked a little Carlist girl, "who is the dirty woman with the red cap?" "Well, truly," replied the noble parent with a sweetly subdued smile, "I do not find her so ugly—she looks like the most beautiful of the seven deadly sins." "And she is so dirty!" observed the little one. "Well, it is true, my dear," he

¹ The rest of this article, to the word "Decamps," is wanting in the French version.

² The beginning of this episode was struck out of all editions after the first, till it was restored in a note in that of Hoffmann and Campe, 1876.

answered, "that she has nothing in common with the purity of the lilies. She is the goddess of liberty." "But, papa, she has not on her even a chemise." "A true goddess of freedom, my dear, seldom has a chemise, and is therefore very angry at all people who wear clean linen."

Saying this, he drew his linen sleeve-cuffs still farther over his long idle hands, and said to his neighbour, "Your Eminency, should the Republicans succeed to-day in having some old woman shot by the National Guard at the Porte Saint-Denis, then they would bear the sacred corpse round the Boulevards; the mob would go mad, and we should have a new Revolution."

"*Tant mieux!*" murmured his Eminence, a lean, closely-buttoned man, who was evidently disguised in a worldly garb, as is now done by all priests in Paris out of fear of public reviling, or perhaps from an evil conscience. "*Tant mieux*, Marquis! provided that there only be plenty of horrors, so that the measure may again be filled to overflowing! Then the Revolution will devour its own founders, especially those conceited bankers, who, praise the Lord, have ruined themselves." "Yes, your Eminence, they wished to ruin us *à tant prix*, because we would not receive them in our *salons*. That is the secret of the Revolution of July; and therefore money was distributed in the suburbs, and work-

men were dismissed from factories, and tavern-keepers were paid who gave away wine gratis to the mob, and who put gunpowder into it to excite them,¹ *et du reste, c'était le soleil.*

It may be that the Marquis was right—it was the sun. Sometimes in the month of July the sun has most powerfully inflamed with its rays Parisian hearts when freedom was threatened, and, drunk with sunlight, the people of Paris rose against the crumbling bastiles and ordinances of serfdom. The sun and the city sympathise wondrously, and love one another. Before the sun of the evening sinks into the sea, her last fond lingering gaze rests with delight on Paris as the bravest of all towns, and she kisses with fleeting rays the tricoloured flag on its towers. Barthelemy, one of the best of French poets, has wisely proposed to celebrate the festival of July by a symbolic wedding, and as the Doge of Venice annually ascended the golden Bucentaur to ally all-conquering Venice

¹ A widely-spread error. Gunpowder in wine or brandy may sicken men, but it does not stimulate them, though we are assured in the song of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* that—

“When our frigate hove in view,
Said proud Dacres to his crew :
‘Now clear the decks for action, and be handy oh !
To the weather-gage, boys, get her !’
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink gunpowder mixed with brandy oh !’

to the Adriatic Sea, so should Paris every year be married on the Place de la Bastille to the sun, to the great flaming lucky star of her freedom. Casimir Perier did not relish this proposal; he feared the riotous jollity (*Polterabend*) of such a wedding; he dreaded the all too great heat of such nuptials, and he allowed Paris only a morganatic left-handed marriage with the sun.

But I forget that I am only the reporter of an exhibition. As such, I must now mention a painter who, while attracting general attention, appealed so markedly to me, that his pictures seemed to be like a many-coloured echo of the voice of my own heart, or far more as if the naturally-allied tones¹ of colour in my heart re-echoed wondrous strange.

¹ *Wahlverwandten*, electively allied. Goethe's great novel is termed *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, or "The Elective Affinities." "Coloured echoes" and "elective voices of colour on the heart" seem to remind us uncomfortably of feverish silly dreams, in which a cat persists in being a Bible in which we read all that which we are actually doing, yet are not quite certain from time to time that a chimney-sweep Mollah is not singing it from a mosque-chimney. But this delirious confusion of ideas, which is deeply pitied when it occurs in the human brain in relation to other subjects, is, as I have effectively remarked, cultivated to excess in art by the æsthetic imitators of Heine.—*Translator*.

DECAMPS

is the name of the painter who so enchanted me.¹ Unhappily, I have not been able to see one of his best works, the Dog Hospital (*l'Hôpital des Chiens Galeux*). It had been taken away before I visited the Exhibition. Several other excellent works by him escaped me because I could not find them in the vast number² of other pictures before they were taken away.

I saw at once that Decamps was a great painter when I first met with a small picture by him, the colour and simplicity of which vividly impressed me. It only represented a Turkish building, high and white, with here and there small windows, out of which peered a Turkish face, while below was a silent water in which the chalk-like walls, with their rosy shadows, mirrored themselves in a marvellous calm.³ I

¹ German version—"Decamps heisst der Maler, der solchen Zauber auf mich ausübte." French version—"Decamps est le nom du peintre qui par d'autres moyens, a enchanté les esprits."

² "Aus der grossen Menge," which here evidently refers to pictures. In the French version, "parce que la foule m'a empêché des les trouver"—"because the crowd (of people) prevented my finding them."

³ *Wunderbar ruhig*. Here the simple French version is a little more complete than the original, for it has *une tranquillité endormie*. "Tranquillity gone to sleep" is good, and truly suggestive of all that is *wunderbar ruhig*.

afterwards learned that Decamps had been in Turkey, and that it was not only his own original colouring which had so much impressed me, but also the truthfulness with which the accurate yet modest colouring is set forth in his pictures of the East. This is strongly marked in his "Turkish Patrol," in which we see the great Hadji-Bey, head of the police at Smyrna, who is going the rounds surrounded by his myrmidons. He sits like a swollen, sponge-bellied old Turk, high on his horse, in all the majesty of his insolence, with an arrogant, stupid, and darkly gloomy face, which is overshadowed or shielded by a high white turban. He holds in his hands the sceptre of absolute bastinadominion, and there run by and before him on foot nine faithful executors of his will—*quand même*—no matter what; fast-hurrying creatures, with short, lean legs, and almost animal faces, cat-like, goatish, ape-like—yes, one of them is a mosaic of dog's nose, pig's eyes, ass's ears, calf's smile,¹ and hare's fright. They carry very carelessly, weapons—

¹ There are subdued murmurs of double meaning, as of one suffering with suppressed puns, all through this passage, but it only breaks out very perceptibly in the "calf's smile," evidently the *ris de veau* joke of our boyhood, but which the complete French version gives with despicable timidity as *rire de veau*! A translator need not go out of his way into high grass to hunt for puns, but when they encounter him on the high-road of the text, he should meet them like a man.—*Translator*.

pikes, guns, with the butt-ends uppermost, as well as the implements of justice, a long spear for impalement, and a bundle of bamboos. As the houses before which the procession passes are whitewashed, while the soil is yellowish clay, the whole makes an impression as of *ombres chinoises* when we see the dark, droll figures hurrying along the light bright back- and fore-ground.¹ It is clear twilight, and the grotesque dark forms and the lean legs of men and horses add to the oddly (*baroque*) magic effect. And the fellows run, also, with such droll *caprioles*,² such unheard-of leaps; even the horse throws out his legs with such eccentric rapidity, that it seems to be half-creeping on its belly, half-flying, and certain critics here have very much abused all that, as unnatural and caricatured.

For France has also its standing and never moving army of art critics, who carp at and condemn, according to old conventional rules, every

¹ This conclusion is omitted in the French version, which is not noted by the German editor.

² According to the complete French version, they are even throwing somersaults—*ces coquins se culbuttent!* I have seen many a police round in the East, "but never aught like this." It would appear as if the artist had confused the performances of the clowns or licensed jesters at marriage and circumcision processions with the grand police patrol. It is not to be wondered at that certain critics found fault with this as "anti-naturel et sentant la caricature."—*Translator.*

new work, its subtle and refined connoisseurs¹ who sniff round in the ateliers, smiling approbation when any one tickles their hobby,² and these people have not failed to pass judgment on the picture of Decamps. A Mr. Jal, who publishes a pamphlet on every Exhibition, has, by way of postscript to it, attempted to injure that picture in the *Figaro*, and that he thinks that he has neatly ridiculed the friends of the work when he, with affected modesty, declares that he is "a man who only judges according to reasonable conceptions (*Verstandesbegriffen*), and that *his* poor reason could not see in the Decamps picture that great masterpiece which is beheld by those transcendentalists who do not judge by intelligence or common-sense alone."

The poor, wretched rascal (*Schelm*), with his miserable intelligence or "understanding," he knows not how accurately he condemns himself. Poor understanding or sense (*Verstand*) should never have the first word when works of art are discussed, any more than it was called to take any leading part in their creation. The idea of a work of art is born of the emotions or

¹ I think this was possibly meant originally for *feine Oberkennner*, though the German text gives it as *seine*.

² "Wenn man ihre Marotte kitzelt." *Marotte* is a fool's bauble or bobby, and it is not quite impossible that *hobby* is derived from it, and assumed at a later date association with the *hobby-horse*.

feeling (*Gemüth*), and this demands of free, wild fancy the aid of realisation.¹ Fancy then throws him all her flowers—indeed, almost smothers the idea, and would more probably kill it than give it life, if understanding did not come limping up to put aside or clip away the superabundant blossoms. Understanding or judgment only keeps order, and is, so to speak, the police in the realm of art. In life it is generally a cold calculator who adds up our follies; unfortunately, it is often only the bookkeeper of the bankruptcy of a broken heart.

The great error always exists in or consists of

¹ *Phantasie*, not *imagination*, as the French version gives it—which is properly *Einbildungskraft*, or the voluntary power of imagining—but the wilder creativeness into which the mind drifts when dreaming. Thus, in English, an imaginative work may be eminently reasonable and common-sensible, but this could hardly be the case were it *fantastic*. *Phantasie* is fancy in its *fullest* sense. I have here translated *Verstand*, apparently inaccurately, as “understanding,” “judgment,” “intelligence,” or “common-sense,” because our author uses it in the same irregular manner. Like his followers, the *æsthetes*, Heine professes a great contempt for *Verstand*, or an idea or rational motive in art, in which he is, of course, contradictory to himself, as in all ideas, because in other places he condemns works, however well executed, because they depart from it. The great error of the whole new school is, that art, which is infinite, shall only be guided by caprice, which finds its parallel in the idea that naturalism only means filth. There may be, or is, the purest and noblest ideal art, in which reason prevails, and there may be, again, great art seen staring mad.

this: that the critic asks, "What should the artist do?" (*Was soll der Künstler?*) It would be much more correct to say, "What does the artist desire?" or even, "What must the artist execute?" The question, What should the artist do? originated with those art philosophers who, without any poetry of their own, abstracted characteristics from different works of art, and from what existed deduced a standard or rule (*Norm*) for all future art, and so established species, definitions, and rules. They did not know that all such abstractions can only be of use to judge of imitations, but that every original artist, and even every new genius in art, should be judged according to his own law of art (*Aesthetik*), which he brings with him. Rules and all such antiquated doctrines are, for such souls, much less applicable. "There are no laws or rules of fencing for young giants," says Menzel, because they break through every parade. Every genius should be studied, and only judged according to what he himself wills or means (*Was er selbst will*).¹ Here we have only to answer the question, "Has he the ability to carry out his idea?" "Has he applied the right

¹ This dogma, that there is no law or limit whatever for genius, which forms the corner-stone of the Heine esthete school, is omitted from the French version.

means?" Here we stand on firm ground.¹ We measure or decide (*modeln*) no longer, as to the work submitted, according to our own subjective wishes, but we come to mutual intelligence as to the God-given means at the command of the artist for realising his idea. In the recitative arts, these means consist of intonation or sound and words. In the representative arts, they are supplied by colour and form. Sounds and words, colours and forms, that above all which appears to sense,² are, however, only symbols of the idea—symbols which rise in the soul of the artist when it is moved by the Holy Ghost of the world;³ for his art-works are but symbols, by which he conveys his ideas to others. He who expresses the most, and the most significant, with the fewest and simplest symbols, he is the greatest artist.

But I think it attains its highest value when the *symbol*, apart from its inner meaning, delights our senses externally, like the flowers of a *selam*, which, without regard to their secret signification, are blooming and lovely, bound in a bouquet. But is such a concord always possible? Is the

¹ Or rather, here we quit it for a shaky bog of mad caprice and mysticism. "Work submitted," in the next sentence, which might be as well rendered "the matter in hand," is in the original *fremde Erscheinung*, or "foreign phenomenon," our author here becoming transcendental.

² *Das Erscheinende*. French version—*le visible surtout*.

³ *Weltgeist*. Here rather the spirit of the universe.

artist so completely free in choosing and binding his mysterious flowers? Or does he only choose and bind together what he must?¹ I affirm this question of mystical unfreedom or want of will. The artist is like that *somnambula* princess who plucked by night in the gardens of Bagdad, inspired by the deep wisdom of love, the strangest flowers, and bound them into a *selam*,² of whose meaning she remembered nothing when she awoke. There she sat in the morning in her harem,³ and looked at the *bouquet de nuit*, musing on it as over a forgotten dream, and finally

¹ "On bien ne fait-il qu'obéir dans cette operation à une puissance *occulte*? Je réponds affirmativement à une pareille question de dependance *mystique*." It will be seen anon that Heine, to bolster up his theory of absolute freedom for the "illuminated," or geniuses, from all moral law or responsibility, is obliged, like all his predecessors, to fall back on supernaturalism, mysticism, and "occult nonsense." Wherein he and all the "heretics" before him were like children, who violently disobey their mother in her absence, and then run to her for protection when startled at the consequences of their own folly. He who departs from material logic has no refuge save in mysticism.—*Translator*.

² *Salaam*, greeting, peace, as in *Salaam aleiküm*.

³ *Her harem*. So in the original. Heine appears to have been under an impression that a harem was a bedroom. I have heard of an untravelled American who had come strangely to the idea that it meant a hencoop, which is, all things considered, a better guess than the one by our author. It is strange that a writer, while laying down the eternal laws of immorality and free art, should, in the very midst thereof, manifest ignorance as to the nature of such an Oriental institution.—*Translator*.

sent it to the beloved Caliph. The fat eunuch who brought it greatly enjoyed the beautiful flowers without suspecting their meaning. But Harun al Raschid, the commander of the faithful, the follower of the Prophet, the possessor of the ring of Solomon, he recognised the deep meaning of the beautiful bouquet; his heart bounded with delight, he kissed every blossom, and laughed till tears ran down his long beard.

I am neither a follower of the Prophet nor possessor of the ring of Solomon nor of a long beard, yet I dare assert that I have understood the beautiful *selam* which Decamps brought us from the East far better than all the eunuchs with their Kislal-Aga, the great first connoisseur, the pandering messenger in the harem of Art. The twaddling of such castrated connoisseurship is intolerable to me, especially the traditionary forms of speech, and the well-meant advice to young artists, and even the pitiable referring them to Nature, and always to dear, sweet Nature.

In art I am a supernaturalist.¹ I believe that the artist cannot find all his types in Nature, but

¹ Here we have it at last, as might be expected. And it is difficult to understand how, when a writer has shown himself a thousand times in his works an atheist or generally flippant Voltairean or Nothingarian, he can with any sense or consistency claim to be a supernaturalist or spiritualist in art. Were this all a gigantic joke we could laugh at it. But it has

that the most significant types are simultaneously revealed in his soul as the inborn symbolism of inborn ideas. A recent professor of æsthetics, who wrote *Italienische Forschungen* (Italian Investigations), has endeavoured to make the old principle of imitating (or conforming to) Nature again palatable by declaring that the creating artist should find all his types in Nature. This æstheticist, while thus setting forth such a fundamental principle for the formative arts,¹ never thought of one of the earliest of them, or architecture, whose types men are now foolishly pretending, to support this doctrine, to find in

been adopted with serious and even enthusiastic admiration by thousands, especially in England, and it may be said to be actually regarded as gospel by all those who accept Rhapsody as a rule in art instead of studying it in its periods of historical development. The man never yet lived whose sole feelings, fancies, and expressions sufficed, independent of all authority and precedent, to properly teach the truth; and yet in England, the home of evolution, we have seen and still see the silliest Rhapsody prevail as the governing principle among the vast majority of amateur students of art. The professor of æsthetics at whom Heine ungratefully sneers in the next sentence was his (and my own) old teacher Friedrich Thiersch, who taught a thoroughly sound and grand eclectic system, based on common-sense, and agreeing on the whole with that of Taine. I earnestly commend the perusal of his *Æsthetik* to all who do not make it a principle to never read a German work of art.—*Translator.*

¹ *Bildenden Künste.* I think it was Hazlitt who first used the word "formative" in English as applied to art. French version—*l'artiste plastique* and *les art plastiques.*

forest foliage and rocky grottoes, but which most certainly were not thence derived. They did not exist in external Nature, but in the human soul.¹

The artist may answer the critic who misses Nature in the picture by Decamps, and who blames the manner in which the horse of Hadji Bey throws out his feet and how his people run as unnatural, that he painted it quite accurately according to fairy-tale fancy and to the inner intuition of a vision. Indeed, when dark figures are painted on a light ground, they acquire thereby a visionary appearance; they seem to be loosened from the ground, and therefore *require* to be treated in a less material, more aërial, and fabulous manner.² The mixture of animal with human nature in the figures in this picture is, moreover, a motive for extraordinary design, for in such mixture there exists that antique humour which the Greeks and Romans developed in innumerable chimeras such as we see with delight on the walls of Herculaneum and statues of satyrs

¹ And whence did the human soul derive them if not from Nature? Did it evolve them, as the artist did the camel, from the depths of its moral consciousness? To declare that the old Teutonic passionate worship of foliage and trees did not pass into Gothic tracery, or that Egyptian columns are not imitations of lotus reeds, is to deny the plainest and simplest of facts.

² That is to say, because the houses are whitewashed the police guard are to be represented as throwing somersaults, or otherwise acting like lunatics and looking like animals!—*Translator.*

and centaurs. As for the reproach of caricature the artist is perfectly protected by the general agreement of his work, that delicious music of colour which sounds comically yet harmoniously, the magic of his hues. Caricature painters are seldom good colourists on account of that incongruity of mind (*Gemüthszerissenheit*) which is a condition of their liking for such a style. The mastery of colour springs quite characteristically from the painter's soul, and depends on the simplicity or singleness of his feelings (*Einfachheit*).¹ In Hogarth's original pictures in the National Gallery, there are coloured blurs (*Kleckse*), which seemed to quarrel fiercely among themselves, forming an *émeute* of harsh colours.

I forgot to mention that in this picture by Decamps there are a few young Greek girls unveiled sitting at the window, who see the eccentric *cortège* pass by. Their quietness and beauty form a very charming contrast to it. They do not smile; this impertinence on horseback and the dog-like train of followers running with him² is to them a common sight, and by this we feel ourselves more vividly transferred to the native land of barbarism.

¹ Not *Einheit*. The French version gives this as "l'unité de ses sentiments."

² French version—"Et l'obéissance canine qui se culte tout auprès." The next passage is omitted in the French.

Only an artist who is at the same time a citizen of a free city could paint this picture in such genial mood. Any other than a Frenchman would have given the colours more strongly and bitterly; he would have mixed in more Berlin-blue, or at least green-gall, and so the fundamental tone of persiflage would have been lost.¹

Not to dwell too long on this picture, I pass quickly to another, on which the name

LESSORE

was inscribed, and which attracted general attention by its admirable truthfulness and its luxury of simplicity and modesty. Many stopped, startled, in passing it. It is called "The Sick Brother" in the catalogue. In a poor garret, on a wretched bed, lies an invalid boy, who gazes with imploring eyes at a rude wooden crucifix fastened on the bare wall. At his feet sits another boy with downcast look, mournful and sorrowing. His short jacket and breeches are indeed clean, but much patched and of coarse cloth. The yellow woollen blanket on the bed, and still more the furniture, or rather the want of it, indicate great poverty. The subject is admirably in keeping with the treatment or execution, which chiefly suggests that of the

¹ This paragraph is omitted in the French version.

beggar-boys of Murillo. There are sharply defined shadows, strong, firm, and earnest sweeps of the brush or touches; the colours, not hastily wiped on, but applied calmly and boldly, are singularly deadened (*gedämpft*), and yet not dull, while the character of the whole is that which Shakespeare characterises as *the modesty of Nature*. Surrounded by brilliant pictures with magnificently glittering frames, this one was the more striking because its frame was old and the gilding tarnished, quite in accordance with the subject and its treatment. Therefore, being consistent in all its details, and forming a contrast to all round it, this picture made a deeply melancholy impression on all who saw it, filling the soul with that nameless pity which sometimes seizes us when, leaving in good-humour some well-lit hall and cheerful company, we suddenly encounter in the street some wretched, ragged, fellow-creature, who wails with hunger and cold. This picture says much with a few touches, and awakens much more in our soul.

SCHNETZ

is a well-known name. Yet I mention it with less pleasure than that of the preceding, who as yet has been little known in the world of art. It may be that the amateurs who had seen far

better works by him (than those here exhibited) assigned him a high rank, and I therefore give him in consequence a reserved seat. He paints well, but is not, in my opinion, a good painter.¹ His great picture in the Salon of this year, representing Italian peasants imploring a miraculous cure of the Madonna, has certain admirably executed details; as, for instance, that of a boy afflicted with tetanus (*ein starrkrampfbehafteter Knabe*) is admirably drawn, and great mastery of art reveals itself in technicalities everywhere; but the whole is rather edited than painted, the figures are placed *en scène* with a declamatory air, and there is a want of intuition, originality, and unity. Schnetz has to make too many strokes and touches to express his idea, and then that which he sets forth is partly superfluous. A

¹ Here we have in another form the cheap and easy paradox, the "sable whiteness" which Heine and his admirers have carried to such excess. Sometimes there is a colour of truth in such coupling of contradictions, but often, as in the present instance, they are affected and silly. The error here consists in the writer's jauntily confusing the conception of the *artist* or composer with that of the mere *painter*. Heine here appears to be naively unconscious that his objection to Schnetz for wanting congruity or harmonious truth of details is even more applicable to the picture by Decamps. As clever newspaper gossip, such flippancy may be tolerated, but the *Salon* has, in book form, been widely read, and had a great influence not only on many thousands of dabblers in criticism and art, but also on their masters and teachers.—*Translator*.

great artist may now and then, even like a mediocre brother, give us something bad, but never anything too much.¹ Great tension of effort, a vehement desire may be worthy of respect in an artist of middling ability (*mittelmässigen*), but it is depressing when we perceive it in his work. It is the confidence with which he soars which pleases us so much in the high-flying genius; we are the more delighted with his flight the more we realise the mighty power of his wing, and then our soul darts upward and onward with him into the purest sunlit heights of art. Very different indeed are our feelings as to those theatrical genii or geniuses on whom we can see the wires by which they are drawn up, so that we, apprehending their fall, regard their lofty elevation only with trembling discomfort. I will not say that the wires on which Schnetz soars are too thin, or whether his genius is too heavy. I can only say that, instead of elevating my soul, he depressed it.

Schnetz has, as regards studies and choice of subjects, much in common with a painter who is in consequence often classed or mentioned with him, but who, in the Exhibition of this year,

¹ Thus, in writing, a great artist may commit all sins save those of uselessly repeating ideas or verbal superfluity or being inconsistent, in all of which Heinrich Heine was the chief of sinners.—*Translator*.

surpassed with few exceptions not only him, but all his art contemporaries, and who, as a testimonial of public recognition of his merit, received in the award of prizes the degree of an officer of the *legion d'honneur*.

LEOPOLD ROBERT

is his name. "Is he an historical or *genre* painter?" I seem to hear from the masters of the guilds of Germany.¹

Unfortunately, I cannot evade this question. I must once for all come to some understanding as regards this unintelligible expression, in order to avoid great misunderstandings. This distinction between history and *genre* is so bewildering, that one might well believe it was invented by the artists who worked at the Tower of Babel. Yet it is really of much later date. In the earlier stages of (modern) art there was only historical painting, that is to say, scenes from sacred history. After this, men distinctly designated as historical paintings those whose subjects were drawn not only from the Bible and [religious] legends, but also from profane or modern history and ethnic fables of the gods. And this was

¹ *Zunftmeister*. French version—"Syndics-jurés de corporations allemandes."

done in opposition to representations of ordinary life, which came most commonly from the Netherlands, where the Protestant spirit turned away from both Catholic and mythologic material, there being, perhaps, neither models nor inclination for the latter, and where there were, notwithstanding, many admirable painters wishing for employment, and so many friends of art who gladly purchased pictures. The different developments of familiar life therefore became known as *genres*.

Many painters have very ably depicted the humour of petty domestic life, but, unfortunately, mere technical excellence became the main thing in it all. Yet all these works have for us historic interest; for when we look at the beautiful paintings of Mieris, Netscher, Jan Steen, Van Dow, or Van der Werff, their spirit of the time reveals itself marvellously; we seem to see as through a window into the sixteenth century, and spy unseen the deeds and dresses of the olden time. As regards the latter, Dutch artists were not badly off; the peasants' garb was fairly picturesque; that of the *bourgeoisie* was, as regards the men, a delightful blending of Netherland comfort and Spanish *grandeza*, while with the ladies there was a mixture of gay and bizarre fancies from all the world and native calm repose. Thus *Mynheer* with the Burgundian velvet cloak

and the chivalric *barett* or cap had in his mouth a clay pipe ; while *Myfrow* wore heavy shot-silk training robes of Venetian satin, Brussels lace, African ostrich feathers, Russian furs, Oriental slippers, and held on her arm an Andalusian mandoline¹ or a shaggy brown *Hondchen* or lap-dog of Saardam race. With all this the little negro page in attendance, the Turkish carpet, the gaily coloured parrot, the foreign flowers, and great vases of gold and silver in *repoussé*, cast over the cheese-life of Holland the gleam of an Oriental fairy tale.

When art, after a long sleep, again awoke in this our age, painters were in no small perplexity as regards material. The sympathy for subjects drawn from sacred history and mythology was completely dead in the greater portion of Europe, even in the Catholic countries ; and yet our contemporary costume seemed to be too unpicturesque even to depict history or common life itself. Our modern *frock* or dress-coat is really so very prosaic to its very depths, that one can only use it as a caricature in a picture.² It is not long since

¹ Query : guitar ? The mandoline was specially Italian.

² This is a curious illustration of a common object without a really proper name ; for *frac* confuses it with frock-coat. Dress-coat is absurd and inaccurate ; for which reason the humble slangist, whose vocation in life is to supply the building-stones omitted by lexicographers (and whose reward is contempt), has

I contended with a philosopher from Berlin, a city in Prussia, who would fain explain to me the mystic meaning of the dress-coat and the natural-historic poetry of its form. So he related the following myth:—"The first man was not indecently undrest, but created sewed up in a night-gown, and afterwards, when woman was made from his rib, there was at the same time a great piece cut out from his garment in front, which was given to Eve for an apron, so that the night-gown, by the cutting out of that piece, became a dress-coat, which found in the feminine apron its natural enlargement (missing portion), or complementary part." In spite of this beautiful origin of the *frack*, and its poetical hints as to the redintegration of the sexes, I cannot think favourably of its form, and as the artists agree with me in this respect, they have looked elsewhere for picturesque costumes.¹

sought to make good the deficiency by calling the garment "a swallow-tail" and "a steel-pen," either of which terms is more sensible and definite than "dress" or "evening" coat. The following passage relative to the myth of the *frack* was in the first edition, but subsequently omitted, and then restored in a footnote in the edition of 1876. It is wanting, of course, in the complete French version.—*Translator*.

¹ Until of comparatively recent years, the *frack*, as old numbers of the *Fliegende Blätter* indicate, was a distinctive attribute of the German nobility, who wore it "habitually," that is, all the time. Hence the anecdote of a young lady of ducally

The predilection for ancient historical subjects has been by this greatly heightened, and we find in Germany a whole school, which certainly does not lack talent, but which is unweariedly occupied in clothing the most everyday of modern men with the most everyday feelings in the wardrobe of the Catholic and feudal Middle Age, in cowls and coats of mail.

Other painters have had recourse to other expedients, and chose for models populations from which progressive civilisation has not stripped their originality or national garb. Therefore the scenes from the Tyrolese mountains, which we so often see in the pictures of Munich artists. This mountain country lies near, and the costume of its inhabitants is more picturesque than that of our dandies. Hence those gay pictures of popular Italian life, which is also near to most

aristocratic family, who was fully persuaded with Van Mantouffell that "humanity, properly speaking, begins with the rank of Count." To her it happened, while swimming in a stream, to be carried away by a terrible rapid far down into a river. A handsome young peasant, who was quite unclad, or *in puribus*, about to dive, seeing the damsel drift by screaming for aid, plunged in, and, at great risk of his own life, brought her safely ashore. Thrilled with astonishment at the bold deed, and not supposing that a man of rank could ever be under any circumstances without a dress-coat, the *Freifräulein* exclaimed, as she gazed admiringly at the dripping Antinous, "*So nobel—und doch kein Frack!*" (So noble—and yet no dress-coat!), which is now a common proverb in Bavaria.—*Translator.*

artists when in Rome, where they find that ideal nature, and those primevally ancient human forms and picturesque costumes, for which their artist souls yearn.

Robert, a Frenchman by birth, and an engraver in his youth, subsequently lived many years in Rome, and the pictures which he has this year exhibited belong to the same *genre* or kind of which I speak, that is, representations of popular Italian life. "Therefore only a genre-painter," I hear one of the German guild-masters cry, and I indeed know a lady historical-painter who quite turns up her nose at Robert. Yet I cannot quite assent to the term, because there is no longer any historical painting, in the old sense of the word. It would be too vague should one claim this term for all pictures which express a deep thought, the end of which would be a quarrel over every picture as to whether it had any thought in it, the result of all the dispute being only a word. If it should be applied, in its most natural and obvious sense, to representations of the world's history, the term "historical painting" would be approximate to a kind which is now extremely exuberant, and whose growth is seen in the masterpieces of Delaroche.

But before I particularly discuss the latter, I would devote a few words to the pictures of Robert. They are, as I have said, all Italian

scenes, and such as bring before us most wondrously the loveliness of this land. Art, which was so long the ornament of Italy, is now the cicerone of its magnificence ; the speaking colours of the painter reveal to us its most mysterious charms ; an ancient magic works again in us, and the land which once subdued us by its weapons, and later by its words, now conquers us by its beauty. Yes, Italy will ever rule our souls, and painters like Robert chain us again to Rome.

If I am not mistaken, "The Pifferari" of Robert, which has been exhibited this year, is already known in lithograph to the public. It represents those pipers from the Albanian mountains who come at Christmas to Rome to play a holy serenade before the images of the Virgin Mary. This work is better designed than painted ; there is in it something stiff, harsh, and Bolognese, like a coloured engraving. And yet it moves the soul as if one heard the simple touching pious music as piped by those Alban mountain shepherds.

Less simple, yet perhaps deeper in feeling, is another picture by Robert, in which one sees a corpse which, uncovered according to Italian custom, is being borne to the grave by the *Misericordia* or Brotherhood of Pity. These, masked in black, or in a long black flowing cap in which are only two holes for the eyes, which

glare out in an unearthly manner, march along like an array of spectres. On a bench in the foreground before the spectator sit the father, mother, and younger brother of the deceased. The old man, poorly clad, deeply grieving, with sunk head and folded hands, sits between the wife and boy.¹ He is silent, for there is no greater grief in this world than that of a father when he, against the wont of Nature, survives his child. The sallow, pale mother seems to lament in despair. The boy, a poor dull creature, has a crust in his hand, and would eat, but relish is wanting on account of unconscious sympathetic grief; therefore his mien is the more mournful. The dead seems to have been the eldest son, the support and ornament of the family, the Corinthian column of the house, as yet fair with youth and grace, who lies almost smiling on the bier, so that in the picture life seems gloomy, ugly, and dreary, while death is infinitely beautiful and amiable and almost laughing.

But the painter who so beautifully transfigured death has set forth life with far greater magnificence, for his great masterpiece, "The Harvesters," is as it were the apotheosis of exist-

¹ Heine also adds that he is "in the middle between," &c., which is omitted in the French version. He also appears to have been the central figure.—*Translator*.

ence, at the sight of which we forget that there is a realm of shades, and doubt whether it is anywhere more glorious or brighter than on this earth. "The earth is heaven and men are holy, yea, deified." That is the great revelation which gleams with happy colours from this picture.¹ The Parisian public has received this painted evangel far more favourably than if St. Luke had delivered it. In fact, the Parisians have a much too unfavourable prejudice against the latter.

In the picture of Robert we see a desert place in La Romagna in the most glaring of Italian sunsets. The centre of the composition is a peasant's cart, drawn by two immense buffaloes harnessed with heavy chains, and filled with a family of peasants who are about to halt. To the right hand sit reaping-girls by their sheaves resting after their work, while a bagpiper plays and a merry fellow dances to the sound, glad at heart, and it seems as if we heard—

"Damigella, tutta bella,
Versa, versa il buon vino!"²

¹ The remainder of this passage is wanting in the French version.

² "Maiden, all beautiful,
Pour, pour the good wine!"

In the French version the same line is given as "*Versa, veras in bel vino!*"—perhaps a vinous confusion with *in vino veritas!*—*Translator.*

There come to the left also women with sheaves of fruit, young and beautiful, flowers loaded with ears of corn, and then two young harvesters, one of whom totters along as if yearning voluptuously with his eyes cast down to the ground, while the other with uplifted sickle utters a cry of joy. Between the two buffaloes stands a sturdy brown-chested fellow, who seems to be only a servant, and who takes a nap while standing.¹ Up on the cart at one side the grandfather lies, softly bedded, a mild and worn-out old man, yet one who perhaps mentally directs the family vehicle; on the other side we see his son, a bold, calm, manly person, seated, with his legs crossed, on the back of a buffalo, bearing a whip, the visible sign of a ruler. Somewhat higher, almost sublime, rises his beautiful young wife, a child on her arm, a rose with a bud, while near her stands an equally fresh and beautiful youthful form—probably her brother—who is unfolding the canvas on the tent-pole. As this picture will soon be engraved, as I hear, and perhaps travel as a copperplate to Germany, I will spare myself further description.

¹ *Um stehend Sieste hält.* In the French version—"et se repose sur le timon," which is much better than the original, which rather suggests the Dutchman's obstinate hen who sat on her eggs while standing up.—*Translator.*

But an engraving will not, any more than a description, give the real charm of the work, which lies in the colour. The figures, all darker than the background, are so divinely, so marvellously lighted by the reflection from the sky, that they gleam of themselves in gayest, gladdest hues, though all the outlines are severely given. Some of the figures seem to be portraits. But the painter has not, in the idiotically honourable (*dummhrlichen*) fashion of many of his colleagues, painted after Nature, and copied faces with diplomatic accuracy, but, as a clever friend remarked, Robert first took into his heart (*Gemüth*) the forms which Nature gave, and, as souls do not lose in purgatory their individuality, but their earthly dross, ere they rise beatified to heaven, so are those forms so purified in the glowing depth of flames of the artist's *feeling*, that they rise glorified and evangelised to the heaven of art, where eternal light and endless beauty reign, where Venus and Mary never lose their worshippers, where Romeo and Juliet never die, where Helen is immortally young, and Hecuba, at least, never grows old.¹

¹ The extraordinary *naïveté* of the remark that some of Robert's faces appear to have been copied from life, which sounds like that of an infant schoolboy ignorant alike of studios and models, is only paralleled by what follows, in which

In the method of colour in Robert's picture we recognise the study of Raphael, and the architectonic beauty of the grouping also recalls the latter. There are, too, certain forms, such as that of the mother and child, which resemble figures by Raphael, and that in his earliest spring-time, when he reflected the severe type of Perugino with tolerable truth, but gently and gracefully softened.

It would never occur to me to draw comparisons between Robert and the great painter of the great Catholic era, but I cannot refrain from recognising their relationship. And yet it is only a material affinity of form, and not a spiritual relationship. Raphael is utterly imbued with Catholic Christianity, a religion which expresses the conflict of soul with matter, which has for object the suppression of matter, which calls every protest of the latter a sin, and which would spiritualise the earth, or rather sacrifice earth to heaven. But Robert belongs to a race

Heine speaks of this artist as if he were actually the first, or only one, or one most original and peculiar in idealising or improving his models! Truly, if the artist's soul is like purgatory, that of Heinrich Heine might be compared to the *Limbo Patrum*, which was tenanted chiefly by the souls of babes, and *au reste* by all kinds of old heathens, goblins, and other odd fish, "ower bad for blessing, and ower gude for banning."—*Translator.*

in which Catholicism is extinguished.¹ For, to say it by the way, the expression that Catholicism is the religion of the majority of the people is only a French compliment (*galanterie*) to Notre Dame de Paris, who, on her side, wears with equal politeness on her head the tricolour of freedom—a double hypocrisy, against which the rough multitude protested rather informally when it lately demolished churches and set the saints a swimming in the Seine. Robert is a Frenchman,² and he, like most of his fellow-countrymen, cherishes unconsciously a still disguised doctrine which will know nothing of the battle between spirit and matter, which does not forbid to man the certain pleasures of earth, and, on the contrary, promises him all the more heavenly enjoyments in mere moonshine (*ins Blaue hinein*), but which would much rather make man happy here on earth, and regards the

¹ French version—"Chez lequel le catholicisme est, sinon mort, du moins très-avancé dans son agonie."

² According to Heine himself ("Letters from Paris," vol. ii. xxxv.), Robert was a Swiss, "brought up in severe Swiss Protestantism—while as regards anything like immorality, it could not be mentioned in connection with his name!" But it may be that between 1830 and 1841 our author acquired additional information as to Robert. Every doctrine, good or bad, has its *cant*, and here Heine gives us the twaddle and cant of "rehabilitation" and Hellenism to excess.

sensual world as holy as the spiritual ; " for God is all that there is."

Robert's " Harvesters " are, therefore, not only sinless, but they know no sin ; their earthly, daily work is piety ; they pray continually without moving their lips ; they are blest without heaven, atoned for without sacrifice, pure without constant ablution, and altogether holy. And as we see in Catholic pictures the heads alone, as the seat of the soul, radiating the aureole or symbol of spiritualisation, so, on the contrary, we behold in the work by Robert matter sanctified, since here the entire man, body as well as head, is surrounded by heavenly light as by a glory.

But Catholicism is not only extinct in modern France ; it has not here even a reactionary influence on art, as in our Protestant Germany, where it has regained a new value by the aid of poetry, which always embellishes the ruins of the past. It may be that there is in the French a sullen spite which disgusts them with Catholic tradition, while a deep interest manifests itself in them for all other historical subjects. I can prove the remark by a fact which in turn is explained by the remark itself. The number of pictures representing Christian subjects drawn from the Bible or from religious legends is so insignificant in this year's Exhibition that many a subdivision of a secular motive con-

tains many more and far better pictures. After counting accurately, I find among the 3000 numbers in the catalogue, only twenty-nine such religious pictures, while there are thirty representing scenes from Walter Scott's novels. I can, therefore, when I speak of French painting, not be misunderstood when I use the expressions "historical painting" and "historical school" in their most natural meaning.

DELAROCHE

is the leader of such a school. This painter has no great predilection for the past in itself, but for its representation, for the illustration of its spirit, and for writing history in colours. This inclination manifests itself among most French artists. The Salon was full of scenes from history, and the names Devéria, Steuben, and Johannot deserve the most distinguished consideration.¹ There is also such a tendency in the sister arts, especially in the poetic literature of the French, which Victor Hugo cultivates in the most brilliant manner. The latest advances of the French in the science of history, and their

¹ The remainder of this passage is wanting in the French version.

vast contributions to the practical writing thereof, are consequently no isolated phenomena.

Delaroche, the great historical painter, has exhibited this year four works, the subjects of two of which are drawn from French history, and the other two from that of England. The former are small, such as are called cabinet pieces,¹ and very rich in figures and picturesque. One represents Cardinal Richelieu, "who, while dying, ascends the Rhone in a boat, to which is attached another in which are Cinq Mars and De Thou, whom he is taking to Lyons, to there have them beheaded." The conception of the boats which thus follow one the other is indeed inartistic, but it is here treated with great skill. The colour is brilliant, almost dazzling, and the figures seem to swim in the golden purple of the setting sun. This splendour contrasts strangely with the fate impending over the three leading figures. The two blooming youths are being taken to execution, and that by a dying old man.² Gaily adorned as these boats may be, they row into the shadowy realm of death. The glorious, golden gleaming of the sun is but a signal that he must be gone. 'Tis evening, and ere long he

¹ French version—*tableaux de chevalet*, "easel pictures," as artists say, such as may be easily carried.—*Translator*.

² This sentence is omitted in the French version.

must descend, leaving a blood-red strip along the earth, and it and all things vanish in the night!

Not less brilliant in colour, nor less tragic in significance, is the historical companion piece, which also represents the last hour of Cardinal de Mazarin. He lies in a splendid bed of state, amid a splendid surrounding of gay courtiers and domestics, who gossip, play cards, and stroll about the hall, all people in sparkling, shifting colours, useless, superficial creatures, especially useless for a dying man. They wear fine costumes of the time of the Fronde, not as yet overloaded with gold tassels, embroidery, ribbons, and laces as came to pass later in the gorgeous time of Louis XIV., when the last knights changed themselves into frivolous courtiers, just as the two-handed sword of battle refined itself and diminished into a silly court rapier. The costumes of the picture of which I speak are as yet simple; coat and collar (*justaucorps et la gorgerette*) still recall war, the original occupation of the nobility, even the feathers on the hats are stiff and boldly set, and do not bend to every court wind. The hair of the men flows in natural curls upon their shoulders, the ladies wear the witty *frisure à la Sévigné*. The dress of the latter indicates, however, a transition to the long trailing skirts and wide-bagging tastelessness of the later time. But the corsets or

bodices have still a charm of naïve neatness, and snowy splendours burst forth from them like blossoms from a cornucopia. They are, one and all, pretty women in this picture, all pretty *masques de cour*, laughing love in their faces, and perhaps grim sorrow in their hearts, with lips innocent as flowers, and perhaps evil little tongues lurking behind like cunning serpents.¹ At the left side of the sick-bed sit three of these dames gossiping and whispering, and near them an acutely listening, keen-sighted priest with a crafty nose. At the right are three chevaliers and a lady playing cards, probably at lansquenet, a good game, at which I once won six thalers in Göttingen. A noble courtier in a dark violet velvet dress with a red cross stands in the centre, making, with much scraping of the foot, a bow.² To the right hand of the picture pass two ladies of the court and an abbé, who gives to one a paper, possibly a sonnet of his own composition, while he glances at the other, who plays dexterously with her fan, an airy telegraph of love. The two ladies are charming creatures, one like a rose in an aurora glow, the other yearning in twilight like a long-

¹ *Latet anguis in herba.* A very pretty adaptation of the old simile of the snake in the grass.—*Translator.*

² “*Et fait la révérence la plus belle et la plus pliée.*” The French version of this whole description is naturally superior to the German original.—*Translator.*

ing star (*vaporeusement pâle comme une étoile amoureuse*). In the background are seated court servants, who chatter, and perhaps confide great petticoat state secrets (*Staatsunterocksgheimnisse*), or bet that Mazarin will be dead in an hour. He indeed seems to be near his end; his face is pale as a corpse, his glance failing, his nose becoming dangerously sharp; little by little there is being extinguished in him that painful flame which we call life. All grows dark and cold within him; the flap of the dark wing of the angel of death¹ is even now felt on his forehead, and at this instant the lady who is playing near by turns to him, and showing him her cards, asks him whether she shall trump with her heart?

The two other pictures of Delaroche set forth subjects from English history. They are of life-size, and more simply painted. One represents the two young princes in the Tower, who were murdered by command of Richard III. The young king and his younger brother are seated

¹ "The fever called living
Is over at last."—*Edgar A. Poe.*

"The angel of death
Flaps his wings o'er the grave."

—*Karamsin, translated by Bowring.*

I do not believe that there was any borrowing whatever from any one in these two instances, but the close collocation of the similes is a "coincidental curiosity."—*Translator.*

on an antique bed, while their little dog, running to the door of the prison, seems to announce by his barking the coming of the murderers. The king, who is between boyhood and youth, is a very touching figure. A captive king, as Sterne so truly felt, is in himself a melancholy idea, and here the sufferer is an innocent boy, given over helpless to treacherous murder.¹ Although so young, he seems to have suffered much; there is a tragic dignity in his pale, sickly face, and his legs, which hang down with their long, blue velvet peaked shoes from the couch, yet do not reach the ground, give him a shattered look as of a broken flower. It is all, as I said, very simple, and therefore the more impressive. Ah! it moved me the more deeply, because I found in the face of the unfortunate prince the dear friendly eyes which so often smiled on me, and were so dearly allied to still more loving eyes. When I stood before the picture of Delaroche, it kept returning to my mind how I once, in a beautiful castle in dear Poland, also was before the portrait of a friend, and conversed with his sweet, lovely sister, and how her eyes mysteriously recalled those of the friend. We also spoke of the painter of the picture, who died not long before,

¹ This remark, and also the conclusion of the passage, or about thirty lines, are wanting in the French version.

and how all people pass away, one after the other. Ah! the dear friend is himself dead, shot by Prague; the lovely lights of the beautiful sister are also extinguished; their castle is burned down, and an agony of desolation seizes on me when I reflect that not only do our beloved ones vanish so quickly from the world, but that no trace remains even of the scene where we once lived with them; it is as if nothing of it had ever existed, and all was an idle dream.

And yet the other picture of Delaroche awakens still more painful feelings. It is a scene from English history, and from that terrible tragedy which has been translated into French,¹ and, causing many tears to flow on both sides of the Channel, has also deeply moved German spectators. We see on the canvas the two heroes of the play, one as a corpse in a coffin, the other in abounding strength of life, and lifting the coffin-lid to look at the dead enemy. And after all, instead of being the heroes themselves, are they not merely actors to whom the Director of the world assigned their parts, and who, without knowing it, act in tragedy two warring principles? I will not name them here, these two

¹ As it is barely possible that some reader may miss the point, I would here say that the translation referred to is that of the idea of decapitating a king.—*Translator.*

inimical principles, the two great thoughts which contended perhaps in the soul of God while creating the world, and which we here see opposed in this picture, the one shamefully wounded and bleeding in the person of Charles Stuart, the other bold and victorious in that of Oliver Cromwell.

In one of the twilight, sombre rooms of Whitehall, the coffin of the decapitated king stands on dark-red velvet chairs, and before it a man who lifts the lid with steady hand and quietly gazes on the corpse. That man stands there all alone; his form is broad and sturdy, his attitude careless, his countenance that of an honest farmer. His costume is that of a common soldier, puritanically plain; a long hanging waistcoat of dark-brown velvet, under it a jacket of yellow leather; jack-boots, which rise so high that the black breeches are hardly visible; a soiled yellow sword-belt, from which depends a sword with basket-hilt (*Glockengriff*); on the closely-cropped hair a hat with rolled-up rim and a red feather; on the neck a small white rolling collar, beneath which a little armour is visible; dirty tawny gloves, and in the hand which is by the sword-hilt is a short walking-cane; the other holds the lifted lid of the coffin in which the king lies.

The dead have always an expression of countenance which makes them seem superior to the living who are about them, for they always sur-

pass us in aristocratic indifference to passion, coldness and calm. Men realise this, and therefore the sentinels present arms out of respect to the higher rank of death when a corpse is carried by, though it be only that of the poorest tailor (*Flickschneider*). Therefore it is intelligible that Oliver Cromwell appears unfavourably as regards the dead king. The latter transfigured and refined from the martyrdom which he has endured, hallowed by the majesty of misfortune, the precious purple circlet on his neck, the kiss of Melpomene on his white lips, forms a lofty and crushing contrast to the rude and vigorously vital Puritan. And the external garb of the latter contrasts significantly and sharply with the last traces of splendour and of fallen dignity—the rich green silk cushions in the coffin, the delicacy of the dazzling white shroud, adorned with Brabant lace.

What a great, what a general grief the painter has here expressed with a few touches! There lies miserably bleeding the splendour of royalty, once the comfort and glory of mankind. The life of England has since then become pallid and grey, and poetry in terror fled the soil which she erewhile had decked with her gayest colours.¹

¹ Where then did it take refuge! *De gustibus non est*—but, like Meister Trongemund, to whom two-and-seventy lands were

How deeply did I feel this when I once at midnight passed the fatal window of Whitehall and the modern damp and cold prose of England froze through my veins! But why was not my soul moved with the same feelings when I lately passed for the first time the terrible spot where Louis XVI. died? I believe it was because the latter, when he perished, was no longer king, because his crown had fallen ere he lost his head. But Charles the First lost his crown with his head. He believed in this crown in his own absolute right; he fought for it like a knight, brave and tall; he died nobly proud, protesting against the legality of his court, a true martyr to royalty by the grace of God. The poor Bourbon did not deserve such fame; his head had already been unkinged before his death by a Jacobin

known, I too have lived long in divers countries, and found in England more deeply-seated poetry, beauty, romance, and material for art than in any other place on earth; a great truth which is not known or felt as it should be even to or by all English people. That Heine knew next to nothing at all of it was his misfortune, but that he must needs keep hammering abusively at it in all his works was his fault—*maxima culpa*. I have seen an American poet and scholar pause as if overawed before Whitehall when I told him what the building was, and he assuredly was not chilled with a sense of excessive prosiness and the stupidity of modern English times, as was Heine, with whom the elevation of the mountain only served to remind him of the flatness of the plains or the depth of the valleys below.—*Translator*.

cap ; he no longer believed in himself ; he firmly believed in the competence of his judges ; he only asserted his innocence ; he was really citizen-like virtuous, a good, not very lean, family father ; his death has rather a sentimental than a tragic character ; he reminds us too much of the German family romances of Augusta Lafontaine. . . . A tear for Louis Capet, a laurel for Charles Stuart.¹

“ Un plagiat infame d'un crime étranger,” are the words with which the Viscount Chateaubriand characterised that sad event which took place January 21 on the Place de la Concorde. He proposes to erect on this place a fountain, the water of which shall play forth from a basin of black marble in order to wash away—“ but you well know what I mean,” he adds pathetically and mysteriously.² The death of Louis XVI. is above all things the parade-horse decked with black crape on which the noble Viscount specially prances ; he works up (*exploitieret*) by the

¹ Therefore, by all the laws of human nature and of sentiment, one should have felt poetically inspired before Whitehall, and prosaically inclined in the Place de la Concorde. Truly there is great lack of logic here ! All that follows for three pages, or until the words, *On ne peut guère nier*, is omitted in the French version.

² An abstract, as worded, from a German student ballad—

“ Neunmal eins sind neune,
Ihr wißt wohl was ich meine,
Es geht ein Sauf-comment,” &c.

year and day the heavenly ascension of the son of St. Louis ; and yet even the refined venomous scantiness with which he declaims, and his oft-repeated sorrowful sallies, indicate no real sorrow. It is most annoying when his words echo from the hearts of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, when the old emigrant coteries with hypocritical sighs wail away there over the death of Louis XVI. as if it belonged peculiarly to them, or as if they were specially privileged to mourn his loss. And yet this death was a general grief for all the world, which concerned the smallest daily labourer as well as the highest master of ceremonies in the Tuileries, and one that must inspire every feeling human heart with infinite sorrow. Oh, the fine family party ! since they can no longer usurp our most legitimate pleasures, they arrogate unto themselves our most legitimate pains.¹

¹ This indignation of the Royalists at the "common people" because the latter mourned the death of the King reminds us of the small boy who, when his grandmother died, was very angry at another boy from the neighbourhood whom he found at the obsequies weeping for the deceased. It is true that our author wished to establish that it was everybody's funeral, where all had a right to lament, and that as there were a vast number of respectable *bourgeois* who deeply mourned the execution, the aristocracy committed a fatal error in manifesting in many ways that they considered that they alone were aggrieved by it. In which (as in the American war) they suffered petty vanity to blind them to great vital interests.

It is now, perhaps, the proper time to vindicate on one side the general right of the people to such regret, so that they may not be persuaded that such a right does not belong to them, but to a few chosen ones who have the privilege to bewail that disaster as their own ; and, on the other, it is the time to give such utterance to such grief, because there are certain cold crafty state investigators, or sober Bacchantæ of reason, who in their logical delusion would argue away from the depths of our hearts all the respect and honour which the ancient sacrament of royalty demands. However, we do not call the sad cause of those sorrows a plagiarism, much less a crime, and least of all infamous ; we call it a dispensation of God. It would be putting men too high or degrading them too deeply to attribute to them so giant-like a power, and so much insanity as to believe that they had of their own free will spilled that blood, the traces of which Chateaubriand would fain wash away with the water of his black basin.

In fact, when we consider the circumstances of those times and the confessions of still living witnesses, we ascertain how little free human will there was at the execution of Louis XVI. Many a man who meant to vote against death did the contrary when he mounted the tribune, and was seized by the dark delusion of political

despair. The Girondists felt that they were at the same time pronouncing their own death-sentence. Many of the speeches made at this time only served for self-delusion. The Abbé Sieyes, disgusted by repulsive gossip, simply voted for death, and as he descended from the tribune, said, "J'ai voté la mort sans phrase."¹ Malice misused this private expression; the terrible formula *la mort sans phrase* was attributed as parliamentary to the mildest men; now

¹ There is a very curious American juryman's expression by which this may be exactly rendered, "I voted for death *straight*," i.e., without reserve, change, or circumlocution. A straight ticket, or a straight price in purchasing, means that which is announced, without any alteration, deduction, or discount. It is derived from following the list or "straight series" of names on a ballot.

Our author here leaves out of sight, as do most historians, the fact that revolutions or great political changes are frequently, if not generally, effected by a minority as regards numbers, though by a majority or preponderance of will, courage, and resolution. There would never have been a revolution in England or France, or perhaps a brave war anywhere, could a fair vote have been taken on it beforehand by the farmers and shopkeepers, or the timid citizens and women, who dislike social disturbance. Even the American war of emancipation was carried through by only *one-third* of the entire population, that is, the Republicans, opposed to the Democrats and Secessionists, who were virtually agreed. Heine is right according to the *letter* in saying there was very little free human will as regarded the execution of Louis XVI., if a mere vote is implied, but in reality nearly all the free will or mental vigour in the country was employed in carrying it out.—*Translator*.

it is in all schoolbooks, and the young get it by heart. As I am generally assured, alarm and grief prevailed on the 21st of January in all Paris; even the most raging Jacobins seemed to be oppressed by suffering discontent. My usual hackney-coachman, an old *sans-culotte*, told me that when he saw the King executed, he felt "as if he himself had had a limb sawed off!" He added, "I felt sick, and had all that day a disgust for food." And he also thought that "Old Veto looked very restless, as if he would defend himself." It is certain that he did not die so grandly as Charles I., who first calmly delivered his long speech of protest, in which he showed such presence of mind as to several times request the nobles who stood about not to feel the edge of the axe lest they should blunt it. The mysteriously masked headsman of Whitehall had a far more terribly poetical effect than Samson with his bare face. Court and hangman had let the last mask fall, and it was a prosaic play. Louis would perhaps have delivered a long Christian address of forgiveness had not the drum been so violently beaten at the first words, that his declaration of innocence was hardly heard. The sublime words of exhortation to a heavenly journey, "*Fils de Saint Louis, monte au ciel!*" were not spoken at all on the scaffold; they do not suit the sober work-day character of

the good Edgeworth, to whom they are attributed, and they are the invention of a journalist, then of Paris, named Charles Hiss, who printed them the same day. Such correction is of course quite useless; these words are now in every compendium, they have long since been learned by heart, and the poor school-children must now learn into the bargain that they were never spoken.¹

¹ Is this negation in itself *absolutely true* and *perfectly confirmed*? The assertion by Heine that "the good Edgeworth" was too prosaic to have invented the words, proves nothing whatever, and looks as if better proof is wanting. Edgeworth *alone* could have completely disproved the assertion. There is, in fact, *no proof* of the denial. I call attention to this, because there is at present very generally prevalent among writers on history, and especially on archæology, and most of all in folk-lore, a very general disposition to deny not only *all* tradition or transmission, but all theories and principles inherited from the past, without sufficient reason or proof, and to accept all such assertions with childish eagerness.

The last application which I have found of the words themselves is of a very serio-comic nature. It is the custom even to-day in Sicily to make what are virtually *saints* of all murderers who have been executed for crime, but who confessed and were duly oiled before execution. To these infernal wretches there is a church specially dedicated in Palermo, where people go to pray to them as to God. A priest named the Rev. Fortunato Mondello has, in a volume of "Sacred Discourses," greatly praised this sanctification of assassins; there being, as he declares, something exquisitely tender and beautiful in "giving to these pilgrims of eternity, when about to rise to heaven, the refreshment of that sublime word, 'Sons of penitence, fly, fly to glory!'" (*Vide G. Pitré, Tradizioni Popolari*

It cannot be denied that Delaroche, by exhibiting this picture, intended to call forth historic comparison, and parallels are therefore drawn between Cromwell and Napoleon as between Louis XVI. and Charles I. Yet I venture to say that injustice is done to both when they are thus compared. For Napoleon kept himself free from the worst blood-guiltiness (the execution of the Duke of Enghien was only secret murder),¹ but Cromwell never sank so low as to let himself be anointed by a priest as emperor, and, as a renegade son of the Revolution, cajole the Church for the crowned cousinship of the Cæsars. There is a blood-spot in the life of the one, and an oil-spot on that of the other. But both were conscious of a secret guilt. For Bonaparte, who might have become the Washington of Europe, and was only its Napoleon, was never at his ease in the imperial purple mantle. Freedom haunted him like the ghost of a murdered mother; he heard her voice everywhere, even by night; she tore him from the arms of the espoused legitimacy; she frightened

Siciliane, vol. xvii., Palermo, 1889). One may search in vain among the heathen of ancient or modern times for such a degradation or perversion of religion as this.—*Translator*.

¹ This clause does not occur in the French version, and there are in the latter, in this passage, other omissions and variations.

him from bed,¹ and then he was seen running hurriedly in the echoing halls of the Tuileries, and when he came pale and weary in the morning into the State Council, he complained of *idéologie*, and still *idéologie*—this very dangerous *idéologie*—and Corvisart shook his head.

When Cromwell, likewise, could not sleep in peace, and wandered in anxious distress in Whitehall, it was not, as pious cavaliers deemed, a bloody royal spectre which pursued him, but dread of the bodily revengers of his guilty deed; he feared the real poniards of his foes, and therefore always wore a coat of mail under his jerkin, and became ever more distrustful; and finally, when the pamphlet appeared, entitled, "Killing no Murder," he never smiled again.

But if the comparison of the Protector and the Emperor offers few points of resemblance, the gain is all the greater in the parallels between the errors and failings of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons, and between the restorations in both countries. It is almost one and the same story of rapid ruin. There is even the same quasi-legitimacy in the new dynasty as there was once in England. For, as before, the holy weapons are

¹ "Elle l'arrachait pleni d'effroi des bras de la légitimité qui était venue partager sa couche." There is obviously an error or omission here in the German text. — *Translator*.

again smithed in the furnace of Jesuitism ; the Church, away from which is no eternal happiness, sighs and intrigues for "the child of the miracle," and all that is now needed to complete the comparison is that the French pretender shall return, as did the English, to his native land. I prophesy for him a fate quite contrary to that of Saul, who sought his father's asses and found a crown ; the young Henry will come to France to seek a crown, and find only the paternal donkeys.

All who looked at the picture of Cromwell were generally busy in conjecture as to what were his reflections by the coffin of the dead Charles. History gives us two versions of this scene, or subject. According to one, Cromwell had the coffin opened by night and by torchlight, and with motionless body and distorted countenance stood before it for a long time like a silent statue. According to another report, he opened the coffin by day, calmly gazed at the corpse, and spoke the words, "He was a strongly built man, who might have lived a long time."¹ In my opinion,

¹ Heine, like a poet, leaves out of sight altogether the true object of this visit, which was to officially confirm, or prove by the highest civil authority, the fact of the King's death. In those days it was a rule, with few exceptions, that men personating deceased claimants to the throne soon appeared, declaring that the dead man had not been really executed, but that a corpse had been substituted, *et cetera*. History abounds in such cases. I myself have heard a sermon preached by a venerable clergy-

Delaroche had this more democratic legend in his mind. In the face of his Cromwell there is not the least expression of astonishment, wonder, or any other storm of the soul; on the contrary, the beholder is shocked by this frightful, horrible calmness in the man's countenance. There he stands, a form as firm as earth, "brutal as a fact," powerful without pathos, naturally supernatural,¹ marvellously commonplace, outlawed and yet famous, beholding his work almost like a woodman who has just felled an oak. He has calmly cut down the great oak which once so proudly spread its branches over England and Scotland, the royal oak, in whose shadow bloomed so many beautiful races of men, and under which the elves of poetry danced their merriest rounds; he has felled it with his fatal axe, and there it lies on the ground with its

man of the Episcopal Church who claimed to be the son of Louis XVI., and who certainly bore an extraordinary likeness to his alleged father. It was, therefore, most natural that all pains should be taken to confirm the actual execution of such men, above all by their successors. It is not probable that Cromwell had any save "business feelings" on this occasion. —*Translator.*

¹ Such I take to be the real meaning in this place of the word *dämonisch*, which assuredly is not correctly translated in the French as *démoniaque*. The *demon*, as I have elsewhere explained, is not a devil, but an *energetic* spirit. It was the Church which converted all demons, save its own, into infernal fiends. —*Translator.*

charming tracery of foliage and its uninjured crown. Ah, fatal axe!"

"Do you not think, sir, that the guillotine is a great improvement?" These were the croaking or quacked words with which a Briton, who stood behind me, interrupted the sentiments which I have just written down, and which so mournfully inspired my soul, while I looked at the wound on the neck of King Charles in the picture by Delaroche. It is somewhat too coarsely bloody. The lid of the coffin is also badly designed, giving to the latter the look of a violin-case. In other respects the picture is painted with incomparable superiority, combining the refinement of Van Dyck with the bold shadowing of Rembrandt, especially recalling the republican warrior forms in that great historic picture by the latter, "The Night Watch," which I have seen in the Trippen-huis at Amsterdam.

The character of the talent of Delaroche, as well as of most of his contemporaries, closely approaches that of the Flemish school, only that the French treat subjects with a lighter grace, and its national elegance flits over it superficially yet beautifully. Therefore I would call Delaroche a graceful and elegant Dutchman.

I may, in another place, report the conversations which I frequently overheard near this Cromwell. There could be no better place for

eavesdropping (*zur Belauschung*), and catching public feelings and opinions. The picture is hung in the grand salon, at the entrance of the long gallery, and near it was placed Robert's admirable masterpiece, which is equally consoling and conciliatory. In fact, if the rough and military Puritan figure, that terrible harvester with the shorn royal head, stepping from a dark background, terrified the beholder and awoke in him wildly all political passions, the soul again felt itself calmed at the sight of those other more peaceful reapers, who, returning with their more beautiful sheaves, bloomed in the purest light of heaven at the harvest-home of love and peace. And though we may feel before one of these pictures that the great battle of the age is not yet at an end, and that the earth still trembles 'neath our feet, though we still hear the roaring of the storm, which seems to threaten that it soon will tear earth from its firm foundations, though we see a monstrous, deep abyss which thirstily absorbs the stream of blood so that dread fear of utter ruin seizes on our souls; still, in the other picture, we behold how peaceably secure the earth remains, how lovingly she yields her golden fruits, though all the mighty Roman tragedy, with gladiators and great emperors, vices and elephants, once trampled down the whole beneath their weight, then passed away.

If we have contemplated in the first that history which rolls on so crazily in mud and blood, and then for centuries keeps calm and quiet to bound up again, and right and left goes wildly raging on—that which we call the history of the world; then in the picture, on the other hand, we read a history which is greater still, yet which has ample space to show itself in a farm-waggon drawn by buffaloes, a tale without a beginning or an end, which ever tells itself again like the sea-waves, and which, indeed, is simple as the sea, as the blue sky, or as the seasons' round—a holy history which the poet sings whose archives are in every human heart;—I mean the history of humanity!

It was really benevolent and beneficent that the picture of Robert was placed so near that by Delaroche. Many a time after I had looked long at the Cromwell, and sunk myself so deeply in it that I almost heard his words, monosyllabic and harsh, grimly growled and hissed according to that English utterance, which sounds like far-off rolling of the sea mingled with the shrill cries of storm-birds;¹ then I feel myself attracted by the silent magic of the neighbouring picture,

¹ I beg leave to point out this simile as an admirable description of the sounds of our language, which has been spoken of as "indescribable in tone."

and then I seem to hear the merry euphony or the soft speech of Tuscany ringing on Roman lips, and all my soul was cheered and elevated by the sound.¹

Ah! it was needed that the beloved ever-blooming melodious history of humanity should console our soul in the discordant tumult of the history of the world. I hear it at this instant as I write—hear it without—that harsh and horrid sound, more threatening and bewildering than ever, that maddening confusion of noise; drums are beating, weapons rattling and ringing, a rising flood of men with delirious sufferings and curses; for the mob of Paris whirls through the narrow streets and howls, “Warsaw is fallen! Our advanced guard has fallen! Down with the Ministry! War to Russia! death to Prussia!” It is hard for me to remain quietly seated at the table and write my poor paper on art, my peaceful criticism of pictures to an end. And yet, should I go forth into the street and there be recognised as a Prussian, then my brain may be so crushed in by some hero of July that all my ideas may be also flattened; or I may get a bayonet-thrust in the left side, where my

¹ *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.* The rest of this paper, or nine pages of the German original, is omitted from the last “complete” French version, though two of the five passages were in the first French edition.

heart is already bleeding of itself ; and more than all that, I may be put into the watchhouse as a foreign disturber of the peace.¹

In such rioting all thoughts and pictures become confused and repel one another. The Goddess of Freedom of Delacroix met me with a changed countenance, almost with suffering in her wild eyes. Almost miraculously changed was the picture of the Pope by Vernet. The old and feeble vicegerent of Christ seemed all at once to be young and vigorous, and rose smiling on his chair, while his sturdy bearer was apparently opening his mouth to sing *Te Deum laudamus*. The young English prince sinks to the ground, and dying greets me with the sad deep look peculiar to Poles. Then the dead Charles assumes another face in sudden change, and looking closer, I behold no king, but murdered Poland in the black coffin, while Cromwell stands no more before my eyes, but the Czar of Russia, a noble, opulent form, quite as grand as he seemed to me to be years before in Berlin, when he stood beside the King of Prussia on the balcony and kissed the latter's hand. Thirty thousand Berlin folk, longing for anything like show, shouted "Hurrah!" and I thought in my heart, "God be gracious to

¹ As it happened to George A. Sala.

us one and all." I knew the Sarmatian proverb, "Kiss devoutly the hand which you cannot cut off."¹

Ah! I would that the King of Prussia had allowed only his left hand to be kissed and grasped the sword with his right, and therewith met the most dangerous enemy of our native land, as duty and conscience required him to do. Since those Hohenzollerns have assumed the duty of Lord Wardens of the realm in the north (*Vogtwürde*), so should they guard the Marches against aggressing Russia. The Russians are brave people, very nice folk indeed, but since the fall of Warsaw, the last bastion which separated them from us, our hearts have squeezed together so closely that I am getting alarmed.²

¹ In the first edition, says the German publisher, this passage, very much mutilated by the censor, read as follows:—

" . . . Ah! Germany's right hand was lame, lamed by kissing, and our best bulwark fell, our advanced guard fell. Poland lies in its coffin, and when the Czar again visits us, it is on the card to kiss his hand. God be gracious to us!

"But as regards regicide, nothing more . . . is said here. I will pass over further discussion and return to my proper theme."

What Heine here describes as a Sarmatian saying occurs in Burckhardt's "Arabic Proverbs."

² This reminds me that once when in conversation with Tourguénief, the Russian novelist, at the house of G. H. Lewes, our host stepped between us and said, "Here I am like little England, overwhelmed between great Russia and America," the allusion being to our respective heights, Lewes being a short

I am afraid that if the Czar of Russia should visit us again, it will be on the card for us to kiss his hand. God be merciful to us all !

God be merciful to us all ! Our last bastion is fallen, the goddess of Liberty turns pale, our friends lie on the ground, the Roman high priest rises triumphant by the coffin of the popular cause (*des Volksthums*).

I hear that Delaroche is now painting a companion-piece to the Cromwell, a Napoleon on St. Helena, and that he has chosen the moment when Sir Hudson Lowe is lifting the lid from the corpse of that great representative of Democracy.¹

Returning to my subject, I should here have praised many a brave painter, as, for example, the two marine artists, Gudin and Isabey, as well as certain distinguished depicitors of ordinary life, such as the brilliantly clever Destouches and the witty

man, while the Russian and I were equally tall. To which I replied in the words of Heine, and in jest—

“ When both our hearts together a Holy Alliance made,

They understood each other, both were together laid.

But oh ! the poor young rosebud, which lay just underneath,

The minor, weaker ally, was almost crushed to death.”

They are both dead now, and with them George Eliot, who stood by. But I trust it may be long ere the rose of England will ever be crushed by any giant.—*Translator*.

¹ It is with this brief passage of five lines that the French version of this *Salon* of 1830 ends. The comparison of Sir Hudson Lowe to Cromwell, and the calling Napoleon a representative of Democracy, are not very happy.—*Translator*.

Pigal; but, despite the best will, it is all the same impossible to calmly analyse their merits, for there, out of doors, the storm rages too terribly, and no one can concentrate his thoughts when such tempests re-echo in the soul. It is even on so-called peaceful days very hard in Paris to turn one's mind away from what is in the streets, and indulge in wistful private dreams (*privatträumend nachzuhängen*). And though Art blooms more luxuriantly in Paris than elsewhere, we are still disturbed in its enjoyment at every moment by the rude rush and roar of life; the sweetest tones of Pasta and of Malibran are jarred by the suffering cries of bitter poverty, and the intoxicated heart, which has just drank eagerly from the inspiring cup of Robert's colour, will be immediately after sobered by the sight of public misery. It requires almost a Goethean egoism to attain here to undisturbed art enjoyment, and how very difficult art criticism thereby becomes I feel at this moment. I succeeded yesterday evening in writing something more of this paper, after I had, however, seen a deathly pale man fall to the ground on the Boulevards from hunger and wretchedness. But, when all at once a whole race falls on the Boulevard of Europe, then it is impossible to write further in peace. When the eyes of the critic are wet with tears his opinion is not worth much.

Artists justly complain in this time of discord and of general enmity. They say that painting needs the peaceful olive-tree in every respect. Hearts which are anxiously awaiting the sound of the trumpet of war certainly have not an ear for sweet music. Men listen to the opera with deaf ears, the ballet is stared at too with little joy (*sogar wird nur theilnahmlos angeglotzt*). "And it was all the fault," the artists cry, "of that damned Revolution of July," and they curse freedom and the detestable politics, which absorb everything, so that nobody so much as mentions them.

I have heard, yet scarce believe my ears, that even in Berlin people talk no more about the theatre; and the *Morning Chronicle*, which yesterday announced that the Reform Bill had passed the Lower House, notices incidentally that Doctor Raupach is now in Baden-Baden, and bewails the times because his artistic talents are utterly lost.

I am certainly a great admirer of Doctor Raupach; I have always gone to the theatre when the *Schülerschwänke* (Students' Tricks), or the Seven Maidens in Uniform, or the Journeyman's Holiday¹ was performing, but I must protest that the fall of Warsaw causes me more

¹ Or, as one may say in English "the wayzgoose," *das Fest der Handwerker*.

grief than I should experience if Doctor Raupach and all his artistic talent went to the dogs. O Warsaw, Warsaw! I would not have given thee for a whole wilderness of little caterpillars (*Raupachen*).

My old prophecy as to the end of the art period, which began with Goethe's cradle and which will end with his coffin, seems to be near its fulfilment. The present art must perish, because its principle is rooted in the worn-out old *régime*, or in the vanishing past of the Holy Roman realm. Therefore, like all the faded relics of that past, it stands in comfortless cold contradiction with the present age. It is this contradiction, not the tendency or taste of the time itself (*Zeitbewegung*) which is so injurious to art; on the contrary, this tendency and action of the age must strongly stimulate, as was the case in Athens and Florence, where even in the wildest storms of war and of factions art developed its most magnificent results. It is true that those Greek and Florentine artists did not lead an isolated, egoistic art life, (or one of) idly imagining souls hermetically sealed to the great joys and sorrows of their day; on the contrary, their works were but the visioned mirror of their age, and they themselves were thorough *men*, whose individuality was as strong as their creative power. Phidias and Michael Angelo were men of one

piece with *their* works, and as they were in keeping with their Greek or Catholic temples, so were those artists in holy harmony with their surroundings; they did not work with pitifully limited, private personal inspiration, which easily and falsely insinuated itself into any subject at will. Æschylus sang of the Persians with the same truth which he manifested in fighting them at Marathon, and Dante wrote his comedy, not as a poet waiting for orders, but as a fugitive Guelf and in proscribed exile, and in the dire need of war he did not bewail the decay of his genius, but that of freedom.

However, the new age will bring forth a new art, which will be in inspired accord with itself, which will not need to take its symbolism from a faded past, and which must even develop a new style of work (*Technik*), which will altogether differ from that which preceded it. Until then the most self-intoxicated subjectivity, the individuality free from social, worldly influence (*die weltentzogene Individualität*) or divine personality, may assert itself in all possible enjoyment of life, which is always worth more than the dead sham existence of ancient art.¹

¹ That is to say, until art shall, in accordance with a new age, have settled itself into new form and character, artists do well in representing at will all kinds of subjects and ideas;

Or is there to be a sad and dreary end of art, as with the world itself? That overwhelming spirituality which now manifests itself in European literature is perhaps a sign of near extinction, just as men in the hour of death suddenly become clairvoyant and utter with pallid lips the most supernatural secrets. Or will grey, old Europe rejuvenate itself, and is the twilighting (*dämmernde*) spiritualism or supernaturalism of its artists and authors not a marvellous foreboding of death, but the terrible thrilling prescience of a new birth, the intellectual wafting of a new spring?

The Exhibition of this year has, by many a picture, removed that uncanny fear of death and announced a better promise. The Archbishop of Paris expects all benefit from the cholera or death; from it I hope for freedom and for life. There

which is indeed as applicable to religion and political economy as to art. As I have elsewhere observed, Heine has very decidedly formed the idea, which was much in advance of his age, and which is even yet very little considered by anybody, that we are advancing rapidly to an age when *all* the art, poetry, and romance, faith and ideals of the past, as we understand them, are to pass away before a new positive or scientific age, in which in due time the feelings which survive or may be developed in man will develop in their turn and time a new art. Nor is it impossible that, with all the resources of science allied to all that is recorded of the past, there may be developed an art compared to which all that ever has been will be only as the barbarous alphabet of a stupendous literature.—*Translator.*

our faiths differ. I believe that France, from the depths of the heart of its new life, will exhale a new art. Even this difficult problem will be solved by the French, by that light, fluttering people which we so naturally compare to a butterfly.

But the butterfly is also a symbol of the immortality of the soul and of its eternal renewal in youth.¹

¹ The *Salon* of 1831 has always been regarded as one of Heine's best works, and it has had certain very remarkable results. It did much to prove or proclaim to the world out of Germany that a literary man or scholar could really write as wisely and practically on art as if he were an artist, which fact has, however, been widely abused of late years by an innumerable number of his merely "literary" imitators, who have not enjoyed like Heine a sound education or regular training under such teachers and friends as Thiersch and Cornelius. Again, it was first in this paper that the theory of the utter irresponsibility and independence of the artist or genius, which has led to so much absurdity of late years, was vigorously, if not very logically, enunciated, as it had never been before, though long quietly adopted by the disciples of Goethe. With his usual inconsistency, Heine leaves the door wide open for every one who considers himself a genius to rush in and "manifest" just as he pleases. In contrast with this, his conjecture that the age of all art, as it has been hitherto understood, is drawing to an end, is replete with strange truth, and was marvellous for the time when it was uttered.—*Translator*.

THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF 1833.¹

WHEN I came to Paris in the summer of 1831, nothing astonished me so much as the annual Exhibition of Pictures, then opened, and although the most important political and religious revolutions demanded my attention, I could not help writing about the great revolution which was here taking place in the realm of art, and of which the Salon alluded to was the most important indication.

Like the rest of my fellow-countrymen, I had the most violent prejudices against French art, that is to say, against French painting, whose latest developments were quite unknown to me. But there is something which is very peculiar as regards painting in France, for it also followed the social movement, and was at last rejuvenated with the people. Yet this did not take place so directly or promptly as in the sister-arts of Music and Poetry, which had begun their metamorphosis before the Revolution.

¹ This paper is omitted in the French version.—*German Editor.*

M. Louis de Maynard, who contributed a series of articles to the *Europe Littéraire* on the Exhibition for this year, and which are among the most interesting ever written by any Frenchman on art, has, as regards the preceding remark, expressed himself in the following words, which I reproduce as accurately as I can, with regard to the charm and grace of the original :—

“The painting of the eighteenth century began in the same manner and under the same conditions as the contemporary politics and literature; in the same manner it attained a certain perfected development, and they all broke down together when all in France was crushed. A strange age which begins with wild laughter at the death of Louis XIV., and which ends in the arms of the public executioner, of *Monsieur le Bourreau*, as Madame du Barry called him. Oh, the age which denied everything, mocked everything, desecrated everything, and believed in nothing, and was all the better adapted for that to the great work of destruction, and so destroyed it without building up anything in the least, and not desiring to do so !

“Meantime the arts, though they followed the same movement, did not pursue it with equal pace. Therefore painting in the eighteenth century lagged behind. It had produced a Crebillon, but no Voltaire and no Diderot. Always in the

pay of aristocratic patrons, always under the petticoat protection of reigning mistresses, little by little, I know not how, all its strength and energy gradually dissolved. In all its extravagance and wantonness, it never manifested that vehemence or inspiration which carries us away and dazzles us, and which atones for bad taste. It impresses us disagreeably with its frosted arabesques, and their faded petty decoration in the realm of a boudoir, where a jaunty little beauty, stretched on a sofa, frivolously fans herself. Favart with his Eglées and Zulmas is more truthful than Watteau and Boucher with their coquettish shepherdesses and idyllic abbés. Though he made himself ridiculous,¹ Favart meant well. The painters of that time took little part in that which was going on and getting ready in France. The outbreak of the Revolution surprised them *en negligé*. Philo-

¹ As did many good English painters of the last generation, when they turned from the sound natural Anglicism which was in their hearts, and, to please the age, painted Southern European and Oriental trash, after the tone and style of the Leigh Hunt Cockney-Italian, Byronic-Greek school. In which thing it is curious to observe that they even lost *technic*, showing that where mind goes, matter will follow. This falling off from Nature towards the fashionable, fancy-ball style, was due, not to the artists, but to their patrons, especially to the rich and ignorant; who have since then increased incredibly in number, with the natural result of a corresponding degradation of art.—*Translator.*

sophy, Politics, Science, and Literature, every one supported by a single man, had thrown themselves like a mob of drunken men in stormy assault all at one object and aim, whose nature they really did not know; but the nearer they approached it, the lower was their fever, the more peaceful their countenances, the more deliberate their steps. Yet they might have darkly foreboded that goal which they did not know, for they could have read in the Word of God that all mortal joys end in tears. And ah! they came from a by far too riotous and merrily mad orgie, not to be destined to the darkest doom. When one considers the restlessness wherewith they were often tormented in the sweetest intoxication of this revel, one might believe that the scaffold where all this delirious rapture was to end rose before, beckoning from afar like the dark head of a spectre.

“Painting, which held itself aloof from the actual (*ernsthaften*) social movement, either because it was weary of wine and women, or because it considered its co-operation as fruitless, had to the last moment slipped along amid the roses, perfume of musk, and pastourelles of the time. Vien and some other artists felt indeed that their art *must* at any price be raised above all this, but they knew not where to begin. Leseur, whom David’s teacher esteemed highly,

could not develop a new school. He must be responsible for that. Thrown headlong into an age when all spiritual rule and power was in the hands of a Marat and Robespierre, David was in the same perplexity as those artists. We know, however, that he went to Rome, and returned as much of a disciple of Vanloo as when he had departed. It was not till later, when Græco-Roman antiquity was preached, and that publicists and philosophers came to the idea that the world must return to the literary, social, and political forms of the ancients, that his intellect developed itself in all its innate boldness, and then with a daring hand he tore art from the trifling, toying, perfumed, pastoral frippery in which it was sunk, and raised it to the serious sphere of antique heroism. The reaction was, like all reactions, without pity, and David carried it to extremes. There began with him a terrorism even in painting."

Germany has long been well informed as to David's works and influence. Our French guests informed us oft and amply during the Empire as to the great David; and we have heard much of his pupils, Gerard, Gros, Girardet, and Guerin. But we know less of another man whose name also begins with G, and who, if not the founder, was still the beginner (*der Eröffner*) of a new school in France. That was Gericault.

I have in the preceding pages given some indirect information as to this school. In describing the best works of the Salon of 1831, I also explained the characteristics of the later masters. That Exhibition was, according to universal opinion, the most remarkable ever seen in France, and it will remain memorable in the history of art. The pictures which I praised in my description will be famous for centuries, and what I wrote will be perhaps a valuable contribution to the history of painting.

I was able for the first time to convince myself of the immeasurable importance of the Salon of 1831 this year, when the halls of the Louvre, which had been closed for two months, were opened on the 1st of April, and we were greeted by the latest products of French art. As is usual, the old pictures which constitute the National Gallery were covered by screens of cloth, and on this were hung the new pictures, so that here and there behind the Gothic absurdities of some new romantic painter there peeped out charmingly the mythologic masterpieces of old Italian artists. The whole Exhibition was like a *codex palimpsestus*, where one vexed himself the more over a new barbaric text because he knew what divine Greek poetry was scribbled over by it.

Nearly four thousand five hundred pictures were exhibited, and there was hardly one master-

piece among them all. Was that the consequence of a too great exhaustion after excessive exertion? Was there manifested in art that national drunken sick headache (*Nationalkatzenjammer*) which we now observe in the political life of the French since the too delirious intoxication of freedom has been subdued? Was the Exhibition only a variegated yawning, a coloured echo of the Chamber of Deputies of this year? If the Salon of 1831 was still glowing with the sun of July, it seemed as if the dreary shower of June was still drizzling in that of 1833. The two famed heroes of the last Salon, Delaroche and Robert, did not appear this time in the lists, and the other painters whom I had praised gave us this year nothing remarkable. With the exception of a picture by Tony Johannot, a German, not a single picture in the Exhibition touched my feelings. M. Scheffer gave again a Margaret which showed great progress as regards technical execution, yet which had no great significance or force. It was the same idea more passionately painted, but more freezingly conceived. And Horace Vernet contributed once more a great picture in which there were only certain beautiful details. Decamps would seem to have made merry at the expense of the Salon and of himself, for what he sent were monkey-pieces; among them a really admirable baboon

painting an historical picture. The German-Christian long-flowing hair of the animal reminded me amusingly of friends over the Rhine.

Ingres attracted the most remark this year, and was made noted by both praise and the contrary. He contributed two pictures; one was the portrait of an Italian girl, and the other that of M. Bertin *l'aîné*, an old Frenchman. Even as Louis Philippe was monarch in the realm of politics, so was Ingres this year king in the domain of art. The character of Ingres is also that of a *juste milieu*, he is just half-way between Mieris and Michael Angelo. In his pictures there is the heroic boldness of Mieris and the refined rendering of colour of Michael Angelo.

But if the painting in the Exhibition of this year awoke but little enthusiasm, sculpture manifested itself all the more magnificently, contributing works among which many authorised the highest hopes, and among them was one which may be placed in rivalry with the best products of the art. This the "Cain" of M. Etex. It is a group of symmetric, even monumental beauty, full of antediluvian character, and yet equally inspired with the spirit of the time. It sets forth Cain with wife and child, abandoned to destiny, brooding without thought, a petrification of hopeless calm. This man slew his brother in consequence of a quarrel as to a sacrifice or a

religious dispute. Yes, religion caused the first fratricide, and since then it bears the brand of blood upon its brow.

I shall refer again to the "Cain" of Etex when I write of the remarkable flight which sculpture has taken above and beyond painting. The Spartacus and Theseus which are placed in the gardens of the Tuileries awake in me, whenever I walk there, reflective admiration. Yet it pains me to think when it rains that such masterpieces of modern art are so utterly exposed to the open air. Heaven is not so mild here as in Greece, and yet even there the better works of statuary were not so entirely exposed to wind and weather as is commonly thought, for they were well protected, generally in temples. As yet atmospheric influences have not much injured the new statues in the Tuileries, and it is pleasant indeed to see them greeting us, so dazzlingly white, from amid the fresh, green chestnut leaves. And it is so droll, when small children are playing about, to hear their *bonnes* explaining to them what the naked marble man means who looks so angry while he holds a sword in his hand, or what a queer old thing that is who has an ox's head, and who is being killed by the other man with a club. The ox-man, they declare, had eaten up a great many children. Young Republicans, in passing by, say that Spartacus looks significantly

up at the windows of the Tuileries, and in the Minotaur they see the kingdom. Others find fault with the manner in which Theseus swings his club, and insist that if he were to strike he would certainly smash his own hand. However this may be, thus far all looks promising enough. Yet after a few winters these admirable statues will be weatherworn and ragged, and moss will grow on the sword of Spartacus, and peaceable families of insects will nestle between the ox-head of Minotaurus and the club of Theseus, unless the latter be broken away, club and all.

And since so many useless soldiers must be fed, it seems to me that it would be well if His Majesty in the Tuileries were to place by every statue a sentinel, who, when it rains, could spread an umbrella over it. Thus under the bourgeois-royal umbrella it would be protected in the true sense of the word.

Which it can hardly be said to be at present, for there is a general wailing among all artists over the extreme parsimony of the King. It is said that as Duke of Orleans he zealously protected art. Now they grumble that he orders too few pictures in proportion to his position, and in like proportion pays too little money for them. And yet he is, with the exception of the King of Bavaria, the greatest connoisseur among living princes. But his mind is perhaps now too

much occupied with politics to permit him to take the interest in art matters which he once did. But although his predilection for painting and sculpture may have somewhat cooled, his inclination to architecture has risen well nigh to raging passion. Never yet was there so much building in Paris as is now being carried out by the King's command. We see everywhere the plans and preparations for new erections and new streets, and in the Tuileries and the Louvre there is constant sound of hammering. The plan for the new library is the grandest which can be conceived. The Church of the Madeleine, the old Temple of Fame, is near its completion, and they have resumed building on the vast Palace of Ambassadors which Napoleon began to build on the right side of the Seine, and which was only half completed, so that it looked like the ruin of a giant's castle.

In addition to this, colossal monuments are being built in public places. On the Place de la Bastille rises the great elephant, which represents, not inaptly, the conscious strength and powerful reason of the people. We already see in the Place de la Concorde a wooden facsimile of the Obelisk of Luxor; in a few months the Egyptian original will take its place, and serve as a monument of the fearful events which here took place on the 21st January. But although

this hieroglyphed messenger from the marvellous land of Egypt may bring us so many experiences of thousands of years, still the old lamp-post which has been for half a century on the Place de la Concorde has experienced far greater wonders, and the ancient red, primevally holy giant stone will grow pale and tremble when all at once, on some still winter night, that frivolous French lantern shall begin to gossip and relate the history of the place where they both are standing.

Architecture is the chief passion of the King, and it may become the cause of his fall. I fear lest, despite all promises, the *forts détachés* will always be in his head and in his heart, for his favourite implements, the trowel and hammer, can be freely applied to such work—and verily his heart leaps up for joy when he so much as thinks of hammering. It may be that the sound at times quite drowns even the voice of wisdom. When it does, then he is wheedled by his greatest whim into the faith that all his safety lies in those fair forts, and that the building them will be an easy and a pleasing task. Thus by the medium of architecture we perhaps may come into the deepest reach of politics. As regards the fortifications and the King himself, I will here give a fragment from a memoir which I wrote during last July.

“The whole secret of the Revolutionary party

consists in this, that the Government will no longer attack, but awaits some great attack from it, so as to be able to offer absolute resistance. Therefore a new insurrection cannot break out in Paris without the special sanction or connivance of Government, which must first give rise to it by some decided act of folly. Should the insurrection succeed, France will be at once proclaimed as a republic, and the revolution will whirl all over Europe, whose ancient institutions, should they not be shattered, will be at least terribly shaken. Should the revolution fail, then there will begin a terrible reaction, which will be aped in neighbouring countries with the usual clumsiness, which will in any case result in bringing about many changes in existing forms. In *any* case, the peace of Europe will be endangered by anything out of the common course of events which the present Government may undertake against the interests of the revolution, and by every inimical act which it may commit against its parties. And as the will of the present Government is entirely that of the King, therefore the breast of Louis Philippe is the true Pandora's box containing all the evils which may all at once be poured forth over all the earth. Unfortunately, it is not possible to read the thoughts of his heart in his face, for the younger line seem to be quite as accomplished in the art

of dissimulation as the elder. No actor in the world has his own face so completely at command, no one knows how to play a part through in such masterly manner as our Citizen-King. He is perhaps one of the cleverest, wisest, and bravest men in France, and yet he was perfectly able, when it was necessary to win the crown, to assume a thoroughly harmless, small citizen-like, timid air, and the people who put him on the throne believe beyond all question that they can pull him down from it without further ceremony when they will.

“ But this time it is the monarchy which has played the idiot part of Brutus, for which reason it is really at themselves, and not at the King, whom the French should laugh when they see the caricatures in which the latter is represented with his white felt hat and great umbrella. Both were requisite ‘properties’ (*Requisiten*), and belonged to the part played, just as much as the *poignées de main*. Writers of history will some day give him a certificate that he acted it very well; the knowledge of which may console him amid the satires and caricatures which choose him as the target of their wit. The number of such jeering prints and jarring pictures (*Zerrbilder*) becomes greater every day, and we see everywhere on the walls of houses immense pears. Never yet was a prince so mocked in

his own city as Louis Philippe. But he thinks to himself, 'He who laughs last laughs best; ye will not swallow the pear, in time it will swallow you.' Of course he feels all the insults which are heaped on him, for he is human. Nor is he of such a gentle, lamb-like nature that he would not revenge himself; he is a man, but a strong one, who can restrain his anger of the moment and control his passions. When the right hour shall arrive, then he will strike boldly, first at the petty enemy within, and then against the enemy without, who has wounded and slandered him far more seriously. This man is capable of anything, and who knows but that he may throw down before the whole Holy Alliance, as gage of battle, that glove which has become so dirty, from so many *poignées de main*. He is truly not deficient in princely feeling. I saw him just before the Revolution of July in felt hat with the umbrella, but how changed of a sudden did he seem on the 6th of July of last year, when he subdued the Republicans! Then he was no longer the good-natured, great-bellied petty citizen and laughing face of flesh—even his corpulence now gave him dignity; he held his head as proudly and as high as any of his ancestors had done—yes, rose in weighty, mighty majesty, grand to behold, and every *pound* a king! But as soon as he felt that the crown

was not quite sure on his head, and that there might be many a tempest yet, how soon he cocked the old felt hat on his head and took the old umbrella in his hand! How like a hearty, cheerful citizen, a few days later at the great review, he greeted Gossip-Tailor, Cobbler-Snob, and right and left shook hands with all his might; and not with hand alone, but with his heart—with smiling lips—there seemed to be a smile even in his whiskers. Yet this good, brave man, smiling and greeting, praying grace from all, had fourteen *forts détachés* in his heart!

“These forts are now the subject of the most serious questions, and the answer thereto may be terrible and shatter the whole world. That is ever the ancient fatality (*Fluch*) which has hurled clever men headlong to destruction; they believed themselves to be shrewder than whole races, and yet experience has shown that the masses always judged rightly, and always saw through the intentions of their rulers, if not of all their plans. For the people are all-knowing, all-seeing; the eye of the people is the eye of God. And the French people compassionately shrugged their shoulders when Government paternally feigned¹ that it would fortify Paris in order

¹ *Landesväterlichst vorheuchelte*, literally, “patriotically-paternally gammoned unto them.” *Landesvater*, “a father of his country.”

to protect it from the Holy Alliance. Everybody knew in his heart that Louis Philippe wished to defend himself against Paris. And it is certainly true that the King has reason enough to fear Paris, for his crown will glow on his head and singe his wig so long as the great flame flares in Paris, the fireplace of the Revolution. But why does he not confess all this openly? Why does he always pose (*gebärdet*) as a trusty watchman of this fire? It would perhaps be more to his advantage if he would plainly confess to his grocers and similar partisans that he can no longer maintain himself and them unless he is altogether lord of Paris, and unless he can surround the capital with fourteen forts, whose cannon could, from above, command silence at every *émeute*. An open confession that it was a matter which concerned his head, and those of all the *juste milieu*, would perhaps have produced good results. But now it happens that not only the party of the Opposition, but also the *boutiquiers* or shop-people, and most of the hangers-on of the *juste milieu* system, are out of all temper with the *forts détachés*, and the press has explained to them in complete detail the reasons for their being vexed. For the greater part of the shop-people are of this opinion, namely, that Louis Philippe is an admirable king, and worth some sacrifice, or even putting one's self into danger to defend, as was the case on the 5th and 6th of

June, when 40,000 men, in common with 20,000 troops of the line, risked their lives against several hundred Republicans; but that for all this he is not worth so much as that, in order to keep him in case of later and more serious *émeutes*, all Paris, including themselves, their wives, children, and shops, should be in imminent danger of being shot and blown to annihilation by fourteen citadels. Moreover, they assert that as for fifty years people have here been accustomed to all kinds of revolutions, it has been so planned that in minor *émeutes* the authorities can promptly interfere, that peace can be soon reinstated, while great insurrections were promptly submitted to with the same result. And the strangers, too, the rich strangers who spend so much money in Paris, have learned that a revolution is quite harmless for all peaceable spectators, that it all takes place in a very orderly, in fact, in a nicely artistic manner, so that it is really quite an amusement for a foreigner to experience a revolution here. But if the city were to be surrounded by *forts détachés*, then the fear that everybody might be blown to the devil early some morning would frighten away foreigners and provincials, and not the strangers alone, but many *rentiers* who inhabit the city; in which case there would be much less sugar, pepper, and pomatum sold, less house-rent paid—in short, trade and traffic would be ruined. Therefore the grocers, who are thus con-

cerned for the interest on their houses, for the customers of their shops, and who tremble for themselves and families, oppose a project by which Paris would become a fortress, and no longer be the careless, merry, happy Paris of the olden time. Others who, indeed, belong to the *juste milieu*, but who have not renounced the liberal principles of the Revolution, and who cherish those principles even more than they do Louis Philippe, would much rather see the citizen-kingdom protected by institutions than by a kind of buildings which recall much too vividly the old feudal times, when the holder of the citadel ruled the town as he pleased. Louis Philippe, they say, has been thus far a trusty guardian of the citizenly equality and freedom which was conquered with so much blood, but he is, after all, only a man, and in all men there lurks a longing for absolute dominion. When in possession of the *forts détachés*, he can, unsuspected, gratify every caprice at will; he would then be far less restrained than were our kings before the Revolution; for they could only put a few single discontented subjects into the Bastille, but Louis Philippe is surrounding the whole city with Bastilles, and, in fact, would Ba-steal all Paris.¹ And even though the noble intentions of the

¹ *Embastillire ganz Paris*, hinting at *emballiren*, to pack up, put away, or plunder.—*Translator*.

present King were absolutely certain, no one would be responsible for those of his successors, much less for those of any parties or persons who by subtlety or chance might acquire the control of those *forts détachés*, and so control Paris at will. But far more serious than these objections is another source of anxiety which was expressed by everybody, and which even silenced those who thus far neither took part with the Government or even with the Revolution. It involved the highest and deepest interests of the whole people, or their national independence. In spite of all French vanity, which never reflects willingly on the events of 1814 and 1815, it must be secretly confessed that a third invasion is not so altogether out of the reach of possibility, that the *forts détachés* might not only be no impediment to the Allies, if they would take Paris, but that they might even take these forts, and so keep the city for ever in control, or even totally destroy it. I here give only the opinions of the French, who are convinced that in the former invasion the foreign troops kept at a distance from Paris because they found no point of resistance against the vast mass of the inhabitants, and that now the ruling sovereigns in the depths of their hearts have no deeper desire than to utterly destroy Paris, the central home (*foyer*) of Revolution.

Will the project of the *forts détachés* then be abandoned for ever? That, God who sees into the hearts of kings, only knows!

I should indeed remark that we are perhaps blinded by a party spirit, and that the King entertains views for all common interests, and truly means nothing more than to barricade us against the Holy Alliance. But it is improbable. The Holy Alliance has a thousand reasons rather to fear Louis Philippe, and, moreover, a very great and weighty cause to wish for his maintenance. For, firstly, Louis Philippe is the most powerful prince in Europe; his material resources are multiplied tenfold by his innate activity, and ten, yes, a hundred times stronger are the intellectual means by which he could rule in case of need. And should, despite all this, the united sovereigns bring about his fall, then they would have overthrown the mightiest and perhaps last support of monarchy in Europe. Yes, all sovereigns should daily thank the Creator of crowns and thrones on their knees that Louis Philippe is King of France. They have already committed the folly of killing the man who had the greatest power to control the Republicans. I mean Napoleon. Truly ye are right in calling yourselves kings by the grace of God; for it was a special grace of God that He still sent the kings a man who rescued them when Jacobinism

again had the axe in its hands, and threatened to destroy all ancient kingdoms. Should the princes kill this man, God can help them no more. By sending Napoleon Bonaparte and Louis Philippe Orleans, these two miracles, He has twice saved the kingdom. For God is reasonable, and sees that the Republican form of government is very ill-suited, unprofitable, and deadening for old Europe; and I too think this. But perhaps both of us can do nothing against the blindness of princes and demagogues; against stupidity even the gods fight in vain.

Yes, it is my holiest conviction that Republicanism would be unsuitable, unprofitable, and not enlivening for the nations of Europe, and quite impossible for Germans. When, in blind imitation of the French, the German demagogues preached a German republic, and attempted to vilify and slander with insane rage, not only kings, but kingdom itself, which is the last guarantee of society, I held it to be my duty to speak out plainly, as I have done in the preceding pages, regarding the 21st January. Although my inclination for monarchy was somewhat embittered since the 28th June of the preceding year, I have not omitted those expressions from this republication of my work. I am proud that I once had the courage not to let myself lapse or be led into imprudence and error, neither by

cajolery, nor intrigue, nor by threats. He who does not go as far as his heart impels and reason permits, is a poltroon ; he who goes further than he willingly would, is a slave.¹

¹ It is remarkable that the best portion of the remarks on art in this, which is by title a paper entirely on pictures, consists of a very long quotation from Louis de Maynard, whose style and manner of thought are marvellously like Heine's own, and which he would perhaps have made his own by paraphrase, had he not been on this occasion like the Louisiana darkey who was too lazy to steal even a fat turkey when it came wandering by his door, and also because he was "too anxious to talk." Heine was here over-anxious to hold forth—*apropos des bottes*—on the inexhaustible *forts détachés*, Louis Philippe and Napoleon. It may be remarked as beautifully illustrating his inconsistency, that while he elsewhere very frequently and shrewdly insists that Communism is eventually to prevail in the world, he here declares it to be his "holiest conviction" that Republicanism "would be unsuitable, unprofitable, and not enlivening for the nations of Europe," which is not only illogical, but also sins against the canon laid down by Sainte-Beuve in flagellating Lamartine, that no one should string three adjectives together, or, as he gives it, nobody ought to form "*l'habitude de couper sa pensée, sa phrase par trois membres, de proceder trois par trois.*" But Heine's Muse bears triplets of words on all possible occasions. Of the whole paper it may well be said :—

"All you have told us is most admirable,
But what the devil has it all to do
With telling us about the Pumpkin Fair?"

—Translator.

THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF 1843.

PARIS, *May 7, 1843.*

THE Exhibition of pictures for this year excites unusual interest, yet it is impossible for me to pass even a half-way seasonable opinion as to the vaunted pre-eminence of this Salon. So far, I have only felt discontent beyond comparison when I wandered through the halls of the Louvre. These delicious colours which all burst loose screaming at me at once, this variegated lunacy which grins at me from every side, this anarchy in gold frames makes a painful, evil impression on me. I torture myself in vain in trying to set in order this chaos in my mind, and to find therein the thoughts of the time, or even the allied mark of common character, by which these pictures show themselves as the results of our time. For all works of one and the same period have a trace or trait of such character, the painter's mark, which we call the spirit of the age. Thus, for example, the canvases of Watteau,

Boucher, Vanloo,¹ reflect the graceful, powdered playfulness of *pastourelles* and fêtes, the rouged and frivolous emptiness *des fadaises galantes*, the sweetish hooped-petticoat happiness of the prevalent Pompadour rule, in which we see everywhere gaily-ribboned shepherds' crooks, and never a sword. On the other hand, the pictures of David and his school are only the coloured echo of the Republican virtuous period which laps over into the Imperial glory of war-time; and here we find a forced inspiration for the marble model, an abstract frosty intoxication of reason, the design being correct, severe, and hard, the colour turbid, harsh, and indigestible—a Spartan broth. But what will manifest itself as the real character of the age (*die zeitliche Signatur*) to our descendants when they study the pictures of our present painters? By what common peculiarities will these pictures show themselves at a glance as the products of our present period? Has, perhaps, the spirit of *bourgeoisie*,

¹ To which we should add Lancret and Greuze. *Des fadaises galantes* occurs only in the French version, which is naturally in all such passages as this superior to the German, which is here rather rough-cornered, clumsy, and affected. "Hoop-skirt happiness," however, describes admirably the silly smilingness, the air of baby-bliss which the shallowest and most corrupt of ages cast over the life of its feeblest and wickedest representatives. Heine here merely repeats the ideas given by Maynard in the previous paper.—*Translator*.

of industrialism, which penetrates all French life, shown itself so powerful in the arts of design that every picture of our time bears the stamp of its coat of arms? It is especially the pictures of saints which abound in the Exhibition of this year which awaken in me such conjecture. There hangs in the long hall a Flagellation (of Christ), the principal figure in which, with his suffering air, resembles the chairman or president of some company which has come to grief, and now appears before the stockholders and creditors to give an account of himself and his transactions. Yes, the latter also appear on the scene in the form of hangmen and Pharisees who are terribly angry at the *Eccè Homo*, and seem to have lost a great deal of money by their investments. The artist is said to have depicted in the principal figure his uncle, M. August Leo.¹ The faces in the properly so-called historical pictures, representing heathen or mediæval subjects, also recall retail shops, stock gambling, mercantilism, and petty *bourgeois* life. There may be seen a William the Conqueror, who only needs a bear-skin cap to be changed into an honest National Guard, who with model zeal mounts guard, pays his bills punctually, honours his wife, and who

¹ An unfortunate bankrupt railway speculator, whom Heine ridicules in *Lutetia*.—Translator.

certainly deserves the Legion of Honour. But—the portraits! The greater part of them have such a *pecuniary* expression, one so egoistic and morose, that I can only explain it by thinking that the living original during the time when he was sitting for his portrait thought of the money which it would cost, while the painter was regretting on his side the time which he must devote to the pitiable money-job.¹

Among the pictures of the saints which indicate the great pains which the French take to appear very religious, I remarked a Woman of Samaria at the Well. Although the Saviour belongs to

¹ Bitter, but perfectly true. What is remarkable in this sketch is that it should have been written in 1843, when the spirit of which Heine complains had only begun to manifest itself a little in art, or at least very little indeed compared to what we now see of it. The mutual relations of the artist and sitter and their reflections as here described are very *apropos* to an anecdote which I am sure many of my readers have heard. A great American banker who was sitting for his statue to a very distinguished artist and man of letters, also American, asked the latter if he did not think that the statue when completed would be "a very good thing" for him (the artist)—meaning that it would not only be well paid for, but also enhance his fame. "And don't you think, Mr. P.," retorted the artist, "that it will be a very good thing *for you?*" I myself knew a lady artist to whom one of the same class made this remark: "It's all mighty fine, Miss —, to be able to make pictures, and know all about them, but it is a great deal better to have the money to buy them with, and to know how to make it." As the remark was quite uncalled for, its refinement will be most apparent.—*Translator.*

the inimical race of the Jews, she still shows him kindness. She offers her pitcher of water to the thirsty man, and, while he drinks, glances at him with a droll and very shrewd side-look, which reminds me of the admirable answer given by a clever young Suabian girl to the Herr Superintendent when the latter examined a class in Bible catechism. He asked, "How did the woman of Samaria know that Christ was a Jew?" "By his *nose*," answered boldly the little Suabian.¹

The most remarkable religious picture of the Salon is by Horace Vernet, the only great master who has this year contributed a picture to the Exhibition. The subject is very equivocal and insidious, and we must most decidedly condemn, if not the choice, the manner in which it is carried out.² This subject, taken from the Bible, is the story of Judah and his daughter-in-law, Tamar. According to our modern moral ideas and feelings, these two persons appear to

¹ In the original, *An der Beschneidung*, as in the French, *A la circoncision*.—Translator.

² Which condemnation is decidedly as great a specimen of cant and humbug as was ever uttered, even by a critic, Heine's own works abounding in "pictures" of quite as rosy a hue; the anecdote of the little Suabian just given being not one whit better or worse, from a moral point of view, than the subject of Vernet's work. But it was perhaps the feeling that he had gone a little too far in this latter sketch which suddenly recalls our author to virtuous propriety. If he thought it so very immoral, why did he dwell on it?—Translator.

us in a very immoral light; but according to the views of antiquity, when the highest duty of woman consisted in bearing children to continue the race of her husband, especially after the old Hebraic opinion, according to which the nearest relation should marry the widow of a deceased man, if the latter died without children, in order to guarantee by such posthumous descent not only the family property, but also the memory of the dead, the continuation of their lives in their posterity, and, so to speak, their earthly immortality—from such an antique point of view the deed of Thamar was in the highest sense a moral, pious act, most gratifying to God, naïvely beautiful, and almost as heroic¹ as the deed of Judith, which approaches near to our modern ideas of patriotism. As for her father-in-law, Judah, we

¹ The French version adds *aussi moral to presque aussi héroïque*. It was certainly a deed of the peculiar kind of morality which was best appreciated by our author. *Thamar* means a palm-tree, and the male plant bears a vast blossom, the pollen from which is wafted often scores or hundreds of miles ere it fructifies the *Thamar*, who is, so to speak, unknown to him. So in the Biblical narrative, which is in part, at least, a myth, Judah fructifies one whom he does not see. The palm is the mother of Israel, "and it appears on Jewish, Roman, and Phœnician coins as the type of Palestine" [*Frölich, Ann. Syr. Tab. 18, also Spanheim, De præstant. et usu num., p. 272*]. But it is "remarkably a type of sexual love and marriage" [*Von Hammer, in J. Wiener Jahrbuch, 1818, iii. p. 151*]. Hence Thamar is specially the heroine of such a myth.—*Translator*.

do not claim for him the laurel (of virtue), but we absolutely deny that he in any case committed any sin.¹ For firstly, such commerce with a woman met on the highway was for a Hebrew no more an improper act than was enjoying a fruit plucked from some tree by the roadside to quench one's thirst, and it was doubtless very warm in Mesopotamia when this occurred, and the poor patriarch was in great want of something to refresh him. And then the whole transaction bears so plainly the mark of the Divine will; it was providential, for without that great thirst Tamar would have had no child; but this child became the ancestor of David, who reigned as king over Judah and Israel, and he was, at the same time, the ancestor of that yet greater King with the crown of thorns who now rules all the world—Jesus of Nazareth.

As for the conception of this subject, I will describe it briefly, without involving any moral homily. Tamar, a magnificently beautiful woman, sits by the roadside, revealing, for the opportunity, her most voluptuous and luxuriant charms. The foot, the leg, the knee, *et cetera*,

¹ Quant à son beau-père nous ne revendiquons pas précisément pour lui le prix Monthyon, a prize annually awarded to the most virtuous persons. As for the *truth* of this assertion, the Old Testament *abounds* in bitterest denunciation of all adultery and fornication by either man or woman.—*Translator*.

are of a perfection approaching poetry. Her breasts burst forth from a tight garment, blooming, perfumed, alluring as the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden. With the right hand,¹ which is also most ravishingly and admir-

¹ French version—*Avec la main gauche*, which, if I remember rightly, is correct. The original text renders the whole of our author's somewhat obscure comment much clearer. It is as follows: it being premised that Tamar first "covered herself with a veil."

"When Judah saw her, he thought her to be an harlot, because she had covered her face.

"And he turned unto her by the way and said, 'Go to, I pray thee, let me come in unto thee' (for he knew not that she was his daughter-in-law). And she said, 'What wilt thou give me, that thou mayest come in unto me?'

"And he said, 'I will send thee a kid from the flock.' And she said, 'Wilt thou give me a pledge till thou send it?'

"And he said, 'What pledge shall I give thee?' And she said, 'Thy signet (ring), and thy braceleta, and thy staff that is in thine hand.' And he gave it her, and came in unto her, and she conceived by him."

It will be seen by this that the substitution of a corner of the garment by the artist is a liberty which materially interferes with the whole meaning of the story. When Tamar went home "she laid aside her veil." As death was the penalty of discovery in such cases, the veil was absolutely necessary. The great value of the pledge and the payment of a kid indicate that prostitution was very profitable; hence the great risk incurred. The "double movement of the hands" is, therefore, entirely an error. I have illustrated this rather fully, because the *Salon* is professedly a work of art criticism, and the very highest canon in it is that the artist shall manifest *ingenuity* in the disposition of personal details, as when the author declares in his paper on Vernet (*Salon*, 1831) that it would only occur to

ably painted, the beauty holds an end of her white garment before her face so as to display only her forehead and eyes. These great black eyes are as seductive as the voice of the slippery aunt of Satan. The fair woman is together apple and serpent, and we cannot blame poor Judah for offering her in such haste the pledges which she demands, staff, ring, and girdle. To receive them she has stretched out her left hand, while she, as I said, hides her face with the right hand. This double movement of the hands indicates a truthfulness such as art only develops in its happiest moments. There is in it a truth to nature which is enchanting. The artist has given to Judah a lustful physiognomy more appropriate to a faun than to a patriarch, and his whole garb consists of that white woollen covering which plays so great a part in so many pictures since the capture of Algiers. Since the French have entered into such direct relation with the East, their painters give to Biblical heroes really Oriental costumes. The earlier traditional and imaginary dress has been, in fact, somewhat worn out by the wear of three hundred years, and it

a very great artist to arrange his characters in a certain manner. Such inventive genius may be more developed in a boy who has no knowledge of drawing, and no capacity for it, than in a great painter, and when, as in the present case, its premises are false, it simply becomes ridiculous.—*Translator.*

would be most unsuitable to now mask the ancient Hebrews, after the fashion of the Venetians, according to the dress of the present day.¹ The landscape and animals of the East have also been treated of late by the French with greater truth in their historical pictures, and one sees in the camel which Horace Vernet has introduced to this work that the painter has copied directly from nature, and not developed it as a German artist would do from the depths of his sentiment² (*Gemüthe*). A German painter would here perhaps have manifested in the form of the head of the camel the emotional or intellectual, the early worldly—yes, the Old Testamental; but the Frenchman has simply painted a camel as God made it—a superficial camel, on which there

¹ I have seen in Sweden, where they are quite common, long pieces of painted tapestries or hangings, representing invariably scenes from the Bible, and executed in some cases within fifty or sixty years, in which all the characters wear swallow-tail coats, round hats, and knee-breeches or trousers.—*Translator*.

² In allusion to a story to which Heine several times refers. An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German were, in competition for a prize, to paint every one the picture of a camel. The Englishman went to the East and studied all the breeds of camels, mastered the animal in detail, and "made his work" very well. The Frenchman trotted off to the Jardin des Plantes, copied the first camel with great *chique*, threw in the Pyramids and some palm-trees—*v'la!* it was done. But the German, retiring to his study, buried himself in thought, and evolved the transcendental ideal of a camel from the depths of his moral consciousness.—*Translator*.

is not one symbolical hair, and who, stretching out his head over the shoulder of Judah, regards with the greatest indifference the equivocal transaction. This *insouciance*, this indifference, is a fundamental trait in the picture here in question, and in this too it bears the stamp of our age. The painter has neither dipped his brush into the vitriolic vindictiveness of Voltairean satire (*die ätzenze Böswilligkeit Voltaire'scher Satire*) nor the licentious smut-pots of Parny¹ and Company; he is led neither by polemics nor immorality; the Bible is all the same to him as any other book; he regards it with true tolerance; he has no longer prejudices against the book; he even finds it pleasant and amusing, and does not disdain to borrow subjects from it. In this manner he painted "Judith" and "Rebecca at the Well;" thus it was he painted "Judah and Thamar," an admirable picture, which, owing to its local colour, would be a very suitable altar-

¹ A writer once supposed to be very witty and wicked, but of whose works it might now be said, as it was of *La Religieuse* of Diderôt, that it seemed to be written to show the world to what an extreme degree dulness and silliness could be combined with immorality. The very extensive class who are deluded with the idea that everything is nice which is merely naughty, may find in the French *facetiae* of the eighteenth century that there are as dreary and wearisome swamps of corruption in literature as there are dry and dismal deserts of theology. *Ab his diris malis, utrisque generis, libera nos Domine!*—Translator.

piece for the new Parisian church of Notre Dame de Lorette, in the *lorette* quarter of the town.¹

Horace Vernet is regarded by many as the greatest painter in France, and I would not absolutely contradict this popular opinion. He is in any case the most national of French painters, and he surpasses all by his productive ability (*das fructbare Können*), by his vigorously genial (*dämonische*) extravagance, by the ever-blooming self-rejuvenation of his creative force. Painting to him is innate, as spinning to the silkworm, as singing to the bird, and his work seems like results of necessity. There is no style in him but nature, and withal a fecundity which borders on the ridiculous. There is a caricature which represents Horace Vernet riding a high horse at full gallop, brush in hand, by an immensely long canvas, and when he shall have got to the end, the picture will be finished. What an immense number of colossal battle-pieces has he painted of late for Versailles! If the pious legend be true that on the day of resurrection every man

¹ French version—"Dans le quartier de ces dames auxquelles cette église a donné son nom." The *lorette* was of the *haute volée*, or highest class of Parisian *hetairæ*, and, like her successor the *cocotte*, &c., of insatiable greed and extravagance. "There are," said an American, "great contradictions in the French language. *Modiste* does not mean *modest* by a long shot, and *low-rates* (*lorettes*) stand for high prices, as I am informed."—*Translator*.

will be followed by his works to the place of judgment,¹ then will Horace Vernet appear on that day in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, accompanied by some hundred thousands of infantry and cavalry. And however terrible the judges may be who will sit there to judge the quick and the dead, I do not believe that Horace Vernet will be condemned to fire eternal for the naughtiness of his Judah and Thamar. I do not believe it; for, firstly, the picture is so admirably painted, that were it but for that the culprit must needs be acquitted. Secondly, Horace Vernet is a genius, and things are permitted to geniuses which are forbidden to common sinners. And finally, unto him who comes marching at the head of some hundreds of thousands of soldiers much will be forgiven, even if he did not chance to be a genius.

¹ Not a "pious" or Christian legend, as Heine intimates, but manifestly the Mahometan article of strict faith, of which I have often read, and which was told me as a truth by my Muslim friend, Mehemet of Alexandria. It is that on the day of judgment all the pictures or images of human beings whom an artist has made will rise up before him, and he will be condemned for not giving them souls.—*Translator*.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO

M. AUGUST LEWALD,

DIRECTOR OF THE DRAMATURGIC REVIEW,
IN STUTTGART.

Written in May 1837 at a Village near Paris.

LETTER I.

AT last, at last the weather has permitted me to leave Paris and the warm fireplace, and the first hours which I am to pass in the country shall be dedicated to my dear friend. How beautifully the sun shines on my paper and gilds the letters, which will bear to you my most joyous greetings! Yes, winter is fleeting over the mountains, and after him fly the merry mocking breezes of spring like a flock of gay grisettes who are chasing a grey-haired lover with derisive laughter, or it may be with birch twigs. How he pants

and groans, the white-haired fool!¹ How the young girls drive him along without pity before them! How the many-coloured breast-knots flutter and shine; here and there one falls in the field; the violets peer forth and with an anxious joy look at the merry chase. Now the old man is fairly put to flight and nightingales sing a triumphant song. And what they sing is all so fresh and fair. At last we can dispense with the grand opera, Duprez and Meyerbeer; we learned to do without Nourrit long, long ago. Here in this world at last all things can well be spared except the sun and I; for quite without these two I can't imagine spring, nor zephyrs, nor grisettes, nor German literature! Without me all the world would be a gaping naught, a zero's shadow, and the vision of a flea, or even a poem by Karl Streckfuss—nothing more!²

Yes, it is spring, and I can lay aside my under garment.³ The small boys have already taken

¹ *Geck*. Quite the same as the old English provincial *gawk*, still common in America. Original *gecke*, hence *gawky*; *gawk*, to stare about like a fool.

² Heine here indirectly jests on Fichte's "Idealism," as Goethe has done in "Faust." It has sometimes occurred to me that Goethe's fancy was suggested by a passage in the "Edda."

³ *Unterjacke*. French version—*gilet de coton*. Flannels

off their coats, and are gambolling in their shirt-sleeves round the giant tree close by the little church for which it serves as tower in which to hang the bell. And now the tree is covered with white blossoms, and looks like a powdered grandfather, who is calmly smiling among the blonde grandchildren who merrily dance around. He often covers them in jest with his white flakes (*Flocken*), and then the boys frolic more gaily than ever. It is sternly forbidden, yes, under whipping penalty, to pull the church bell-rope, but the largest of the boys, who ought to set a good example to the rest, cannot resist the terrible temptation; he pulls at the prohibited cord, and the clock sounds like a warning, scolding voice from grandfather.

Later in summer, when the tree is splendid in all its green luxuriance and the bell is hidden in foliage, its tone has in it something mysterious; it utters strangely subdued tones, and when they are heard, all at once the gaily jargoning birds, who were rocking, cradled on the branches, take to their wings, and, frightened, fly away.

were not by any means so generally worn in 1838 as at present, although even at that time there was a saying—

“Ye who would the doctor pay,
Leave your flannels off in May!”—*Translator.*

In autumn, the sound of the bell is deeper, sadder, stranger, and we seem to hear in it a spirit's voice. But it is chiefly when some one is buried that the long-resounding tones have an indescribably mournful echo; at every stroke a few yellow leaves fall from the tree, and this resounding fall of the leaf, this ringing emblem of mortality, filled me once with such irresistible grief, that I wept like a child. That was last year, when Margot buried her husband. He came to grief (*er war verunglückt*) in an unusually high inundation of the Seine. For three days and three nights the poor woman plied the oar, and sought by every bank of the river to find her husband and give him Christian burial, and when found, she herself washed and clothed him, and placed him in his coffin, and in the churchyard once more lifted the lid to gaze upon the dead. She spoke no word, nor dropt a single tear, but her eyes were blood-shot, and I never shall forget the marble face and deep-red eyes!

But now it is fair and fine spring weather, the sun smiles, children shout for joy, perhaps a little louder even than they need to, and I, here in this small village-house, where I passed last year the pleasantest months, will write you a series of letters on the French stage, and therewithal, as you desired of me, will not forget due parallels with ours. The latter task has its

trouble, for recollections of the German theatre fade from memory with every day. Among the dramatic pieces which have appeared of late, I have seen nothing save two tragedies by Immermann, "Merlin" and "Peter the Great," neither of which could certainly be played, "Merlin" on account of its poetry, and "Peter" because of its politics. And then imagine the face I made when, in this packet which contained the creations of a great poet whom I loved, I found some other volumes also stuffed, which were entitled *Dramatische Werke von Ernst Raupach* (the Dramatic Works of Ernst Raupach).

I knew him by sight, it is true, but I had never read anything by this pet nursling of the directors of the German theatres. I had seen some of his plays upon the stage, but there one does not exactly know whether the author is *executed* by the comedian, or the comedian by the author. Chance now permitted me in foreign lands to read at my leisure some comedies by Doctor Ernst Raupach, but I could not, without great effort, get to the last acts. I pass over his wretched efforts to be witty, for they are, after all, only intended to flatter the public. For the poor stupid devil (*Hecht*) in the *parterre* will say to himself, "Why, I can make jokes like those," and for this gratified vanity he will feel grateful to the author. But the style was to me

insupportable. I have been so spoiled in this respect; the *bon ton* of conversation, the truly light and graceful language of society, has, owing to my long residence in France, become such an absolute necessity, that in reading the comedies of Doctor Ernst Raupach I really felt extremely ill. His style has in it something so solitary and peculiar, isolated (*abgesondertes*), and unsocial, that it gives one a choking sensation.¹ The conversation in these comedies is feigned; it is always only a ventriloquistic monologue in several voices, a worthless heap of old bachelor thoughts—thoughts which sleep alone, make their own coffee of a morning, shave themselves, go walking out alone before the Brandenburg Gate,

¹ *Das die Brust beklemmt.* I think that every German will agree with me that there is something very *einsam* or solitary in the style of this sentence. It is always very easy to discern where Heine is straining hard for effect, and here he is doing his utmost, without a spark of inspiration, producing such a marvellous illustration of what he is condemning in Raupach, that it forms one of the *magna curiosa* or great curiosities of literature. As regards his singular use of the word *einsam*, I once heard it used in precisely the same sense, and that, too, in criticising a poem, by an old English Gypsy. He told me that the evening before, his sister Gentilla, thinking that she would not live long, passed the evening in singing her death-song—improvised. I asked him what it was like. He replied, "It was a very *lonesome* ditty, *Rya* (master), and " (stretching out his arms as widely as possible to illustrate magnitude), "about a yard and a half long." The reader may find the anecdote in my "English Gypsies."—*Translator.*

and who pick flowers for themselves. When his women speak, we infer from their expressions that they wear under their muslin, nasty, greasy drawers of "health-flannel," and smell of tobacco and Russia leather.

But the one-eyed man is a king in the country of the blind, and among our bad writers of comedies Raupach is the best. By bad writers of comedies I mean only those poor devils who have their wretched *pièces de manufacture* (*Machwerke*) played under the name of "comedies," or, as they are mostly comedians by calling, act them themselves. But these so-called comedies are in reality only prosaic pantomimes, with traditional masks—stage fathers, villains, court-councillors, chevaliers, the lover, the beloved, soubrettes, mothers, or whatever else they may be called in the contracts of our actors who are only adapted (*abgerichtet*) exactly to similar set parts according to traditional types. Like the Italian mask comedy, our German is one and the same piece infinitely varied.¹ The characters and situations

¹ The Italian characters, which were popular types serving for various plays, such as *Il Capitano Spavento*, *Truffaldina*, *Scaramuccia*, *Tartaglia*, *Brighella*, *Il Dottore*, &c., were engraved by Callot, and are given in full, with descriptive text, in the *Masques et Bouffons* by Maurice Sand. This taste for masked and familiar characters still exists in Italy to such an extent that there are now about 300 small comedies or farces all more or less on the stage in Florence, in every one of which the honest,

are given, and any one who has a talent for games of combination may undertake to put together these given characters and events and make out of them an apparently new piece, according to the same process followed in a Chinese puzzle, in which different pieces of cut-out, flat pieces of wood, coloured, are so put

simple *dummklug*, Stentorello, is the principal personage. The lower we descend in society to all-alike people of a limited range of ideas, the better satisfied do we find them with a certain set of well-known types of character, and the less inclined to master new ones. Thus Punch and his troupe cover all the types needed for the street populace of London. It is a curious fact that the development of new *personæ* within original shades of character, which was once so eminently characteristic of English literature, has to a great degree died out in dramatic and novel writing. This is, however, quite in accordance with the age, especially among the "classes," where every form of marked *originality* is regarded as eccentricity, consequently "in bad form," just as in the best Chinese society, where anybody who is markedly different in *any* manner of thought from others is a moral monster. A curious confirmation of this is found in the fact that of late years there have been cases (and they are rapidly increasing) where, in legal trials, the most trifling differences of opinion of a man from his neighbours, or even his being addicted to science or travel, have been advanced and accepted as proofs of insanity, just as Democritus was held by the Abderites to be mad. It was one of Heine's innumerable and admirable original observations that the Philistine, like the bee, runs into types and classes, and is, as a man, inclined to prefer "secondary automatism," or instinct induced by custom, to any original *effort* of understanding, such as is called for by original types. The subject is one of very great interest as a presage of the coming twilight of the gods in art and its renaissance in science.—*Translator*.

together as to form all kinds of figures. The pettiest minds are often gifted with this talent, while the true poet, who can only move freely, and can only form living conceptions, can do nothing at this wooden work. A few true poets, who undertook the ungrateful task of writing German comedies, did indeed create certain new masks or characters, but the result was collision with the actors, who, accustomed only to the old types, for fear lest their incapacity or laziness should be exposed, made war effectually on the new plays that they never could be performed.¹

It may be that in the opinion which I have expressed as to the works of Dr. Raupach that there is a secret personal dislike. I once trembled at the sight of him, and *that* is never pardoned by a prince! You look at me with amazement, for you do not find Dr. Raupach so terrible, and are not accustomed to see me

¹ All that Heine here asserts as to popular plays is quite true as regards the vast majority of novels of the present day, in which we simply find old types of humanity adapted to shuffled and cut situations, the exceptions or variations being morbid or æsthete-eccentric characters, the range of which latter is, however, very limited, and is already rapidly becoming known. It is remarkable that this decadence has been closely accompanied with a disappearance from "polite literature" of anything like *genial* humour, and an increased worship of the "wise but feeble," and soulless French stylists.—*Translator*.

tremble before a living man. And yet it is true that I once experienced before him such terror that my knees began to totter and my teeth to chatter, and to this day I cannot look at the engraving of Ernst Raupach which faces the title-page of his works without feeling my heart beat in my bosom. You stare indeed amazed, dear friend, and I hear by you a feminine voice which says in an inquisitive tone——

But it is a long story, and I have not time to tell it all to-day. And what is more, it would recall to me full many things which I would fain forget; for instance, all the melancholy days I passed in Potsdam, and of the great grief which bound and banned me there to solitude. I walked there, to my very soul alone, in the dead-silent garden Sans Souci, amid the orange-trees where in the olden time great Rampe walked. O Lord! how dull and void of poetry those orange-trees do always seem to me! They look like disguised oak-scrub saplings. And then every tree has its number like a collaborateur on the Brockhaus *Konversationsblatte*, and there is in this numbered nature something so deliberately and cleverly tiresome, so compulsory, as if according to the corporal's stick! (*so korporalstöckig gezwungenes*). It always seems to me as if these orange-trees take snuff like their late master, old Frederick, who was, as you know, a great

king about the time when Ramler was a great poet. But do not think that I would in aught diminish the fame of great Frederick. I even acknowledge his merits in recognising German poetry. Did he not give a grey horse to Gellert, and five thalers to Madame Karschin? Did he not, in order to advance and aid German literature, write his own wretched poems in French? Had they appeared in German there might have resulted from his high example incalculable injury! The German Muse will never forget this kind service.

I found myself, as before said, in Potsdam, but not in very joyous mood, and thereunto for grief was added this, that my body seemed to be striving with my soul to see which could torment me most. Ah! psychic pain is easier to endure than physical, and if I had to choose between an evil conscience and an aching tooth, I would prefer the former. Ah! there is nothing so horrible as toothache. I learned that in Potsdam, and forgetting all my spiritual griefs, resolved to go at once to Berlin, and there have it out! Yet what a horrible, cruel operation it is! Something in it so like being beheaded! You must sit in a strange chair and keep perfectly still, and quietly await the awful pang! My hair rises on end when I but think thereon! But Providence in its wisdom has ordained all

things for our benefit, and even the sufferings of man serve in the end to his advantage. Of course toothaches are terrible—intolerable; yet beneficent, foreseeing Providence has bestowed this fearful and intolerable character to make us in our despair rush to the dentist's and have the tooth extracted. For of course nobody would ever make up his mind to endure such an operation, or rather execution, if the toothache were in the least supportable!

You cannot imagine the wretchedness and misery of my mind during the three hours which I passed in the post-coach. When we arrived at Berlin I was utterly broken down, and as no man in the world at such moments thinks of money, I gave the postillion for *pour-boire* twelve good groschen. The fellow looked at me with an air of strange irresolution, because, according to the postal regulation recently established by Herr Nagler, it was sternly forbidden to the postillions to accept fees. He held the twelve-groschen piece for some time in his hand, as if weighing it, and ere he pocketed it said with a sorrowful voice, "I have been postillion for twenty years, and am used to taking 'drink-money,' and now all at once the head post-director forbids us under a heavy penalty to take a tip. But it is an inhuman law, for no man *can* refuse one; it is against nature." I pressed the good man's hand,

and sadly sighed. Sighing too I entered the hotel, and when I inquired there where I could find a good dentist, the landlord cried joyfully, "That is all right, for a very celebrated dentist from St. Petersburg has just arrived here, and if you will dine at the *table d'hôte* you will see him." "Yes," I thought, "I will take my last hangman's meal before I sit in the poor sinner's seat."¹

But I had at table no desire to eat. I had hunger without any appetite. Despite my light and easy temperament, I could not banish from my mind the terrors which awaited me in the hour to come. Even my favourite dish of mutton with Teltower turnips disgusted me. My eyes involuntarily sought for the terrible man, the hangman-dentist from St. Petersburg, and, guided by the instinct of agony, I soon selected him from among the other guests. He sat afar from me at the end of the table, and had a pinching and a nipping face—a face like the forceps (*une figure crochue, un profile en tenailles*). He was an evil-boding oddity, in an ashen-grey coat with glittering steel buttons. I hardly dared to look him in the face, and when he brandished a fork it

¹ *Henkersmahlzeit*. Equivalent to the last cup formerly given in England to criminals before their execution. Of which there is a song in the novel of "Jack Sheppard" by Ainsworth.

seemed to me as if he were coming at my mouth with his jaw-breaker. With trembling terror I averted my eyes from his glance, and would gladly have closed my ears from the sound of his voice. From that sound I noted that he was one of the kind of people who are internally painted all over grey, and have entrails of wood. He spoke of Russia, where he long had dwelt, but where his art had not found full room for development. He conversed with that calm, impertinent reserve which is more intolerable than the loudest braggadocio, and whenever he spoke I felt faint at heart, and my soul trembled. Out of sheer despair I began to converse with the one who sat next to me at table, and turning my back to the Terror, talked so loudly to deafen myself that I at last no longer heard the awful voice. My neighbour was an agreeable man of distinguished air, with most refined manners, and his kind and gentle conversation greatly relieved my suffering state of mind. He was modesty itself; the words flowed softly from his gently arched lips, his eyes were clear and friend-like in expression, and when he heard that I was suffering from toothache he blushed, and offered me his professional services.

"In God's name, who are you then?" I cried.

"I am the dentist Meier from St. Petersburg," was the reply.

Involuntarily, and almost impolitely, I pushed back my chair from him, and stammered in the greatest embarrassment—

“Who then is that man yonder, he in the ashen-grey coat with shining steel buttons?”

“I do not know,” answered my neighbour, looking at me with surprise.

But the waiter, who heard my question, whispered in my ear with an air of great importance—

“That is Herr Raupach, the theatrical poet.”

SECOND LETTER.

. . . OR is it true that we Germans really cannot produce a good comedy, and are condemned to borrow such poetic creations from the French?

I hear that you in Stuttgart tormented yourselves so long with this question, that at last in despair you set a price on the head of the best comic dramatic poet. As I learn, you yourself, my dear Lewald, are one of the jury, and that the bookselling firm of J. G. Cotta locked you up, without beer or tobacco, until you should have pronounced your dramatic verdict. At least you got from that experience the subject for a good comedy.

Nothing is more untenable than the reasons which are generally alleged to support the question here submitted. It is asserted, for instance, that the Germans have no good comedy because they are a serious race, while the French, on the contrary, being merry folk, are therefore more gifted for such writing. The proposition is utterly false. The French are by no means a gay and cheerful people. On the contrary, I begin to believe

that Laurence Sterne was quite right when he asserted that they are much too serious. And yet in those days when Yorick wrote his "Sentimental Journey" there still flourished all the light-footed frivolity and perfumed *fadaise* of the *ancien régime*; the French had not yet taken from the guillotine and from Napoleon the necessary lessons in reflection. And even of late, since the Revolution of July, what wearisome dismal progress they have made in seriousness, or at least in unjoyousness! Their faces have grown longer, the corners of their mouths drawn downward more reflectively; they have learned from us philosophy and smoking tobacco. Since that time there has been a great change in the French; they no longer look like themselves. Nothing is wretcheder than the twaddle of our Teuto-maniacs, who, when they revile the French, have always in mind the Frenchmen of the Empire whom they have seen in Germany. They never reflect that this volatile race, whose inconstancy they have so long zealously attacked, could remain constant in feeling as in thought for twenty years.

No, they are not more cheerful than we, for we Germans have perhaps more sense and susceptibility for the comic than the French, for we are the people of *humour*. Add to this that we find in Germany better subjects for laughter,

more really laughable and ridiculous characters than in France, where the *persiflage* of society kills in the bud every extraordinary or droll oddity, and where no really original fool or jester (*Narr*) can develop and complete himself unhindered. A German may declare with pride that it is only on German soil that fools flourish and grow to that stupendous, Titanic height of which a flattened-out, suppressed French fool has no conception. Only Germany can produce those colossally comic clowns whose bell-caps reach and ring in heaven on high, and delight the stars with their jingling. Let us not ignore the merits of our fellow-countrymen, and pay homage to foreign folly. Let us be just to our own native land!

It is also an error to ascribe the sterility of our German *Thalia* to a want of free air, or, if you will excuse the rash word, to the want of political freedom. For what is called political liberty is not at all necessary for the success of comedy. We have only to recall Venice, where, in spite of "the leads"¹ and secret drownings, Goldoni and Gozzi still wrote their masterpieces; or Spain, where, notwithstanding the absolute axe and the orthodox fire, the most charming

¹ Chambers under the leaden roof of the buildings of St. Mark in Venice, which were used as prisons.—*Translator*.

"cloak-and-sword" pieces were produced; or think of Molière, who wrote under Louis XIV. Why, even China has excellent comedies. . . .

No, it is not the political condition which determines the development of comedy in a people, and this I would circumstantially prove, were it not that I should, by so doing, find myself in a field which I much prefer to avoid. Yes, my dearest friend, I have a real horror of politics, and go ten steps out of my way when I encounter a political thought, even as if it were a mad dog. When, lost in the labyrinth of my ideas, such a thought meets me unforeseen, then I at once repeat the spell. . . .

Do you know, dearest friend, the spell which must be pronounced when we meet a mad dog? I knew it in my early boyhood, and learned it then from the old chaplain, Asthöver. When in walking we see a dog whose tail is drawn in in a suspicious manner, then we must say at once:—

"O hound, thou hound,
Thou art not sane or sound;
Accurst thou shalt be
To all eternity:
From thy bite,

Lord Saviour Jesus, guard me day and night. Amen."

¹ "O Hund, du Hund,
Du bist nicht gesund;

Even as I dread politics, I have a boundless fear of theology, which has drenched and soaked me in sorrow. I let myself be no longer tempted by Satan; I refrain from all reflections on Christianity, and am no longer such a fool as to wish to convert Hengstenberg and his company to faith in worldly pleasures. For all I care, these miserable wretches may eat thistles instead of pineapples to the end of their days, and chastise and mortify their flesh—*tant mieux*. I would like myself to supply the rods for the purpose. Theology has brought me to sorrow; you know by what a misunderstanding it came about. You know how I, without solicitation, was appointed by the Diet to Young Germany,¹ and how I unto this day have in vain prayed for my dismissal. In vain I write the humblest petitions; in vain do I declare that I no longer believe in any of my

Du bist vermaledeit
In Ewigkeit;
Von deinem Biss

Behüte mich mein Herr und Heiland Jesus Christ. Amen."

Many of these incantations, some of which are of early heathen origin, are still current among the peasantry not only of Germany, but even in Pennsylvania.—*Translator*.

¹ *Beim jungen Deutschland angestellt wurde*. Heine was officially described as its leader, but in his letters he appears as flying from the party which pursued him, praying him to be its chief. On the whole, he appears to have played fast and loose with it, as he did with most things.—*Translator*.

religious errors. Naught avails. I do not, indeed, ask for any great pension, but only to be superannuated (*in Ruhestand gesetzt werden*). Dearest friend, you could do me a great favour if you would, when the opportunity presents itself, accuse me in your journal of obscurantism and servilism;¹ it might be of great service to me. As regards my enemies, I have no occasion to beg any such service of them; they will slander me with the greatest possible obligingness.

I have remarked that as the French, among whom comedy flourishes more than with us, do not derive this advantage from their political freedom, it may be permitted to me to point out somewhat more in detail how it is rather to certain social conditions that comic dramatists owe their supremacy in France.

You know what I mean by social conditions. They are the manners and customs, the doing and letting be done (*das Thun und Lassen*), the whole public as well as private impulse of a race, so far as the predominant views of life are expressed by them. The French comic dramatist

¹ Old fogginess and toadying are not elegant terms, but slang here expresses the author's real meaning more rigorously and accurately than the choicest licensed expressions could have done. More than two pages are omitted in the French version after the ending of this sentence, or till the words, "I have already said that in France."

seldom employs the public active life as chief material; he only uses certain incidents in it; from this soil he only plucks now and then a few quaint flowers, with which he enwreaths the mirror from whose ironically cut and polished facets laughs and glitters the domestic life of the French. Those are, indeed, distorted images which this mirror shows, but, as everything among the French is exaggerated to the very extreme and to caricature, such images still give us the unpitying truth, if not that of to-day, yet still the truth as it may be to-morrow. Such dramatists find a greater source of subjects in the contrasts of many old institutions with modern customs, or of the latter with the private opinions which people have of them. But what are most profitable are the contrasts which appear so amusing when the noble enthusiasm which flames up so lightly with the French, and is as lightly quenched, comes into collision with the positive industrial tendencies of the time. Here we stand on a ground where that great female despot, the Revolution, has exercised for fifty years her arbitrary power, tearing down here, sparing there, but shaking violently everywhere at the foundations of social life; and this rage for equality which cannot raise the lowly, but only lay level the lofty, this quarrel of the present with the past, who mutually mock one

another—the anger of a madman at a ghost—this overthrow of all authorities, be they of spirit or material, this stumbling over their last relics, and this want of wit in the stupendous hours of fate, when the great need of stern authority is plain as the day to every one—when the destroyer, scared at his own work, begins for very agony to sing, and then at last bursts into laughter wild—yes, it is fearful, even horrible, but for a comedy, most excellent !

But here a German begins to feel uncomfortable. By the eternal gods ! we should thank our Lord and Saviour daily that we have no comedy like that of the French, that we have none of those flowers which only bloom on hills of potsherds and heaps of ruin,¹ such as French society consists of. The French writer of comedy seems to me at times to be like a monkey who sits on the ruins of some ancient city and makes grimaces, and raises grinning laughter when he espies among the broken ogives of a cathedral the head of a real fox peeping out, and the sow brings forth her young in what was once the boudoir of a royal mistress, or when the ravens meet in solemn council on the leads of the Guildhall, or when the hyenas dig up and gnaw the ancient bones from regal tombs. . . .

¹ Such as that of Monte Testaccio in Rome, which consists entirely of fragments of broken pottery.—*Translator*.

I have already said that in France the leading *motives* of comedy are borrowed not from public life, but from the inner life of the people, and here the relations between man and wife furnish the most fertile theme. In the French family, as in all the other relations of life, all bonds are broken and all authority overthrown. That paternal influence on son and daughter is destroyed is easily understood when we reflect on the corrosive power of that criticism which resulted from the Materialistic philosophy. This want of reverence (*Pietät*) shows itself more glaringly in the relation between man and wife, either in the marital or extra-marital alliances, which here assume a character which specially adapts them to comedy. Here is the original stage of all those wars between the sexes which are only known in Germany by bad translations or imitations, and which a German may possibly or barely describe as a Polybius, but never as a Cæsar. The pair indeed make war in every land, but specially they fight as man and wife. In every country, too, as in France, freedom of action is wanting to women; therefore, as it must be conducted more secretly, cannot come openly and dramatically to view. Elsewhere women barely bring it so far as to a small *émeute*, or at the most an insurrection; but here the two married powers stand opposed

with equal military resources and wage their most terrible domestic battles. In the uniformity of your German life you are much amused in the German theatre at seeing such a campaign of the two sexes, in which one seeks to subdue the other by strategic arts, secret ambush, nightly surprise, ambiguous truces, or even by propositions of eternal peace. But when one is here in France on the very field of battle itself, where such things do not merely appear, but are practically carried out, and if he has a German heart in his breast—all pleasure oozes away at seeing the best French comedy. Ah! for a long time I have no longer laughed at Arnal when he, with such delightful *niaiserie*, plays the cuckold, nor at Jenny Vertpré when she, displaying all the most exquisite graces as a *grande dame*, dallies and fondles with the flowers of adultery. Neither do I laugh at Mademoiselle Dejazet, who, as you know, can play the part of a *grisette* so perfectly, with such classical insolence and divine licentiousness (*Liederlichkeit*). Heavens! how many dire defeats in virtue must this damsel have endured ere she rose to such triumphs in *art*! She is perhaps the best actress in France.¹ How admirably she

¹ I saw Dejazet when she reappeared on the stage in 1848, and her performances were such as to fully justify Heine in his praise of her talent, while in other respects they were even more remarkable. For though she was now beyond sixty, her extra-

plays "Fretillon," or a poor *modiste* who by the liberality of a rich lover all at once sees herself surrounded by all the luxury of a great lady ; or a little washermaid who for the first time listens to the tender speeches of a *carabin* (in German, *Studiosus Medicinæ*), and allows him to accompany her to the *bal champêtre de la Grande Chaumière*.¹ Ah ! that is all very pretty and merry,

ordinary physique and preservation of youthful activity and energy were such that she played and looked to perfection the parts of girls of seventeen. The *rôle* of Mademoiselle de Choisy is a much more artistic, delicate, and difficult one than the parts mentioned by Heine, it being throughout ambiguous, a boy in it believing himself to be a girl, and attracted by strange feelings, which he cannot comprehend, to a fair maid who shares these mysterious longings. "Impropriety," or all that Swinburne's rosiest ballads intimate, was developed in this comedy by the great actress to the very utmost, but without a single immoral word or "overt act." As the audience were all aware that the *artiste* was personally and in private life deeply initiated into the mysteries hinted at, there were of course many situations where the superhuman effrontery of Mademoiselle Dejazet and the intelligence of her auditors combined to produce roars of laughter, such as would have been utterly incomprehensible to a stranger. Add to this an indescribable and peculiar grace in every movement, constant novelty and freshness, with marvellous *intonation* of voice, and we have a truthful sketch of this great actress who has never been approached since her time, even at a great distance, by any one in *espègle* comedy. A Dejazet would now be as great an impossibility on any European stage as a Taglioni.—*Translator*.

¹ A famous resort for students in the Forties. It was commemorated in a very popular song :—

" Messieurs les étudiants,
Montez à la Chaumière,

and people laugh at it; but I, when I secretly reflect where all this comedy really ends—that is, in the sinks of prostitution, in the hospitals of Saint-Lazare, and on the tables of anatomy, where the *carabin* not unfrequently sees his late companion in love dissected for the advantage of science—then the laugh is stifled in my throat, and did I not fear that I should appear as a fool before the most highly cultivated public in the world, I would not restrain my tears.¹

Pour y danser le cancan,
 Et la Robert Macaire !
 Toujours—toujours
 La nuit comme aux jours,
 Et rroupiou piu, la ral a ral la."—*Translator.*

¹ Our author here appears to be either slightly canting or misled by a common error. We should always admit the *truth*, whether it clashes with what we have been taught to believe or not, and extensive researches have certainly proved that the "sinks" or gutters, hospitals and dissecting-table, &c., are by no means the final destiny of a very great majority of "social evils." A very pious and benevolent Presbyterian clergyman, who had passed many years in ameliorating the condition of the poor in a very large city, and who was perfectly familiar with thousands of the most degraded class, once said to me, "Though it seems a terrible thing for me to admit, I must honestly declare that, taking all things into consideration, the great majority of fallen women do actually, in the end, from a merely temporal point of view, better their condition in life. This great majority are born of the poorest class, or that in which they now live; they nearly all have relations who sponge on them, and however wretched they may seem to us, they are far better fed and clad than most poor girls who work honestly for a living. When

See, dear friend, that is the secret curse of exile, that we never feel exactly like ourselves or as brave in the air of a foreign land, and that, with the manners of thought and of feeling which we have brought from home, we are always isolated among people who do not feel and think as we do, and that we are continually pained by moral, or rather *immoral*, incidents and things with which the native has long been familiar and at ease; yes, as regards which he has become as used as to the natural products of his land. Ah! the spiritual climate is as uncongenial as the

they find their youth passing away, they have no difficulty in marrying some man, neither better nor worse than themselves, who has a home and who wants a housekeeper." These are very literally the words of the man most deeply experienced in the lives of such women whom I ever knew, and I certainly never met one who was more honest, while shrewd and intelligent. He added that it is absolutely the *very worst* side only of such lives which is known to the better class, also the fact that the weak-minded among the poor generally "go to the bad," with or without this special form of vice, while the more intelligent learn a great deal from their experience of the world, or enough to finally settle in some condition or calling which supports them decently. The only remark of my own which I have to offer is that the world attributes *entirely* to lust or drink a state of wretchedness of which nine-tenths or more is due to poverty alone, or in many cases to that weakness and want of will which is sure to lead its subject astray in some direction. Our author's assertion that the medical student "not infrequently" finds his late mistress dead in the dissecting-room is an absurdity quite in keeping with the rest of the remarks on the subject.—*Translator*.

physical—in fact, one can much more readily reconcile himself to the latter, and at the worst it is the body, and not the soul, which suffers thereby.¹

A revolutionary frog who would gladly rise from his native mud and water, and who regards the life of birds in the air as the ideal of freedom, could not, for all that, endure existence in a dry state or in the so-called free air, and would certainly soon sigh for the good substantial swamp where he was born. At first, on land, he puffs himself well out, and gaily greets the sun which shines so bright all in July, and says unto himself, "I am far, far above my native folk, the fish, stockfish, and all dumb aquatic things, for Jove has given me the gift of speech.

¹ Here we certainly have cant "straight" and undiluted. Heine indeed made the utmost out of his being an exile; it was as "a poor exiled poet" that he took a pension, but as for leaving Paris or returning to his dear native land, one might as well have proposed to him, or to Baron Rothschild, to settle in Judæa. And, for a professed cosmopolite, such wailing is certainly very inconsistent. But drollest of all is his sad complaint that he cannot reconcile himself to the frightful habits and immorality of French life, to its dreadful grisettes and acquiescing actresses, *et toute la compagnie*. This, while the poor exile was all the while living with one of these graceful-graceless creatures, is indeed touching! The truth is that the exile was really more familiar and fond with such frightful foreign "phenomena" than he gives himself credit for being.—*Translator*.

Yes, I can sing, and therefore am allied unto the birds; all that I want is wings."

Poor frog! if he had wings he would not soar; flying, he'd lack the lightness of the bird, his eyes, despite him, ever seek the earth. From this height all that is wretched, all that is miserable here in this earthly vale of misery would be for the first time all visible, and the poor, feathered, flying frog would feel far greater suffering than he ever did in the old familiar German swamp.¹

¹ Our author's assertions in this letter that he does not belong to Young Germany, that his whole soul is averse to French immorality, and, in short, that he is in no respect what he is supposed to be, recall the fact that in a very remarkable little book, *Heinrich Heine der Unsterbliche*, or "Heine the Immortal," by D. Hornung (1859), the soul of the poet, evoked by a spiritualist, declares that he is now happy in heaven, because he was always true to himself. If this be so, verily no man living need despair of eternal bliss.—*Translator*.

THIRD LETTER.

My head is wild and waste. I have not been able to sleep all last night. I rolled continually in my bed, and as continually rolled in my head the thought, "Who was the masked executioner who beheaded Charles the First at Whitehall?"¹

It was not till toward morning that I fell asleep, and then I dreamed again that it was night, and I stood on the Pont Neuf in Paris, and looked adown into the dark rolling Seine. And there came out from below, from between the pillars of the bridge, naked men, hidden in the water to their hips, and they held flaming lamps in their hands, and seemed to seek for

¹ This fancy of the hollow or unearthly voice which asks an unmeaning question, I first met in an English tale of about 1832, in which a ghostly vision ends with the mysterious words, "Did Thuralma rise again?" But Heine's question, as here given, undoubtedly suggested to Reybaud in *Jerome Paturot*, "Whose was that *head*, and whose that *hand*?" which is also awfully unmeaning. Heine here suggests Mr. Dick.—*Translator*.

something. They looked up at me with meaning glances, and I nodded again to them as if there were a secret mysterious intelligence between us. And *then* the great bell of Notre Dame rang, and I awoke. And now, for an hour, I have been trying to recall what it was that the naked people were looking for under the Pont Neuf. I believe that I knew in my dream what it was, but now I have forgotten it.

The brilliant gleam of the morning mist ¹ promises a fine day. The cock crows. The old invalid soldier who lives near us sits already before his door singing his songs of Napoleon. His grandson, a child with blonde locks, is also afoot with his little bare legs, and now stands before my window, a bit of sugar in his hand, with which he pretends to feed my roses. A sparrow comes tripping up on his small toes and looks at the child with curious surprise. But the mother, a beautiful peasant woman, comes hurriedly, and catching up the child, carries him into the house, lest he should take cold in the early morning air.

And I take up my pen to scribble my confused ideas as to the French theatre in still more confused style. In this written wilderness, my dear friend, there will hardly be anything edify-

¹ French version—"Les brillants nuages du matin."

ing. To you, oh teacher of dramatic art (*Dramaturg*), who know the theatre in all its phases, and see into the inner hearts of comedians, even as God sees into ours ; to you who have lived and loved and lost upon the boards which mean the world, as God himself *did* in this greater world, to you I can tell nothing new as regards the French or German theatre. I only venture here to throw out fleeting remarks which may deserve from you an approving nod.

Therefore I hope that what I wrote in my last letter on French comedy met with your approbation. The moral relation and agreement, or rather disagreement, between man and wife is here the dunghill which so richly fertilises the soil of comedy. Marriage, or rather adultery, is the central point whence are let fly all those comic rockets which shoot so brilliantly on high, but which leave behind them a melancholy darkness, if not a vile smell. The old Catholic Christian religion, which sanctioned marriage and threatened the unfaithful spouse with hell, has been extinguished with hell-fire itself. Morality, which is nothing else but religion passed into manners and customs, has by this lost all its vital roots, and now twines miserably faded on the dry sapling poles of reason which have been put in the place of religion. But even this poor, rootless moral system, which is only based on

reason, is not properly respected here, and society regards only *convenances* or the mere appearance of morality, the obligation of a careful avoidance of all that which might cause a public scandal; I say a public, not a private one, for all that is scandalous which does not come to light does not exist for society, which only punishes sin in cases where people talk too loudly. And even then there are amiable mitigations. The lady sinner is not truly damned until her husband utters sentence on her. The folding-doors of every French salon open wide to the most notorious *Messalinas* so long as the conjugal ram (*Hornvieh*) trots patiently by her side. But, on the other hand, the young girl who madly yet nobly and generously throws herself into the arms of a lover, and makes for him woman's greatest sacrifice (*weiblich aufopferungsvoll in die Arme wirft*), is for ever banned and banished from society. But this seldom happens, firstly, because maidens here never love, and, secondly, because when they do, they try to get husbands as soon as possible, in order to enjoy that freedom which custom only grants to married dames.

And it is in this the difference consists. With us in Germany, as in England and other Germanic countries, girls are allowed the greatest possible freedom, while married women pass into a state of most absolute dependence under the

most painfully severe guardianship of their husbands.¹

But here in France, as I have said, the contrary is the case, and young girls remain in cloister-like seclusion or reserve (*Eingezogenheit*) until they either marry or are taken into society under the strictest guard of some one near of kin.² In "the world"—that is, in a French salon—they always sit silent and little heeded, for it is here neither in good form nor sensible to pay attention to or flirt with a young lady.

And there it is. We Germans, like our Germanic neighbours, offer our homage and our love only to unmarried maids, and our poets only sing of them; but with the French, on the contrary, be it in life or in art, the married woman is the only subject of love.³

¹ Heine rivalled American young ladies in his excessive indulgence in superlatives, which often led him unconsciously to exaggeration and untruth. The reader may have observed that by far too many subjects were to him the *most* exquisite or *most* infamous conceivable; the result being very naturally the impression that he was over-susceptible, and, like a child, regarded whatever was nearest to him as greatest. Even in America girls are nowhere allowed *the greatest possible freedom*, while as for Germany, the restrictions of this kind are far greater than in England, and were much more so fifty years ago. There are very great differences in "Germanic lands" in this respect.—*Translator*.

² Omitted in the French version.

³ There was even in Heine's time a novel entitled "The

I have here pointed out a fact which establishes a fundamental difference between German and French tragedy. The heroines of German tragedies are always maids; in those of France they are married women; and the complicated relations which result from it open, it may be, a wider field for action and passion.

It would never occur to me to praise French or German tragedy at the expense of the other. The literature and art of every land are subject to local limitations which must not be lost sight of when we would appreciate them. The merit of German tragedies like those of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Immermann, Grabbe, Oehlenschläger, Uhland, Gillparzer, Werner, and similar great poets, consists more in poetry than in action (*Handlung*) or "treatment" and passion. But however exquisite the poetry may be, it makes more impression on the solitary reader than on a great audience.¹ That which acts most impres-

Elective Affinities" by one Goethe, and quite a literature of minor works in prose and verse, from which no foreigner could fail to conclude that Germans, like all other weak and sinful mortals, "now and then, if not oftener," broke the seventh commandment, and "the better the society, the more frequent were the breaches." Even in Canning's time, to "chop and change ribs, *à la mode Germanorum*," was proverbial in England. —*Translator.*

¹ The solitary reader who appreciates the text is in nineteen cases out of twenty a genius or a person of refined susceptibility;

sively in a theatre on the mass of the public is simply action and passion, and the French writers of tragedy excel in these. The French are by nature more active and passionate than we, and it is difficult to decide whether it is innate activity which causes passion to manifest itself more in them than in us, or whether inborn passion gives to their acts a more ardent character, and imparts to their lives a more dramatic form than ours, whose ever-silent waters flow in the enforced channel of habit and custom, and manifest far greater depth below than billows breaking wildly on the surface. In short, life in France is more dramatic, and the theatre, that mirror of life, here manifests action and passion in the highest degree.

Passion, as it acts in French tragedy, is an incessant storm of feelings, a continual alternation of thunder and lightning, an eternal fever of raging sensibility,¹ and it is as accurately

the "great audience," on the contrary, as a rule consists of Philistines, nineteen out of twenty of whom are satisfied or delighted with acting which would be intolerable to the cultivated reader. Heine, as a great many instances prove, lacked to a great degree what is perhaps the first qualification of a critic—the instinct or art of considering an idea in all its lights and from all sides before advancing it.

¹ Yet Voltaire was of the opinion that in his time there was a great want of true passion in the drama. He says (*Des Divers Changements Arrivés à l'Art Tragique, Mélanges Littéraires*, vol.

adapted to the taste of the French public, as it is to those of the German, that the author shall first deliberately set forth the motive of the passion, and then bring in between the storms intervals of calm repose, so that we may be excited or moved comfortably and at our ease. There sit in a German *parterre* peace-loving citizens and Government officials, who would digest their sourkraut in peace, while above, in the balcony boxes, are the blue-eyed daughters of the better class, beautiful blonde souls, who have brought with them their knitting, and who would fain indulge in gentle visions and emotions without missing a stitch. And all the audience have that great German virtue which is born in us, or unto which we are trained or taught—that of patience. And we also go to the theatre to criticise the play of the actors, or, as we express it, the rendering of the artists.¹ But a Frenchman goes to see the play and to be excited; the actors are forgotten in the piece, and little do we hear men speak of them. Restlessness drives men to such

ii.), “ Il nous a presque toujours manqué un degré de chaleur ; nous avons tout le reste. L’origine de cette langueur, de cette faiblesse monotone, venait en partie de ce petit esprit de galanterie, si cher alors aux courtisans et aux femmes qui a transformé le théâtre en conversations de Clélie.” Heine here confounds passion with ranting.—*Translator*.

¹ *Die Leistungen der Künstler*. French version—*L’accomplissement de leur mission artistique*, which is a shade better.

resorts, and calm is the last thing which they require. Should the author give him an instant's repose, he would be capable of "calling Azor," which means in German to hiss the play.

What is chiefly important to a French theatrical poet is that his public shall never come to itself or its senses; that emotions shall rapidly follow, like blows on blows, or shock on shock; that love, hatred, jealousy, ambition, pride, *point d'honneur*—in fact, all the passionate feelings which constantly rage unchained in the real life of the French, shall burst forth on the stage in wilder rage.¹

But to know in a French play whether the exaggeration of passion is too great and far

¹ Few of the younger generation can have any conception of the extent to which such acting was carried in France at the time when Heine wrote. I once saw a play which was almost entirely sustained by one woman, a very eminent actress, in which for three hours there was such an unbroken series of agonies, declamations, faintings, paroxysms, showers of tears, heartrending maternal passion, convulsions of terror, woes, horrors, and screams, that the whole seemed incredible, simply from a physical point of view. It was all, however, very tiresome. It is remarkable that both in such moral-mental and gymnastic performances, women excel men so far as feats of mere endurance are concerned. I have seen the dancing-girls in Egypt keep up for hours together, apparently without fatigue, such tricks as would utterly exhaust any male European athlete. These women drank incredible quantities of spirits while thus posturing and performing, yet were not intoxicated.—*Translator*.

beyond all bounds, one should have the deepest knowledge of that French life itself which served the poet as example. To submit French pieces to proper criticism, we must measure them by French, and not by German rule. The passions which seem to be utterly overdone when we see them played or read of them in a quiet corner of calm Germany, are perhaps true to the life here, and what appears so horribly unnatural in theatrical guise may happen daily and hourly in Paris in the most ordinary reality. No, it is simply impossible in Germany to form any idea of this French frenzy of passion. We see its deeds, we hear its words; but these deeds and words astonish us, and awaken in us, perhaps, a vague presentiment, but certainly do not give us an exact knowledge of the feelings which they express or from which they spring. He who would truly know what burning is must really put his hand into the fire; the sight of others' burns is not enough, and least of all do we learn the effect of flame by what we are told by others or from books. Those who live at the North Pole of society have no conception how easily hearts are inflamed in the torrid zone of French life, or how, during the days of July, heads are heated by the maddest sunstrokes. Listen to their cries and see their grimaces when such flames scorch their brains and hearts, and then we Germans are

amazed, and shake our heads and declare that it is all unnatural and unreasonable.¹

And as we Germans cannot comprehend the ceaseless storm and pressure of passion, even so unintelligible to the French is the quiet home-life, this dream-existence of presentiment and memories, which constantly presents itself in the most passionate poems of Germany. Men who only think of the day and live for the present as if it were everything, and therefore turn it to account with incredible security and certainty, have no conceptions of the manner of feeling of a race whichever recalls the past and forebodes the future, but knows not how to seize the present in love or in politics. They regard with amazement us Germans, who often look for seven years into the blue eyes of a beloved before we venture to pass an arm around her waist. And they are surprised to see us thoroughly study the whole history of the French Revolution, with all its commentaries, and wait for the last supplementary volumes before we translate the work into German, or before we publish a superb edition

¹ As they well might, if this be a description of an extreme case of sunstroke. According to my experience, the sufferers fall into insensibility, and if not promptly relieved, die. However, there are many sad instances in which insanity manifests itself subsequently.—*Translator*.

of the "Rights of Man," with a dedication to the King of Bavaria.¹

"Oh hound ! thou hound !
Thou art not sane or sound ;
Accurst thou shalt be
To all eternity ;
From thy bite,
Lord Jesus, guard me day and night. Amen !"

¹ French version—*Avant de faire éprouver à un Cumberland*. Though this letter rolls a little unsteadily, like a crank ship in a chopping sea, the vessel gets into a fine harbour at last with the happy reflection that it is the great characteristic of the Germans that they think more about the past and the future than the French, with the just inference that they are consequently both more elevated and also profounder in thought. The very same idea in very different form is given by Sainte-Beuve as follows : "Tout ce qu'il faut de travail, d'étude, de talent, de mérite et de méditation pour composer même une erreur, tout cela ramène aussi à une pensée plus sévère à la pensée d'une force suprême" (M. Guizot, *Causeries de Lundi*, vol. i.). That is, that seeking far and wide with serious meditation leads to the greatest results.—*Translator*.

FOURTH LETTER.

. . . THE Lord will manage all things for the best. He, without whose will no sparrow falls to the ground, and no Court-Councillor Karl Streckfuss writes any poems—he, I say, will not leave the fate of whole nations to the caprice of the most miserable short-sightedness. Well do I know, and that most certainly, that he who once led the children of Israel with such miraculous power out of Egypt, out of the land of castes and of deified oxen or asses, will also show his artistic feats to the Pharaohs of this our time. He will from time to time drive back into their bounds the arrogant Philistines, even as he did under the Judges. And the new Babylonian whore, how he will treat her to kicks! Dost thou behold it—the great will of God? It sweeps through the air like the silent secret of a telegraph, which, high above our heads, imparts its announcements, while the uninitiated below live in the tumult of the noisy mart, and never perceive that their most weighty interests, be they of war or peace, are being treated all

invisibly in heights above. When one of us by chance looks to that height, and if he be well learned in the signs upon the towers, warns the multitude of coming evil, then that man is called an idle dreamer and they laugh at him. But full often worse befalls, and those who are warned blame him for his bad news and stone him. And often, too, they put him as a prisoner in the tower until the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and then he may wait long till it comes to pass. For the blessed Lord always does what he has discovered and determined is for the best, but he does not hasten.

O Lord! I know that thou art wisdom itself and justice, and that what thou dost is ever just and wise. But, I pray thee, do what thou wilt a little more quickly. Thou art eternal and hast time enough, but I am only mortal and I die.¹

This morning, my dear friend, I am of a marvellously mild and tender disposition. The spring weather exercises a strange influence on me. During the day I am as if benumbed and my soul slumbers; but I am so excited by night that I do not fall asleep till towards morning, and then the most torturing yet rapturous dreams twine about me. O agonising

¹ The preceding paragraphs are omitted in the French version.—*Translator*.

happiness! with what pain didst thou press me to thy heart a few hours ago! I dreamed of her whom I will not, should not love, though the passion secretly charms me. It was in her country-house, in the little dimly-lighted chamber where the wild oleander trees rose above the window on the balcony. The window was open, and the bright full moon shone into the room, and threw its silver stripes over her white arms which held me lovingly embraced. We sat in silence, thinking only on our sweet misery. The shadows of the trees waved on the wall, and their perfume grew more and more perceptible. Then there sounded in the garden, at first as if afar and then nearer, the long, long drawn notes of a violin, now sad, anon merrily cheerful, often with sorrowful sobbing, at times angry, but always lovely, beautiful, and true. "Who is that?" I softly whispered. And she replied, "It is my brother who plays the violin." Then the violin was suddenly silent, and we heard in its place the melting echoing melody of a flute, and it sounded so imploringly, so beseechingly, so bleedingly, and there were in it such mysterious wails, which filled the soul with insane shuddering and thoughts of life without love, death without resurrection, and of tears which cannot be wept. "Who is that?" I again asked. And she replied, "It is my husband playing the flute."

And, my dear friend, awaking is even worse than dreaming.

How happy Frenchmen are ! *Que les Français sont heureux !* They never dream. I have inquired accurately on the subject, and this fact explains why they do their daily work with such wide-awake confidence, and never lose themselves in cloudy twilight thoughts and feelings, be it in art or life. In the tragedies of our great German poets the dream plays a great part,¹ of which French dramatists have no conception. But such foreboding conceptions or presentiments (*Ahnung*) they never have. What there is of the kind in later French literature is due neither to the natures of poets or the public ; it has only been *felt after* the Germans—indeed, only pitifully stolen. For the French do not limit themselves to plagiarising thoughts alone ; they pilfer not merely our poetic figures and images, ideas and views, but they steal our deepest feelings, moods,

¹ French version—" Dans les tragédies de nos grands poètes allemands, le songe, la rêverie, le pressentiment jouent un rôle important." It is certainly true, at least so far as my own knowledge goes, that dreaming is not developed among the French to the degree which it is among Northern races. I have read a large French work on the subject. I forget the name of its author, who had, however, extensively investigated the subject in France, and I inferred from it that dreaming has not among the French anything like the extent or variety of form which it assumes with us.—*Translator*.

spiritual conditions and most peculiar sentiments. This occurs, for instance, when any of their writers affect or hypocritically imitate the sentimental rubbishy ravings of the Romantic Catholic school of the time of the Schlegels.

The French, with few exceptions, cannot deny or lie away their education; they are all more or less materialists, according to the degree in which they have had more or less of that French education which is a result of the materialistic philosophy. Therefore the charm of *naïveté*, genial feeling, (*Gemüth*), knowledge by intuitive perception, and the passing into subjects perceived is denied to their poets.¹ They have only reflection, passion, and sentiment.

Yes, I would here suggest something which would much avail in judging of many a German author. Sentimentalism is a result of materialism. The materialist has really in his soul the dim consciousness that, after all, everything in the world is not mere matter, and though his limited understanding demonstrates ever so convincingly the materiality of all things, his feelings still resist it, and there steals over him ever and

¹ *Das Aufgehen im angeschauten Gegenstande*. The identification of ourselves with the true inner life or nature of the subject. Heine here need not laugh at Jacob Böhme. French version—"La faculté de s'identifier avec la nature." Which is very good for French.

anon in silent hours a mysterious desire or secret *need* to find in things something primevally spiritual, and these vague longings and desires produce that obscure susceptibility which we call sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is the doubting or despairing state of matter which, dissatisfied with itself, yearns as if in dreams for something better in obscure feeling. And I, in fact, have found that the sentimental authors *vus en négligé*, seen familiarly at home, or when wine had loosed their tongues, loosely uttered their materialism in the coarsest jests (*Zoten*). But the sentimental tone, especially when it is trimmed with patriotic, morally religious, beggarly thoughts, passes among the masses for the sign of a beautiful pure soul.¹

France is the country of materialism ; it shows itself in all the manifestations of public or private life. Many gifted minds seek, it is true, to extirpate its roots, but these efforts only lead to still more deplorable results. Into the loosened soil falls the seed-corn of those spiritual errors whose poison aggravates the social condition of France in a most evil manner.²

I become every day more anxious from fore-

¹ *Schöne Seele*. French version—"Passe auprès de la masse pour le signe d'un naturel chaste et noble."

² "Dont les fruits vénéneux répandent leurs funestes exhalaisons sur la France."

seeing the crisis to which this social condition of France may lead. If the French reflected in the least on the future, they could never enjoy another instant's peace. And indeed it is with little peace of mind that they rejoice over it. They do not sit calmly or easily at the banquet of life, but gulp down in haste the delicious food, swallow at a draught the dainty drinks, and cannot enjoy the meal in comfort. They put me in mind of the old woodcut in our family Bible, where the children of Israel, before the exodus from Egypt, held the passover-feast, and ate their roasted lamb standing up with pilgrims' staves in their hands. If the joys of life are measured out to us in Germany with a more sparing hand, it is at least vouchsafed to us that we shall enjoy them at our most comfortable ease. Our days glide as softly as a hair drawn through milk.

My dear Lewald, this last comparison is not from me, but from a rabbi. I read it not long ago in a selection of rabbinical poetry, where the writer compared the life of the just to a hair drawn through milk. At first I was disgusted (*anfangs kotzte ich*) a little at this figure of speech, for nothing nauseates my stomach so much as when I of a morning, drinking my coffee, find a hair in the milk. And then the idea of a long hair which is softly drawn out like the life of

the just! But that is all only an idiosyncrasy of mine. I will in future accustom myself to the simile, and use it on every occasion. An author should not yield to his subjectivity; he must be able to write any and everything, however disgusting to him it may be.¹

The life of a German is like a hair drawn through milk. Yes, one could greatly improve the comparison by saying that the German people are like a wig of thirty million braided hairs swimming, calm of soul, in a vast milk-pot. I might keep half the simile by comparing French life to a milk-pot in which thousands upon thousands of flies have fallen, who are all climbing on one another's backs trying to escape, but who will all perish at last, except a few who, by chance or ability, manage to get to the edge, and crawl out with dabbled, clogged wings.

For peculiar reasons, I have made but few reflections over the social condition of the French. No one can tell how the great knot will be disentangled. It may be that France is drawing near a terrible catastrophe. The men who begin a revolution are generally its victims, and such a

¹ If our author found himself at first *disgusted* with a hair in milk—the whole conception is borrowed from a story of Napoleon being sickened at a similar occurrence—he should have reflected that his readers would probably be even more so, and have quietly dropped or passed over the simile without dwelling on it.—*Translator*.

fate overtakes races as well as individuals. It is possible that the French people, which began the great revolution in Europe, may perish, while the nations coming after may reap the harvest which it sowed.

Yet I hope that I err. The French race is like a cat, which, though it may fall from the most terrible height, never breaks its neck, but always alights upon its feet.

But to admit the truth, my dear Lewald, I do not know whether it is naturally or historically true that cats always do fall on their four paws, as I heard when a small boy. Once, at that time, I wished to test it by experiment, and climbed with our cat on the roof, and threw her down into the street. But by chance a Cossack soldier was at that instant riding by, and the poor cat fell exactly on the point of his lance, and he rode away with the spitted animal—rejoicing! If it be true that cats when projected from a given height always fall uninjured on their feet, they should always in such cases beware of Cossack lances. . . .

I have said in my preceding letter that it is not owing to the political situation that comedy flourishes better in France than in Germany, for the same is the case as regards tragedy. I even dare to assert that this political situation is here detrimental to tragedy. The tragic poet must

believe in and feel heroism, which is all impossible in a country where freedom of the press, a representative constitution, and a *bourgeoisie* flourish. For the freedom of the press, while it daily illuminates with its boldest lights the humanity of a hero, steals from his head that charitable (*wohlthätigen*) nimbus which assures him the blind adoration of the people and of the poet. I will not even mention that Republicanism in France uses the liberty of the press to crush all predominant grandeur by mockery or slander, and utterly destroy all enthusiasm for individuals. This lust for calumny is now quite extravagantly supported by the so-called representative constitutional system (*Verfassungsweisen*), or that system of fictions which retards the cause of freedom instead of advancing it, and suffers no great personalities to rise, either among the people or on the throne. For this system, this mockery of a true representation of national interests, this hotch-potch of petty election intrigues, mistrusts, love of brawling, public insolence, secret corruption, and official lies, demoralises kings every whit as much as it does the people. Here monarchs must play at comedy, answer idle gossip with still idler commonplaces, smile graciously on enemies, sacrifice friends, act in all things in an underhand manner, and by eternal self-abnegation, and by belying them-

selves, extinguish in their own breasts all the free, great-minded, and vigorous inspirations of a royal and heroic mind. For this belittling of all that is great and such a radical destruction of heroism we may thank that *bourgeoisie*, that citizen class which has risen to power here in France by the overthrow of the hereditary nobility, and made its narrow-minded, sober, shopkeeper opinions prevail in every sphere of life. Nor will it be long before all heroic thoughts and feelings will, even if they do not perish utterly, become ridiculous. I will not, by my soul ! wish that the old *régime* of privileged nobility should return, for it was nothing but a varnished rottenness, a bedecked and perfumed corpse, which must have been quietly let down into a grave or violently cast into a vault, in case it was determined to continue its hopeless sham-life and revolt too violently against its interment. But the new *régime* which has supplanted the old one is even more hateful ; and far more repulsive do we find this unvarnished coarseness, this life without perfume, this ever-busy moneyed chivalry, this National Guard, this weaponed fear which bears you down with the intelligent bayonet¹ when you dare assert that the

¹ Here again we find in another form the famous phrase of Kossuth that "bayonets think." This passage ends as follows

world should be led not by petty talent for arithmetic, or by a highly remunerated talent for calculation, but by genius, beauty, love, and strength.

The men of thought, who so unweariedly prepared the Revolution in the eighteenth century, would blush if they could see how selfishness now builds its wretched huts where palaces once stood, and how from these huts a new aristocracy is working itself out by usury, an aristocracy more disagreeable than the older, and which does not even attempt to justify itself by an idea, or by ideal faith in hereditary (*fortgezeugte*) virtue, but which finds its basis only in the inherited possession of money, which is commonly the result of mere petty perseverance, if not of the dirtiest vices.

And yet, when we closely examine this aristocracy, we find that it has certain analogies with the older aristocracy, especially with the latter, as it showed itself shortly before its death. The privilege of birth based itself then on papers which proved not the excellence of ancestors but their number. It was a kind of birth paper-money which gave to the nobles under

in the French version: "Cette peur armée qui vous frappe avec la baïonnette intelligente quand vous asez soutenir que le gouvernement du monde n'appartient qu'au génie, à la beauté, à l'amour et à la force."—*Translator*.

Louis XV. and Louis XVI. their legal value, and classified them in different grades of consideration, just as the commercial paper of to-day assigns to commercial men (*Industriellen*) their social value and their rank. Here the Bourse assumes the assignment of dignities and the allotment of rank to which the paper entitles men, showing in this the same conscientiousness as did the sworn heralds in the last century, when they investigated the diplomas with which the nobility verified their pretensions to pre-eminence.¹ These moneyed aristocrats, though they form a hierarchy in which every one thinks himself better than another, have, however, a certain *esprit de corps*, they hold in an emergency solidly together, make sacrifices when the honour of the corporation is at stake, and, as I learn, establish societies to support their colleagues who are in adversity.

I am bitter to-day, my dear friend, and do not do justice to that spirit of benevolence which the new aristocracy displays far more than did the old. I say *displays* (*an den Tag giebt*), for this benevolence does not shun the light, and shows itself gladly in clear sunlight. This benevolence or charity is among the present moneyed aristocracy just what condescension was with the

¹ Here this letter ends in the French version.

former hereditary nobility, a praiseworthy virtue, the practice of which, however, wounded our feelings and often struck us as refined insolence. Oh, I hate the benevolence of the millionaire far more than the meanness of the miser who keeps his money in anxiety and care under lock and key. He at least insults us less than the benefactor who gained his wealth by trading on our wants and necessities, and, while openly displaying it, throws back to us a few farthings for alms.¹

¹ The most admirable point in this letter is the analysis of that sentimentalism which prevails when men have the least depth of feeling, or when they are most under the influence of materialism. The illustrations may be found in Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine.

FIFTH LETTER.

My neighbour, the old grenadier, sits to-day musing before his street-door. From time to time he begins one of his old songs of Bonaparte, but his voice fails him from deep emotion; his eyes are red, and from all appearance the old boy has been weeping.

For he was last night at Franconi's Theatre, where he saw the "Battle of Austerlitz." He left Paris at midnight, and the memory of what he had seen moved his soul so mightily that he marched about all night in his sleep like a somnambulist, and was amazed to find himself on awaking this morning here in the village. He explained one by one to me the defects of the piece as it was played, for he himself had been at Austerlitz, where the weather was so cold that his gun froze fast to his fingers, while at Franconi's he could hardly bear the heat. He was very much pleased with the gunpowder smoke, and also the smell of the horses, *qui était bien rendue*, which was as natural as life, but remarked that in the cavalry at Austerlitz the

horses were not so well trained. He could not really say whether the manœuvres of the infantry were correctly given or not, because at Austerlitz, as in every battle, the smoke was so thick that one could hardly see what was going on round him. But the gunpowder smoke at Franconi's, as the old soldier said, was of the very best quality, and agreed so well with his lungs, that he was cured then and there of his cough.

"And the Emperor?" I asked.

"The Emperor," replied the veteran, "was just the same as when in body and life, in his grey overcoat and three-cornered hat, so that it made my heart beat."

"Hélas! l'Empereur!" he added. "God knows how much I loved him! I have been often enough through fire for him in this life, and even after my death I must go through fire again."

Ricou—so the old soldier was named—uttered these last words in a gloomy and mysterious tone, and I recalled that I had already more than once heard him say that he had damned himself for the Emperor. And when I begged him seriously to-day to explain these enigmatic words, he related to me the following terrible tale.

When Napoleon I. carried away Pope Pius VI. as prisoner from Rome, and brought him to

the lofty mountain-castle of Savona, Ricou was one of a company of grenadiers who guarded him. At first much freedom was allowed to the Holy Father; he could without hindrance leave his rooms when he pleased, and go to the castle chapel, where he read mass every day. And when he passed through the great hall where the Imperial grenadiers kept watch, he stretched out his hands to them and gave them his blessing. But one morning the grenadiers received the *consigne expresse*, or express orders to guard much more strictly the entrance to the Papal apartments, and to prevent the Pope from passing through the hall. Unfortunately, fate so willed it that the execution of this order fell on Ricou—he, a born Breton, therefore an arch-Catholic, and one who worshipped in the prisoner the true vicar of Jesus Christ.

Poor Ricou stood as sentinel before the apartments of the Pope, when the latter, as usual, wished to cross the great hall in order to go and read mass in the chapel. But Ricou stepped promptly before him, and declared that he had the *consigne* not to permit the Holy Father to pass. In vain did several priests who accompanied the Pope strive to move the soldier's heart, and make him feel what madness, what a sin, what deep damnation he drew on his soul by preventing or hindering His Holiness from reading mass.

But Ricou was immovable; he steadily fell back on the impossibility of disobedience to orders, and when the Pope, regardless of him, would still go on, he cried resolutely, "Au nom de l'Empereur!" and pressed him back with his bayonet. After a few days the strict regulation was relaxed, and the Pope could go to the chapel, as before, to read mass; and he again gave his benediction to all the soldiers except to poor Ricou, at whom he always looked severely (*mit strengem Strafblicke ansah*), and on whom he turned his back while he spread out his hands in blessing the other guards.

"And yet I could not act otherwise; I had my *consigne*; I must obey the Emperor," added the old invalid as he told me the terrible tale, "and if he had commanded it—God forgive me!—I would have run my bayonet into the belly of the Eternal Father Himself."¹

I assured the poor man that the Emperor alone was responsible for all the sins of all the Grande Armée, which would cause him little trouble, since no devil in hell would dare to tackle him (*anzutasten*). The veteran was much

¹ The French version, with graceful duplicity, makes this *Père éternel*, which may pass for the Pope, but Heine has it, "Hätte ich dem lieben Gott selber das Baionett durch den Leibe gerannt."

pleased at this, and related, as he often did, with fluent inspiration, the time when all was rippling and running with gold—*où tout ruisselait d'or*—and so flourishing, while to-day the whole world seems to be so faded and colourless.

Was this Imperial epoch in France really so beautiful and inspired with happiness as these Bonapartists, small and great, from the invalid soldier Ricou to the Duchess of Abrantes, would have us believe? I doubt it. The fields lay waste, and men were marched away to be slaughtered. There were everywhere weeping mothers and desolate homes. But it is with these Bonapartists as it was with the drunken beggar, who made the shrewd observation that so long as he was sober, his dwelling was only a wretched hut, his wife in rags, and his child sick and hungry; but when he had swallowed a few glasses of brandy, all this misery was changed, his hut became a palace, his wife a gloriously arrayed princess, and his child smiled like cheerful health itself. And when he was reproved for his bad conduct and management, he insisted that if he could only be supplied with brandy enough, all his household affairs would soon assume a more brilliant aspect. Instead of brandy, the Bonapartists were so much intoxicated with fame, ambition, and the lust of conquest that they never realised the true state of affairs during the

Empire, and now, on every occasion, when there is a complaint of hard times, they cry, "All that will be changed, and France will flourish and be glorious if you only will give us to drink once more crosses of honour, epaulettes, *contributions volontaires*, Spanish pictures, and duchies à *pleins bords*, in full draughts."

However it may be, it is not only the old Bonapartists, but even the great majority of the people, who fondly cradle themselves in these delusions, and the days of the Empire are their poetry, a poetry which still forms an opposition to the petty prosaic spirit of the victorious *bourgeoisie*. The heroism of the Imperial *régime* is the only thing to which the French are still susceptible, and Napoleon the only hero in whom they believe.

When you duly reflect on this, dear friend, you will comprehend its importance and value (*Geltung*) to the French theatre, and the advantageous results which the dramatic authors draw from this only source of inspiration in the sandy deserts of indifferentism. When in the small vaudevilles of the theatres of the Boulevards there is given a scene from the days of the Empire, or the Emperor himself in person appears, let the piece be bad, nay, detestable, there will be applause, for the heart and soul of the auditors is in and with the acting, and they applaud their

own feelings and remembrances. There are couplets in which there are stinging retorts which are as blows of a club on the brain of a Frenchman; and others which are as onions to his eyes. All hurrah, weep, and flame at the words *aigle français, soleil d'Austerlitz, Jena, les Pyramides, la grande armée, l'honneur, la vieille garde, Napoléon*—but when the man himself, *l'homme*, appears at the end of the piece as *deus ex machinâ*, then the enthusiasm is at its height. He always has the magic hat (*Wünschelhütchen*) on his head and his hands behind his back, and speaks as laconically as possible, but never sings. I have never seen a vaudeville in which Napoleon sung. All the others sing. I have even heard old Fritz, Frederick the Great, sing in certain vaudevilles—sing such bad poetry that one might think it was his own.

In fact, the verses of these vaudevilles are cruelly bad (*Spottschlecht*), but the music is good, especially in the pieces where the old veterans, or *vieux grognards*, sing the martial greatness and the mournful end of the Emperor. The graceful lightness of the vaudeville then turns to an elegiac, sentimental tone, which might move even a German. The detestable words of these *complaintes* are adapted to the well-known melodies of popular Napoleonic songs. These latter are heard here everywhere; one might believe that

they flew in the air or that the birds sung them on the sprays of trees. I am always recalling these elegiac, sentimental melodies, as I have heard them sung by young girls, small children, crippled soldiers, with all kinds of accompaniments and variations. They were most touchingly sung by a blind invalid of the citadel of Dieppe. My dwelling was at the foot of that citadel where it juts out into the sea, and *there* the veteran sat all night long singing the great deeds of Napoleon. The ocean seemed to listen to his song; the word *gloire* flew proudly o'er the waves, which, rising, seemed to utter wild applause, and then go rolling on their nightly way. Perhaps arriving at St. Helena, they greet with reverence the tragic rocks, or broke in rage and agony upon them. How many a night I stood by the window and listened to that old invalid soldier of Dieppe! I can never forget him; I see him always sitting on the old wall, while the moon looks out of the dark clouds and sadly casts its light on him, the Ossian of the Empire.

It is impossible to estimate the importance of Napoleon for the French stage of the future. Hitherto he has been seen only in vaudevilles or great melodramas of noise and display—*à decorations et à fracas*—but it is the goddess of Tragedy who will finally reclaim this great character as

her own by right. Does it not seem as if that Fortune who so strangely directed his life had reserved him as a special gift for her cousin Melpomene? The tragic bards of every age will exalt and glorify the fate of this man in verse and prose, but it is to the French poets that this hero is especially assigned, because the French people have broken with all their past, and only feel, as regards the great representatives of the feudal and courtesan age of the Valois and Bourbons, no sympathy whatever, or perhaps a bitter hatred. Therefore, Napoleon, the son of the Revolution, the only great conquering form, is the only royal hero to whom Young France can devote its whole heart.

I have here incidentally, and from another side, indicated that the political situation of France is not favourable to tragedy. For when they take historical subjects from the Middle Ages or from the time of the last Bourbons, they cannot guard themselves against the influence of a certain party spirit, and the poet beforehand, and all unconsciously, forms a modern Liberal Opposition to the old king or knight whom he would celebrate. Hence ensue discords which grate most unpleasantly on the feelings of a German, who has never actually broken off relations with the past, and especially a German poet who has been trained to the impartiality of

Goethe's artistic manner. The last note of the *Marseillaise* must die away for the last time before author and public can suitably agree as to the heroes of their earlier history. And even if the soul of the author were perfectly purified from all the dross of hate, his words would not meet a single impartial ear in the *parterre*, where the men sit who can never forget the bloody conflicts in which they met the kinsmen of those heroes who are being dramatised before them. There is little pleasure in beholding the parent when we have beheaded the son in the Place de Grève. Such things interfere with our enjoying the theatre. And sometimes the impartiality of the poet is so much distrusted that anti-revolutionary opinions are attributed to him. Then the enraged Republicans cry, "What is the meaning of all this chivalry — this fantastic rubbish?" — and then roar anathema at the poet who exalts the heroes of the olden time, to the leading astray of the people, and to the awaking aristocratic sympathies with his verses.

Here, as in many other things, there is manifested an affinity and similarity (*wahlverwandschaftliche Aehnlichkeit*) between the French Republicans and the English Puritans. The same tone growls and grumbles through all their controversies as to the theatre, with only this difference, that the latter draw the most absurd

arguments from religious, and the former from political, fanaticism. Among the documents of Cromwell's time there is a controversial work by the celebrated Puritan Prynne entitled *Histriomastix* (The Player's Scourge), printed in 1633, from which I extract the following for your amusement:—

“There is scarce one devil in hell, hardly a notorious sin or sinner upon earth, either of ancient or modern times, but hath some part or other in our stage-plays.

“Oh, that our players, our play-hunters, would now seriously consider that the persons whose parts, whose sins they act and see, are even then yelling in the eternal flames of hell for these particular sins of theyrs, even then whilst they are playing of these sins, these parts of theyrs on the stage! Oh, that they would now remember the sighs, the groans, the tears, the anguish, weeping and gnashing of teeth, the crys and shrieks that these wickednesses cause in hell, whilst they are acting, applauding, committing, and laughing at them in the playhouse!”

SIXTH LETTER.

MY dear, deeply beloved friend! I feel this morning as if I wore a garland of poppies, which cause all my senses and thoughts to sleep. Sulky and sour, I often shake my head, and then perhaps here and there a few sleeping thoughts awake, but immediately after begin to nod, and in an instant are all snoring together, *à l'envi*, as if for a bet. And the sallies of wit, the snaps of fun, those fleas of the brain who jump about among the sleeping thoughts, do not seem to be particularly lively, and are rather sentimental and dreamy. Is it the air of spring which causes such stupefaction, or the change in my manner of life? Here I go to bed of evenings at nine o'clock without being weary, and then do not enjoy a sound sleep which holds every limb, but roll about all night in a dream-seeking half-slumber.¹ In Paris, on the contrary, where I

¹ *Traumstüchtig Halbschlummer*. A very accurate description of the wakeful man trying to create fancies or *make* dreams which will perhaps lead to sleep. The French version gives this, as it does almost all very German phrases, very carelessly,

did not retire for several hours past midnight, my sleep was like iron. I left the dinner-table at eight o'clock, and then we rolled in a carriage to the theatre. Our third companion, Dr. Det-

i.e., as "dans une sorte d'hallucination somnolente." This is not at all because the French language is not sufficiently supple or plastic or subtle; the real reason is that the French, like the Chinese, or like many English purists, are so tenacious of old forms, not only of language, but of thought, that they oppose everything which is not absolutely and easily familiar to them. There are in the French language elements of strength, combination, and flexibility not inferior perhaps to those of English or German, as may be seen by the works of Rabelais and the Norman Trouveurs and chroniclers. But the "cultivated" lack the determined courage to develop their language as men should, and criticism, unfortunately, in France as in England, limits its work, like Mr. Turveydrop, to "polish-polish," and to outlawing all who are not "in good form." I have just finished reading a book (in English) on errors in language, which, were all its laws and precepts to be carried out by all writers, would have the result of killing all style whatever, and of reducing it to that of the author, which is one of the dreariest leaden-grey conceivable. These people do not comprehend that if the English language has the noblest literature in Europe, it is because our tongue has been the freest of any in the world from those laws, regulations, and paltry petty traditions with which they would fain encumber it. I am told that there is no language in which grand and vigorous poetry is not only so deficient, but so impossible as Chinese, the reason being that the schoolmasters, critics, purists, professors, and other forms of the *arbiter elegantiarum* have for two thousand years so completely influenced words and their uses or misuses in the Celestial Kingdom that there is now no conceivable manner of expressing any Chinese thought which is not formalised and known to every "topside, numpa one, litee-man" (or truly cultivated man of

mold of Hanover, who passed last winter in Paris, always accompanied us; and kept us awake and merry, however soporific the piece may have been. Much have we laughed, drunk, and criticised together. Be of good cheer, good friend; *you* were never spoken of save with warmest praise.

You are astonished that I went so often to the theatre, knowing that it is not one of my habits. Out of caprice I abstained this winter from society (*Salonlebens*), and in order that my friends, whom I seldom visited, should not see me in the theatre, I usually chose a proscenium-box or *avant scène*, in the corner of which one can best conceal himself from view; and besides, these are my favourite seats. From them one can see not only what is being played, but also what is going on behind the scenes, where art ceases and nature again begins. When a pathetic scene is being acted on the stage, and at the same time bits of free and easy actor's life are now and then caught, it reminds us of pictures on the walls, or of the frescoes in the Glyptothek of Munich or in many Italian *palazzi*, where, in the vacant corners of

letters), and this form *must* be displayed. They have not only got the giant genius of language fastened down by pins, as the Lilliputians confined Gulliver, but bid fair to keep him down for ever.—*Translator*.

great historical pictures, are only grotesque arabesques, merry frolicking of gods, and idylls of bacchanals and satyrs.

I went seldom to the Théâtre Français ; there is something in it desolate and dull. It seems to be still haunted by the ghosts of the old tragedy with dagger and poisoned cups in their pale hands, and the place is dusty with the powder of the old classic perukes. But what is most intolerable is that on this classic ground the innovation of modern Romanticism with its wild fancies is often permitted, or that, as if it were to meet the requirements of the older and the younger public, we meet with a mixture of the Classic and Romantic.¹ These French dramatic poets are emancipated slaves, who always drag after them a fragment of the old Classic chain. A delicate ear hears at every step a rattling as if in the time of the Empire of Agamemnon and of Talma.

I am far from being inclined to entirely reject unconditionally the old French tragedy. I honour Corneille, and I love Racine. They have given us masterpieces which should remain for ever on pedestals in the temple of art. But their day for being acted has long gone by ; they accomplished their mission before a public of noble

¹ French version—"Espèce de tragique juste milieu."

spectators, who loved to consider themselves as the inheritors of ancient heroism, or who, at least, did not reject their heroism in a petty *bourgeois* spirit. Even under the Empire the heroes of Corneille and of Racine could expect the greatest sympathy when they played before the box of the great Emperor and a pit full of kings. Those times are past; the old aristocracy is dead; the throne is now nothing but a common wooden chair covered with red velvet, and to-day the heroes of Paul de Kock and of Eugène Scribe reign in their place.¹

A mixed style and an anomaly of taste, such as now prevails in the Théâtre Français, is not agreeable. The innovators mostly incline to a naturalism which is as objectionable in high tragedy as the puffed-out windy imitation of Classic pathos. You know only too well, dear Lewald, the "natural system" of Ifflandism which once raged in Germany, and which was put down by the influence of Schiller and Goethe.² Such a system of naturalism is endeavouring to establish itself here, and its followers fight against metrical form and measured delivery. If the first consisted only of Alexandrines and the latter of

¹ Eugène Scribe is omitted in the French version.

² French version—"Et que vainquit la phalange de Weimar commandée par Schiller et Goethe."

the quavering guttural tone (*Zittergegröhle*)¹ of the old school, these people would be in the right, and plain prose and the most commonplace tones of ordinary life of course far preferable for the scene; but then true tragedy must perforce perish because it requires measured language, and a very different style of declamation to that of society. I would almost require this for all dramatic productions. The stage certainly is never a commonplace reproduction of life, and it should show this in a certain dignified ennobling (of it), manifesting itself, if not in the measure of words and of delivery, at least in the fundamental tone (*Grundton*), in the deeply felt solemnity of a piece.² For the theatre is another world, apart from our own, as the stage is from the pit. Between the theatre and reality lie the orchestra, the music, and the dividing line of footlights on the front. Reality, after having crossed the realm of music and the impressive row of lights, stands before us on the stage transfigured and revealed as poetry. The charming euphony of the music rings from her

¹ French version—*Le froufrou monotone*.

² *Feierlichkeit*, though defined as "solemnity," does not convey the idea of seriousness allied to melancholy, but that which is peculiar to celebrations and dignified ceremonies. It rather implies, on the contrary, an exalted sense of joyousness in festivity.

in dying echoes, and she is illumed as in a fairy vision by the mysterious lamps. It is all a magic sound and a magic gleam, which readily seem to a prosaic public to be unnatural, and yet are far more natural than ordinary nature, for it is nature elevated by art to its fairest divinity.

The best tragic poets in France are still at present Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo. I put the latter in the second place, because his efficiency as regards the theatre is not so great or productive of result,¹ although he surpasses all his contemporaries on this side of the Rhine in poetical power. I will not deny him dramatic talent, as many who perfidiously continually praise his lyrical greatness. He is a poet, and commands poetry in every form. His dramas are as admirable as his odes. But in the theatre the rhetorical is more effective than the poetic, and the reproaches which the poet endured on the failure of a play were more deserved by the public, which is less susceptible to naïve natural expression, deeply significant forms and characters and psychologic refinements, than it is to pompous phrases, broad bleatings, or roars of passion and

¹ The conclusion of this sentence, and the beginning of the next to the words "The Carlists regard him as," are omitted in the French version.

gags (*Koullissenreisserei*). This last is called in French *brûler les planches*.

Victor Hugo is actually not as yet esteemed here in France at his full value. German critics and German impartiality mete out his merits with a better measure, and honour him with higher praise. This want of recognition is due not only to contemptibly petty criticism, but to political partisan feeling. The Carlists regard him as a renegade, who, while his lyre still rang with the lost chords of a song of consecration (*Salbungslied*) for Charles X., tuned it to a hymn on the Revolution of July. The Republicans mistrust his zeal for the popular cause, and spy out in every phrase a secret predilection for nobility and Catholicism. Even the Invisible Church of the St. Simonians,¹ which is everywhere and nowhere, like the Christian Church before Constantine, disowns him; for these men regard art as a priesthood, and require that every work of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, or musician shall in itself bear witness to its higher consecration and set forth its holy mission, which is the making happy² and beautiful of the

¹ This appears to have been suggested by *Die Unsichtbare Loge*, the Invisible Lodge, by Jean Paul Richter.

² *Beglücken*. Very well translated in American by "to happify." The French version here translates *irrigen* in the following sentence as "*absurdes*," which is very far from what

human race. The works of Victor Hugo indicate no such moral standard, and they sin against all the noble but erroneous laws of the new church. I call them erroneous, because, as you know, I am for the autonomy of art, which should be the handmaid of neither religion nor politics, for it is in itself its own aim, like the world itself. Here we encounter the same narrow-minded or one-sided reproaches which Goethe had to endure from the pious brethren, and, like him, so must Victor Hugo bear the unjust accusation that he has no enthusiasm for the ideal, that he is without moral basis, is a cold-hearted egoist, and so forth. And add to this a false criticism, which declares that the best which there is to praise in him, his talent for sensuous or material form and creation (*sinnlichen Gestaltung*), is a fault, and adds that in these creations there is a want of deep poetry, *la poesie intime*; outline and colour are everything to him; he gives us only superficial (*äusserlich fassbare*) poetry; he is material; in

the author would convey in the German. Nothing which is really noble can be quite absurd or contrary to reason. I may here remark that one of the most absurd misuses of "absurd" is the vulgar application of it to anything which is witty, humorous, or droll. "Ridiculous" is also perverted in the same manner. A good jest is neither absurd nor ridiculous if it amuses us. This misuse is a relic of the old Puritanical affectation of seriousness, which regards all mirth, laughter, and even whistling, as "vera preposterous."—*Translator.*

short, they blame in him his most praiseworthy, peculiar talent, his sense for the plastic.¹

And such injustice is not done him by the old Classics, who only attacked him with Aristotelian weapons, and who have long been conquered, but by his former companions in arms, a

¹ Which is, however, quite true, Heine being very much inclined to confuse moral principles drawn from high human ideals with those of mere objective art. Next after Edgar A. Poe, Victor Hugo is the most *atheistic* poet in verse or prose with whom I am acquainted—that is to say, the most remote from any *principle* save that of “art for the sake of art,” to those to whom *skill alone* is everything. Victor Hugo is regarded by Swinburne as the greatest genius of our age; that he is the great French genius, no one will deny. There is nowhere in his works one warm and genial spark of life, but abundance of galvanism and electricity, enough to make dead mammoths dance and cover the heavens with northern lights. Edgar A. Poe, however, never so much as suspected or conceived of the existence of a higher principle or ideal of anything in any human being, while Victor Hugo had just enough knowledge of what he supposed men had imagined about such things to use them in constructing and planning. Poe dwelt in a burnt-out world of grey ashes and scoræ, in constant dim twilight; Victor Hugo, in a similar planet, but one not quite devoid of at least mosses, lichens, and petrified trees, nor wanting occasional gleams of lightning, or star- and moon-light. To judge from his conversation rather than from his works, I should say that Walt Whitman really belonged to this school, and perhaps by nature Swinburne, although the latter often tears himself away from it with great energy, as if it were below him. Heine, who had a full perception of both schools, subjective and objective, belongs to both, and praises or abuses either according to the vein which he may be in. Fifteen lines of the German original are here omitted from the French version.—*Translator*.

fraction of the Romantic school which has quarrelled utterly with its literary standard-bearer. Almost all of his earlier friends have fallen away from him ; and, to tell the truth, fallen away by his own fault, wounded by that egoism which is very advantageous as regards creating masterpieces, but very detrimental to social intercourse. Even Sainte-Beuve could at last endure him no longer—Sainte-Beuve, he who was once the trustiest squire of his renown. As in Africa, when the king of Darfour rides forth, he is preceded by a panegyrist, who cries continually in tremendous tones, "Behold the Buffalo, the descendant of a buffalo, the Bull of bulls ; all others are oxen—this is the only real Buffalo !" —even so Sainte-Beuve always ran before Victor Hugo when the latter came before the public in a book, and, blowing a trumpet, loudly praised the Great Buffalo of Poetry. That time of praise has now quite passed away ; Sainte-Beuve now only exalts the common calves or eminent cows of French literature ;¹ the once friendly voices are now no longer heard, or heard in blame, and the greatest poet in France can never more receive

¹ "Les vaches distinguées de la littérature française." In allusion, of course, to the lady-writers. The rest of this paragraph and the whole of the one following are omitted from the French version.—*Translator*.

in his own home (*Heimath*), or where he dwells, the recognition which is his due.

Yes, Victor Hugo is the first poet in France, and, which is a great deal to say, he might even take place in Germany among our own first-class poets. He has fantasy, wild imagination, and genial feeling, and with it a want of tact such as is never found in Frenchmen, but only among us Germans. His soul wants harmony, and he abounds in exuberances of bad taste, as do Grabbe and Jean Paul. The beautiful rhythmic measure which we admire in classic authors is wanting in him. His Muse, despite her magnificence, displays a certain German awkwardness—I might say of her what we say of beautiful English girls, “They have two left hands.”¹

¹ It is a great pity that this admirably accurate estimate of Victor Hugo's genius should end with such a remark as to English ladies. But it is true that in the Thirties, and even in the Forties, a far greater proportion of English women than at present were noted for a peculiar *gaucherie* of manner and dowdiness in dress, which was too universal and marked to be honestly denied. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, or at least the ladies have changed it themselves; for at Homburg-les-Bains, where I am now writing (August 1892), one has but to step to the tennis-ground—a furlong from the door—to see among a hundred English maids and matrons as much grace, litheness, and beauty, and above all that nameless air which constitutes the *distinguée*, as could be found among an equal number of women anywhere in the world. It is also very remarkable that English girls, as they have grown graceful, have greatly increased in height.—*Translator.*

Alexandre Dumas is not so great a poet as Victor Hugo, *tant s'en faut*, but he has qualities which go much further as regards the theatre. He has at command that prompt, straightforward expression of passion which the French call *verve*, and therewith he is more French than Hugo. He sympathises with all virtues and vices, daily needs and restless fancies, of his fellow-countrymen; he is by turns enthusiastic, riotous, comedian-like, noble, frivolous, swaggering, a real son of France, that Gascony of Europe. He speaks to heart with heart, and is understood and applauded. His head is a public-house, where many good thoughts stay, which often remain only for a night; it very often happens too that the house is empty. No one has such a talent for the dramatic as Dumas. The theatre is his true calling; he is a born stage-poet, and all materials for the drama belong to him, whether he finds them in Nature or in Schiller, Shakespeare or Calderon. He gets from them new effects, and melts down old coins to utter them anew for more agreeable currency; and we should even thank him for his thefts from the past, since he therewith enriches the future. A very unjust criticism, an article which appeared long ago, under most deplorable circumstances, in the *Journal des Débats*, greatly injured our poor poet among the ignorant multitude. In it was shown



Victor Hugo

that many scenes in his plays had the most striking resemblance to others in foreign dramas. But there is nothing so foolish as this reproach of plagiarism; there is in art no sixth commandment;¹ the poet may grasp and grab (*zugreifen*) boldly wherever he finds material for his works; he may even appropriate whole columns,² carved capitals and all, so that the temple which they support be magnificent. Goethe understood this very well, as did Shakespeare long before him. There is nothing more absurd than the demand

¹ Nor any other commandment, according to the æsthete, "art for the sake of art," anything for effect school. Heine's advice to steal boldly, and vindicate yourself by the doctrine that the end justifies the means, is, however, far nobler than that which now prevails in Anglo-Saxony, and which has recently been amusingly illustrated by an instance of an author who, when very remarkable "parallels" were established, pled total ignorance of the original. For as the most magnificently soaring birds, and those capable of the most sustained flights, find it the most difficult to start from the ground (as I have often seen), so the greatest geniuses, by some strange law, seem to be almost incapable of inventing works *ab ovo*, or from the egg, and, to continue the ornithological simile, must always put their eggs, when they do at last lay them, like the cuckoo, in some other nest. The trouble lies in this, that the public firmly believe that nine-tenths of the merit of a book consists merely in this originality of subject, whereas, in truth, nineteen-twentieths of genius are to be found in the treatment of the theme.—*Translator*.

² As Dumas did; but this very fair pun is not in the original, neither do I make it, *spalte* being a printed column in German. It is unavoidable. But Shakespeare and Dumas!—*Translator*.

that a poet shall create all his subject-matter from himself, and that that constitutes originality. I remember a fable¹ in which the spider reproached the bee that she collected from a thousand flowers the material with which she made wax and honey, "while I," she triumphantly added, "spin all my artistic webs in original lines from myself."

As I said, the article against Dumas in the *Journal des Débats* appeared under very deplorable circumstances. It was written by one of those young *Seiden*, or devoted attendants, who blindly obeyed the orders of Victor Hugo, and was printed in a newspaper whose directors were most intimate with the latter. Hugo was magnanimous enough not to deny his knowledge of the affair, and he believed—as is usual and customary in literary friendships—to have given his old friend Dumas the proper death-blow at a fitting time.²

¹ To which should be added "of my own manufacture," since in the first edition this is given as follows: "I remember that among my last papers there was a fable in which I made the spider talk with the bee, and the spider reproached the bee," &c. This passage gave a hint to an American named Fetteridge, who, having invented a soap made of honey, ingeniously called it "the balm of a thousand flowers." Heine had advised the stealing of ideas, and Fetteridge took the advice.—*Translator*.

² One cannot very clearly make out from the original here

In fact, a veil of black crape has ever since hung over the fame of Dumas, and many assert that should that veil be withdrawn nothing would be found behind it. But since the introduction of such a drama as "Edmund Kean" to the public, the reputation of Dumas has again come forth in brilliancy from its dark concealment, and he has again made known his great dramatic talent.

This piece, which has certainly been appropriated by the German stage,¹ is conceived and executed with a truth to life (*Lebendigkeit*) and vividness such as I have never seen; there is a gush, a novelty in the means employed, which present themselves, as it were, a tale (*Fabel*) the involutions of which spring naturally one from the other, a feeling which comes from and speaks to the heart—in short, a creation. Although Dumas may have committed some trifling errors of costume and locality, there prevails nevertheless in the whole picture a startling truthfulness

whether Heine means that it is usual in all literary friendships to believe that one has given a death-blow to Alexandre Dumas, or to one's own friends. In my own opinion, just at the instant when this was written, the heart of our author was in as bad a condition as his grammar. This beautiful passage is wanting in the French version.—*Translator*.

¹ "Cette pièce qui est certainement faite pour réussir également sur la scène allemande." This certainly would seem to indicate that the French version was here the original text.

which bore me again in spirit to Old England, and Kean himself, whom I there so often saw, seemed to be living again before my eyes. The actor who played the part of Kean naturally contributed, although his exterior, which was the imposing form of Frédéric Lemaître, was so very different from the small stout figure of Kean. Yet there was something in his personality, as well as in his playing, which I find again in Frédéric Lemaître, for there is between them a marvellous affinity. Kean was one of those exceptional natures who, by certain sudden movements, mysterious tones of voice, and still more incomprehensible glances, render apparent not so much everyday prosaic feelings, but all which there is in human nature of the unusual, bizarre, and marvellous. This is the same with Frédéric Lemaître, and the latter is also one of those terrible *farceurs* at whose sight Thalia grows pale with fright and Melpomene laughs for joy. Kean was one of those men whose character defies all the rubbing or polish of civilisation, and who are, I will not say of better stuff than the rest of us, but of an entirely different kind, angular originals with a single gift on one side, but in this one-sided faculty surpassing to an extraordinary degree all surrounding them, fully inspired with that illimitable, unfathomable, unconscious, diabolically divine power which we call

das Dämonische—the *dæmonic*.¹ This *dæmonic* (force) is found more or less in all men great by word or deed. Kean was by no means a universal actor, for though he could play in many parts, it was always himself whom he played. But in so doing he gave us a tremendous truthfulness; and though ten years have passed since I saw him, I still behold him before me as Shylock, Othello, Richard, or Macbeth. The full meaning of many a passage which had been dark to me was made clear by his acting. There were modulations in his voice which revealed a whole life of horror; there were in his eyes lights which illuminated within all the darkness of a Titanic soul, sudden actions in the movement of a hand, a foot, or the head which told more than a comment in four volumes by Franz Horn.²

¹ Not exactly "*we*," but rather Goethe, from whom Heine here helps himself freely, albeit he adds to and varies somewhat the great poet's comment on the young Duke of Weimar.

² Heine in this paper describes with marvellous and vivid truthfulness Frédéric Lemaitre as a terrible jester, in whose comic acting there was always perceptible a mysterious power of latent greatness, which moved us even when not manifested. I was deeply impressed with this when I saw Lemaitre in a play which called for this dual display of mental forces to a far greater degree than "Kean." This was the part of Robert Macaire, immediately after the overthrow of Louis Philippe. Robert Macaire, the popular type of a villain of the deepest dye, who plays many parts in life, is withal always dryly comic; and, to complicate the character, it had been long identified with

that of Louis Philippe in a long series of caricatures by Gavarni. What Lemaitre had to do was to give the comic villain, yet manifest in him throughout a something kingly and unconsciously refined. This very difficult task he performed to perfection, so that it seemed like a king of genius acting the scoundrel.

As regards Kean, I was once intimate with an actor who was not only a very able artist in his calling, but also a scholar. He had often seen Kean, and formed himself on his manner. What I learned from him in many conversations confirms me in the belief that what Heine has written on the great actor is a sketch of very great truth and insight.—*Translator.*



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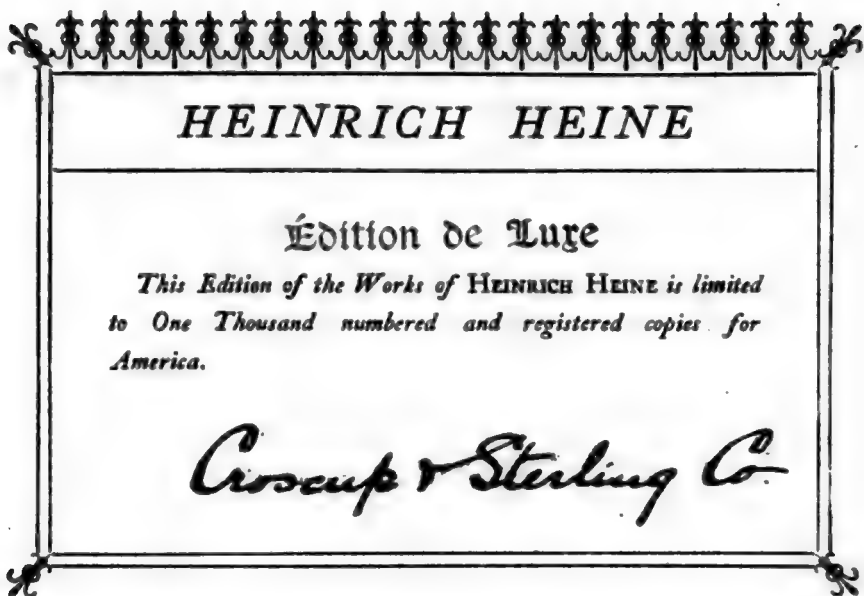
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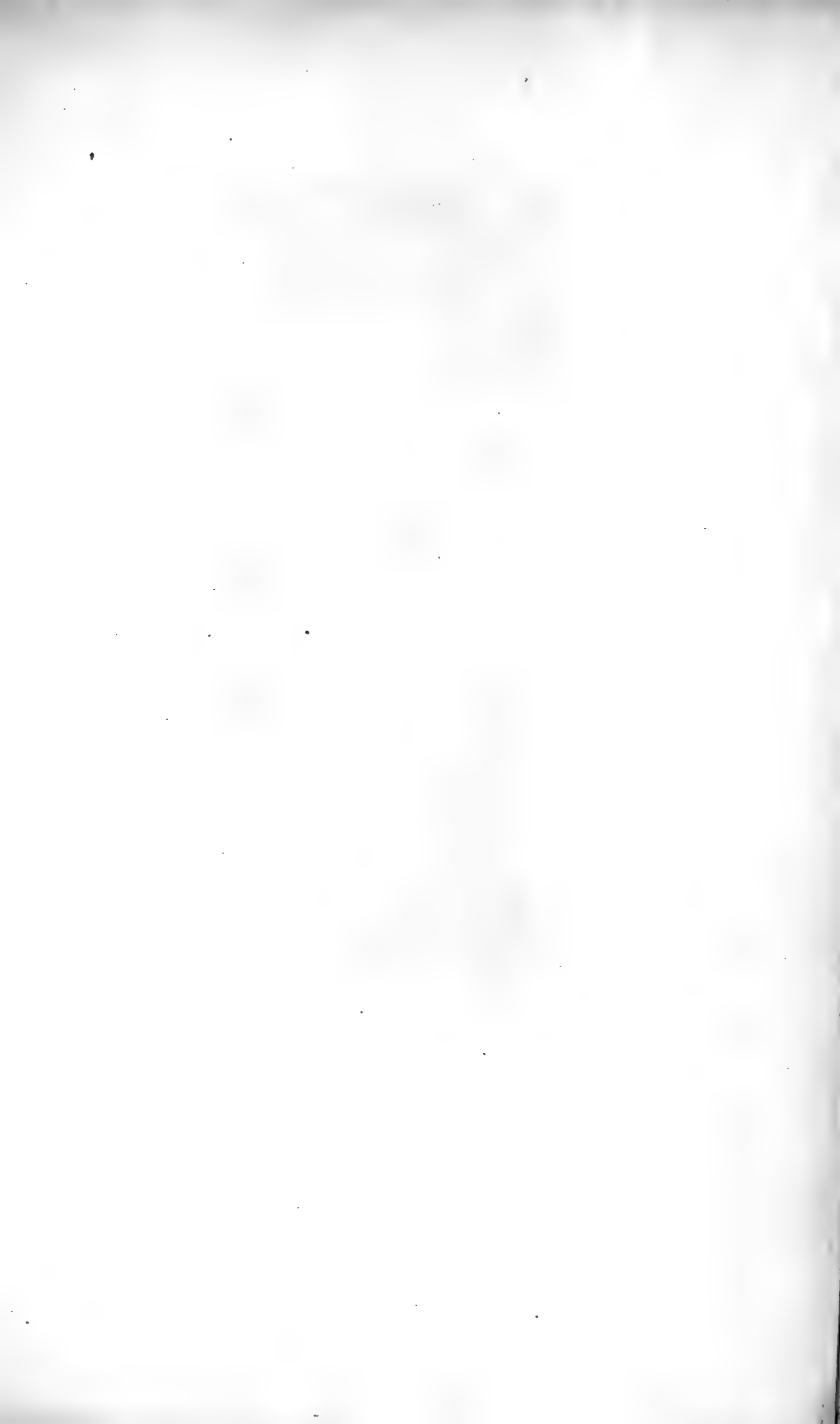
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NEW YORK : GROSCHUP & STERLING COMPANY.



The Works of
Heinrich Heine

Translated by
Charles Godfrey Leland

LETTERS ON
THE FRENCH STAGE

(II.)

GEORGE SAND, MUSIC, Etc.

VOLUME EIGHT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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SEVENTH LETTER.

I HAVE not, as you know, dear Lewald, the habit of discussing with easy loquacity the playing of comic actors, or, as it is called by the elegantly cultured, their artistic manifestations; but Edmund Kean, whom I mentioned in a former letter, and to whom I return, was no ordinary hero of the stage; and I confess that during my last journey to England I did not disdain to include in my journal, after a criticism of the most important Parliamentary orators of the day and of the world, my fugitive observations on Kean's acting. Unfortunately this book was lost with many more of my best papers. But I think I can remember reading to you in Wandsbeck something of Kean's rendering of Shylock from it. The Jew of Venice was the first heroic part which I saw him play. I say heroic part, for he did not play it like a broken-down old man, a kind of *Schewa* of hatred, as our Devrient does, but like a real hero. So he appears to me in memory, dressed in his black silk roquelaure, which is

without sleeves and only reaches to the knee,¹ so that the blood-red under-garment which falls to the feet seems more startling by contrast. A black broad-rimmed felt hat rolled up on both sides, its high conical crown wound round with a crimson ribbon, covered his head, the hair of which, like that of his beard, hung down long and black as pitch, forming as it were a wild disordered frame to the healthy red face from which two white rolling eyeballs glare out as if in ambush, inspiring uncanny dread.² He holds in his right hand a staff, which is rather a weapon than a support. He only leans the elbow of his left arm

¹ Shylock himself describes this garment as a gabardine. The *roquelaure* is properly a long overcoat for travelling, if I am not mistaken, with sleeves, and very much like a very loose ulster. Sculptures of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, both in England and on the Continent, represent Jews as wearing a rather broad-rimmed felt hat, the top or edge of the crown being somewhat rounded outwards, after a fashion still common in the East. They are anything but *conical*, nor are there any ribbons on them.—*Translator*.

² "Worin zwei weisse lechzende Augäpfel schauerlich beängstigend hervorlauern." If that which qualifies the noun can be overdone by excess, our author far too frequently overdoes it. The full spirit of this description is to be found in an American sketch, which states that the face and eyes of a certain man looked like a panther glaring out of a pig-pen. The mention of the elbow and cane reminds me that the actor before mentioned once lent me a very curious MS. It was a collection of notes of all *minutiae* of Kean's acting in Shylock, or of such literal details as this.—*Translator*.

on it, and in the left hand rests in treacherous meditation his black head with still blacker thoughts, while he explains to Bassanio what is to be understood by the expression, which is to this day current, of "a good man." When he narrates the parable of the sheep of the patriarch Jacob and of Laban, he seems to find himself entangled in his own words, and breaks out suddenly with, "Ay! he was the third."¹ And while, during a long pause, he seems to reflect on what he shall say, one feels how the tale is gradually shaping itself in his head, and when he suddenly breaks out with "No, not take interest!" as if he had found the clue, it did not seem as if one listened to a rôle learned by heart, but to a speech improvised with great difficulty. And at the end he smiled like an author who is very much pleased with his own conception. He begins slowly—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,"

till he comes to the word "dog," which is thrown out with more force. His anger rises from "and spit upon my Jewish gabardine" till "own." Then he approaches, upright and proudly, and

¹ The French version gives as a new and certainly very singular version of this text, "Ay, he was the *thirst*." Perhaps the translator was thinking of Pantagruel.—*Translator*.

says with scornful bitterness, "Well then . . ." to "ducats." But all at once, bowing low, he takes off his hat, and with servile mien continues, "Or shall I bend low" unto "monies." Yes, his very voice becomes submissive; one only seems to hear in it a slight ring of intense wrath; gay little serpents twine round his complaisant lips—only his eyes cannot restrain themselves, and continue to shoot forth their poisoned arrows, and this contrast or combat between external humility and internal vindictiveness ends at the last word, "monies," with a terrible prolonged laugh, which suddenly breaks off, while the face, convulsively contracted or compelled to servility, remains for a time motionless as a mask, and only the eye—that evil eye—glared out threatening and deadly.

But it is all in vain; the best description can give no idea of Edmund Kean. Many actors have very well imitated his declamation, his broken delivery, for the parrot can perfectly imitate to deception the scream of the eagle, the monarch of the air. But the eagle's glance, the daring fire which looks at the akin sun, Kean's eye, that magic lightning and enchanted flame, no common bird of the theatres can appropriate.¹

¹ Heine here sails unconsciously very near to a very appropriate word. This fowl of the theatre "is a bird men call a goose when it is 'goosed,' " in theatrical parlance, or hissed.—*Translator.*

It was only in the eye of Frédéric Lemaitre, and that while he played Kean, that I discovered something which had the greatest resemblance to Kean.

It would be unjust if I, after paying such a tribute of admiration to Frédéric Lemaitre, should pass by in silence the other great actor whom Paris boasts. Bocage enjoys here quite as great a reputation as the former, and his personality is, if not so remarkable, at least quite as interesting as that of his colleague. Bocage is a handsome man of *distingué* air, whose mien and manner are of the noblest. He has a metallic or sonorous voice, rich in inflection, which adapts itself as perfectly to the most terrible thunders of wrath and scorn as to the most melting tenderness of murmuring love. He always, even in the wildest outbreaks of passion, preserves the grace and dignity of art, and disdains to grasp and dash into coarse nature, like Frédéric Lemaitre, who by this means attains to greater effects, but effects which do not charm us by poetic beauty. For his is a very exceptional nature and that of one who is more possessed by his dæmonic power than possessing or controlling it himself; for which reason I compared him to Kean. Bocage is not organised differently from other men, but distinguished from them by a more finely developed organisation. He is not an incongruous mixture

of Ariel and Caliban, but a harmonious being, a beautiful tall form like a Phœbus Apollo. His eye is not so inspired with power or significance, but he can produce marvellous effects with a movement of the head, especially when he throws it backward in scorn as if defying the world. He utters cold ironic sighs which go through the soul like a steel saw.¹ He has tears in his voice, and such deep utterances of suffering or pain that one would believe that he was bleeding internally. And when he suddenly covers his eyes with his hands, we feel as though death had said, "Let it be night!" And when he again smiles—smiles with all his sweet sorcery—then it seems as if the sun were rising on his lips.

And since I have come to discussing play, I permit myself a few modest remarks as to the difference of declamation in the three kingdoms of the civilised world—England, France, and Germany.

When I first saw tragedies in England, I was struck by the gesticulation, which much resembled that of pantomime. It did not seem to me to be unnatural, but rather an exaggeration of nature ;

¹ A perilous simile in French, in which *scie* means not only a saw, but a continually repeated bore, a "chestnut," a hoax, or humbug. A sigh or *scie* would indeed be a "saw" if too often repeated. "Sawing away at it" is a common popular phrase. —*Translator*.

and it was a long time before I could accustom myself to it, and enjoy the beauty of a Shakespearean tragedy on English soil despite this caricatured delivery. Neither could I endure the screaming, the rending screaming, with which men and women utter their parts. Is it perhaps necessary that in England, where the theatres are so vast, this roaring aloud is really necessary, so that every word may everywhere be heard? And is the caricatured gesticulation of which I speak also a local necessity, because so many of the audience are at such a distance from the stage? ¹ I do not know. There is perhaps in the English theatre a law of custom as regards acting, and it may be that to this we must attribute the exaggeration which astonished me, especially among actresses, whose delicate organs,

¹ Very shrewdly conjectured. Among the Romans, masks with trumpet-like mouths were used, because few voices, if any, could make themselves heard in their immense amphitheatres. But it has escaped Heine that the English language as spoken in England by the most cultivated people is extremely difficult to understand, and requires a higher pitch than other languages anywhere spoken by anybody. I have not only observed, but determined by careful experiment, the fact that a Red Indian calling to another in his native tongue makes his utterance an octave lower than a white man, and will be distinctly understood at a hundred feet, or even yards, distance when speaking in the ordinary tones of conversation, while an American or Briton roars aloud, and in fact *must* do so if he would have his meaning clearly apprehended.—*Translator*.

as if stalking on stilts, frequently flung themselves headlong into the most repulsive discordant sounds in virgin passions which behaved like dromedaries.¹ The circumstance that the parts of women were formerly played on the English stage by men may influence the declamation of the actresses of the present day, who perhaps still scream their rôles according to old theatrical reports and traditions.

Yet, great as the faults may be with which English declamation is burdened, it is fully atoned for by the traits of deep feeling and naturalness (*Innigkeit und Naivetät*) which it occasionally manifests. These characteristics are due to the language of the country, which is really a dialect² possessing all the qualities of a tongue which has come directly from the people. French is more the product of society, and it wants that naturalness and depth which only a pure source of words which has sprung from

¹ No true translation can make anything better of this appalling *mélange* of vocal organs on stilts and virgin passions which act like dromedaries. It is somewhat improved in the French version as follows :—"L'exagération . . . surtout chez les actrices dont les organes délicats, se montant à un diapason extrême, retombent sur des dissonances criardes et se démènent comme des dromedaires, pour exprimer des passions virginales."
—*Translator*.

² By dialect we should here understand *patois*, or perhaps jargon, i.e., a mixed language.—*Translator*.

the heart of a race and has been fecundated by its heart's blood can retain. On the other hand, French declamation has a grace and fluency which is foreign to, and even impossible in, English. Speech has been so purely filtered here in France through the gossiping life of three hundred years that it has lost every vulgar idiom and obscure turn of expression (*Wendungen*), all that is muddled and mean, but with it also and irrecoverably all perfume, all of that wild healthy strength and mysterious charm which runs and ripples in rough words. The French language and French declamation are, like the people themselves, only adapted to the day or the present time; the twilight realm of association (*Erinnerung*) and deep presentiment is closed to them; it flourishes only in the light of the sun, and from that results its beautiful clearness and warmth. Night, with its pale moonshine, mystical stars, sweet dreams, and terrible spectres, are to them strange and uncomfortable.

But as regards true acting, French players surpass their colleagues in all other countries, for the very natural reason that all Frenchmen are born actors. It is really a pleasure to see how readily they learn their parts in every situation of life, and fall into them and clothe themselves to such advantage. The French are God's own court-players, *les comédiens ordinaires du bon*

Dieu, a select troupe ; and all French history often seems to me like a great comedy, but one played for the benefit of mankind. In their life, as well as in their literature and art, there prevails the theatrical.

As for us Germans, we are honest men and good citizens. What Nature denies we attain by study. It is only when we roar too loudly that we fear lest we frighten the folk in the dress circle, and are afraid of incurring punishment ; and then we insinuate with a certain craftiness that we are not *real* lions, but only jesters sewed up in lions' skins, and such insinuations we call irony.¹ We are honourable, and it is the parts of honest people which we play best. State officials of fifty years' standing, trusty old twad-

¹ The "ironic" stage or phase—that which succeeds an era of decided humour—is now in full play in England, and to a far greater degree than it ever was in Germany. It is sometimes called "incisive," "subdued," or "latent" humour, but it covers an enormous amount of twaddle. Irony, or something which passes for it, is within the reach of the feeblest intellects, which even the coarsest real humour is not. As regards the French being the best actors in the world, it may be observed that it is only true as regards French subjects. An English actor would set forth any kind of a foreigner better than a Frenchman. One can hardly conceive of a Frenchman who has perfectly comprehended English or German intellect in every phase, but there have been many English who have been "French within the French" in all things, as Sainte-Beuve has proved.
—*Translator.*

dling retainers (*Dalners*), honest head-foresters, and true servants are our delight. Heroes give us some trouble and come rather hard (*werden aus sehr sauer*), but we can manage to find them, especially in garrison towns, where we have good patterns before our eyes. We are not so fortunate as to kings. Respect hinders us in royal residential cities from playing royal parts with absolute boldness; it might give offence, and so we let the shabby blouse of the peasant peep out under the royal ermine. In the German free cities, in Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and Frankfort—in these glorious republics—actors may play the parts of monarchs as they please; but patriotism misleads them to intentionally represent such subjects as evilly as possible, so as to render kingship ridiculous. They aim directly at republicanism, and this is especially the case in Frankfort, where kings are more wretchedly played than anywhere else. If the eminently wise Senate there were not ungrateful, as all republics are, and as Athens, Rome, and Florence were, then Hamburg should erect a grand pantheon with the inscription, “The grateful country to its bad actors!”

Do you not remember, my dear Lewald, the late Schwarz, who in Hamburg played King Philip in “Don Carlos,” and who always dragged out his words as if from the middle of the earth,

and then shot them up to heaven, so that they were only in sight for a second ?¹

But not to be unjust, we must confess that the fault lies principally in the German language if the delivery is worse in our theatres than with the English and French. The speech of the first is a dialect, that of the latter a product of society ; ours is neither one nor the other, and therefore it lacks naïve depth as well as fluent grace. It is only a book language, a bottomless abyss manufactured by authors, which we obtain from the Leipzig fair through the booksellers. The declamation of the English is the exaggeration of nature or over-natural ; ours is *un-natural*. The delivery of the French is the affected tone of tirade ; ours is pure lying. There is a traditional tearful tenderness (*Gegreine*) in our theatres, by which the best plays of Schiller are often spoiled for me, especially in sentimental passages, where our actresses melt into a watery flood of sing-song, of which Gulitz says they make water with their hearts.² But we will say nothing to the discredit of German actresses. They are my fellow-countrywomen, and then the geese saved

¹ This paragraph is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

² This beautiful simile is omitted, probably by inadvertence, from the French version. It is in the original, *Sie p—ss—n mit dem Herzen.*—*Translator.*

the Capitol, and there are so many virtuous women among them, and finally . . .

(I am here interrupted by the devil's own row—*tapage infernal*—which has broke loose in the churchyard under my window.)

. . . the crowd of boys who were just before dancing as peaceably as mice round the great tree all at once began to raise the old Adam, or rather the old Cain, and to bang one another (*Einander zu balgen*). I was obliged, in order to re-establish peace, to go down unto them, and verily I had a hard time of it to pacify the minor multitude. There was a small youth who laid it on with special rage to the back of another little boy. And when I asked him what the poor child had done to be so mauled, he stared at me with his great eyes and said, "Why, it's my brother!"

Nor does eternal peace flourish to-day within doors in my house. I hear in the corridor a racket as if an ode by Klopstock had rolled down-stairs. My host and hostess are at it again, quarrelling, and the latter reproaches the poor man for being a spendthrift and squandering her dowry, and declares that she is dying of vexation. Ill she is, but with avarice. Every mouthful which the man eats is indigestible to her, hurts her; and when he takes medicine, if there be any left in the bottle, she drinks it, so that nothing may be lost of what cost so much money, and so falls ill.

The poor man, a tailor by nation and a German by trade, has retired into the country to enjoy his remaining days in rural peace, but this peace he will find only in the grave of his wife. It may be that it was for this reason he bought a house close by the churchyard, and gazes so wistfully on the resting-places of the dead. His only joys on earth are tobacco and roses, and he knows how to grow the most beautiful varieties of the latter. This morning he placed several pots of them in the parterre under my window. They bloom admirably. But, my dear Lewald, ask your wife why these flowers have no perfume? Either they have a bad cold—or I.

Heine's comments on Edmund Kean in this paper express, better than anything I have elsewhere read, the peculiar and mysterious nature of this great man's acting, causing a regret that the more amplified comments on the subject were lost. His views on irony—by which he means something corresponding exactly to the New Humour—appear in another form in the *Reisebilder*.

EIGHTH LETTER.

I HAVE spoken in a preceding letter of the two *coryphées* or chorus-leaders of the French drama. However, it was not the names of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas which were in the greatest renown among the theatres of the Boulevard. Here there were three names which rang continually in the mouths of the people.

These names were those of Mallefile, Rougemont, and Bourchardy. From the first I hope for the best. He has, I think, great poetic capacity. You remember, perhaps, his "Seven Children of Lara," a drama of horrors, which we once saw together at the Porte Saint-Martin. In this fearful mess of blood and mud and stage rage there were many remarkably beautiful and truly dignified scenes which indicated a romantic imagination and dramatic talent. Another tragedy of Mallefile, "Glenarvon," is of much greater value, as it is less confused or obscure, and contains an exposition which is overwhelmingly grand and beautiful. In both pieces the

part of the adulterous mother is admirably played by Mademoiselle Georges, that immensely bright and shining sun of flesh who illuminates the theatrical heaven of the Boulevards. Mallefile gave us some months ago a new piece called *Le Paysan des Alpes*—the Alpine Shepherd. This he worked out with greater simplicity, but at the expense of poetry. This piece is weaker than his earlier tragedies. In it, as in them, the barriers of marriage are pathetically demolished.

Rougemont, the second laureate of the Boulevards, established his renown by three plays which appeared one after the other within the short space of six months, and enjoyed a great success. The first was called *La Duchesse de Lavaubalière*, a feeble piece of hack-work (*Machwerk*), in which there is a great deal of action, yet which is not developed in a manner which is either bold or natural, but always carefully worked out by petty calculation, and, in keeping with this, all its outward passion has only a simulated glow, while all within is clammy and cold as a graveworm. His second piece, entitled *Léon*, is better, and though it suffers from the same defects as the preceding, it still contains some grand and moving scenes. Last week I saw the third piece, *Eulalie Granger*, a purely middle-class drama, which is an excellent work, since in it the author

obeys the promptings of his natural talent, and sets forth in a beautiful picture, well framed and with great clearness of judgment, the sad incongruities of modern society.

We have had thus far from Bourchardy, the third laureate, but a single piece, yet one which has been rewarded with unexampled results. It is called *Gaspardo*. It has been played daily for five months, and should it continue thus, it may have a run of several hundred nights.¹ But honourably confessed, my judgment is at a standstill when I reflect on the ultimate cause or reason of this colossal success. The piece is of only mediocre merit, where it is not absolutely bad; and it is full of action, but in it one incident comes stumbling in on the head of another, so that one effect breaks the neck of the next. The conception or plot (*Gedanke*), in which the whole moves, is so narrow that not a single character nor situation can develop itself naturally nor properly. This heaping up of incident and material is indeed to be found in excess in the stage poets before described, but in *Gaspardo* the author has gone far beyond them. Yet all of this was predetermined and a principle, as several

¹ Doubtless. "If it should keep going long enough, then it will have a run," is a manifest truth, which would elicit roars of applause were it to be uttered by an Irishman on the stage.—*Translator*.

young dramatists assure me, and it is by this accumulation of heterogeneous stuff and characters, times and localities, that the present Romanticist distinguishes himself from the former Classicists, who kept themselves so strictly within the narrow limits of the drama to the unities of time, place, and action.

Have these innovators really enlarged the limits of the French theatre? I do not know. But these French dramatic authors always remind me of the jailor who complained that his prison was too small, and who could find no better way to enlarge it than to keep cramming in more and more prisoners, who, however, instead of squeezing out the walls, crowded one another to death.¹

By the way, I add that in *Gaspardo* and *Eulalie Granger*, as in all the Dionysiac games or plays of the Boulevards, marriage is slaughtered like a scapegoat.²

¹ Told in another form by me in the United States just before the civil war, as follows:—

“The South are always crying out for more land whereseon to put their niggers, and more niggers for their land, in which they are like the superintendent of a penitentiary in Ohio, who was always wanting more cells for his prisoners and more prisoners for his cells. This jailor had the idea that the whole human race, except his family and himself, ought to be imprisoned.”

—*Translator.*

² This passage is wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

I would willingly, my dear friend, discuss several other dramatists of the Boulevards, but though they now and then bring out a piece which may pass (*einverdauliches Stuck*), all that we find in them is that ease of treatment which is common to all French writers, but no originality of conception whatever. And so I have only seen the plays and soon forgotten them, and never took the trouble to find out the names of their authors. In their place I can give you those of the eunuchs who served King Ahasuerus as chamberlains in Susa, and their names were Mehuman, Bistha, Harbona, Bigtha, Abagtha, Sethar, and Charkas.

The theatres of the Boulevards, of which I have spoken, and which I have always had in my mind while writing these letters, are the true resorts of the people. They begin at the Porte Saint-Martin, and run in a line along the Boulevard du Temple, ever diminishing in importance and value. Indeed, this local rank and range is very correct. First of all we have the theatre which bears the name of the Porte Saint-Martin, and which is the best theatre for the drama in Paris. There the works of Victor Hugo and of Dumas are most admirably given by an excellent troupe, in which are Mademoiselle Georges and Bocage. Then comes the Ambigu-Comique, which is inferior as regards plays and actors, yet where

the Romantic drama is still given. Then we come to Franconi's, which cannot properly be included among my subjects, since they there give plays written more for horses than for men. Then we have La Gaieté, a theatre which was burned down not long ago, but which is now rebuilt in a style corresponding externally and internally to its name. The Romantic drama has here also rights of citizenship, and here too, even in this pleasant place, tears flow and hearts beat with the most terrible emotions; but there is on the whole more singing and laughter, and here the vaudeville often comes lightly trilling forth.

It is much the same in the neighbouring building, Les Folies Dramatiques, which gives dramas, and even more vaudevilles; but this theatre is by no means bad, and I have seen many a good piece there well brought out. Following the Folies Dramatiques in direction as well as in decreasing quality, is the theatre of Madame Saqui, where there are also dramas, but of the wretchedest quality, with miserable music-hall pieces (*Singspässe*), which finally degenerate in the neighbouring Funambules (the rope-dancers) to the grossest farces. Here, however, one of the most comical of clowns (*Pierrots*), the famous Debureau, cuts his white flour-faced grimaces. And behind this, again, I discovered

a very small theatre where they play as badly as possible, where badness reaches its extreme limits, and art is nailed up with boards.

Since you left Paris a new theatre has been built at the very extremity of the Boulevards, near the Bastille, and it is called the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Antoine. It is in every respect *hors de ligne*, and it cannot be ranked, either as regards artistic or local position, among the theatres of the Boulevard which I have described. And it is as yet too new for me to decide as to the exact measure of its merits. It is near the Place de la Bastille, as I said, and I saw in it not long ago a drama bearing the name of the prison, in which there were some very striking scenes. The heroine was of course a married lady, wife of the governor or jailor, and she escapes with a prisoner of state. I there also saw a good comedy called *Mariez-vous, donc*, setting forth the sorrows of a husband who could find or make no *mariage de convenance* in good society, and so weds a pretty girl from among the people. The young wife takes a cousin for a lover; this latter and the mother-in-law unite in enmity against the husband, whom they ruin by extravagant luxury and disorder. To make a living for his family, the poor devil is obliged to open at the Barrier a pot-house and dance-hall

for the lowest class. When a quadrille was not complete, he made his seven-year-old son dance in it, and this infant had already learned how to vary his steps with the most indecent pantomime of the *chahut*. In this situation the father is found by a friend, to whom the poor man, violin in hand, while fiddling, jumping, and calling out the figures, relates during the pauses all his family troubles. One can imagine nothing more painful than this contrast of the narrative and the occupation of the narrator, who must often break off his bitter story with a *chassez ! a en avant deux !* and spring into the figure and dance himself. The music of the *contre-danse* which melodramatically accompanies this story of married woes, with its pretty melodies associated with so much gaiety and cheerfulness, here form a contrast of irony which cuts to the heart. I could not join in the roars of laughter of all around. But I did laugh, and that only at the father-in-law, an old toper who has drunk up house and home, and who must at last beg for a living. But his style of begging is original and humorous. He is a fat lazy-belly with a tippling red face—*un gros fainéant à rouge trogne de buveur*—and he leads about with a cord a wretched blind dog whom he calls his Belisarius. Man, he declares, is ungrateful to dogs,

who so often, as trusty guides, lead blind men about; and he will repay them this debt due to their philanthropy, and so leads a blind dog—his dear Belisarius.

I laughed so heartily at this that my neighbours certainly thought I was the *chatouilleur* or tickler of the theatre.

Do you know what a *chatouilleur* is? I myself only recently learned its meaning, and I owe the information to my barber, whose brother has the situation of *chatouilleur* in a theatre on the Boulevards. He is paid to attend comedies, and, whenever a witticism is uttered, to burst into a roar of laughter, so as to excite it in all about him. This is a very important situation, and the success of many farces depends entirely on it. For the good jokes are often fearfully bad, and the public might never notice them at all did not the *chatouilleur*, by the infinitely varied modulations of his laughter, from a subdued chuckle up to the most tremendous horse-laugh, know how to spread the contagion of merriment. Laughter has, like yawning, an epidemic character, and I recommend you to introduce the *chatouilleur* to the German stage. Yawners you have already in abundance. But it is not so easy to fulfil its functions, for, as my barber assures me, it requires a great deal of talent. His brother has practised it for fifteen years, and brought it to such

a virtuoso force, that he has but to raise one of his finer, half-subdued, half-involuntary sniggers to make the whole audience roar. "He is a man of talent," added my barber, "and earns more money than I do; for besides being a laughier, he is also a regular mourner at the *pompes funèbres*, and he often attends as many as five or six funerals of a morning. Ah! if you could see him in his raven-black suit of clothes, with his white handkerchief and sorrowful face—why, he can look so sad that one would swear he was following the funeral of his own father!"

Really, my dear Lewald, I am full of respect for such brilliant versatility, and yet for all the money in the world would not fulfil the functions of that man. Fancy—I say fancy—how terrible it must be in a fine morning in spring, when one has enjoyed a delightful cup of coffee, and the sun smiles into your very heart, to have to assume a long funeral face (*Leichenbittermiene*) and to shed tears for some small grocer whom one probably did not know, and whose death can only benefit you to the extent of seven francs and ten sous. And then, when one has returned six times from churchyards, and is dead-tired and ready to die of mourning and misery, to have to laugh all the evening—aye, laugh at all the wretched tips which one has laughed at so often—laugh

with all your face, and with every muscle—with all the convulsions of body and soul—to wake to laughter a *blasé* pit. . . .

It is awful! I had rather be the King of France.¹

¹ Heine here does not quite understand the business of the *chatouilleur* or tickler, so called because he is supposed to increase gaiety and thereby stimulate interest. A great many even of the very best jests or witticisms are not caught in ordinary conversation (especially when they are not deliberately set forth as droll) by ordinary minds. I once knew a man who prided himself on being able to pass off the most exquisite bits of humour in talking so that no one could perceive them, and his success was great. The *chatouilleur* points out good things, which may be indeed admirable, and which might in the haste of action and dialogue be lost. Now that "subdued irony" prevails, there is no occasion for a tickler to awake us to a sense of jokes—there being none—only a subdued sense of "something smileable."—*Translator*.

NINTH LETTER.¹

BUT what is music ?

This question occupied my mind last night for full an hour before I fell asleep. There is something marvellous in music—I may say that it is a marvel. It has a place between thought and what is seen ; it is a dim mediator between spirit and matter, allied to and differing from both ; it is spirit wanting the measure of time and matter which can dispense with space.

No, we do not know what music is. But what good music is, is certainly known to us, and, better still, that which is bad ; for we have all heard a great deal of the latter. Musical criticism can only base itself upon experience, not on synthesis ; it should only classify musical works according to their similarity, and take the impression deduced from the whole as standard.

Nothing is more inadequate than theorising in

¹ The ninth and tenth letters of this series are omitted in the French version.

music. Here there are indeed laws, mathematically determined laws. Yet these laws are not music, but its conditions, just as the art of drawing and the theory of colours, or even palette and brush, are not painting, but only means needful for it. The soul of music is revelation; there can be no accurate account thereof, and true musical criticism is a science of experience.

I know of nothing more wearisome than a criticism by Monsieur Fétis, or by his son Monsieur Fœtus,¹ in which the value or worthlessness of a musical work is proved by *à priori* reasoning from final grounds. Such critiques, composed in a kind of *argot*, are larded with technical expressions not familiar to the generally cultivated world, but only to practical artists, yet which give to their rubbish (*leeren Gewäsche*) an air which imposes on the multitude. As my friend Detmold has written, as regards painting, a manual by means of which any one can become a connoisseur in two lessons, so should some one by means of an ironical vocabulary of musical critic phrases and orchestra jargon put an end to the

¹ Unless, indeed, it be the too frequent assurance that *nothing* is more wearisome or more inadequate, and so on. When a superlative of anything has been once declared, there can be no duplicates. Heine is as bad as Poe's "Raven," with his "Never"—or "Nothing more."—*Translator*.

mere tirade-work of Fétis and Fœtus. The very best musical criticism—the only kind, perhaps, which proves anything—I heard last year in Marseilles at a *table-d'hôte* where two *commis-voyageurs* disputed over the topic of the day, as to whether Rossini or Meyerbeer was the greatest master. As soon as one declared that the Italian had pre-excellence, the other replied, not however with dry words, but by trilling several particularly beautiful airs from *Robert le Diable*. Thereupon, the other could make no keener retort than to sing with zeal fragments from the *Barber of Seville*, and so the two kept it up all through the dinner. Instead of a noisy war of worthless words, they gave us admirable table-music, and I finally admitted that people should either never dispute at all as to music, or, if they must, let it be in this realistic illustrative manner.

You see, my dear friend, that I shall not burden you with hackneyed (*herkömmlichen*) phrases as regards the opera. Yet, in speaking of the French stage, I cannot leave the latter all unnoticed. Nor need you fear from me any comparative discussion of Rossini and Meyerbeer in wonted fashion.¹ I limit myself to loving both, nor would I praise one at the expense of the other.

¹ This is the due notification that a tremendous comparison of the two, in quite wonted fashion, is coming.—*Translator*.

If I sympathise a little more perhaps with the former than with the latter, it is only a private or personal feeling, and in no respect a recognition of greater merit. Perhaps it is unvirtuous qualities (*Untugenden*) which chime in echo to so many unvirtues corresponding by elective affinity in myself. By nature I incline to a certain *dolce far niente*, and I like to loll on flowery banks and gaze upon the calmly passing clouds, and take joy in the light upon them; but chance wills it that I must be very often awakened from such comfortable dreaming or visioning by hard knocks in the ribs administered by fate. Yes, I must by compulsion take part in the sufferings and battles of the time; and my share therein was honourable, and I battled against the bravest.¹ . . . But I know not how I shall express myself; in *my* feelings there was always a certain difference from those of others. I knew what their feelings were, but mine were unlike theirs; and when I rode my war-horse ever so wildly and daringly, and struck so mercilessly at

¹ One would really like to know when, where, and how all this tremendous fighting, of which Heine boasts so much, ever came off, unless it is that he alludes to his ribald onslaughts on such folk as Platen, the Schlegels, Raupach, and one or two women; most of which recalls what was said of a New York journalist, that he was the bravest man who ever lived, because nobody ever beat him in blackguarding.—*Translator*.

the enemy with my sword, still I never felt the fever nor the joy nor the agony of battle; my own inner calm seemed to me uncanny. I observed that my thoughts lingered elsewhere, while I fought in the thickest press of party strife; and I often seemed to myself like Ogier the Dane, who fought the Saracens while walking in his sleep. Rossini must needs correspond more nearly to such a man than does Meyerbeer, and yet at certain times the man will assuredly enthusiastically adore the latter, though he may not throw his whole soul towards him. For it is on the waves of Rossini's music that there are rocked as in a boat most at their ease the individual joys and sorrows of man—love and hate, tenderness and yearning, jealousy and sulkiness. Everything is here the isolated feeling of a single mind. Therefore the predominance of melody, which is always the direct expression of isolated sentiment (*isolirten Empfindens*).¹ But in Meyerbeer harmony governs, and the melodies die away, yea, are drowned in the stream of harmonious masses, just as the characteristic feelings of single men are lost in the united feeling of a whole race, and our soul gladly throws itself into this harmonious flood

¹ Perceptive feelings, or susceptibility in its true, not exaggerated sense.—*Translator*.

when it is inspired and seized by the joys and sorrows of all mankind, and takes part in the great questions of society. Meyerbeer's music is rather social than individual; and the grateful present, which finds its internal and external strifes, its differences of feeling and its differences of personal opinion (*Willenskampf*), its needs and hopes, in his music, exults in or exalts (*feiert*) its own passion and inspiration while it applauds the great master. Rossini's music was better adapted to the time of the Restoration, when, after great struggles and disillusions, enthusiasm for their great common interests, among men who were wearied of it all, passed into the background, and a realisation of their own personality (*Ichkeit*) began to again assume its legitimate rights. Rossini would never have attained his great popularity during the Revolution or in the days of the Empire. Robespierre would perhaps have accused him of anti-patriotic, moderating melodies, and Napoleon certainly would not have appointed him master of music for the *grand armée*, where a universal inspiration was required. Poor Swan of Pesaro! the Gallic cock and the Imperial eagle would perhaps have torn thee, and fitter far for thee than battlefields of *bourgeois* virtue and fame would have been some silent lake on whose banks the tender lilies would have gently and peacefully bowed to thee, and

where thou couldst have swum calmly here and there, with beauty and loveliness in every movement. The Restoration was Rossini's time of triumph, and even the stars of heaven, who were then holding their eve of repose, and had ceased to trouble themselves with the affairs of mankind, listened to him enraptured.

But meantime the Revolution of July had caused a vast movement in heaven and on earth. Stars and men, angels and kings, yea, even God himself, were rapt from their life of peace, had once more a great deal to do, had to arrange a new era, had neither leisure nor repose enough of soul to enjoy the melodies of private feelings; and only when the great chorus of *Robert le Diable* or of the *Huguenots* harmoniously growled, harmoniously exulted, harmoniously sobbed and sighed, did their hearts listen, and sob and sigh, exult and growl, in inspired unity with it.

This is perhaps the ultimate foundation, a real reason of that unheard-of colossal approbation which the two operas of Meyerbeer enjoy through all the world. He is the man of his time, and the time, which always knows how to choose its men, has, with a tumult, raised him on the shield and proclaimed his mastery and dominion, and makes with him triumphal entrance. Yet it is not such a very comfortable position when one is carried in triumph. By a stumble, or by the

awkwardness of one of the shield-bearers, one may be sadly jolted, if not badly injured ; the garlands and bouquets which are thrown at the conqueror's head may now and then wound more than gratify, if they at least do not defile when thrown by dirty hands ; and the overload of laurels may at least cause a sweating of anxiety. When Rossini meets such a procession, he laughs ironically with his Italian lips, and bewails his digestion, which becomes worse day by day, so that he can eat nothing.

Which is a hard case, for Rossini was always one of the greatest of gourmands. Meyerbeer is just the contrary ; he is in his pleasures, as in his external appearance, modesty itself. It is only when he invites friends that he has a good table. Once when I dropped in to dine with him, *à la fortune du pot*, and take pot-luck, I found him over a poor dish of dried cod-fish (*Stockfische*), which was all his meal ; on seeing which, I naturally declared that I had already dined.

Many say that he is miserly, but it is not true. He is only parsimonious as regards his own personal expenses. He is, as regards others, prodigality itself, and his poor fellow-countrymen have benefited by this even unto abuse. Benevolence is a household virtue among the Meyerbeers, especially with the mother, to whom I send pack-

ing all who need charity, and never in vain. This woman is, however, the most fortunate mother in the world. The renown of her son rings round her wherever she goes or stands; everywhere she hears scraps of his music, everywhere there shines his fame; and in the opera, where an entire public expresses its enthusiasm for Giacomo in noisiest applause, her mother's heart beats with raptures which we can hardly imagine. I know of but one mother in all the history of the world who is to be compared to her. That was the mother of San Carlo Borromeo, who during her life saw her son canonised, and who in the church among thousands of believers could kneel and pray to him.

Meyerbeer is now writing a new opera, which I anticipate with great eagerness. The development of this genius is for me a very notable drama. I follow with interest the phases of his musical as well as of his personal life, and observe the mutual influences existing between him and his European public. It is now ten years since I first met him in Berlin, between the University and the watch-house, between learning and the drum-beat, and he seemed to feel himself sadly cramped and confined in such a situation. I remember that I met him in the company of Dr. Marx, who then belonged to a certain musical regency, which, during the minority of a certain youthful

genius, who was regarded as the legitimate royal heir of Mozart, paid constant homage to Sebastian Bach. The enthusiasm for Sebastian Bach was not only intended to fill that interregnum, but also to ruin the reputation of Rossini, whom the regency chiefly feared, and also mostly hated. Meyerbeer then passed for a follower of Rossini, and Dr. Marx treated him with a certain condescension and affable air of superiority at which I must needs now laugh heartily. Rossinism was then the great fault or failing of Meyerbeer; he was still far from the honour to be opposed to him in person. He wisely refrained from all pretension, and when I once told him with what enthusiasm I had lately seen his *Crociato* received in Italy, he smiled with an eccentric sadness and said, "You compromise yourself by praising me, a poor Italian, here in Berlin, in the capital of Sebastian Bach."

Meyerbeer in those days had really become entirely an imitator of the Italians. Discontent with the clammy, cold, deliberately witty, colourless Berlinism had at an early period produced in him a natural reaction; he escaped to Italy; gaily enjoyed his life; gave himself altogether up to his private feelings, and there composed those exquisite operas in which Rossinism is heightened with the most charming exaggeration, where the gold is over-gilt, and the flower

perfumed with more flagrant odours. That was the happy time of Meyerbeer, he wrote in an enraptured revel of Italian sensuality, and plucked the fairest flowers of life or art.

But that could not long satisfy a German nature. A certain home-sickness for the seriousness of his native land awoke in him, and while he lounged under Italian myrtles, there stole over him memories of the mysterious strange awe in German forests, and while southern zephyrs fanned him, he thought of the dark chorals of the north wind. He felt perhaps as did Madame de Sévigné, who, when dwelling near an orangerie, and constantly perfumed with orange flowers, began at last to long for the smell of a manure cart. In short, a new reaction took place. Signore Giacomo suddenly became once more a German, and again allied himself to Germany—not to the old, decayed, lived-out Germany of narrow-hearted petty *bourgeoisie*, but to the young great-hearted, cosmopolite Germany of a new generation, which has made all questions of humanity its own, and which has inscribed, if not on its banner, yet all the more indelibly, the greatest problems of mankind on its heart.

Soon after the Revolution of July, Meyerbeer came before the public with a new work, which, during the storm (*Wehen*) of that Revolution, had sprung from his soul; with *Robert le Diable*,

the hero who knows not what he will or would, who is ever at war with himself, a true picture of the moral irresolution of that epoch, a time which in tortured restlessness fluttered between virtue and vice, which fretted and exasperated itself amid efforts and hindrances, and which never had strength enough to resist the attacks of Satan! I do not in any respect like this opera, this masterpiece of timid, faint-heartedness. I say faint-heartedness not only as regards the subject, but the exertion, since the composer in it does not trust to his genius, does not dare to surrender himself to his full will, and, trembling, ministers to the multitude instead of boldly commanding it.

Meyerbeer was then called, quite correctly, an anxious genius; there was wanting a conquering faith in himself; he showed himself afraid of public opinion; the least blame frightened him; he flattered all the caprices of the public, and shook hands right and left with everybody most earnestly, as if he had recognised in music itself the sovereignty of the people, and would found his government on a majority of votes; unlike Rossini, who ruled absolutely in the realm of the art of sweet sounds. This anxiety has not left him as yet in life; he is still deeply concerned as to public opinion, but the result of *Robert le Diable* was thus far

fortunate for him that he was not worried with such care while working ; that he composed with greater certainty ; that he allowed the great will of his soul to show itself in its creations. With this extended freedom of soul, he wrote the *Huguenots*, in which all doubt and indecision disappeared ; the inner strife with self ceased, and the external conflict began, whose colossal form amazes us. By this work Meyerbeer won for himself his immortal right of citizenship in the eternal spiritual city (*Geisterstadt*), in the Heavenly Jerusalem of art. It was in the *Huguenots* that Meyerbeer finally revealed himself without fear ; in it he drew with bold outlines all his thoughts, and here he dared to utter as boldly all which inspired his heart in unrestrained tones.

What specially distinguishes this work is the symmetry or due proportion in it between enthusiasm and artistic finish, or, to better express myself, the equal height which passion and art attain in it. Here the man and the artist have competed, and while the former rings the alarm-bell of the wildest passions, the latter transforms the rude chords of nature to the most thrilling and sweetest euphony. While the multitude are carried away by the inner strength and the passion of the *Huguenots*, he who is versed in art admires the mastery which is manifest in

the form. This work is a Gothic cathedral, whose columns rising to heaven, and whose colossal dome, seem to have been raised by the bold hand of a giant; while the innumerable daintily fine festoons, rosettes, and arabesques which are spread over it, like a veil of lace in stone, testify to the unwearied patience of dwarfs. A giant in the conception and forming of the whole, a dwarf in the laborious execution of details, the architect of the *Huguenots* is as far beyond our intelligence as the composers of the old cathedrals. When I lately stood with a friend before that of Amiens, and he beheld with awe and pity that monument of giant strength in towering stone, and of dwarfish patience in minute sculpture, he asked me how it happens that we can no longer build such piles? I replied, "Dear Alphonse, men in those days had convictions; we moderns have opinions, and it requires something more than an opinion to build such a Gothic cathedral."

There it is. Meyerbeer is a man of conviction. This does not really refer to the social questions of the day, though even in this respect Meyerbeer has more firmly settled ideas than other artists. Meyerbeer, who has been loaded by all the princes on earth with all possible orders and honours, and who has also so great a fondness for such distinctions, still has a heart

which glows for the holiest interests of humanity, and he plainly confesses his regard for the heroes of the Revolution. It is well for him that many northern sovereigns do not understand music, or they would find in the *Huguenots* something more than a strife between Protestants and Huguenots. And yet his convictions are not really of a political, much less of a religious kind. Certainly they are not of the latter; his religion is merely negative; it only consists in this, that he, unlike other artists, be it from pride, will not defile his lips with any lie, and that he turns away from certain officious intrusive blessings, the acceptance of which must always be regarded as an equivocal, and never as a noble act.

Meyerbeer's real religion is that of Mozart, Gluck, or Beethoven; it is music—he believes only in it; it is only in this faith that he believes; in it only will he find his happiness, and he holds to a belief which is like that of earlier ages in depth, passion, and duration. Yes, I would even say that he is the apostle of this religion. All that which concerns his music he treats as with apostolic zeal and impulse; while other artists are contented if they have composed something fine, and indeed often lose all interest for their work as soon as it is finished, the great anxiety as to the child with Meyerbeer begins, on the

contrary, after its birth; he is not content till the creation of his intellect reveals itself in full brilliancy to others, till the whole public is edified by his music, till his opera has poured its sentiments into every heart—sentiments which he will preach to the whole world and communicate unto all mankind.¹ As the apostle heeded neither weariness nor pain to rescue a single lost soul, so Meyerbeer, when he hears that any one rejects his music, waylays him unweariedly until he is converted, and this one lost sheep, be it the soul of the smallest *feuilletoniste* or newspaper scribbler, is dearer to him than the whole flock of believers who revere him with orthodox faith.²

Music is the conviction of Meyerbeer, and that is perhaps the cause of all the deep anxieties and troubles of which the great master so often publicly proclaims, and which often cause us to smile. One should see him when he is preparing to bring out a new opera. Then he is the

¹ This instance of repetition is a mere trifle to one or two others which occur in this sermon on Meyerbeer, which superfluities I have charitably suppressed.—*Translator*.

² This was amusingly set forth in an article by some Parisian journalist, in which Meyerbeer was represented as being in despair and anxiety for a long time, and indifferent to all honours and applause, because he had found out that a fourth flutist or drummer in the orchestra had but an indifferent opinion of his merits as a composer.—*Translator*.

tormenting spirit of all the musicians and singers, whom he goads with incessant rehearsals. He is never, never contented. A single false note in the orchestra is the stab of a dagger in his heart, which he thinks is a death-wound. This anxiety torments him even after the opera has been sung and received with thunders of applause. He still worries and wearies over it; nor do I believe that he is at peace until some thousands of people who have heard and admired his opera have died and are buried. From these he has no cause to fear a change of opinion—their souls are secured to him.

On the day when his opera is to be brought out, God himself cannot content or pacify him. Should it rain and be cold, he fears lest *Mademoiselle Falcon* catch cold; but if the evening is fine and warm, then the pleasant weather will tempt people into the open air and away from the theatre, which will then be empty. Nothing is to be compared to the painful accuracy with which Meyerbeer corrects his proofs when his music is at last printed, and this has become proverbial among Parisian artists. But one should remember that music is dearer unto him than all on earth—yes, dearer far than is his life itself. When the cholera began to rage in Paris, I implored him to flee as soon as possible, but he had, as he averred, affairs which he

absolutely could not put off—he had to arrange with an Italian the Italian libretto for *Robert le Diable*.

And the *Huguenots* is, much more than *Robert le Diable*, a work of conviction both as regards subject and form. As I have observed, while the great multitude is carried away by the subject, the calmer observer admires the vast progress of art and the new forms which show themselves. According to the opinions of the most competent judges, all musicians who would write for the opera must first study the *Huguenots*. Meyerbeer has brought instrumentation farther than any one before him. His management of the choruses, which here speak like individuals and have abandoned operatic tradition, is unheard of. Since *Don Juan* there has been assuredly no greater phenomenon in the realm of music than that fourth act of the *Huguenots*, where, in the terribly affecting scene of the consecration of the swords—a blessing of the lust for murder—there is given a duet which surpasses what preceded it—a colossally daring effort, of which one would hardly have believed such an apprehensive genius capable, yet whose success awakens as much our delight as our astonishment. As for me, I believe that Meyerbeer did not solve this problem by means of art, but by natural methods, since that famous duet expresses a series of feel-

ings which were perhaps never before given in an opera, certainly never with such truthfulness, and yet for which the wildest sympathy flamed up in the souls of all of the present day. And I confess that my heart never beat so wildly at hearing any music as in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; and yet I gladly avoid this act and its terrible excitement, and listen with far greater pleasure to the second act. This is an idyll more abundant in intrinsic merit (*gehaltvolleres*), which in fascination and grace recalls the romantic comedies of Shakespeare, and which is yet, however, more like the *Aminta* of Tasso. And indeed among its roses of delight there lurks a gentle melancholy which recalls the ill-fated court-poet of Ferrara. It is more the yearning for joyous merriment than joy itself; it is no laughter from the heart, but a smile of the heart, a heart which is secretly sick and can only dream of health. How comes it that an artist who from his cradle onwards has had all the blood-sucking cares of life fanned away, who, born in the lap of wealth, was fondled and pampered by the whole family, who willingly, nay, enthusiastically indulged all his fancies, and who seemed more than any mortal artist to be born to good luck—how comes it that he experienced those stupendous sorrows which sigh and sob to us in his music? For what he has not felt himself, no

musician can utter so powerfully, so overwhelmingly. It is wonderful that the artist whose material wants are satisfied is the more intolerably tortured by moral afflictions; but it is fortunate for the public, which owes its most ideal joys to the artist's sufferings. The artist is that child of whom the fairy tale relates that all his tears are pearls. But oh! the cruel step-mother, the world, beats the poor child the more unmercifully to make it weep as many tears as possible.

It is generally declared that there are fewer melodies in the *Huguenots* than in *Robert le Diable*. This accusation is based on an error. "We do not see the forest for the leaves." Melody is here subordinate to harmony, and I have already intimated by a comparison with the purely human individual music of Rossini, in which the reverse is the case, that it is this predominance of harmony which characterises the music of Meyerbeer as a humanly inspired socially modern music. Melodies are not really wanting in it, but they do not obtrude themselves disturbingly prominent like rocks, or, as I may say, egoistically; they serve for the whole, and are disciplined, while with the Italians the melodies are isolated, I might almost say outlawed, and come out and show themselves like their famous bandits. One does not notice it. Many a

common soldier fights as bravely as (a Fra Diavolo) the single Calabrian robber and hero whose personal bravery would less surprise us if he fought in rank and file among regular troops. I will not on my life deny the rights of predominance to melody, but I must remark that in Italy we see the result of it in that indifference to the *ensemble* of an opera, or to the opera as a finished whole, and which expresses itself so naïvely that people in the boxes receive visits, talk without restraint, and perhaps play cards while no *bravuras* are being sung.

The predominance of harmony in the creations of Meyerbeer is perhaps a necessary consequence of his vast education or culture, which embraces the realm of thought and of things (*der Erscheinungen*). Treasures were spent on that education, and his intellect was receptive; he was at early age initiated into all branches of learning, and herein he differs from most musicians, whose brilliant ignorance is to a degree pardonable, because they generally lack means and time to acquire much knowledge out of their calling.¹

¹ "Kindly said and often pled." But how was it that the artists of all kinds, musicians included, of the Renaissance, who were quite as poor as those of the present day, or, in fact, all things considered, much poorer, contrived to educate themselves as they did? It certainly was not money alone which made a Lionardo da Vinci or Michael Angelo, a Benvenuto Cellini or

Erudition was to him nature, and the school of the world gave him the highest development; he belongs to that very limited class of Germans whom even France must recognise as a pattern of refinement and politeness (*Urbanität*). Such a height of culture was perhaps necessary to collect and put into shape with perfect confidence such a creation as the *Huguenots*. But did he not lose in other respects that which he gained in breadth of comprehension and clearness of perception? Culture destroys in the artist that accentuation, that vividness and sharpness of colour (*Schröffe Färbung*), that originality of thought, that directness of feeling which we admire so much in rudely limited, uncultivated natures.

Culture is always expensive, and little Blanka is in the right. She is about eight years old, and a daughter of Meyerbeer. One day she envied the idle leisure of the small boys and girls whom she saw playing in the street, and said, "What a pity that I have well-educated

Dürer or Salvator Rosa or Stradella. In fact, the majority of all the great earlier artists were men of vast and varied culture. It is said that all the genius of the present day is directed to engineering and finance. *Non possum hæc cedere*. It requires a very different kind of genius from that of a Stephenson to form a Raphael. But I leave this thorny question to others.—*Translator*.

parents! I must learn all kinds of things from morning to night by heart, and sit still and be good, while the ignorant children down there run round all day as happy as can be, amusing themselves!"¹

¹ Of this letter it may be truly said that Heine in it, as in many other papers, greatly overdoes the true mission or scope of art. Lessing in his *Laocoön* defined its limits, but although Heine praises the book, he never observed its precepts. The operas of *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots* were great operas, but they did not carry the deepest conviction to mankind at large as to politics, religion, and all the most vital interests of humanity. Instrumentation of fiddles and bass-drums is not the solution of social problems, nor a brilliant duo a discussion of moral principles. According to our author, Meyerbeer preaches sentiments "to the whole world and all mankind." When humanity has sunk so low that Lydian airs cause it to forget all else, it is degraded in strength or manliness. Music after all is but wind, and it would seem that no one can write a great deal about it, outside its true sphere, without becoming, as Heine does, extremely windy.—*Translator.*

TENTH LETTER.

WITH the exception of Meyerbeer, the Académie Royale de Musique has very few poets of sweet sounds (*Tondichter*) who are worth discussing in detail. And notwithstanding this, the French opera flourishes amazingly, or, to express myself more accurately, rejoices daily in large receipts. This condition of prosperity began six years ago, under the management of the famous Monsieur Veron, whose principles have since been applied by the new director, M. Duponchel, with the same result. I say principles, because, in fact, Veron had principles, the results of his researches in art and science; and just as he, while an apothecary, discovered an admirable remedy for coughs, so he as opera manager found an infallible cure for music. For he having discovered of himself that a melodramatic horse-play at Franconi's delighted him more than the best opera, he drew the conclusion that the public, for the greater part, had the same feelings, that most of them only went to the grand opera because other people did so (*aus Konvenienz*), and

only enjoyed themselves there when beautiful scenery, costumes, and dancing attracted their attention to such a degree that the bothered (*fatale*) music was not heard at all. So there occurred to the great Veron the genial idea to gratify the public taste for shows to such a degree that the music could no longer trouble them in the least, and that they should find as much amusement as at Franconi's. The great Veron and the great public understood one another. He knew how to make music harmless, and gave under the name of "opera" nothing but show-and-splendour pieces; while It—the public—could go with its wives and daughters as became genteelly cultured people, without being bored to death. America was discovered, the egg stood on end; the opera-house was crowded every night; Franconi was outbid and became bankrupt, while M. Veron became a wealthy man. The name of Veron will live for ever in the annals of music; he greatly adorned the temple of the goddess, while he turned her out of doors. Nothing can surpass the luxury which has got the upper hand (*überhand genommen*) in the grand opera—it is now the paradise of the deaf.

The present director follows the principles of his predecessor, though he presents personally the most amusingly sharp contrast to the former. Did you ever see M. Veron? It must have

often happened that you met on the Boulevard Coblence or in the Café de Paris this bulky caricature-like form, with a hat drawn deeply down on the head, which was entirely buried below in an immense white cravat, while the shirt-collars¹ rose above his ears so as to conceal a great scar, while very little of the red jolly face with its small blinking eyes is visible. In the full consciousness of his superior knowledge of mankind and of his success, he rolls about insolently at his ease, surrounded with a cortège of young, and here and there of older, dandies of literature, whom he usually treats to champagne, or beautiful dancing-girls. He is the god of sheer sensuous materialism, and his glance, sneering at all spirit or soul, cut to my heart painfully when I met him. It often seemed to me as if there crept from his eyes swarms of little sticky shining worms.

M. Duponchel is a lean, yellowish, pale man, who, if he has not a noble mien, is at least *distingué*, always sad, with a corpsely-bitter mien, so that somebody once called him correctly *un*

¹ *Vatermörder*, literally "parricides;" so called because a German student in the days when such collars were made very high, projecting, and sharply pointed, had his so fashionably cut and highly starched, that when, after a long absence, he ran to embrace his father, one of the ends of the "dicky" ran through the parent's neck and killed him.—*Translator*.

deuil perpetuel. From his personal appearance he might sooner be taken for the superintendent of Père la Chaise than the manager of the Grand Opera. He always reminds me of the melancholy court-fool of Louis XIII. This Knight of the Rueful Countenance is now the *maître de plaisir* of the Parisians, and I would like many a time to overhear him or read his soul when he, alone and at home, meditates new jests wherewith to delight his sovereign, the French people, when he with melancholy jester air shakes his sad head till the bells on his black cap ring as if sighing, while he colours for Mademoiselle Falcon the design of a new costume, or looks over the Red Book to see if Taglioni . . .¹ This book, which characterises the spirit of invention, and especially the mind itself, of the former manager, M. Veron, is certainly of practical utility. . . .

From the preceding remarks you will have comprehended the present value and significance of the French Grand Opera. It has made friends with the enemies of music, and as they have got into the Tuileries, so the prosperous citizens have forced their way into the Academy of Music,

¹ I here omit two pages of stupid nastiness, the perusal of which in the original I, however, earnestly commend to ladies who are of the opinion that "Heine is never vulgar."—*Translator*.

while the better class of society has left the field. The refined aristocracy, or the *élite* which distinguishes itself by rank, culture, birth, fashion, and leisure, fled to the Italian opera, to that musical oasis where the great nightingales of art still warble, where the fountains of melody ever ripple with magic murmurs, and the palm trees of beauty waft applause as with proudly-waving fans, while all around there is a wan sandy wilderness, a Sahara of music. Only here and there in this wilderness rise a few good concerts, which are a marvellous refreshment to the friends of the art of sweet sounds. To these belonged this winter the Sundays of the Conservatory, a few private soirées in the Rue de Bondy, and especially the concerts of Berlioz and Liszt. The two latter were indeed the most remarkable musical phenomena in the musical world; I say the most remarkable, not the most beautiful or delightful. From Berlioz we are soon to have an opera, the subject of which will be an episode from the life of Benvenuto Cellini, or the casting of the Perseus.¹ Something

¹ Within an hour, and while correcting this proof, I passed and paused before the Perseus itself in Florence, and recalled the marvellous tale of its casting. By odd coincidence Heine tells us in the *Reisebilder* (chap. vi. *Ideas*, vol. i. p. 299) that the same difficulty occurred in casting the bronze statue of the Elector Jan Wilhelm in Dusseldorf which happened in making the Perseus.

extraordinary is anticipated, because this composer has already given us extraordinary work. The direction of his mind is to the fantastic, not allied, however, to genial feeling (*Gemüth*), but to sentimentality. He greatly resembles Callot, Gozzi, and Hoffmann. His external appearance indicates this. It is a pity that he has had his hair cut, and so lost that stupendous, antediluvian *frisur* or bristling mane which fell over his brow like a forest over steep rocks. Thus he appeared when I saw him six years ago for the first time, and so will he ever remain fixed in my memory. It was in the Conservatoire de Musique, and there was given a great symphony by him, a bizarre nocturne, which was only lighted up now and then by a sentimental white feminine skirt which fluttered here and there, or by a brimstone yellow light of irony. The best thing in it is a Witches' Sabbath, in which the devil reads a mass, and the Catholic Church music is parodied with the most terrible and excruciating mockery. It is a farce in which all the mysterious, subtle serpents which we bear in our bosoms leap up hissing in rapture.

A young gentleman who sat by me in the box, who was talkative and lively, pointed out to me the composer, who sat at the extreme end of the hall, in a corner of the orchestra, and played on the kettledrum, for this is his instrument. "Do

you see in the front scene," asked my neighbour, "that plump young English lady? That is Miss Smithson, with whom Berlioz has been for three years dead in love, and we may thank this passion for the wild symphony which you now hear." And, truly enough, there in the front scene or proscenium-box sat the celebrated actress of Covent Garden Theatre, while Berlioz stared steadily at her alone, and when her glance met his, then he pounded away on his drum like mad. . . .

Since then Miss Smithson has become Madame Berlioz, and her husband has had his hair cut. When I this winter again heard his symphony, he again sat drumming in the background of the orchestra; the plump English lady was, as before, in the proscenium-box. Their glances met as before, but this time he did not at once attack so furiously the drum, nor bang thereon as he had done of yore.

Liszt is next by affinity to Berlioz, and he best knows how to execute his music. I need tell you nothing of his talent; his fame is European. He is beyond all question the artist who attracts in Paris the most boundless enthusiasm, and also the most zealous opposition, which is a significant sign that no one regards him with indifference. Without positive intrinsic merit or a something in him firm (*Gehalt*), no one can awaken in this

world either favourable passion nor its contrary. Fire is needed to inflame men, be it to hatred or love. What testifies best for Liszt is the full respect with which even his enemies regard his personal merits. He is a man of perverse and eccentric (*verschrobene*) but of noble character, unselfish, and without deceit. His intellectual tendencies are very remarkable; he has a great disposition for speculation, and the researches of the different schools which busy themselves with the solution of the great questions which embrace heaven and earth interest him even more than his art. He was for a long time an enthusiast for the beautiful Saint-Simonian view of the world; then he was lost in the mist of the spiritual, or rather the vapoury, views of Ballanche; now he is carried away by the Republican Catholic doctrines of Lamennais, who has placed the Jacobin cap on the cross! Heaven only knows in what stable he will find his next hobby! Yet this insatiable yearning for light and divine truth (*Gotttheit*) is always laudable, for it shows his longing for that which is holy and religious.¹

That such a restless head, which is irresistibly impelled into the whirl of all the needs and doctrines of the age, which feels the necessity of

¹ Liszt ended by becoming a Roman Catholic *abbé*.—*Translator*.

concerning itself with all the wants of mankind, and must needs stick its nose into every pot in which God is cooking the future—that Franz Liszt can be no docile piano-player for peaceable state citizens and good-natured dullards (*Schlafmützen*) is quite intelligible—that is evident enough. When he sits down to the piano, after he has stroked the hair from his forehead, and begins to improvise, then he often storms well-nigh too wildly over the ivory keys; then he rings out a wilderness of thoughts as high as heaven, in which here and there the sweetest flowers spread all around their rich perfume, so that one is at once tormented and enraptured, but chiefly tormented.

For I must confess to you, that much as I love Liszt, his music does not produce on my soul pleasant impressions, the more so because I also am a Sunday child, and see ghosts which others only hear; and, as you know, that at every chord which the hand strikes from the piano, the corresponding figure of sound (*Klangfigur*) leaps up in my spirit—in short, the music becomes visible to my inner sight. My very sense still seems to stagger when I recall a concert in which I heard Liszt play. It was given for the unfortunate Italians in the hôtel of that beautiful, noble, and suffering princess who so nobly represents her bodily and spiritual native lands, Italy

and Heaven. You have doubtless seen her in Paris, that ideal form, which is, however, only the prison in which the holiest angel's soul is confined, but this prison is so beautiful that every one stands amazed, and as if enchanted before it.

Well, it was in a concert for the benefit of the Italian sufferers that I last heard Liszt play during the past winter. I know not what, but I could have sworn that it was variations on themes from the Apocalypse. At first I could not distinctly see the four mystical beasts; I only heard their voices, especially the roar of the lion and the croak (*Krächzen*) of the eagle. But I saw very plainly the ox with the book in his hand. He played the Vale of Jehoshaphat best. There were barriers as at a tournament, and as spectators the races of the world, deadly pale and trembling, just risen from their graves, filled the stupendous space. First Satan galloped into the lists in black harness on a milk-white steed. Death rode slowly behind on the pale horse, and finally Christ appeared in golden armour on his black charger, and he with his lance bore Satan to earth, and then Death, and the audience applauded. A stormy roar of approbation rewarded the brave Liszt, who, wearied, left the piano and bowed to the ladies, while over the lips of the Fairest flitted that melancholy sweet smile which recalls Italy and makes one dream of heaven.

This concert had a very peculiar interest for the public. You know to satiety from the newspapers what a melancholy misunderstanding exists between Liszt and the Viennese pianist Thalberg, caused by an article written in the *Musical World* by the former against the latter, also what a part lurking enmity and greed for gossip played therein, as much to the disadvantage of the critic as of the criticised. While this scandalous quarrel was at its height, the two heroes of the day resolved to play one after the other in the same concert. Both laid aside their private feelings to aid in a benevolent object, and the public to whom they gave the opportunity to judge of and esteem their peculiar difference by actual comparison, repaid them amply by well-deserved applause.

In truth, one has only to compare the musical character of both to convince himself that it indicates as much mean malignity as narrow-mindedness to praise one at the expense of the other. As regards technical development or skill, they balance one the other, while as regards spiritual or mental character, no greater contrast can be imagined than that of the noble, full of soul, intelligent, calm, genially agreeable German—yes, Austrian Thalberg, and the wild, lightning-flashing, volcanic, heaven-storming Liszt.¹

¹ I never met Liszt, which I have always regretted, for we had both written books on the Gypsies at a time when there

The comparison of the two virtuosi is based on an error which once flourished in poetry—that is, in the so-called principle of difficulties overcome. But as it has since been discovered that the metrical form means something very different from merely exhibiting the artist's skill in language (*Sprachkünstlichkeit*), and that beautiful verses are not merely to be admired because the making them cost a great deal of labour, so it may be understood that when a musician can impart by his instrument all that which he or others may have felt and thought, it is all-sufficient, and that all the virtuoso *tours de force*, which only indicate difficulties mastered, shall be regarded as mere rubbish, and banished to

were very few Romany *ryes*. But I knew Thalberg very well, and was once for a long time at the same hotel with him. He impressed me as a very remarkable man, whom it would be difficult to really understand. He had unmistakably the manner peculiar to many great Germans, which, as I have elsewhere observed, is perceptible in the *maintien* and features of Goethe, Bismarck, and others. He gave the impression, which grew on me, of a man who well knew many things as well as piano-playing. He was dignified but affable. I remember that one day when he or some one remarked that his name was not a common one, I made him laugh by saying that it occurred in two pieces in an old German ballad—

“Ich that am *Berge* stehen
 Und schaute in das *Thal*,
 Da hab' ich sie gesehen
 Zum allerletzten mal.”—*Translator*.

the realm of jugglery, acrobatic tricks, swallowing of swords, balancing, and egg-dancing. It is enough that the musician have a perfect control of his instrument, that the merely material means shall be entirely lost sight of, and only the soul of music be felt. And since Kalkbrenner carried the art of *playing* to its highest perfection, pianists should not depend much on their technical dexterity. Only folly and malice could speak pedantically of the revolution which Thalberg has produced on his instrument. It was playing him an evil trick when, instead of praising the youthful beauty, tenderness, and fascination of his play, people represented him as a Columbus who had discovered an America on the piano, while others had with weary effort only played round the Cape of Good Hope, when they would refresh the public with musical spices. How Kalkbrenner must have laughed when he heard of the new discovery.

It would be unjust if I did not here mention a pianist who is most celebrated, next to Liszt. It is Chopin, who is not only brilliantly distinguished as a virtuoso by technical perfection, but who is equally as eminent as a composer.¹ He

¹ The following sentence, which was given in the first edition, and dropped from those succeeding, was restored in a note in that of 1876. I have placed it again, as I have others of the kind, in the text.—*Translator*.

can indeed be shown as an example that it does not content an extraordinary man to rival the first in his calling (*seines Faches*) in mere manual skill. Chopin is not satisfied that his hands, on account of their dexterity, shall be clapped by other hands; he strives for higher laurels; his fingers are but the servants of his soul, and that is applauded by people who hear not only with their ears, but also with their own souls. Chopin is the favourite of that *élite* who seek in music the most exquisite enjoyment of the soul. His fame is of aristocratic kind; he is perfumed with the praise of good society, and is himself as aristocratic as his person.

Chopin was born of French parents in Poland, and was partially educated in Germany. The influences of these three nationalities developed a very remarkable personality, since he has thus appropriated the best which is peculiar to the three nationalities. Poland gave him a chivalric soul and its historical suffering. France bestowed amiability and grace; Germany, a romantic depth of feeling. He received from Nature an elegant, tall, and spare form, with the noblest heart and genius. Yes, we must grant Chopin genius in the fullest sense of the word; he is not merely a virtuoso, he is also a poet; he can bring the poetry which lives in his soul to perception; he is a poet and creator of

tone,¹ and nothing can equal the pleasure which he causes us when he sits and improvises at the piano. Then he is neither Pole nor Frenchman nor German—he betrays a far higher, nobler origin; we then recognise that he comes from the land of Mozart, Raphael, and of Goethe—his true native land is the dream-realm of poetry. When he sits at the piano and improvises, I feel as if some fellow-countryman (*Landsmann*) from my

¹ *Tondichter*. *Ton*, signifying tone, sound, accent, tune, melody, &c., occasionally assumes in German a more musical and poetical meaning or association (as in *Tonkunst* or *Tonmeister*) than in English. There is absolutely no reason why we should not use it, or any other word, so as to express as much as its equivalent in German, &c., and we would probably do so but for the timidity of the great and semi-vulgar majority, and the undue respect accorded to petty tyrants of words and style, who, unable to write themselves, devote their small talents to teaching the world how to write and what to avoid, or how *not* to be original. In all of the works of such of these writers as are now great authorities, there is nowhere a recognition of the truth that language is only a material in the hands of man with which he can do just what he pleases, that the *Nibelungenlied* could have been written in Italian had there been the man to do it, and that Shakespeare would have been Shakespeare in any tongue. Language was made for man, not man for language, and it is wonderful that men, with innumerable hindrances and defects in their vehicle for expression, continue to persevere in ancient error. The genius of language is always presented to us as an eternal, inexorable, and utterly unchangeable Jehovah, when it is or should be only a ministering spirit, created, like those of the Cabalists, by the magicians whom they serve.—*Translator*.

loved home were relating to me the most singular things which had occurred during my absence. Many a time do I feel tempted to interrupt him with the questions: "And how is the beautiful water-fairy who used to bind her silver veil so coquettishly round her green locks? Does the white-bearded sea-god still persecute her with his foolish, faded love? Are our roses still as flamingly proud as ever? Do the trees sing as sweetly in the moonshine as in days of yore?"

Ah! I have lived for a long time now in foreign lands, and it often seems to me that with my fable-fancied home-sickness, I am like the Flying Dutchman and his shipmates, who were long rocked on the cold waves, and yearned, and all in vain, for the quiet quays, tulips, myfrows, clay pipes, and porcelain cups of Holland. "Amsterdam, Amsterdam! when shall we reach Amsterdam again?" they sighed in the storm, while the howling winds hurled them incessantly here and there on the accursed waves of their watery hell. I can well understand the suffering at heart with which the captain of the enchanted ship once said, "If I ever should arrive in Amsterdam, I would rather be there as a stone at a street corner than ever leave the city." Poor Vanderdecken!

I hope, my dearest friend, that these letters

will find you gay and happy in the rosy light of life, and that it will not happen to me as it did to the Flying Dutchman, whose letters are generally addressed to persons who died long ago, during his absence.

Ah ! how many of my loved ones have departed while my ship of life has been driven hither and thither by the evillest storms ! I feel giddy and dim of sight, and it seems to me as if the stars in heaven no longer stood still, and were flying here and there in wild, bewildering rings. I close my eyes, and then the maddest dreams seize me with their long arms, and draw me into undreamed-of places and terrible fears. . . . You have no idea, dear friend, how strange, and, as if in wild adventure, how marvellous are the landscapes which I see in vision, and withal what cruel sorrows pain me even in sleep. . . .

Last night I found myself in a vast cathedral. Over all was a dim twilight, save in the upper space, where, through the galleries which rose over the first row of columns, passed the flickering lights of a procession—the red-frocked choir-boys, bearers of immense wax-candles and standards, with crosses, brown monks and priests in many-coloured mass garments following behind. Then the procession went on marvellously and uncannily, as in a fairy tale, on and upwards into the height, climbing and winding round into the

dome ; while I down below flew here and there in the nave, an unhappy wife on my arm. I do not know what it was which terrified us, but we fled in heart-beating fear, seeking to hide ourselves behind the giant pillars ; but in vain, and we fled ever in greater dread, because the procession coming down the winding stairs drew nearer and nearer to us. . . .

. . . There was an incomprehensible, melancholy dirge, and what was stranger still, there walked before all a tall, pale, somewhat elderly woman, in whose face were the traces of great beauty, and who advanced to us with measured steps, almost like an opera-dancer. She bore in her hands a wreath of black flowers, which she extended to us with theatrical gestures, while a sincere and terrible suffering was apparent in her great, gleaming, and weeping eyes. . . .

. . . When all at once the scene changed, and instead of a gloomy cathedral, we found ourselves in a landscape where mountains were moving, and took every form and position like human beings ; where the trees seemed to burn with leaves of red flame, and burned indeed. For when the mountains, after the maddest caprices, all at once fell flat as the plain, then the trees flamed up and fell into dead ashes. . . . And at last I found myself all alone on a wide, waste plain—under my feet was nought save yellow sand, over

my head only a sad wan sky. I was all alone. My companion had vanished from my side, and while I anxiously sought her, I found in the sand the statue of a woman, wondrous fair, but with one arm broken away, as in the Venus of Milo, and the marble was in many places sadly weather-worn. I stood some time before it in sorrowful reflection, until at length some one came riding by. And the rider was a great bird, an ostrich, and he, riding on a camel, was a droll sight, and we had a long conversation together, all on art.

"What is art?" I asked.

"Ask the great stone Sphynx, which is in the first hall of the Museum of Paris," he replied.

My dear friend, do not laugh at my night's adventures. Or have you a work-day, week-day prejudice against dreams?

To-morrow I leave for Paris. Fare you well!¹

¹ The conclusion of this letter is a wild yet graceful grotesque, "one-half meaning and two-thirds mystery," suggested to our poet firstly by Chopin and Poland, which led his mind back to his own Schnabelenopski, and thence to the dream in it—an unrivalled *fantasiestück*—which he here reproduces in spirit, though not at all by the letter. And "as centuries speak to centuries far apart, visioned in the mind of the Eternal One," so dream calls to dream and renews itself therein across the wide fields of our waking hours. That art is an inexhaustible mystery has been marvellously set forth by Albert Dürer, quite in the spirit of this dream, in his etching of *Malinchoia*.—*Translator*.

GEORGE SAND:

A SUPPLEMENT.

PARIS, April 30, 1840.

YESTERDAY evening, after long waiting, or almost two months of delay, by which not only the curiosity, but also the patience, of the public were over-excited, the drama of *Cosima*, by George Sand, was brought out at the Théâtre Français. The heat and crowd were intolerable, as may be supposed, since for several weeks all the notabilities of the capital, or everybody who is distinguished by rank, birth, talent, vice, wealth, in short, by distinction of any kind, took pains to attend this play. The fame of the author is so great that the desire to see or curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch; but there were also other interests and passions involved as well as this desire. We knew beforehand the cabals, the intrigues, the spiteful malice which had conspired against the play and made common cause with the lowest professional envy and jealousy.



George Sany

The bold author, who had by his romances so deeply offended the aristocracy and the middle class, was to be made to suffer and expiate publicly on this occasion of producing a drama for his "irreligious and immoral principles;" for, as I wrote to you to-day,¹ the French nobility regards religion as a defence against the approaching horrors of Republicanism, and protects it to enhance its own dignity and keep its own head secure, while the *bourgeoisie* see their own vulgar heads threatened by the anti-matrimonial doctrines of George Sand—that is, threatened by a certain decoration of horns, which a Garde Nationale dreads as much as he desires that of the cross of the Legion d'Honneur.

The author had perfectly understood his² precarious position, and avoided in his play everything which could offend the noble knights as regarded religion, the morals of the citizen squires, the policy and marriage of the Legitimists;³ for this champion of social revolution, who had dared the wildest in his writings, had imposed the tamest limits of moderation on himself, his immediate aim being not to

¹ *Vide* the previous letter of April 30, 1840 (*Lutetia*).

² *Der Autor*. George Sand, although a woman, is here spoken of as a man, in accordance with her masculine *nom de plume*.

³ French version—"Et des legitimistes du mariage quand même."

proclaim his principles, but to get a position on the stage. The possibility of his success in this excited great apprehension among certain small folk, to whom all the religious, political, or moral differences to which I refer are of no consequence whatever, but who are all the more moved by the meanest envies, jealousies, and rivalry of a mere spirit of trade. These are the *soi-disant* dramatic authors, who form, as with us in Germany, a class by themselves, and who have nothing to do with real literature, and as little with the distinguished authors who form the glory of the nation. The latter, with a few exceptions, abstain from the theatre, but for different reasons. In Germany they do so with an aristocratic scorn of the stage, while in France they would like with all their hearts to be there admitted, but are repulsed by the dramatic poets already mentioned from the field. And, indeed, one cannot be altogether angry with these wretched little devils for defending themselves as much as possible against the invasion of the great. "What do you want here among us?" they cry. "Stay at home in your literature, and do not crowd us away from our soup-pots! Fame for you and money for us. For you the long articles full of admiration and of praise, the recognition of genius, and of high criticism which takes no notice of us poor rascals. For you the laurel, and for us the roast!

For you the intoxication of poetry, for us the foam of champagne, which we swig (*schlurfen*) joyfully in the company of *chefs de la claque* and the most respectable ladies. We eat, drink, are applauded, hissed, and forgotten, while you are praised in the *Review of Two Worlds* and are starved up to the sublimest immortality.”¹

In truth, the theatre supplies to such writers a brilliant prosperity; most of them become rich and live in pleasant plenty, while the great authors of France, ruined by Belgian reprints or piracies, as well as the wretched condition of the book-trade, starve in comfortless poverty. What is more natural than that they should often long for the golden fruits which ripen behind the lamps of the stage world, and sometimes stretch out their hands to seize them, as lately happened to Balzac,² who atoned so sadly for his wish. As there exists in Germany a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, between the men of mediocre talent who supply the theatres with their works, so we find the same in an even more repulsive form in Paris, where all this evil is concentrated. And here, too, these petty people are so active, so clever, so unwearied in their strife against the

¹ The reference to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is omitted in the French version.—*Translator*.

² French version—“Comme le fit dernièrement mon pauvre ami Balzac à qui cette tentative coûta si cher !”

great, and especially in that against genius, which is always alone in life, and also somewhat unskilful or inapt—and between us, in confidence, a little too much given to idle dreaming.¹

Well, then, what was the reception given to the drama of George Sand, the greatest writer whom France has produced since the Revolution of July—that strange and solitary genius who has been appreciated and honoured even by us in Germany? Was it definitely bad or doubtfully good? Honourably confessed, I cannot answer the question. The respect for a great name perhaps neutralised many an evil intent. I expected the worst. All the enemies of the author met in rendezvous in the immense hall of the Théâtre Français, which will contain more than two thousand people. The administration had given the author about one hundred and forty tickets to distribute among his friends, but I believe that owing to feminine fancies very few of these fell into applauding hands. There was actually no organised *claque* whatever; the ordinary chief of this association had offered his service, but was not listened to by the proud author of *Leila*. The so-called Romans,² who are accustomed to applaud so valiantly when anything by Scribe or

¹ *Traumerisch träge*—dreamily lazy, or inefficient.

² French version—"Les nobles chevaliers du lustre."

Ancelot is given, were invisible yesterday evening in the Théâtre Français.¹

The testimonials of applause, which were frequent and sufficiently enthusiastic, were therefore the more honourable. During the fifth act a few murmurs were heard, and yet this act contains far more dramatic and poetic beauties than those preceding it, in which the effort to avoid all that is repulsive almost results in an uncomfortable timidity.

I will here pass no judgment on the merit of the play. It is enough that the author is George Sand, and that the work will, in a printed form, be submitted to the criticism of all Europe. That is an advantage which great reputations enjoy; they are judged by a jury which is not led astray by a few literary eunuchs, who let their piping voices be heard from the corner of a theatrical pit or a newspaper.

As regards the acting, I regret to say that it was all of the worst. With the exception of the celebrated Madame Dorval, who played yesterday no worse, but certainly not the least better than usual, all the actors displayed a monotonous mediocrity. The hero of the piece, a Monsieur Beauvallet, played, to use a Biblical expression, "like a pig with a gold ring in his nose."

¹ The two following paragraphs are omitted in the French version.

George Sand seemed to have foreseen how little his drama, despite all the concessions which were made to the caprices of the actors, had to hope from their mimetic aid (*mimischen Leistungen*), and in conversation with a German friend he said in jest, "Voyez-vous, the French are all born comedians, and every one plays in the world his part, more or less brilliantly; but those among my compatriots who have the least talent for the noble dramatic art devote themselves to the theatre and become actors."

I have ere this remarked that public life in France, or the representative system and political life, absorb the best dramatic talents of the French, and that therefore only mediocre talent is to be found in the real theatres. But this is only applicable to men, not to the women, for the French stage is rich in actresses of the highest merit, and the present generation surpasses in this perhaps the last. We admire among them very great or extraordinary talents which have developed themselves so much the more in this field since women, by most unjust legislation and by the usurpation of men, are excluded from all political offices and dignities, and cannot make their capacities available on the boards of the Palais Bourbon or of the Luxembourg. It is only in the public-houses of art and gallantry that they can indulge their

passion for public manifestation ;¹ therefore they become actresses or *lorettes*, or perhaps both together, for here in France the two callings are not so distinct one from the other as with us in Germany, where actors are often people of the best reputation, and not infrequently distinguish themselves by excellent citizen-like conduct. Nor are they driven by public opinion, like pariahs, out of society, and they often find a welcome in the homes of the nobility, in the soirées of tolerant Jewish bankers, and even in some honest irreputable *bourgeois* families. Yet here in France, where so many prejudices have been extirpated, the anathema of the Church is still in force as regards actors ; they are still regarded as outcasts ; and as human beings always become worse the worse they are treated, actors here, with a few exceptions, are still in their ancient condition of a brilliantly and beautifully dirty gypsydom or Bohemianism. Thalia and Virtue seldom sleep here in the same bed, and even our most famed Melpomene sometimes descends from the buskin to exchange it for the merrily disreputable little slipper of a Philene.²

¹ *Offentlichkeit*. French version—"Où elles puissent donner carrière à l'exubérance de leurs talents mimiques."

² French version—"Pour l'échanger contre les provoquantes mules dont Goethe chaussait la gentille coquine de Philine dans son roman *Wilhelm Meister*."

All pretty actresses here have their fixed price, and those who are not *à prix fixé* are indubitably the dearest. Nearly all the young ones are kept by spendthrifts or rich parvenus. On the other hand, the real *femmes entretenues* have the greatest longing to appear on the stage, a desire in which vanity and pecuniary interest combine, since they can there best exhibit their corporeal attractions, be observed by distinguished debauchees, and also be admired by the mass of the public. These persons, who are specially seen playing in the smaller theatres, generally receive no salaries; on the contrary, they pay the manager monthly a certain sum for the privilege of appearing on his stage.

Therefore no one knows exactly here where the actress and the courtesan change their parts, or where comedy ceases and sweet nature begins, and where the five-footed iambus passes into four-footed debauchery.¹ These amphibia of art and vice, these Melusinas of the banks of the Seine, form beyond all doubt the most dangerous body

¹ French version—"Et on la pathétique alexandrine de six pieds se perd dans la débauche quadrupède." There are really two Mercurial serpents in this sentence, one of the alexandrine, "which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," and another wily little *anguis in herba* in the quadrupedal allusion, for which Heine was indebted to a work which I cannot remember to have ever heard quoted in any pulpit.—*Translator*.

of *la galante Lutèce*, in which so many charming monsters have their being.

Woe to the inexperienced youth who falls into their nets! Woe also to the man of experience, who well knows that the dear beautiful beast ends in a terrible fish-tail, and yet cannot resist her fascinating sorcery. It may be that it is by the voluptuous stimulus of a secret inner fear, by the fearful fascination of the delightful damnation, the rapturous abyss, that he is the more certainly ruined.

The women here spoken of are not wicked or treacherous; they have indeed usually extraordinarily kind hearts; nor are they so deceitful or avaricious as is generally supposed; they are often the most true-hearted and generous creatures; all of their impure acts are caused by actual pressing want, dire need, and vanity; they are not really any worse than the other daughters of Eve, who from childhood upwards have been protected by prosperity, the careful watch of relations—*la surveillance de leur famille*—or by good fortune, from the first fall, and after deeper falls.

What is characteristic in the *lorette* is a certain mania for *destruction* by which they are possessed, not merely to the detriment of a chance gallant, but to the ruin of the man whom they really love, and most of all to their own.

This rage for ruining is deeply entwined with a passion, a rage, a madness for rapturous enjoyment, the pleasure of the moment, which leaves no day of rest, thinks of no to-morrow, which ridicules all reflection and scorns every scruple. They tear from their lover his last son, they inveigle him into pledging and compromising all his future life, merely that they may enjoy the fleeting hour; they drive him into wasting those resources by which they themselves might subsequently have profited; they are often guilty in causing him to be dishonoured; in short, they ruin their lovers in the most horrible hurry, and with fearful thoroughness. Montesquieu has somewhere in his *Esprit des Lois* sought to characterise despotism by comparing despots to those savages who, when they would enjoy the fruit of a tree, grasp the axe, fell the tree, and then sitting down by the trunk, devour their booty in headlong haste. I would make application of this to these ladies. After Shakespeare, who in Cleopatra—whom I once called a *reine entretenue* or “kept queen”—has given us a profoundly deep example of such women, our friend Honoré de Balzac is the one who has sketched them with the greatest skill. He describes them as a natural historian describes any kind of animal, or as a pathologist would a disease, without any moralising aim, without prepossession or pre-

judice. It certainly never occurred to him to either embellish or to rehabilitate, for either would have been as contrary to art as to morals.

I was about to say that George Sand's method of proceeding is quite different, since this writer has ever before his eyes a determined direction which he (*er*) pursues in all his works, and I was about to say that I do not approve of this tendency; but it just occurs to me, and seasonably, that such remarks would be very inappropriate at a time when all the enemies of the author of *Leila* are making chorus against her (*wider sie*). *Mais que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?* Does she not know that any one can buy a penny-whistle for a sou, and that the poorest simpleton is a virtuoso on this instrument? We have seen people many a time and oft who whistled with a Paganini's skill. . . .¹

¹ What is as contrary to art as to morals in Heine, Balzac, and, since their time, in perhaps a thousand other literary panders to prurient tastes, is the *writing* about such women at all, and the constant effort to depict them as something "so very peculiar," the result having been to make them, so to speak, exaggerate themselves after literary models. The *lorette* is just what any woman is anywhere who is very familiar with many very dissipated, selfish, and worldly-minded men, and as such men with much money are more abundant in Paris, the great brothel of Europe, than elsewhere, the *lorette* naturally conforms to them. As these courtesans are mostly very slightly educated, and have nearly all sprung from the *basse bourgeoisie*, who are the most money-loving, griping Christians in the world,

their avarice is early nature, while everything in what they see of "society" prompts them to ostentation and extravagance. In all of which they are quite like ordinary women anywhere. Neither the comments of Heine nor of Balzac are free from *niaiserie*; they do not seem to have come from cosmopolites, or rather they seem to be *pièces de manufacture*, made for coarse verdant provincials. Why all this disquisition on social evils is associated with George Sand will appear plain to any one who will read what is said of this lady in *The Englishman in Paris* (Leipzig: Heinemann & Balestier), a work which contains much that is very interesting relative to many persons or topics which are mentioned in this series by Heine. The remarks in this chapter suggest indeed a very interesting subject which requires a paper by some critic. It is the fact that a vast number of such writers as Heine and Balzac, in order to obtain characters, to a great degree really manufacture them by describing personal traits much too vividly and with too much colour. In short, they, by *cutting in* too deeply, bring out into *alto rilievo* that which is by nature only an outline. It is a peculiar trait of provincials or outsiders to be extremely inquisitive as to the manner of living and thinking of all classes not directly known to them, and to surmise in them marvellous mysteries. Sometimes the class in question *follows* instead of preceding the description. Thus Messrs. Du Maurier and Sir A. Sullivan may be said to have really depicted and sung the aesthetes of the Cimabue Brown set into existence.—*Translator.*

II.

A LATER NOTICE (1854).

NEWSPAPER articles on the first representation of a drama, especially where much curiosity or interest is excited by the name of a celebrated author, should be written and published as rapidly as possible, lest malicious false judgments or slanderous gossip should gain precedence. There was wanting in the preceding pages that more intimate or personal description of the poet, or rather poetess, who here made her first venture on the stage—a venture which completely failed, so that the brow so accustomed to laurels was this time crowned with very painful thorns. What was wanting in the former letter will now be supplied in this by certain remarks as to the person, or rather the personal appearance, of George Sand, extracted from a monograph written some years ago.¹ They are as follows:—

¹ French version—"Je communiquerai ici quelques remarques sur la personne de George Sand, remarques fugitives et

"As is very generally known, George Sand is a pseudonym, the *nom de guerre* of a beautiful amazon. What induced her to take this name was by no means a memory of the unfortunate Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue—the only German writer of (good) comedies.¹ Our heroine chose this name because it is the first syllable of Sandeau, who was her lover or *premier cavalier servente*. He was an excellent writer, but he could never make himself as distinguished with all his name as she did with the half of it, which she seized ere she fled laughing away from him.

The real name of George Sand is Aurora Dudevant, as her legitimate husband was called, who, by the way, is not a myth, but a nobleman in the body from the province Berry,² and whom I once had the pleasure of beholding with my own eyes. I even saw him by his lately *de facto* divorced wife in her small lodging on the

perisées, au hasard dans une monographie que j'ai écrite il y a plusieurs années."

¹ I once knew an old German itinerant musician, who with his daughter was to be heard every day for years performing on a certain steamboat between New York and Philadelphia. He was from the same town as Sand, and had known him very well. He described him as a quiet, respectable youth, and the last person on earth whom any one would suppose would become a heroic murderer.—*Translator*.

² French version—"Un gentilhomme en chair et os de la province du Berry."

Quai Voltaire, and that I really did behold him then and there was such a remarkable occurrence, that, as Chamisso says, for it I might have let myself be shown for money. He had an inexpressive Philistine face, and seemed to be neither bad-hearted nor rude, but I readily understood that this damp-cold *every-dailiness*, this porcelain glance, these monotonous Chinese-pagoda movements,¹ might be amusing enough for a commonplace woman, yet become in time insupportable (*sehr unheimlich*) to a woman of deeper soul, and that at last she would be inspired with a terror and horror which could not fail to make her flee from him.²

The family name of George Sand is Dupin. She is the daughter of a man of inferior condition,³ whose mother was the famous but now

¹ This is not the only place in which Heine confounds a pagoda with an image of Joss or Buddha, an image with a nodding head.—*Translator*.

² French version—"Et ne pouvaient manquer de la remplir à la fin d'horreur et d'épouvante, au point de la faire se sauver à tout prix de cet enfer matrimoniale." This is pitched an octave higher than the German. But to judge by all accounts, Aurora would have gaily broke at dawn, or run away early some fine morning from any husband, "or any other man," who ever lived, "after the gloss of novelty had vanished," or he had ceased to be useful to her.—*Translator*.

³ "Elle est la fille d'un militaire, dont la mère était la fille naturelle d'une danseuse jadis célèbre . . . lui-même fut un des quatre cents batards qu'avait laissés le Prince Electeur." To

forgotten danseuse Dupin. This Mademoiselle Dupin was a natural daughter of Marshal Maurice of Saxony, who himself was one of the many hundred bastards left by the Prince Elector August the Strong. The mother of Maurice of Saxony was Aurora von Königsmark, and Aurora Dudevant, who was named after her grandmother, also gave the name Maurice to her son. This son and a daughter named Solange, married to the sculptor Clessinger, are the two only children of George Sand. She was always an admirable mother. I have often been present for hours at the lessons in French which she gave her children, and it is a pity that the whole French Academy could not also have been there, for they would certainly have profited much by it.

George Sand, the great writer,¹ is also a beautiful woman—she is even a very distinguished beauty. Her face, like the genius manifested in her works, is more beautiful than interesting, that which is most interesting is always a graceful or *spirituelle* departure from the type of the beautiful, and the features of George

which illustrious pedigree may be added the words, "Bon sang ne peut mentir,"—"Blood will tell,"—and George Sand was full-blooded and a thoroughbred.—*Translator.*

¹ French version—"La plus grand écrivain de France." An extravagantly undeserved compliment.—*Translator.*

Sand have a Greek regularity. Their cut, however, is not of classic severity (*nicht schroff*), and it is softened by a sentimentalism which is spread over them like a veil of sorrow. Her forehead is not high, and her beautiful chestnut-brown hair, parted in the centre, flows down over it to her shoulders. Her eyes are somewhat dull, and their fire has perhaps been drowned in many tears, or else passed into her works, which have thrown firebrands over the world and lighted many a dreary prison-house, but perhaps also inflamed many a quiet temple of innocence to its destruction.¹ The author of *Leila* has calm soft eyes, which remind us neither of Sodom nor Gomorrah. She has neither an emancipated eagle nose nor a witty snubbed one; it is simply an ordinary straight nose. A good-natured smile usually plays about her mouth, yet it is not very attractive; her lower lip, which hangs somewhat, indicates exhausted sensuality. Her chin is full, yet beautifully formed, her shoulders beautiful, even magnificent, as are the arms, and also the hands, which are, like her feet, extremely small. As for the charms of her bosom, other contemporaries may describe them; I here con-

¹ French version—"Repandu leur flammes brulantes par tout l'univers et embrasé tant de têtes de femmes; on les accuse d'avoir causé de terribles incendies."

fess my incompetence to do so. The general form of her person seems to be too heavy, or at least too short. Only her head bears the stamp of ideality—*le cachet de l'idéal*—it reminds us of the noblest remains of Greek art ; and as regards it, one of my friends is right in comparing this beautiful woman to the marble statue of the Venus of Milo, which is placed in the lower hall of the Louvre, but she surpasses it in many respects, as, for example, in being much younger. The physiognomists who declare that the character of a man is most infallibly expressed by his voice would be puzzled to detect the extraordinary depth of feeling in George Sand from hers. For it is flat and dull (*welk*), without ring or chime, and yet soft and agreeable. Yet the natural expression of her conversation gives it a great charm. She has no gift for song ; not a trace of it shows itself. George Sand sings at best with the *bravura* of a pretty grisette who has not as yet had her breakfast, or who is otherwise out of tune.

George Sand shines also as little in conversation as by her voice. She has nothing of the sparkling wit—*esprit pétillant*—of her French fellow-countrywomen, but also nothing of their chattering. But this taciturnity is caused neither by modesty nor by sympathetic interest in the speech of another. That she speaks in mono-

syllables is due either to pride, because she does not think it worth while to waste words on you, or out of selfish interest in trying to note your ideas, so that she may work them up some time in her writings. Alfred de Musset once called my attention to the fact that George Sand understands perfectly, out of sheer greed, how to give nothing in conversation and get as much as possible. "And in that she has a great advantage over all the rest of us," said Musset, who, in his capacity of several years' service as *cavalière servente* of the lady, had had the best opportunities to learn her thoroughly.

George Sand never says anything witty, and is indeed one of the unwittiest Frenchwomen.¹ When others speak, she listens with an amiable, and often a strange smile, but the thoughts which she has taken in and worked over go forth from the alembic of her soul in a far more precious form. She is a very highly finished and refined listener, and she willingly takes advice from her friends.

¹ Our author might here have applied, with some truth and more grace, that which Voltaire said of Gabrielle de Breteuil, Marquise du Chatelet, "De toutes les femmes qui ont illustré la France, c'est celle qui a eu le plus de véritable esprit, et qui a moins affecté le bel esprit." George Sand at least did not affect brilliancy; she had other people to do such work for her.

—Translator.

Owing to the very uncanonical or freethinking direction of her mind, she has, as may be supposed, no father-confessor; but as even the most emancipated of women must always have a male guide, a masculine authority, so George Sand has also a literary *directeur de conscience*, the philosophical Capucin, Pierre Leroux. This has an evil influence on her talent, for he leads her into obscure drivelling and half-fledged ideas, instead of yielding to the serene delight of creating brightly-coloured and accurately-designed forms, and to practise art for the sake of art. George Sand had, however, invested our dearly beloved Frederic Chopin with much more secular functions. This great musician and pianist was for a long time her *cavalière servente*. Some time before his death she dismissed him; it is true that of late his office had become a sinecure.¹

I do not know how it came to pass that my friend Heinrich Laube once attributed to me in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* an assertion to the effect that the great and genial Franz Liszt had, during his residence in Paris, been the lover of George

¹ French version—"George Sand avait investi d'une dignité plus mondaine auprès de sa personne notre bien-aimé ami Frédéric Chopin. Ce grand compositeur et pianiste fut pendant quinze ans son *cavalière servente* le plus féal et le plus chevaleresque; quelque temps avant sa mort, il fut remercié pour raisons qui me sont inconnues."





Sand. I avail myself of this opportunity to do a real service to the good, or rather to the æsthetic, reputation of the lady, by assuring my German fellow-countrymen of Vienna and Prague that it is also one of the vilest slanders, which is there disseminated by one of the wretchedest composers of songs in the most abominable dialect—a nameless creeping insect—to the effect that *he* too has been in the most intimate relation with George Sand. Women have, it is true, often the strangest fancies, and there are even some who eat spiders, but I never heard of one who devoured *punaises*. No, Leila never had a fancy for any such boastful insect; and if she tolerated him at times near her, it was because he was so forward.

Alfred de Musset was for a long time, as I have said, the heart's best friend of George Sand. It was a strange chance that the greatest poet in prose whom the French possess, and the first of their now living poets in verse, or certainly the greatest after Beranger for a long time, linked in burning, passionate love, formed a pair crowned with laurels.¹ George Sand in prose and Alfred

¹ The German Editor states that in the original MS. this paragraph is given as follows:—

“In fact, as George Sand surpasses in prose all other belle-tristic authors in France, so is Alfred Musset there the greatest *poète lyrique*. After him comes Beranger. Victor Hugo, the

de Musset in verse surpass indeed the so-much-praised Victor Hugo, who, with his fearfully stiff-necked and almost stupid obstinacy, has made the French, and finally himself, believe that he is the greatest poet in France. Is this really his own fixed idea? Assuredly it is not mine. Strange! the faculty which is most wanting in him is just that which the French most esteem, and which is one of their most charming attributes—I mean taste. And as the French find it in all their other authors, it may be that the utter want of it in Victor Hugo appears to them as originality. But what we miss most, and tolerate least in him, is that which we Germans call nature. He is forced and false (*gemacht, verlogen*), and often in the same verse one half gives the lie to the other. He is through and through cold, just as witches say that the devil is; even in his most passionate outpouring his inspiration is only a phantasm, a calculation without love, or rather he has only love for himself—he is an egoist, or what is far worse, a Hugoist. We see

third great lyricist, who would fain rival both, is very far behind the two, whose verses are so beautifully distinguished by truth, harmony, and grace. It is indeed generally recognised that Victor Hugo is very deficient as regards these qualities. He wants *taste*, which is so universal among the French that they perhaps regard his want of it as originality; he is wanting in that which we Germans call nature."

in him more hardness than strength, an impudent brow of iron, and, with all the wealth of imagination and of wit, there is still the clumsiness of a parvenu, or of a savage who makes himself ridiculous by excessive and inappropriate application of gold and jewels; in short, baroque barbarism, screeching dissonance, and horrible deformity. Some one has said of the genius of Victor Hugo, "C'est un beau bossu!" The expression is more deeply significant than those imagine who praise Hugo's excellence.

In saying this, I do not merely allude to the fact that in his romances and dramas his heroes are humpbacked, but that he himself is thus intellectually afflicted and burdened. According to our modern German doctrine, called that of the Identity, it is a law of nature that the inner spiritual *signature* or character of a man corresponds to his external or bodily form. I had this idea in my head when I came to France, and I one day declared to my publisher, Eugène Renduel, who was also publisher for Hugo, that I, according to my preconceived idea, had not found in the latter a man with a hump. "Oh, his deformity is not visible," remarked M. Renduel unreflectingly. "What!" I cried, "is he not then free from it?" "Well, not quite," was the hesitating reply; and then, after much urging, friend Renduel confessed that he one morning

surprised Victor Hugo just at the instant when the latter was changing his shirt, and observed that one of his hips—I believe it was the right—grew out or protruded owing to malformation (*misswuchsig hervortretend sei*), as among people of whom the vulgar say they have a bump or hump they know not where.¹ The multitude, in their shrewd and natural manner of speaking, call such men half-humpbacks, or cripples who have just missed it,² just as they call albinos white negroes. It is remarkable that it was the publisher of the poet from whom that deformity was not concealed. “No one is a hero to his valet,” says the proverb, and even the greatest poet will not always seem one to his publisher, the lurking chamberlain of his intellect; they see us too often in our most human *négligé*. At any rate, I was much de-

¹ *Buckel*. Such a man, short and compact, is in America a *bucket*. There is a German popular song, the refrain of which is “Mit dem Buckel.” The word *Buckel* (and *bucken*, to bend, bow, emboss), allied to *buckle* in English, is used to signify curving out or bossing, as in sheet-metal work, the filling of a sail by the wind, or the bending of a stick, *e.g.*—

“And every yard did buckle up
Like to a bending bow.”

—*Slaver's Song*.

² *Verfehlte Bucklichte, falsche Buckelmenschen*. French—“Des bossus manqués, de faux bossus.”—*Translator*.

lighted and amused (*ergötzte ich mich sehr*) with Renduel's discovery, for it confirmed the principle of my German philosophy that the body is the visible spirit, and that our mental defects reveal themselves in our corporal conformation. I must, however, distinctly defend myself against the erroneous assumption that the contrary must also be the case, that is, that the body of man is always his visible soul, and that every external defect argues an inward vice. No ; we have often found in crippled outward forms the most beautiful and erect souls, which is the more intelligible because bodily deformities are generally the result of a physical cause, and not infrequently that of some neglect or illness after birth. But the deformity of the soul comes with us into the world, and so it happens that the French poet, with and in whom all is false, has also a false hump.

We can make the judgment of the works of George Sand easy and intelligible by saying that they form the most decided contrast to those of Victor Hugo. George Sand has all that is wanting in him ; she has truth, nature, taste, beauty, and enthusiasm, and all these qualities are bound together by the strictest harmony. Her genius has the most beautifully rounded hips, and all that she feels and thinks breathes deep feeling and tenderness (*Tiefsinn und Anmuth*). Her

style is a revelation of melody and purity of form. As for the material of her descriptions or their subjects, which may not unfrequently be called bad subjects (*mauvais sujets*), I here abstain from all comment, and leave the subject to her enemies—"à la discussion de ses ennemis vertueux et quelque peu jaloux de ses succès immoraux."

These letters on George Sand are of very great interest, not to say value, from a twofold point of view. The personal description of the lady is so accurate and vivid as to suggest a perfect written photograph, while the many scattered remarks as to her intellectual capacities and associates, family, and habits, supply admirable colour to the picture. That Heine, in these papers, shows himself at his best and his worst, brilliant as a writer, and naïvely vulgar and vindictive in attacking an enemy, is also worthy of consideration; for it must never be forgotten that it is as a union of startling incongruities that our author is, if not great, at least peculiar, and far beyond any other of his kind.

But that in which these remarks on George Sand are very valuable is the light which they cast on the strange and mysterious problem as to the degree in which she was an *original* writer. In this Heine is quite unconscious, and reminds us of the eagles in Sinbad's tale, who carried, as they thought, pieces of meat over the mountains, never observing the diamonds which stuck to them. In the first place, I would observe that there is no writer known to me in any literature in whose works there are such marked and absolutely incomprehensible differences as in those of Madame Dudevant, both as regards subject and

style. Some years ago I saw an exhibition of pictures by a very well-known actress and artist of all kinds, and the conclusion which I drew from it was, that if she had really painted all which bore her name, she had as many finished styles as pictures, and surpassed in versatility, I will not say Horace Vernet, but any other hero of the brush who ever lived. And this exhibition reminded me also of George Sand's works. There are in *Consuelo* not merely passages and pages, but incidents and small or great peculiarities, which unmistakably betray not merely the aid, but the direct work of some Slavonian German, and as decidedly of a *man* at that. It was in 1848-49 that I discovered in one of the most forgotten of old German novels, *Der letzte Taborit* ("The Last of the Taborites"), by Herlossohn, the author of "When the Swallows Homewards Fly," the outlines of the plot of *Consuelo*, with the names of the principal characters, &c. This is, however, a trifle compared to what is infinitely deeper and more incomprehensible in it, and that is the *intimate* knowledge of old forgotten Bohemian or Czech heresies, obscure superstitions, literature, and the like. I was at the time deeply absorbed in studying Bohemian, and I soon found that there had been two authors at work in the book, and that the master-mind was certainly not that of a French woman. But how much was I confirmed in this when I turned to *Indiana* and other works in which there are no indications whatever of the deeply mystical, uncanny, pantheistic heretical spirit nurtured on German metaphysics and *occulta*, which lurks like an awful spirit in *Consuelo* alone. There is perhaps no instance in literature of a mind of this peculiar kind throwing aside its every characteristic, and subsequently writing very shallow sentimental works such as those which are known to be by its *soi-disant* author; and Heine tells us that Madame Dudevant was always on the watch to appropriate every stray idea from

other people, and was never without a man of intellect to aid her—i.e., to give her ideas, revise her MSS., probably to do everything for her, including writing. It was said of a very distinguished artist for a comic weekly in Paris that he had one man to draw his pictures for him and another to invent the subjects and write the “legends” or accompanying lines. When we study the *vast* differences of style and manner of thought in George Sand’s different works, and add to it what Heine tells us, and that her lover, Musset, declared effectively that she surpassed all contemporaries in appropriating the ideas of others, we get certainly a correct idea of her peculiar genius. There are people who, like Heine, will only admire the cleverness which enabled her to use men as mere tools and material, and it is certainly a great art for “success” and notoriety. But it never honestly made a *writer* or a genius, and in these letters Henry Heine, himself an eminent man of letters, declares distinctly that George Sand was at the *head* of all the French writers of prose of later times. I would say, in brief, that the *very* great difference in mere manner of writing, or of literary style, and of mental capacity evident in the works of Madame Dudevant, coupled with what we are told of her habits of appropriating the ideas of others, and of using her lovers, or almost any clever men, as literary sources and aids, renders it almost certain that her *true* literary position, far from being among eminent writers, is simply one of an *editor*, as was, in fact, Dumas the elder, though he really possessed great original talent, which is very doubtful as regards George Sand.

That George Sand employed her friends to work for her occurred to others besides Heine. Thus Ernest Renan tells us in his “Studies in Religious History” (London: Heinemann), that “we must not, however, forget the beautiful romance of *Spiridion*, in which the figure of Joachim de Flor was skilfully drawn and brought into the picture

with marvellous art. On this point Madame Sand owed much to M. Pierre Leroux." To which it might be added that this book also, as regards style and individual character, differs so much from the author's other works, that one might well believe that it was by another person.

Heine has in many places in his works advocated the theory that genius can commit no theft, and has a right to make any appropriations it pleases, which is the same as declaring that any one who can is justified in stealing an invention. When such a concession is once made, it is found that all who use it abuse it. I once knew a "Bohemian" in New York who could not read the simplest French, yet who was employed by a publisher to translate a very large and important French book. He employed a younger man to do the work, published it with his own name as sole translator, and never paid his assistant a penny of the price promised to him. This was the George Sand-Heine principle logically carried out. The superior "genius" made it all his own—even to the money.—*Translator.*

LETTERS ON MUSIC FROM PARIS.

1840-1847.

SPONTINI AND MEYERBEER.

PARIS, *June 12, 1840.*

THE Chevalier Spontini is at present bombarding the poor Parisians with lithographed letters in order to make them recall at any cost his long-vanished personality. I have, as I write, before me a circular which he has sent to the editors of all the newspapers, and which none will publish out of respect to human common-sense and Spontini's earlier reputation. In it the ridiculous borders on the sublime.¹ This wretched folly, which expresses, or rather vents, vexation in the wretchedest worn-out style, is as interesting for a physician as for a philologist. The former would here observe the sad phenomenon

¹ Omitted in the French version.

of vanity blazing and burning in the heart the more furiously, the more the nobler mental powers are extinguished; the latter, or the student of languages, may see what a delightful jargon results when a thorough and unchangeable Italian, who had been compelled to learn a little French in France, has developed this Italian - French by twenty-five years' residence in Berlin, so that the old "canting"¹ is marvellously mixed with Sarmatian barbarisms.

This circular begins with the words:—

"C'est très probablement une b n vole supposition on un souhait amical jet    loisir dans le camp des nouvellistes de Paris, que l'annonce que je viens de lire dans la 'Gazette d' tat de Berlin,' et dans les 'D bats' du 16 courant, que l'administration de l'Acad mie royale de musique a arr t  de remettre en sc ne la *Vestale* ! ce dont aucuns d sirs ni soucis ne m'ont un seul instant occup  apr s mon dernier d part de Paris !" ²

As if any one had spoken voluntarily of M. Spontini in the *Staatszeitung* or in the *D bats*,

¹ "Canting," not in the sense of affected pious language, but of the peculiar jargon spoken by thieves and vagabonds. The German word is *Kauderwelsch*, i.e., "gibberish Italian." I had an opportunity only a week ago, as I write, of somewhat talking it with a tinker near Homburg. It is about one half Hebrew. —*Translator*.

² This extract from Spontini's circular is omitted in the French version. —*Translator*.

and as if he had not wearied the whole world with letters to remind them of his opera! The circular is dated in the month of February, but it has been recently sent here again, because Signor Spontini has heard that his famous work is to be reproduced here, which is nothing but a trick—a trick of which he will avail himself to be called here.¹ For after he has declaimed pathetically against his enemies he adds:—

“Et voilà justement le nouveau piège que je crois avoir deviné, et ce qui me fait un impérieux devoir de m’opposer, me trouvant absent, à la remise en scène de mes opéras sur le théâtre de l’Académie royale de Musique, à moins que je ne sois officiellement engagé moi-même par l’Administration, sous la garantie du Ministère de l’Intérieur à une rendre à Paris, pour aider de mes conseils créateurs les artistes (la tradition de mes opéra étant perdue), pour assister aux répétitions et contribuer au succès de la *Vestale*, puisque c’est d’elle qu’il s’agit.”

This is the only place in these Spontinian marshes² where there is firm ground; craft or cunning here sticks out its longish ears—*qui ne sont pas précisément celles du renard*. The man

¹ French version—“Il ne voit qu’un piège dans cette intention—piège dont il veut profiter pour être appelé ici.”

² An allusion probably to the Pontine marshes.—*Translator*.

is absolutely determined to leave Berlin, which he can really endure no longer since the operas of Meyerbeer have been given ; therefore, about a year ago, he came here for a few weeks, and ran about from morning to midnight among all people of any influence, to manage to be recalled to Paris. As most people here believed that he was dead long ago, they were not a little frightened at his sudden apparition. The slippery intriguing agility and craft of this dead skeleton had in it something fearful and foreboding. M. Duponchel, the director of the Grand Opera, would not receive him at all, and cried in terror, "*Dieu me préserve de cette morte intrigante ; j'ai déjà assez à souffrir des intrigues des vivants !*"

And yet M. Moritz Schlesinger, the publisher of Meyerbeer's operas (for it was through this good honourable soul that the Chevalier Spontini announced his visit to M. Duponchel), had employed all his most trustworthy and persuasive eloquence to put his protégé in the best light. And in choosing this person as his intermediary, Signor Spontini manifested all his shrewdness. He also showed it on other occasions ; as, for instance, when he discussed or spoke ill of any one, he generally did this among the most intimate friends of the latter. He told the French writers that at

Berlin he had caused a German who had written against him to be imprisoned for six months. Among the French lady-singers he complained of the German *cantatrices*, who would not engage themselves at the Berlin opera unless it was expressly stipulated that they need not sing in any opera by him !

But he will positively come here ; he can no longer endure a residence in Berlin, whither, as he declares, he was exiled by the hatred of his enemies, yet where he is allowed no peace. He recently wrote to the editor of *La France Musicale* that his enemies were not content with having driven him over the Rhine, over the Weser, over the Elbe ; they would fain hunt him farther—over the Weichsel, over the Niemen ! He finds great resemblance between his own fate and that of Napoleon. He believes himself to be a genius against whom all the musical powers have conspired. Berlin is his St. Helena, and the critic Rellstab his Hudson Lowe. But now his mortal remains should be borne to Paris and solemnly placed in that musical Dome des Invalides—the Académie Royal de Musique.

The alpha and omega of all the Spontinian complaints is Meyerbeer. When the Chevalier paid me the honour of a visit here in Paris, he was inexhaustible in stories bursting with gall and poison. He cannot deny the fact that the King of Prussia

has loaded with honours, even to excess, our great Giacomo, and proposes to further bestow on him high office and dignities ; but he knows how to attribute all this royal favour to the meanest motives. And he really seems to have ended by believing in his own inventions, for it was with a countenance expressive of the deepest conviction that he assured me that once when dining with His Majesty the King, His Highest Mightiness confessed to him after the meal, with gay and festive frankness, that he would like to keep Meyerbeer at any price in Berlin, so as to prevent the millionaire musician from spending his money in other countries ! As music, or the desire to shine as a composer of operas, is a noted weakness of this wealthy man, he, the King, would profit from this weakness by baiting Meyerbeer, the ambitious, with distinctions and dignities. " It is sad," added the King, " that a native talent which possesses such great and almost genial resources (*Vermögen*) should squander his good hard Prussian dollars in Italy and Paris, merely to be celebrated as a composer. What he gets for his money may also be had here ; there are laurels growing also in our hot-houses for the fools who will pay for them ; our journalists also are intelligent, and like a good breakfast, and especially a good dinner, and our street-corner commissionaires and sellers of pickled cucumbers have

as hard hands for applauding as the Parisian *claque*; and if our idlers, instead of lounging in smoking-rooms, would pass their evenings in the opera-house applauding the *Huguenots*, they would be more cultured; the lower orders must be morally and æsthetically elevated, and the great thing is to make money come among the people, especially in the capital."

It was in such terms as these, according to Spontini, that His Majesty expressed himself in order to excuse himself to the composer of the *Vestal* for the sacrifices which he had made to Meyerbeer. When I remarked that it was really very praiseworthy in the King to make such sacrifices to advance the prosperity of his capital city, Spontini suddenly interrupted me with, "Oh, you are mistaken; the King of Prussia does not protect that wretched music from politico-economical grounds, but because he hates all music, and knows very well that it must perish under the example and lead of a man who is without any feeling for what is true and noble, and only cares to flatter the rude multitude."

Here I could not refrain from plainly saying to the spiteful Italian that it was not wise of him to deny all merit whatever to his rival. "*Rival!*" he cried in a rage, and changed colour ten times, till finally the yellow reappeared, when all at once, subduing himself, he asked with scornful

gnashing of the teeth, "And are you really sure that Meyerbeer is actually the composer of all the music which is brought out in his name?" I was not a little startled at this lunatic question, and then I heard with astonishment that Meyerbeer had bought in Italy the compositions of several poor musicians, and manufactured from them operas which failed because the stuff which they sold him was worthless. Afterwards he purchased from a talented abbé in Venice something better, which he incorporated into his *Crociato*. He also possesses Weber's unpublished manuscripts, which he had gammoned (*abgeschwatzt*) the composer's widow into giving him, and which he will probably use at some future time. *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* are chiefly the work of a Frenchman named Gouin, who is only too willing to have them brought out as Meyerbeer's for fear lest he should lose his place as *chef de bureau* in the post-office, because his superiors in the administration would certainly mistrust his zeal if they knew that he is a visionary composer, since such Philistines consider that practical functions are irreconcilable with artistic gifts; therefore, the post-official Gouin is shrewd enough to conceal his authorship, and to leave all worldly renown to his ambitious friend Meyerbeer.

This is the cause of the great intimacy between

the two men, whose interests are so intimately allied. But a father is always a father, and the fate of his intellectual children is always near to the heart of Gouin; therefore the details of the execution and the results of the performance of *Robert le Diable* and of the *Huguenots* absorb all his activity. He is present at every rehearsal; he is always conferring with the manager of the opera, with the singers, the dancers, the *chef de clique*, the journalists; he runs with his oiled and strapless boots (*Thranstiefeln ohne Lederstripfen*) from morning to evening to every newspaper editor to beg for a puff in favour of the so-called operas of Meyerbeer, and his unweariedness in this amazes everybody.

When Spontini imparted to me this hypothesis, I confessed that it was not devoid of probability, and that, notwithstanding the angular and clumsy exterior, the tile-red face, the low forehead, the greasy black hair of M. Gouin, suggesting a grazier or drover more than a musical composer, there was still much in his conduct which was very suspicious indeed, which rendered it probable that he was really the author of the operas of Meyerbeer. He has often spoken of *Robert le Diable* and of the *Huguenots* as "our operas," and such expressions have escaped him as "We have a rehearsal to-day," "We must cut short an air." And it is very singular too that

M. Gouin never misses an opera, and when a *bravura* is applauded, he quite forgets himself, and bows to every side as if to thank the public. I admitted all this to the raging Italian, yet added, that though I had seen all this with my own eyes, I could not believe that M. Gouin had really written the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*; but that if such were the case, artistic vanity would be sure in the end to get the upper hand, and that M. Gouin would finally vindicate his right to the authorship of those operas.

"No," replied the Italian, with a gloomy sinister glance as piercing as the point of a stiletto,¹—No; this Gouin knows too well his Meyerbeer not to be aware that his friend is possessed of terrible means to put aside any one who is dangerous to him. Aye, he would be capable of immuring him for ever in Charenton under the pretence that poor Gouin is insane. He would pay the price of first-class board for such patients, and would go twice a week to Charenton to be sure that his poor friend was carefully watched; and he would give the guardian liberal tips to take good care of his mad Orestes,

¹ What a pity that Heine did not know that *Spontone* (dialect *Spontini*) means in Italian the sting of a wasp or the point of a pike, or, in a way, even a dagger. The *nomen* was indeed an omen of the man as described by our author.—*Translator*.

to whom he would act as another Pylades, to the great edification of all the gaping idiots, who would not fail to praise his generosity. Poor Gouin ! should he speak of his fine choruses in *Robert le Diable*, they would put on him a strait-jacket, and if he mentioned his magnificent duet in the *Huguenots*, he would get a shower-bath. And the poor devil might be glad to have got off with his life. All who have ever stood in the way of that ambitious wretch have perished (*müssen weichen*). Where is Weber ? Where is Bellini ? *Hum ! hum !*"¹

This *hum ! hum !* was, despite the shameless malignity which it implied, so droll that I roared with laughter, and remarked—

"But you, *Maestro*, have not yet been cleared out of the way, nor Donizetti, nor Rossini, nor Halevy."

"Hum ! hum !" was the reply. "Hum ! hum ! Halevy does not trouble his *confrère*, and Meyerbeer would willingly pay him something

¹ French version—"Et il pouva encore se féliciter d'avoir conservé la vie et de n'être pas disparu de ce monde, comme tous ceux qui embarrassaient dans son chemin le fameux *jettatore* Meyerbeer." A *jettatore* is one who kills or wounds with the evil-eye, and it is a pity that *Ehrgeizling* has been substituted for it in the German text, as it gives a very strong reason, in the mouth of a superstitious Italian, for the mysterious manner in which he speaks of the deaths of Weber and of Bellini.—*Translator*.

to exist as a harmless apparent rival; and he knows as regards Rossini, through his spies, that he no longer composes a note; and then Rossini's stomach has already suffered enough as it is. Therefore he never touches a piano for fear of exciting Meyerbeer's suspicions. Hum! hum! But thank God, only our bodies can be killed, not the work of our souls; that will bloom for ever in immortal freshness, while with the death of that Cartouche of music his immortality will also end, and his operas follow him into the silent realm of oblivion."

Truly it was with great pains that I restrained my indignation at hearing the insolent disdain with which this bitterly envious Italian spoke of our great and celebrated master, who is the glory of Germany and the pride of the East, and who unquestionably should be considered and admired as the true composer of *Robert le Diable* and of the *Huguenots*. No, a Gouin certainly never composed anything so magnificent.¹ With all my reverence for this vast genius, I feel serious doubts now and then rise in me as to the immortality of these master-works after the

¹ The French version adds—"Quelque brave homme qu'il soit." There are many such trifling additions or variations in this letter in the French copy, which give the latter the air of having been the original.—*Translator*.

death of their author, but in my interview with Spontini I assumed the air of being convinced that they would endure for ever ; and, to vex the jealous Italian, I informed him in confidence of something by which he could perceive what wondrous foresight Meyerbeer has shown as regards the success of his spiritual children, even beyond the grave. "This prevision," I said, "is a psychological proof that it is not M. Gouin, but the great Giacomo who is the real father. For he has established by his will an entail (*Fideikommiss*) or trust in favour of his musical spirit-children, by which he leaves a capital, the interest of which is devoted to ensure the future of the poor orphans, so that even after the death of their father all the necessary expenses for popularity, such as decoration, claque, newspaper puffs, and the like shall be defrayed. Even for the as yet unborn little *Prophet* the tender parent has appropriated the sum of 150,000 Prussian thalers. Never yet did a prophet come into this world with so much money—the carpenter's son of Bethlehem and the camel-driver of Mecca had nothing like it. *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* are less richly endowed ; they can perhaps live for a long time to come on their own fat, so long as good scenery and well-shaped ballet-legs are provided ; in the remote future they may require some further aid.

The *Crociato* also receives much less, and his father, who shows himself here a little stingy, complains that this gay young scamp cost him too much money in Italy, and that if not a prodigy, he is at least a prodigal.¹ But Meyerbeer shows himself more nobly generous to his unfortunate fallen and failed daughter *Emma de Rosburgo*, who is to be every year again announced in the *Presse*, and have a new endowment, and appear in an *édition de luxe* of satin velvet; for parents' loving hearts always beat most truly for wretched crippled changelings of children. And in this manner all of Meyerbeer's spiritual children are well provided for; their future is assured unto all time."

Hate blinds even the insect, and it is not to be wondered at that a passionate fool like Spontini never doubted my words. He cried aloud, "Oh! he is capable of any—everything! Wretched age! unfortunate world!"

I here close my letter, for I am to-day in very tragic mood, and gloomy thoughts of death cast their shadows over my soul. To-day my poor Sakoski was buried—Sakoski, the great artist in leather, for the term shoemaker is too trifling for such a man. All the *marchands*

¹ "Et que si ce n'est un prodige, c'est du moins un prodigue." This is limited to *ein Verschwender* in the German text.

bottiers and *fabricants de chaussures* in Paris attended his funeral. He was eighty-eight years of age, and died of an indigestion. He lived wisely and happily. He troubled himself very little as to the heads of his contemporaries, but all the more for that as to their feet. May the earth be as light and easy on thee as thy boots have been to me, O Sakoski !¹

¹ Heine alludes to this man in "The Romantic School" (*vide* "Germany," vol. i. p. 359), where he declares his conviction that "Jacob Böhme did not make such good boots as M. Sakoski . . . nor Sakoski make such excellent verse as Hans Sachs."

THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1841.

PARIS, April 20, 1841.

THE Exhibition of this year only revealed an incapacity of many colours. One might almost think that the renaissance or blooming anew of the fine arts had by us come to an end, and that it was not a new spring, but a pitiful Old Wives' Summer.¹ Painting, Sculpture, and even Architecture took a joyous flight on high immediately after the Revolution of July; but their wings were only tied on, and the artificial flight was followed by a heavy fall. Only the youngest out of all the sisters, Music, soared with original and vigorous strength. Has she now attained the zenith of her career of light? (*Lichtgipfel*). Will she maintain it, or will she, too, soon sink to earth? These are questions to which perhaps

¹ *Altweibersommer*. In America, the Indian summer, in French, *l'été de Saint-Martin*, the brief period of fine weather in autumn, about the time of the first frosts.—*Translator*.

only a future generation can reply. But it seems probable that our epoch will be specially inscribed in the annals of art as the musical age. The arts keep even pace with the continual, gradual spiritualisation of humanity. In the earliest times, architecture must necessarily come forth alone, tremendously expressing and glorifying the unconscious and rude sense of immensity, as we see it among the Egyptians. We behold later with the Greeks the full development of sculpture, which already indicates a further mastery of matter; the spirit carving in the stone a presentiment of the perceptive soul (*eine ahnende Sinnigkeit*). But the spirit found the stone much too hard for its rapidly rising need of a revelation of itself (*Offenbarungsbedürfnisse*), so it chose colour blended with varied shadow to set forth a transfigured and twilight world of love and pain. Then arose the great period of painting, which burst forth so gloriously at the end of the Middle Age. With the development of life in self-consciousness, all plastic gifts disappear from man, till finally even the sense of colour vanishes, and the sublimed spirituality or abstract thought in action (*Gedankenthum*) grasps at sounds and chords to stammer or babble a visionary sublimity (*lallende Ueberschwänglichkeit*), which is perhaps nothing but the dissolution of the whole corporeal world; so that music is

perhaps the last utterance of art, as death is the final word of life.¹

I have begun with this brief observation to explain why the musical season is to me rather a torment than a delight; that one is here almost drowned in mere music; that there is in Paris almost no house in which one can save himself from this resounding Sinner's Flood. That the

¹ These views of Heine, drawn from the *Natur Philosophie*, while they are admirably and clearly expressed, give us only one side of a vast question. If the spiritualisation of man—that is, the development of thought, intellect, or mind—is the cause of the decay of art, why is it that intellect at present, instead of developing grander *motives* or themes as it progresses, always falls back on the past for them? Setting aside sculpture and painting, which now simply exist on reproduction, why is the music of the future founded on the Nibelungen, the Tannhäuser, and similar topics of the olden time, which are actually incomprehensible as regards their ancient meaning and *reality*, and which have no relation whatever to music? If music is advancing beyond the merely emotional stage to thought, or becoming one with it, as so many claim, why does it not create thought or new motives? The truth probably is, that science is progressing to a new phase of material life, entirely free from the old spiritual influences, and that when this shall be independent, there will be a new art and new music based on its results. And as Fichte declares that no bird, however rapidly it flies, can go beyond itself, so is it impossible that any art can advance beyond the limits of this present age of confused transition. It is very remarkable that Heine, who had been formed in spiritual ideas, often had these marvellous intuitions as to the disappearance of ancient art, although he nowhere anticipates that after the twilight of the gods there is to be a new world.—*Translator*.

noble art of sweet sound inundates all our life, is for me a serious sign, and it often awakens in me a displeasure which deteriorates into the most ill-natured injustice against our great *maestri* and *virtuosi*. Under such circumstances no one can expect from me any too enthusiastic hymn of praise for the man round whom just at present the historical *beau monde*, and especially the hysterical lady-world, is rejoicing with delirious enthusiasm. I speak of Franz Liszt, the genial pianist, whose playing often impresses me like a musical agony in the world of things apparent.¹ Yes, the genial one, or the genius, is again here, and gives concerts which exercise a magic which is well-nigh marvellous. Beside him all pianists vanish—excepting Chopin, the Raphael of the forte-piano. And in truth, with the exception of the latter, all others of the craft, whom we have heard this year in concerts without number, are only piano-players; they shine in the dexterity with which they manipulate the stringed wood; but when Liszt plays, one no longer thinks of mere difficulties subdued, the piano disappears, and music reveals itself. In this respect Liszt has made wonderful progress since I last heard him play. And to this advantage he adds a calm

¹ This reference to agony is omitted in the French version.
—Translator.

or self-possession which was formerly awanting. When he, for example, played a storm on the piano, or saw lightnings flit in his own face, his limbs seemed as if shaken by a tempest, and his long locks seemed dripping with rain. But now, when he gives us even the most terrible thunder, he rises far above it, like the traveller who stands on the summit of an Alp while a tempest rages in the valley far below ; the clouds gather and lie deeply under him, lightnings curl like serpents at his feet, while he raises his head smiling in the pure ether.¹

Despite his geniality, Liszt encounters opposition here in Paris, which is perhaps the result of it or of genius. This quality is in certain eyes a tremendous transgression, which can never be sufficiently punished. "Talent may be in time forgiven, but genius never," as was once said by the late Lord Byron, between whom and Liszt there is a great similarity. This opposition consists mostly of serious musicians, who give the laurel to his rival, Thalberg the imperial. Liszt has already given two concerts, in which he, contrary to all precedent, played without the co-operation of other artists. He is now pre-

¹ "Eternal sunshine settles on its head." Seven lines of the beginning of the next sentence were omitted in the earlier editions and are given in a note in the latest.—*Translator*.

paring a third for the benefit of the monument to Beethoven. This composer must indeed correspond most closely to the taste of a Liszt ; for Beethoven carries spiritual art to that melodious agony of all which is perceptible (*Erscheinungswelt*), or unto that annihilation of nature which fills me with an awe which I cannot conceal, although my friends shake their heads at me. It is to me a deeply, marvellously significant thing that Beethoven became deaf towards the end of his days, so that even the invisible world of sounds had no longer a ringing reality. The sounds which still existed in his soul were only memories of music long dead and gone, the ghosts of vanished airs, and his last works bear on their brows a strange stamp of death.

I was impressed less terribly than by this music of Beethoven by his friend, "L'ami de Beethoven," as he shows himself to all Paris—I believe even on his visiting cards. He is a long hop-pole with a terribly white cravat and a dreadfully bitter undertaker's-assistant's face. Was this "friend of Beethoven" really his Pylades, or did he merely belong to the throng of those indifferent acquaintances with whom a man of genius often keeps company, all the more willingly the more insignificant they are and the more stupid their twaddle, because it affords him relief after wearisome poetic flights. At any rate, we saw in

this a new way to turn genius to account, and the small newspapers were not a little merry over "l'ami de Beethoven." "Comment l'éminent artiste a-t-il pu supporter un ami si peu amusant et si pauvre d'esprit?"—"How the devil could such a man put up with such a bore?"—cried the French, who lost all patience listening to the monotonous humdrum of the tiresome guest. They forgot that Beethoven was deaf.¹

The number of artists who have given concerts during this year's season has been legion, and there was no want of mediocre pianists who were praised as if they had been miracles in the newspapers. They are mostly young people, who, either in their own modest persons or in that of modest brothers, solicit such laudation and elevation in the press. The self-deifications of this kind, and the so-called puffs (*Reklame*) form delightful reading. Such a *réclame* which appeared lately in the *Musical Gazette* announced from Marseilles that the celebrated Döhler² had there enchanted all hearts, especially by his interesting paleness, which—the result of a recent illness—

¹ The reader will find anon that this was all untrue, and that the man referred to did not have "the friend of Beethoven" inscribed on his cards, as Heine was compelled to admit—*Translator*.

² *Dohle* or *Döhle* means in German a jackdaw. I believe that this is the only instance in Heine's works of his omitting to make a joke, good or bad, when it came in his way.

had attracted the attention of the *beau monde*. "The celebrated Döhler" has since then returned to Paris and given several concerts,¹ including playing at that of the *Gazette Musicale* of M. Schlesinger, who rewarded him therefor with wreaths of laurel in the most liberal manner. *La France Musicale* also praises him, and with equal impartiality, for this journal has a blind hatred of Liszt, and so in order to sting the lion it praises the puppy. But what does the merit of the celebrated Döhler amount to? Some say that he is the last among the second-rate pianists, while others declare him to be the first of the third-rate! He really plays prettily, nicely, and neatly, and his execution is most charming, indicating an astonishing facility of fingering, but not a trace of vigour or intellect. He is summed up in graceful weakness, elegant impotence, interesting paleness.²

Among the concerts of this year which still resound in the memories of all lovers of art were

¹ Twelve lines are here omitted in the French version.—*Translator*.

² It is worth observing that Heine subsequently, in "The Musical Season of 1844," spoke of Döhler as the *greatest* among the lesser or second-class artists, and altogether indicates that he has a higher opinion of him than is here expressed. But our author's deepest convictions, whether in religion or art, but especially as to human beings, depended entirely, as he several times naïvely admits, on the mood or state of health in which he

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a common identity. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom and justice. The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace and harmony. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for progress and improvement. The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope and optimism. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith and belief. The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love and compassion. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of unity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for unity and solidarity. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for justice and equity. The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of truth, and that its history is a history of the struggle for truth and honesty. The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for courage and bravery. The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wisdom and knowledge. The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of power, and that its history is a history of the struggle for power and influence. The fifteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of glory, and that its history is a history of the struggle for glory and honor. The sixteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of fame, and that its history is a history of the struggle for fame and reputation. The seventeenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of wealth, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wealth and prosperity. The eighteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of health, and that its history is a history of the struggle for health and well-being. The nineteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of happiness, and that its history is a history of the struggle for happiness and contentment. The twentieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace and harmony.



Handel.

the *matinées* which were given by the publishers of the two musical journals here to their subscribers. *La France Musicale*, edited by the brothers Escudier, two amiable, sensible, and artistically gifted young men,¹ shone in its concerts by the co-operation of the Italian singers and of the violinist Vieuxtemps, who is regarded as one of the lions of the musical season. Whether there is a real king of the beasts under the shaggy coat of this lion, or only a little ass,² I will not take it on me to decide. To tell the honest truth, I cannot agree with the extravagant laudations which are lavished on him, for it does not seem to me as if he had climbed so very high on the ladder of art. Vieuxtemps is about at the middle of that ladder on whose summit we once beheld Paganini, and on whose very lowest round is our admirable Sina, the celebrated bathing-guest of Boulogne, and the owner of an autograph of Beethoven. But it may be that M.

found himself when laying down the laws of eternal truth in criticism. Like the students described in *Schnabelewopski*, he was, when hungry and ill-tempered, a grim atheist before the soup, and a smiling Christian after the dessert. *Semper mutat vultum*.

¹ This compliment to the brothers is omitted in the French version.

² *Grauchen*. French *grison*, literally "a small grey." The twelve lines following this word are omitted in the French version.

Vieuxtemps is much nearer to M. Sina than he is to Nicolo Paganini.

Vieuxtemps is a son of Belgium, and in fact the most remarkable violinists seem to come from the Low Countries. For the violin is there the national instrument, which has been cultivated by great and small, by women as well as men, from all time, as we may see by the Dutch pictures. The most distinguished violinist of this national paternity (*Landsmannschaft*) is beyond question Beriot, husband of the late Malibran, and many a time I cannot but believe as if the soul of his departed wife sang in the sweet notes of his violin.¹ It is only Ernst the Bohemian, so rich in poetry, who can draw from his instrument sad sounds so sweet while bleeding.

Artôt is a fellow-countryman of Beriot; he is also as distinguished a violinist, but one whose play never suggests a soul; a well-dressed, neatly-turned fellow—*un garçon fait à tour et tiré à quatre épingles*—whose execution is as smooth and brilliant as a japanned table-cover. Haumann,

¹ An idea taken from the story told of Paganini (*vide* Heine's "Florentine Nights," p. 29, 1891), but it is here greatly refined and beautified. It is probably an old Italian conception. I have a beautiful poem which I heard sang by a Romagnola fortune-teller on the subject of a witch whose soul passed into a guitar, and which, when played on a hundred years later by her sorcerer-lover, gave with terrible effect the *tarantella* or dance of the witches, &c.—*Translator*.

the brother of the Brussels pirate-printer,¹ carries on with the violin the business of his brother; what he plays are clearly counterfeits of the most distinguished fiddlers, the texts being margined here and there with superfluous original notes, and enlarged with brilliant typographical errors.

The brothers Franco-Mendez, who also gave this year concerts in which they showed their skill as violinists, also came from the land of the *treckschuit* and *Quispeldorchen*. This is also the case with Batta the violoncellist, who is a native Hollander, but who came while young to Paris, where he greatly delighted many—especially ladies—by his boylike youthfulness. He was a dear little boy, and made his instrument² weep like a child. And though he in the interim has become a lusty young fellow, he cannot leave off this habit of weeping and whimpering, and lately, when he could not appear in public owing to illness, it was generally reported that owing

¹ *Nachdrucker*, a reprinter, here especially applied to Belgian publishers, who carried on to an immense extent the infamous business of reproducing foreign works without remunerating the authors.—*Translator*.

² "*Bratsche*, bass-viol, from the Italian *braccio*, an arm, Latin *brachium*" (Whitney). More probably from a provincial word, *bratsch* or *brat-pfanne*, a frying-pan, from the resemblance in form. In one of Breughel's pictures a devil is thus represented as fiddling on a frying-pan.—*Translator*.

to his childlike wailing on the violoncello he had brought a real baby's malady on himself—that is, the measles.¹ But he seems to be quite recovered, and the newspapers announce that the distinguished Batta is preparing for next Thursday a musical *matinée* which will fully recompense the public for having been so long deprived of its favourite.

The last concert which M. Moritz Schlesinger gave to the subscribers of his *Musical Gazette*, and which, as I have said, was regarded as one of the most brilliant incidents of the season, was for us Germans of special interest. Therefore the whole *Landsmannschaft* or National Association was present, anxious to hear Miss Löwe, the celebrated singer, who gave in German the beautiful *Adelaide* of Beethoven. The Italians and M. Vieuxtemps, who had promised their co-operation at this performance, announced, after it had begun, that they would take no part in it, to the utter consternation of the giver of the *fête*, who, with his usual dignity, came before the audience and explained that M. Vieuxtemps would not play because he considered the building and the audience as beneath him! The insolence of this

¹ Supposed to be caused or aggravated by excessive weeping and crying. *Maser*, a speck or spot, suggestive of a tear, also measles. *Maser-birke* is the weeping birch; *maser-holz*, a speckled or spotted wood; whence *mazer*, bowl, old English.—*Translator*.

fiddler merits the severest censure. The place in question was the Salle de Musard, where only during the Carnival a mere bit of *cancan* is danced, yet in which, during the rest of the year, the best music of Mozart, Giacomo Meyerbeer, and Beethoven is given. In case of need, one may pardon the Italian singers, Rubini and Lablache, their whims, and suffer nightingales to declare that they will only sing before a public of golden pheasants and eagles; but Mynheer Vieuxtemps, the Flemish stork, should not be so particularly delicate in his choice, and despise a society in which were the most respectable of poultry, such as peacocks and guinea-fowls,¹ in great numbers, and among them some of the most distinguished German jail-birds and dunghill-cocks.² But what kind of a success had Mademoiselle Löwe? I will tell the whole briefly. She sang admirably, pleased all the Germans, and completely failed with the French.

As for this last misfortune, I would assure this admirable singer, for her consolation, that it was her merits or excellences which stood in

¹ Called in German, rather prettily, pearl-hens—*Perlhühner*, from the white spots on them.—*Translator*.

² *Schnapphähne und Mistfinken*. A *schnapphahn*, literally snap-cock, is a highwayman, thief, thief-catcher, or rogue, and *mistfink*, or dunghill-finch, refers also to *mistel-drossel*, the mistel-thrush. In this last word the derivation may be from *mistel*, the mistletoe.—*Translator*.

the way of a French success.¹ The *Adelaide* of Beethoven does not suit this public. There is in the voice of Mademoiselle Löwe a German soul, a silent being which has as yet revealed itself to very few Frenchmen, and which only finds its way very gradually into France. Had Mademoiselle Löwe come a few tens of years later, she would perhaps have met with a more cordial reception. But to the present time the mass of the people are the same as ever. The French have "spirit," or wit, and passion, and they enjoy both in a restless, stormy, fragmentary, exciting form. This they found altogether wanting in the German singer who gave them *Adelaide*. This calm sighing forth of a soul, these blue-eyed, yearning tones of forest solitude, these warbled lime-tree blossoms with added moonlight, this dying away in more than earthly desire, this arch-German song, found no echo in the French heart, and was, moreover, ridiculed as sentimentalism from over the Rhine. In any case, Mademoiselle Levy was badly advised in the choice of what she sang. And, strangely enough, an unlucky star shed its influence over all the

¹ With the exception of the single sentence beginning with "These tranquil sighs," all is here omitted in the French version to the words "Although Mademoiselle Löwe." "L'Adelaide de Beethoven ne va pas à ce public," is however only in the French edition.—*Translator*.

débuts in the Schlesinger concerts. Many young artists can sing a sad song, as to that. This was most unfortunately the case with poor Ignaz Moscheles, who came to Paris a year ago to renew his reputation, which had become somewhat faded by mercantile mismanagement. He played in one of the Schlesinger concerts and failed lamentably.

Although Mademoiselle Löwe did not succeed here, everything possible was done to secure for her an engagement at the Académie Royale de Musique. The name of Meyerbeer was on this occasion brought before the public more persistently than was probably agreeable to the honoured master. Is it true that Meyerbeer would not allow his new opera to be brought out unless Mademoiselle Löwe should be engaged? Did he really subject the fulfilment of the wishes of the public to such a petty condition? Is he actually so over-modest as to suppose that the success of his new work depends on the more or less supple organ of a *prima donna*?¹

¹ It will be remembered that Heine in the previous letter declared very decidedly that Meyerbeer did consider the merest trifles as matters of life and death to his operas. What follows from this period to the words "The numerous worshippers," &c., formed the conclusion to this letter in the original in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. It was omitted from the earlier editions, and is restored in the later in a footnote. It is, of course, not in the French versions.—*Translator*.

Well-informed people, however, assure me that Meyerbeer is quite innocent as regards the delay of his new opera, and the authority of his name is sometimes turned to account to advance the interests of others. He has placed his finished work at the disposal of the Académie Royale de Musique without making any selected conditions.

Although, as I have above remarked, the deepest virtue of German songs, its sweet secretness, is as yet utterly hidden from the French, it still cannot be questioned that German music is beginning to be very well received, if it does not indeed take the upper-hand. Is this the yearning of Undine for a soul? Will the beautiful child be the happier for having one? As to that we will not decide; we will only cite a fact, which perhaps affords an explanation of the extraordinary popularity of the great master who created *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*, and whose third opera, *Le Prophète*, is awaited with a feverish impatience, with a beating of the heart of which one can form no idea. Let no one smile when I declare that also in music, and not in literature alone, there is something which unites and harmonises (*vermittelt*) nations; and music by its universal speech is better adapted than any other art to form a universal republic.

A Frenchman said to me of late that it was by Meyerbeer's operas that he was initiated to

Goethe's poetry, and that it had opened to him the gates of our great poet's song. There is deep meaning in this declaration, and it suggests to me the thought that German music may indeed have the mission to serve as a prelude or *ouverture* to the comprehension of our German literature.

The numerous worshippers and admirers of the truly admirable master see with sorrow how the illustrious man wearies himself beyond belief with every new production of his genius as to the certainty of its success, wasting all his best powers on the pettiest details. His delicate and weakly constitution naturally suffers from this, and, with his chronic malady of the abdomen, he is often also a sufferer from the prevalent cholera-morbus (*Cholerine*). The musical honey which trickles from his musical masterpieces and refreshes us, costs the master himself the most terrible bodily suffering. When I last saw him, I was terrified at his wretched appearance. At the sight, I thought of the god or demon of the diarrhoea of Tartar legends, in which it is told with horrible drollness that this tormentor of the bowels and literal *caca-dæmon* once bought at the fair of Kasan six thousand pots for his own use, so that the potter became rich. May heaven grant our highly honoured master better health, and may he never forget that his thread of life is very much relaxed (*schlapp*, i.e. *schlaff*), and

that the shears of fate are quick and keen. May he never forget what high interests are closely connected with his self-preservation. What would come of his fame should he himself, the great, celebrated master—which may heaven long avert!—be suddenly torn away by death from the scene of his triumphs? Would the family continue to maintain this fame, of which all Germany is so proud?¹ Certainly material means or money would not be wanting to the family, but intellectual resources probably would. Only the great Giacomo himself, who is not only the general musical director of all royal Prussian musical institutes, but also the choir-leader of the Meyerbeerian glory, can direct its immense orchestra. He nods, and all the trombones of the great journals sound *unisono*; he winks, and all the violins of praise begin to fiddle as if for a wager; he lays his finger on the left side of his nose, and all the feuilleton flageolets flute their sweetest flatteries; and there are also unheard-of antediluvian wind instruments, trumpets of Jericho, and æolian harps not yet invented, stringed instruments of the future, the application of which indicates the most extraordinary and tremendous talent for instrumentation. . . .

¹ French version—"Dont s'energueillit le peuple allemande en général et M. Maurice Schlesinger en particulier!"

Yes; no composer ever understood to so high a degree as our Meyerbeer instrumentation—that is, the art of using all kinds of men as instruments, the small as well as the great, and to enchant forth by their simultaneous action an agreement in public opinion which borders on the incredible. No other musician ever knew how to do this before him. While the best operas of Mozart and of Rossini fell dead at their first representation, and years passed before they were really appreciated, the masterpieces of our noble Meyerbeer enjoy at their first performance a stupendous success, and on the morrow all the newspapers in chorus publish panegyrics and prize articles. But this is all the result of harmonious instrumentation. In melody Meyerbeer is inferior to both the masters before mentioned, but he soars above them in instrumentation. Heaven knows that he often uses for this the most contemptible instruments;¹ but perhaps it is just the reason why he produces such great effects on the great multitude, which admires, worships, honours, and even respects him. Who can prove the contrary? Laurel crowns fly towards him from every side; he wears a forest of them on his head; he knows not where to lay

¹ In the French version this is rather more strongly expressed:—"Il se sert souvent des instruments les plus abjects, les plus ignobles, les plus puants."

them, and pants under the green burden. He ought to get a little donkey, who could, trotting after him, bear the heavy burden. But Gouin is jealous, and will not endure that he should be accompanied by another.

I cannot here refrain from relating a *bon-mot* which is attributed to the musician Ferdinand Hiller. When some one asked him recently what he thought of Meyerbeer's operas, Hiller evaded the question by saying, as if vexed, "Ah! do not let us talk politics!"¹

¹ Heine should here have explained the point of this rather heavy *geistreiches Wort*. It appears from a passage in "France," or in the letter of March 25, 1832, that, as Heine declares, more people were attracted to hear *Robert le Diable* by the political meaning which was popularly attached to the plot than by the music. This was even discussed in the Chamber of Deputies. It may be noted that Heine informs us that Meyerbeer was a millionaire, that he spared no expense or pains to convert to his interests even the smallest hangers-on of newspapers, and finally, that "nothing was too abject, ignoble, or filthy for him to use." If there was the least truth in this, it would fully account for the success of his "first nights" and fame in the newspapers of the next day.—*Translator*.

THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

PARIS, February 7, 1842.

"WE are dancing here on a volcano"—but we dance. What ferments, boils, and roars in it, we will not inquire into to-day, and the dancing over it all shall be the only subject of our reflections. Therefore we must speak of the Académie Royale de Musique, where there still exists that honourable *corps de ballet* which has faithfully preserved the choreographic traditions, and which may be regarded as the peerage of the dance. Like that other which dwells in the Luxembourg, this one has also among its members many old wigs and mummies, of which I, from reasonable fear, will say nothing. The ill fate of M. Perré, the manager of the *Siècle*, who has lately been condemned to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 francs, has sharpened my wits. I will only speak of Carlotta Grisi, who shines marvellously lovely in the respectable assembly of the Rue Lepelletier like an orange among potatoes. Next after (*nächst dem*) the admirable subject which was taken from the

works of a German author, it was principally Carlotta Grisi who gave an unparalleled success to the ballet the *Willi*.¹ But how delightfully she dances! Seeing her, one forgets that Taglioni is in Russia and Elsler in America. Yes, one forgets America, Russia, and the whole world, and soars with her on high to the enchanted hanging gardens of that fairyland where she rules as queen. Yes, she has all the character of those elementary spirits whom we always imagine as dancing, and of whose dancing measures and airs the people have such marvellous histories. In the legend of the Willis, that mysterious, maddening, and often mortal mania for dancing, which is peculiar to the elementary spirits, is attributed to dead brides, and so to the antique heathen, wild, and wanton delirium of the nixies and elves there was joined the melancholy voluptuous terrors and the strange sweet horror of the mediæval faith in human spectres.

¹ It was given in Paris as *Les Willis*, and so Heine spells it in "The Florentine Nights" (*vide F. N.*, p. 70), where he claims it as German. The *vila* is, however, purely Slavonian. In the French version we find that "*c'est surtout* Carlotta Grisi qui causa le succès inouï du ballet." The order is changed to suit the French or German reader! This mania, madness, or delirium of dancing was *not* at all regarded as "peculiar to elementary spirits" by such old writers as especially discussed it (*i.e.*, Delamere and Johannes Prætorius), but rather to witches. The reader will find the subject fully discussed in my "Etruscan Roman Remains," p. 154.—*Translator*.

Does the music correspond to the oddly-wonderful subject of the ballet? Was M. Adam, who supplied the music, capable of composing dancing airs, which, as the popular legend narrated, could compel the trees of the forest to leap and the waterfall to stand still? M. Adam was, I believe, in Norway, but I doubt whether any sorcerer learned in runes ever taught him that *Strömkarl* melody on which only ten variations could be played, for there was an eleventh which could cause tremendous disaster, since, if it were once heard, all Nature would be in an uproar; the hills and rocks would begin to dance, and the houses with them, while within tables and chairs whirled round together, the grandsire waltzed wildly with the grandmother, the dog with the cat, even the babe leaped from the cradle and danced. No; M. Adam did not bring such wondrous melodies from his northern tour; yet what he gives is worthy of renown, and he maintains a distinguished place among the musical composers of the French school.

I cannot refrain from mentioning here that the Christian Church, which took to her bosom and profited by all the arts, could do nothing with dancing, and so repudiated and condemned it. It recalled too vividly the ancient heathen rites in the temples, whether Roman, Germanic, or Celtic, whose deities all passed into those

elvish beings to whom popular tradition, as I have said, attributed a wonderful love of dancing. Moreover, the Evil One was eventually believed to be the true patron of this pleasure, and it was in his iniquitous society that the witches and sorcerers danced their nightly rounds.¹

"Dancing is accursed," says a pious Breton song, "since the daughter of Herodias danced before the cruel king who had John the Baptist beheaded to please her. When thou seest dancing," adds the singer, "think of the bloody head of the Baptist on the charger, and then the hellish desire will have no power on thy soul." When we reflect more deeply on the dance in the Académie Royale de Musique, it appears as an

¹ It is curious to observe how this purely Roman Catholic idea, based entirely on a belief in witchcraft and goblins, passed over, with several worse superstitions, to the Protestants, especially to the most strictly pious among the latter. Thus there has ever been in Switzerland, Scotland, and in Puritanical New England a persuasion that dancing is *in itself*, and not merely by association, wicked; to which may be added the belief that instrumental music, especially in churches, was wrong. It is narrated that not long before the civil war, a rustic, who had never before quitted his orthodox rural home, found himself by chance one morning in St. Louis before the open door of a church, while all at once from within pealed forth the sound of the organ. "Walk in and take a seat," said the sexton to the stranger. But the latter, backing out suspiciously, replied, "No you don't, Mister! I'm opposed to all such goings-on of a Sunday, and I'd have you to know that, as a Christian, *I don't dance.*"—*Translator.*

attempt to christianise to a certain degree this arch-heathen art, and the French ballet has an odour as of the Gallican Church, if not of Jansenism, as have all the artistic productions of the great age of Louis XIV. The French ballet is, in this respect, naturally allied to the tragedies of Racine and the gardens of Le Nôtre. There prevails in all the same regular cut, the same measure of etiquette, the same court-like coldness, the same ornamental prudishness, the same chastity. In reality, its outer form and inner life is chaste, but the eyes of the dancing girls form a very lascivious commentary on the most moral *pas* or figures, and their indecent smiles are in sad contrast with their feet. We find the contrary in national dances,¹ which I prefer a thousand times to the ballets of the great opera. These national dances are often too sensual in form—as, for example, the Indian—but the holy gravity on the faces of the dancers *moralises* the dance and raises it to religion (*zum Kultus*). The great Vestris once uttered a saying which caused much laughter in its time. Once he said in his pathetic tone to one of his disciples, “*Un grand danseur doit être vertueux*,”—a great dancer should be virtuous.

¹ “Bei den sogenannten Nationaltänzen,”—“by the so-called national dances.”—*Translator*.

Strangely enough, the great Vestris has now lain forty years in his grave (he could not survive the misfortunes of the House of Bourbon, with which the family of Vestris had ever been intimately allied), and it was only in the last December, when I was present at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies, and dreamily abandoning myself to my thoughts, that all at once the late Vestris came into my mind, and as if by inspiration I suddenly grasped the profound meaning of his words, "A great dancer should be virtuous."¹

I can write but little of the balls in society for this season, having thus far honoured very few soirées with my presence. The everlasting sameness has for some time bored me, and I really cannot understand how a man can long endure it. As for women, it is intelligible enough. For them, such dress and decoration as they can display is the most important thing. The preparations for the ball, the choosing dresses, dressing itself, the preparation of the hair, the practising of smiles and graces before the looking-glass—in short, tinsel finery and coquetry are the chief business and contribute most of the

¹ There appears to be something omitted here in both the German and French texts.—*Translator*.

pleasure.¹ But for us men, who only don democratic black evening-coats and shoes—those dreadful shoes!—for us a soirée is only an exhaustless source of ennui, intermingled with a few glasses of orgeat (*Mandelmilch*) and raspberry syrup. Of the charming music I will say nothing.² What makes the balls of the fashionable world more wearisome than they have any right to be, according to the laws of God and man, is the prevalent mode of only seeming to dance, that the figures are only executed while walking, and that the feet are only moved in an indifferent and almost dull or sulky manner. No one cares to amuse the other, and this egoism shows itself even in the dances of the society of to-day. The lower classes, despite whatever pleasure they find in aping the fashionable world, have not as yet been able to

¹ Our author here touches on a subject to which an interesting essay might be devoted, on the remarkable degree to which most of the amusements of society have gradually come to be chiefly opportunities for women to display themselves and to criticise one another. In the ball-room, opera, concert, or church, men have little by little effaced themselves into subordinate creatures, all dressed alike, not even noticed by the reporters for the press of the "festivity."—*Translator*.

² In the first letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* our author, however, said, "The music here consists of old played-out motives from Rossini and Meyerbeer, the two silent masters, who are more in demand in Paris this winter than ever—not in the interests of art, but in those of Messrs. Troupenas and Schlesinger."—*Translator*.

take up with this selfish, sham dancing; theirs has still life and reality in it, though, unfortunately, of a very lamentable kind.¹ I hardly know how I can express the peculiar misery and melancholy which seizes me when I see the dancing multitude in public places of amusement, especially during the Carnival. Their screeching, shrill, and extravagant music accompanies a dance which touches on the *cancan*. Here I am asked, "What is the *cancan*?" Holy heaven! I am to give a definition of the *cancan* for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*! Well, the *cancan* is a dance which is never danced in respectable society, but in common dance-houses, where he or she who dances it is promptly seized by a policeman and led out of doors. I do not know whether this definition is sufficiently explanatory, but it is not at all necessary that any one in Germany should know what the French *cancan* is.² This much may be inferred from

¹ French version—"Une réalité trop décolleté." Which is much better than the German text.—*Translator*.

² This is simply no definition at all. The *cancan* is a quadrille with any *obligato* variations or improvisations which any dancer may see fit to introduce. It is not, and never was, as Heine hints, and as the foreign world was led to believe, a special or peculiar set of indecent, voluptuous, or immoral figures, though the latter were often introduced *ad libitum*, according to the character of the performers and the company assembled. There was, naturally enough, a disposition among wild and reckless youth

that definition, which is, that the virtue recommended by the late Vestris is not here a needful requisite, and that the French people are very much incommoded by the police even while dancing. Yes, this last is a singular abuse, and every reflecting stranger must wonder that in public dancing-halls by every quadrille there are several agents of police or municipal guards, who watch the morality of the performers with dark and Cato-like countenances. It is hardly intelligible how the people, under such shameful control, preserve their laughing cheerfulness and love of dancing. But Gallic frivolity or *la légèreté française* cuts its most joyous capers when in a strait-jacket; and although the stern eye of the police hinders the *cancan* from being capered in all its cynic accuracy, the dancers still know perfectly well how to express by all kinds of ironical *entrechats* and exaggerated gestures of modesty their forbidden thoughts, and the sensuality thus veiled appears more indecent than nudity itself. In

to whoop and gossip (*cancanner*) while dancing quadrilles, and to this was added extravagant imitations of the *pas seul* operadancers, lifting the feet even to the kicking off of men's hats, rocking the body in different ways while advancing, the whole combined with certain gestures and signs which had an occult mocking or indecent signification. The *cancan* always implied wild and humorous dancing, such as one sees among peasants and sailors, but it was not at all necessarily what our author declares it to be, i.e., *indecent*. I have seen it often enough to know.—*Translator*.

my opinion, morality does not gain much by the Government intervening with such a display of arms, since forbidden fruit is the most sweetly tempting, and the refined and frequently witty evasion of the censorship has here a more ruinous effect than permitted brutality. This overseeing popular pleasures, however, characterises the present condition of things, and shows how far the French have advanced in freedom.

But it is not only the relations between the sexes which form the subject of obscene dances in the suburbs of Paris. It seems to me sometimes as if there was danced a mockery of all that is noblest and holiest in life, yet which has been so often used by crafty knaves for profit, and so often rendered ridiculous by fools, that the people no longer believe in it, as they once did. Yes, they have lost all faith in the lofty thoughts of which our political and literary Tartuffes sing and say so much,¹ and even the extravagant rhodomontades of weak minds rendered all ideal things to it so ridiculous, that

¹ Heine has himself been very usually classed with these merely mocking and insincere writers, but unjustly. There are those who *confine* themselves to ridicule and sneers, and others who, while ridiculing errors, still search with hope for ideals, and our author was, despite his many contradictions, really of the latter class. He was an inquirer or seeker for truth, in which he believed, though he continually went astray.—*Translator.*

it found therein only hollow phrases or the so-called *blague*. And as this desolate manner of seeing all things is represented by Robert Macaire,¹ so it shows itself in the dance of the people, which may be regarded as an actual pantomime of Robert Macairism. He who has any idea of the latter can understand that unspeakable dance, which is a danced mockery, sneering not only at the relations of the sexes, but also those of domestic life, and at all which is good and beautiful, and of every kind of enthusiasm, of patriotism, truth, faith, family feelings, heroism, and divinity. I repeat it, I always feel an indescribable misery at the sight of the people dancing in the places of public amusement in Paris, and this is especially the case in the days of the Carnival, when the mad masquerade carries the demoniac enjoyment to the monstrous and horrible. I was almost seized with terror when I was lately in one of those wild *fêtes de nuit* which are now given in the Opera Comique, and where, by the way, the reeling spectral show is far more splendidly carried out than in the balls of the Grand Opera. Here Beelzebub makes

¹ Our author might here have said as truly, Victor Hugo, who carried eloquent and elegant emptiness to a pitch beyond all precedent. I once heard this great man make a speech of half-an-hour's duration in 1878 before the International Literary Congress, which was simply the perfection of *vox et præterea nihil*, or sounds without sense.—*Translator*.

music with a complete orchestra—a deafening music, which splits our ears, while the piercing light of the gas dazzles and tortures the eyes like hell-fire. This is the lost valley of which nurses tell; here are dancing unearthly awful beings, as with us in the Walpurgis night, and many a one among them is very pretty, and cannot quite cast aside, despite all degradation, that grace which is inborn in these diabolical Frenchwomen. But when the blare of the trumpets announces the last *galop*—the terrible *galop ronde*—then the Satanic spectacle reaches the height of madness; it seems as if the ceiling would split asunder, and the whole infernal company come swarming out on broomsticks, pitchforks, great wooden spoons, roaring the sacramental words, “*Oben hinaus, nirgends an!*” (“Up and out, never touch!”). Then it would be a terrible moment for one of our countrymen newly arrived from over the Rhine, and who knowing nothing of magic, cannot pronounce the spell which must be uttered in order not to be whirled away with the Wild Hunt, unless he can recall the old German prayer of his grandmother, which ought to be recited in low tones when pretty French sorceresses threaten to draw you into eternal damnation.¹

¹ There are several trifling additions in the French text of this description of the ball, which I have incorporated into the

translation without specification. The reader cannot have failed to observe that the author is somewhat contradictory, when, after describing the prevalence of outrageous conduct at popular balls (and such conduct was really far more common then than he gives us to suppose), he proceeds to blame the Government for placing policemen to prevent such disorder. Yet, after making every deduction from merit, this article must be regarded as admirably conceived and written, inspired with truthful sentiment, and extremely sagacious as describing, with great succinctness, the great defect of the French mind—the disposition to accept words for ideas, style for thought, and theatrical noise for ornament. From such a devoted and sincere admirer of France as Heine was, these remarks have a deep significance. And marvellously deep and moving to those who can understand them are his observations on the shallowness, soullessness, and despair evinced by the mockery of *all* that is great, noble, or refined in the popular dances or Macaire types of the lower orders of Paris. Every year sees this want of faith, ideals, or hope spreading upward into the highest classes, even as an Irish bog spreads from the valley or plain up the mountain-side, destroying all fertility as it climbs. It is a terrible subject, and one which perhaps involves the most terrible social problem of the future.—*Translator.*

ROSSINI AND MENDELSSOHN.

PARIS, April 15, 1842.

LAST year, just as I came into Cette on a fine summer afternoon, I saw passing along the *quai*, which lies by the Mediterranean, a procession which I shall never forget. First of all in it marched the priestly brotherhoods or *confréries*, in their red, white, or black garments, and the penitents, whose heads were covered by capucins, in which were two holes, from which the eyes glared out ghost-like, bearing in their hands burning wax candles or banners of the cross. Then came the different orders of monks, and following them a multitude of the laity, women and men, pale, broken forms, who tottered piously along with an affecting and sad sing-song. I had often seen the like in my infancy on the Rhine, and I cannot deny that those sounds awoke in me a certain sorrow and a kind of home-sickness. But what I had never seen before, and which seemed to be of neighbouring Spanish origin, was the troop of children who played the Passion. There was a little boy (*Bübchen*), dressed as the Saviour

is usually represented, the crown of thorns on his head, his long golden locks flowing and waving sorrowfully down, creeping along bending under the weight of an enormous wooden cross. On his brow were coarsely-painted wounds, as also on his hands and bare feet. By his side walked a little girl dressed entirely in black, who, as the *Mater Dolorosa*, bore in her breast several swords with gilt hilts, and she indeed seemed to be almost melting in tears, an image of the deepest woe. Other little boys who came next represented the Apostles, and among them was a little Judas with red hair and a purse in his hand. Two urchins, helmeted and weaponed as Roman soldiers, brandished sabres. Other juvenile actors wore monkish dresses and ecclesiastical ornaments; there were little Capucins, little Jesuits, little bishops, with mitres and crosiers, and darling little nuns, none certainly more than six years of age. Strangest of all, there were some children dressed as cupids, with silken wings and golden quivers, and immediately close to Christ were two little creatures, smaller than himself, and hardly four years old, in old-fashioned shepherds' dresses, with diminutive hats well ribboned. They were pretty creatures, as nice to kiss as dolls of march-pane. They were probably intended for the shepherds who stand about the manger and the infant Jesus.

Would any one believe it? This sight awoke in my soul the most seriously pious feelings, and that those were little innocent children who acted the greatest and most colossal martyrdom made it more touching! This was not a mere mockery in the historical grand style; no pious hypocritical grimacing, no Berlin falsehoods of faith.¹ It was the most naïve expression of the most profound thought, and it was the simple descent to (*herablassend*) childish forms which prevented the subject from weighing destructively on our soul or

¹ This manifestation of "the most seriously pious feelings," of which he was at least capable, by Heinrich Heine, is indeed touching. It was probably truly evoked by the cupids, aided by the rococo shepherds and shepherdesses à la Watteau. It may be here remarked, that but for this short-sighted perseverance in attempting to impress only *the lower orders* or the ignorant by childish theatrical display, the Roman Church might have retained, or at least regained, most of its power. The Salvation Army is committing a similar mistake, and thereby doing more to practically injure Christianity than all the agnostic philosophers and infidel writers put together. For the great body of the Christian Protestant current religion consists of sincerity, common-sense, and respectability, and all who hold to it are offended by shallow theatrical show, and braying, "blood-and-fire," rampant vulgarity. But the only things which the Catholic Church has thus far borrowed from the Protestants are priestly morality and mediæval art. Perhaps simplicity in worship may come in time; but the Church must hurry—she is going fast. As there are many people who cannot distinguish between the funny and foolish, so our author here confounds *naïveté* or simplicity with sheer silliness in a manner which indicates an almost total ignorance of the former.—*Translator.*

from destroying itself. This subject is of such a tremendous power of pain and sublimity, that it rises above the most heroically grand or most pathetically extensive means of representation. For this reason the greatest artists have in painting, as well as in music, always made charming, with as many flowers as possible, the transcendent terrors of the Passion, and softened its bloody earnestness by playful tenderness, as Rossini did when he composed his *Stabat Mater*.

This last musical composition, the *Stabat* of Rossini, was the great remarkable event of the past season; it is still being discussed among the events of the day, and even the severe criticisms which have, from a North German point of view, been raised against the great master, indicate most strikingly the originality and depth of his genius. "The execution is too worldly, too sensuous, too playful for its spiritual subject; it is too light, too agreeable, too entertaining," are the groans and complaints of certain heavy, tiresome, criti-captious men (*Kritikaster*), who, if they do not deliberately sham extravagant spirituality, have certainly tortured themselves into very limited and erroneous ideas regarding sacred music. As among painters, so there prevails among musicians entirely false views as to the treatment of religious subjects. The former think that the truly Christian must be repre-

sented in delicately meagre outlines, as if in grief or careworn, and colourless as possible, and the designs of Overbeck are in this respect their ideal. To contradict this argument by a fact, I would only call attention to the religious pictures of the Spanish school, in which fulness of outline and of colour prevails, yet no one will deny that these Spanish pictures breathe the most vigorous Christianity,¹ and that their creators were certainly not less inspired with faith than the celebrated masters who have gone over to Catholicism in Rome in order to paint with more unmitigated fervour. It is not the external haggardness and paleness which is a sign of the deepest Christianity in art, but a certain internal transcendentalism (*Ueberschwänglichkeit*), which cannot be acquired by baptism or study in music or in painting, for which reason I find the *Stabat* of Rossini more truly Christian than the *Paulus* of Felix Mendelssohn, which is praised by the adversaries of Rossini as a model of Christian style.²

Heaven forbid that I should utter a reproach against so meritorious a master as the composer of *Paulus*, and least of all would it ever occur to the writer of these pages to detract from the

¹ The French version here gives *ungeschwächteste Christenthum* as "le christianisme le plus spiritualisé et le plus idéal !"

² *Christenthümlichkeit*, a fearfully rococo word, which can only be truly translated as *Christiandomliness*.—Translator.

Christianity of the oratorio in question because Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is by birth a Jew. But I cannot refrain from pointing out the fact that in the year when M. Mendelssohn began on Christianity in Berlin—he was baptized in his thirteenth year—Rossini had fallen off from it, and had thrown himself altogether into the worldliness of opera-music. Now that he has in turn abandoned these and dreamed himself back into the Roman Catholic memories of his youth, or into the times when he sang in the Cathedral of Pesaro as a choir-boy or acted as acolyte at the mass; now when the old sounds of the organ again resounded in his memory, and he grasped the pen to write a *Stabat*, he had indeed little need to first scientifically construe the *Génie du Christianisme*, and then much less to slavishly copy Handel or Sebastian Bach. He had only to again call up the earliest sounds of childhood from his soul, and it is a wondrous thing, however solemnly and profoundly or in the depth of pain these chords rang, however powerfully they sighed forth the most powerful¹ and bled, they still kept through it all something childlike, and reminded me of the Passion by the children which I had seen in Cette. Yes, I involuntarily recalled that pious little masquerade when I was

¹ "So gewaltig sie auch das Gewaltigste ausseufzen."

first present at the execution of the *Stabat* by Rossini. The vast and sublime martyrdom was here presented, but in the naïve accents of youth; the agonising plaint of the Mater Dolorosa rose but from the throats of innocent little girls, and the black crape of deepest mourning rustled the wings of all the cupids of grace and sweetness. The terrors of the Crucifixion were softened as with pleasant pastoral play, and the feeling of the infinite swept round and enclosed the whole, like the blue heaven which shone down on the procession of Cette—like the blue sea by whose borders it passed along with music and with song. That is the eternal grace and charm of Rossini, his imperturbable serenity, which no impresario and no music-dealer could destroy or even disturb. With whatever vile injustice or refined treachery he has been treated, I fear full often, in life, we still never find in his musical works a drop of gall. Like the ancient spring of Arethusa, which kept its original sweetness though it ran through the bitter water of the sea, so the heart of Rossini would retain its melodious loveliness and sweetness although it had drained to the dregs all the wormwood of this world.

As I have said, the *Stabat* of the great *maestro* was the prominent musical event of this year. As regards the first performance, which determines the fashion (*tonangebende*), I need say nothing

save that Italians sang. The hall of the Italian Opera seemed to be the fore-court of heaven, in which sainted nightingales were sobbing, and the most fashionable tears flowing freely. *La France Musicale* also gave in its concerts the greater portion of the *Stabat*, and—*comme il va sans dire*—with immense applause. In these concerts we also heard the *Paulus* of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who by this vicinity attracted our attention and provoked comparison with Rossini. With the mass of the public this comparison was by no means to the advantage of our young fellow-countryman; it was as if one should compare the Apennines of Italy with the Templower Hill near Berlin. Still the Templower Hill has its merits, and it attracts the respect of many because it has a cross on its summit: "In this sign thou shalt conquer." Of course not in France, the country of infidelity, where M. Mendelssohn has always failed. He was the sacrificial lamb of the season, while Rossini was the musical lion, whose delightful roar is still ringing. It is here reported that M. Felix Mendelssohn will within a few days be here in Paris. This much is certain, that, through high influence and diplomatic effort,¹ M. Leon Pillet

¹ French version—"C'est que par l'intercession de *piétistes* et de diplomates d'un grand pouvoir." Which was unfair, if not altogether untrue.—*Translator*.

has been induced to have a libretto written by M. Scribe, for which M. Mendelssohn is to compose a great opera. Will our young fellow-countryman accomplish this with success? I do not know. His artistic gifts are great, but they have very serious limits and lackings. I find, as regards talent, a great likeness between M. Felix Mendelssohn and Mademoiselle Rachel Felix, the tragic artist. What is peculiar to both is a great, severe, very serious seriousness, a decided, almost urgent, disposition to classic models, the most refined and intelligent penetration, and finally, a total want of *naïveté*, or sincere naturalness. But was there ever in art really original genius or genial originality without *naïveté*? To this day such a thing has never been known.

The criticism of Rossini by Heine is characterised by remarkable sagacity or insight, allied to enthusiastic admiration, the whole being sketched with a bold hand in a few strokes with the vigour and ability of a true artist. The illustration by a description of the children's procession at Cette is perfect of its kind. It may indeed be questioned whether, as a specimen of argument by mere illustration or poetic reasoning, it has ever been surpassed. But even more remarkable and quite as truthful is his comment on Mademoiselle Rachel, which is the more entitled to admiration because when it appeared there was probably not a soul living who would admit its justice. Rachel had, indeed, an absolutely practical, worldly-keen

perception of what there was in the old French classical drama which moved or excited people, and great readiness in profiting by lessons, criticisms, and the public. She had a deep and strange, rather than a beautiful voice ; but she had learned how to produce with it effects which astonished the multitude, simply because they implied difficulties overcome. Of all her *tours de force*, the one which always "brought down the house" with its most tremendous applause was, when she had thrown herself into a terrible spasm of excitement, to at once recover in a second, and proceed with calmest voice and countenance. This, which displeased me as a mere trick, was, I soon found, the key to all of Rachel's best play. There was, as Heine says, or fully implies, a want of the "genial" or "natural" depth of feeling and of *naïveté*, although there were such clever approaches to it all, that a *blasé* old theatre-goer could not be made to understand her deficiencies. Rachel had no interest in what she played ; the subject was to her simply nothing. It is said that once when she was playing in a tragedy of five acts, it was in her *rôle* to die at the end of the fourth. As it appeared one day in conversation, after the play had had a long run, that Mademoiselle Rachel did not know how it ended, she confessed she had never read the fifth act. Rachel, in a word, had talent, but no heart and no *great* genius. Her art meant for her simply the effect which she could produce on others ; she did not enjoy acting in itself, as did Kean, or Mrs. Siddons, or Frederick Lemaitre, and Mademoiselle Dejazet.—*Translator.*

THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1843.

FIRST PAPER.

PARIS, *March 20, 1843.*

THE wearisomeness or ennui which the classical tragedy of the French exhales, like a benumbing vapour, was never better felt than by that good citizen's wife of the time of Louis XIV., who said to her children, "Do not envy the nobility, and forgive them their pride; for, as the punishment of Heaven, they must be bored to death every night in the Théâtre Français." The old *régime* has departed, and the sceptre has passed into the hands of the citizens; but it must be that these new rulers also have many sins to atone for, and the anger of the gods afflicts them more intolerably than it did their predecessors in the realm, for they must not only drain the mouldy dregs of the ancient opiate poured forth for them every night by Mademoiselle Rachel, but must now even devour that refuse of our German Romantic kitchen, the versified *sauer-*

kraut known as the *Burgraves* of Victor Hugo. I will not waste a word in discussing the value of this indigestible piece of shop-work, which is presented with all possible pretensions, especially with the historical, since all the knowledge of Victor Hugo as to the time and place of his play are drawn entirely from the French translation of Schreiber's "Handbook for Travellers on the Rhine."¹ Has this man, who only one year ago dared to say in the public Academy that German genius has come to an end—" *La pensée allemande est rentrée dans l'ombre* "—has this great eagle of poetry really soared this time so far above all his contemporaries? Truly, by no means. His work indicates neither poetic breadth nor harmony, neither inspiration nor free thought; it has not a spark of genius; nothing, in fact, but bombastic unnaturalness² and showy declamation. We find in it angular wooden forms, overloaded with tasteless frippery and tinsel, moved by visible

¹ This is fearfully severe, but probably quite true. I believe that in all the history of literature there is no instance of any writer or poet who had raised himself to such a height as Victor Hugo achieved with such a very slender store of knowledge or reading, and who yet made such arrogant pretence of erudition. All of his works bear the impress of having been "coached up."—*Translator*.

² *Gespreizte Unnatur*. *Spreizen*, to spread one's self, which, in this sense, is accurately conveyed by the American slang term, the whole expression here being equivalent to "high falutin."—*Translator*.

wires, an uncanny, mournful puppet-show, a gross and cramped aping of life, animated through and through with sham passion. Nothing is so repugnant to me as this Hugoistic passion, which behaves so like glowing fire, and flames up so wildly without, and is so wretchedly sober and frosty within. This cold passion, which is served up to us in such blazing figures of speech, always reminds me of the roasted ice which the Chinese prepare so artistically by holding a lump of something frozen, wrapped in a thin coat of dough, for a minute over the fire. It is an antithetic dainty, which must be swallowed at once, and which, with its hot rind, burns the lips and tongue while it cools the stomach.¹

But the ruling *bourgeoisie* has to endure for its sins not only old Classic tragedies, which are *not* Classic, and trilogies of Burgraves of triple tiresomeness,² but the heavenly powers have bestowed or inflicted on them a far more terrible artistic pleasure, namely, the pianoforte, from which there is now no escape anywhere, and which is heard ringing in every house and in all

¹ I may be excused for indicating this as a *chef-d'œuvre* of simile, which shows the poet when disguised in prose. And it may be said truly that Heine was never prosaic in his poetry, but was often, though seldom in excess, poetic in his prose.—*Translator.*

² This reference to the trilogies is only given in the French version.

society by night as well as by day. Yes, *piano-forte* is the name of the instrument of martyrdom wherewith fashionable life is specially tortured and punished for all its usurpations. If only the innocent had not to suffer with the guilty! This eternal *carillon* of pianoing is really intolerable. (Woe is me! just at this instant my two lady neighbours in the next apartment, two youthful daughters of Albion, are playing a brilliant *morceau de piano à deux mains gauches*—a brilliant duo with their two left hands!). These jingling sounds without natural cadence, this heartless whizzing, this arch-prosaic sudden tumbling and pecking (*Schollern und Pickern*), this *forte-piano*, kills all our thoughts and feelings, and we become stupid, apathetic, idiotic. This taking the upper hand by piano-playing, and also the great triumphal tours and tournaments of the piano *virtuosi*, are characteristic of our time, and distinctly declare the victory of machinery over mind. Technical facility, the precision of an automaton, the identification of self with the stringed wood, the transition of humanity into a tuned instrument of sound (*die tonende Instrumentwerdung des Menschen*),¹ is now praised and exalted as the

¹ The instru-mental-ising of man appears, with the help of a pun, to give this remarkable word a little more closely.—*Translator.*

highest attainable. Therefore like unto swarms of locusts do the piano-fortuosi come flying every year to Paris, not so much to make money as a name, which shall give them in other lands an all the greater pecuniary harvest. Paris is for them a kind of bulletin-board, or hoarding for advertisements, on which their names may be read in tremendous letters. I say that their name and fame are to be read, for it is the Parisian press which announces them to a believing world, and these *virtuosi* show their virtuosity with a vengeance in the grand art of working the press and the editors. They know how to get round the most recalcitrant, and to make themselves heard by the deafest; for men are always men, susceptible to flattery, and liking to play the part of a protector—and one hand washes another; the dirtier hand is not, however, generally that of the editor, and even the venal flatterer is at the same time a befooled innocent who is half paid with futile praise. There is much said of the venality of the press, but here the world is mistaken. On the contrary, it is the press which is generally cheated, and this is especially true as regards celebrated *virtuosi*. Celebrated they are indeed, one and all, in the puffs which they work into print, either in their own distinguished persons or by aid of a brother or mother. It is hardly

credible how humbly they beg in newspaper offices for the least crumb of praise, or how they will twist and turn to get it. While I was as yet in the good graces of the director of the *Gazette Musicale* (which I unfortunately lost by youthful folly), I could see with my own eyes how those great celebrities lay at his feet, and crawled and wagged their tails, all to be a little praised in his journal, and we may say of our highly celebrated *virtuosi* who receive such homage in all the capitals of Europe, that, in the words of Beranger, the dust from the boots of Moritz Schlesinger is still visible on their laurels.

No one has an idea of the extent to which these persons speculate on our credulity, unless he can witness their indefatigable perseverance in its time and place. I once encountered, in the bureau of the *Gazette* referred to, a ragged old man who announced himself as the father of a distinguished *virtuoso*, and who begged the editor to insert a puff (*réclame*) in which certain noble traits from the artistic life of his son were described for the benefit of the public. The Celebrated One had, for example, given, with extraordinary success, a concert in the South of France, and devoted the proceeds to the restoration of a much-ruined Gothic church. At another time he had in like manner benefited an inun-

dated widow, and made up to an aged school-master the loss of his only cow. During my conversation with the father of this friend of humanity, the old man innocently confessed that *Monsieur son fils* really did not do as much for him as he might, and sometimes left him quite destitute. I would hereby advise this distinguished performer to give for once a concert for the benefit of the ragged trousers of his old father.

When we see so much of this pitiful business, one cannot really find fault with the Swedish students, who expressed themselves somewhat too strongly against the evil of the apotheosising *virtuosi*, and who gave to the celebrated Ole Bull the well-known ovation on his arrival in Upsala. The celebrated guest, expecting that the students would unharness his horses and draw him themselves, and awaiting crowns of flowers and torchlight processions, received all at once a tremendous shower of blows with sticks in his honour, or a truly Northern surprise.¹

The matadores of this year's season were

¹ When I was at the same place, Upsala, in 1889, as a member of the Oriental Congress, the conduct of the students, though they did not receive us with blows, struck me as singularly rude and insolent, and it was roundly rated as such in the newspapers. It was in bad taste in Heine, to say the least, to speak so lightly of the brutal and stupid reception given to Ole Bull, who was a remarkably kind-hearted and

Sivori and Dreyschock. The first is a fiddler, and I place him as such before the latter, the terrible piano-thumper. Among violinists, skill is not entirely the result of mechanical fingering and mere technicality, as with the pianists. The violin is an instrument which has almost human caprices, and which is, so to speak, in sympathetic relation to the disposition of the artist. The least discomfort, the slightest mental trouble, a breath of feeling, manifests itself in a prompt and direct echo, which may well come from this, that the violin is pressed so closely to the breast,

benevolent man. I hardly think he would have done so could he have heard the eulogies which the great violinist lavished on him in conversation with me. They were to the effect that Heine was in society by far the most agreeable man whom he had ever met, and that among the most brilliant wits of Paris, he outdid all, invariably sparkling—*sprudelnd*—like a fountain, and talking well on all subjects. I regret having been inadvertently and innocently the cause of great trouble to Ole Bull. I had made casually in London the mere acquaintance of a man to whom I promptly gave the cold shoulder when he called on me afterwards in America. This man, as the artist assured me, subsequently, by using my name, and representing me as one who would guarantee his honesty, obtained a situation as agent for his troupe, and absconded, not only with money, but also injured his employer seriously in other respects. Ole Bull, like many artists, was a man of easy faith; had he at first referred to me, this would not have happened. It is evidently a gratuitous assumption by Heine that Ole Bull expected the students to play horse for him. That they indulged in "horse-play" appears by the text.—*Translator.*

and catches the beating of our hearts. This is, however, only the case with artists who really have hearts which beat in their bosoms, and above all, souls. The more sober and heartless the violinist, the more uniform will his execution be, and he can count upon the obedience of his fiddle at any hour in any place. But this valued certainty is only the result of a limited mind, and it is just the greatest masters whose play is often dependent on external and internal influences. I have never heard any one play better, or at times worse, than Paganini, and I can say the same thing in favour of Ernst. This latter, Ernst, who is perhaps the greatest violinist of our time, was like Paganini in his faults as in his genius. His absence this winter caused many regrets among all friends of music who know how to value high art.¹ Signor Sivori was a very flat compensation, but yet we heard him with great pleasure. Since he was born in Genoa, and perhaps as a child in running about in the narrow streets of his native city, where no one can be avoided, sometimes met Paganini, he has been proclaimed here as his pupil. No, Paganini never had a pupil, and he could not have one, because the best which

¹ The last half of this sentence is wanting in the French version.

he knew, or that which is highest in art, can never be taught nor learned.¹

What is the highest art? That which is the highest in all other manifestations of life—the self-conscious freedom of genius. Not only a piece of music which has been composed in the fulness of that self-consciousness, but also the mere execution of it may be regarded as the artistic highest when there is breathed on us from it that marvellous air of the infinite which causes us to feel directly that the performer stands with the composer on the same free spiritual height, and that he is also as free. Yes, this self-consciousness of freedom in art reveals itself especially in treatment or in form, never in the subject itself. We may indeed assert to the contrary, that those artists who have chosen liberty itself, or the setting mankind free for a theme, are generally limited, fettered souls, really in themselves confined. This remark holds specially good to-day in German poetry, where we see that the unbridled defiant singers of freedom, when

¹ A very empty and unsatisfactory reason for proving that Sivori never had lessons from the great violinist. It would establish the absurdity that no genius ever taught anybody anything. I have often heard Sivori; his playing was what might be called *anmuthig*, pleasing, graceful, and fascinating. He had decided genius, but it did not assume powerful as much as agreeable forms.—*Translator*.

looked at by daylight, are mostly very narrow natures, Philistines whose pig-tails or queues peep out from under their red caps—ephemeral one-day flies, of whom Goethe would say—

“Hear the paltry angry fly rant !
 Buzzing with a hope to hurt,
 How it drops its speck of dirt
On the nose of a grim tyrant !”

Really great poets have always treated the great interests of their time in another form than that of newspaper leaders in rhyme, and have troubled themselves very little when the servile mob, whose coarseness revolts them, reproaches them with aristocracy.¹

¹ To which the French version adds—“Et de marque de caractère.”

SECOND PAPER.

PARIS, March 26, 1843.

I HAVE mentioned Messieurs Sivori and Dreyschock as most remarkable phenomena of the musical season of this year. The latter has reaped an immense harvest of praise, and I report truly that public opinion has proclaimed him as one of the greatest of pianists and ranked him with the most famous of them. He makes an infernal row (*Er macht einen höllischen Spektakel*). You would not think you were listening to a Dreyschock, but receiving a dry-shock of electricity.¹ As the wind on the evening of the concert was south-west,² you possibly heard in Augsburg the tremendous sounds. At such a

¹ "Man glaubt nicht einen pianisten Dreyschock, sondern drei Schock Pianisten zu hören." "You do not think that you are listening to one, but to nine-score pianists." It is hardly necessary to state that the French version passes over this convulsion of musical scores in silent scorn. *Schock*, threescore, has retained a trace of its old meaning in English, when we speak of a shock of wheat, which means, I believe, from fifteen to twenty sheaves. It also means in German a heap or pile.

² French version—*Au nord-ouest*.

distance the effect may have been agreeable; but here, in the department of the Seine, our tympanums or ear-drums threaten to burst when this piano-banger storms away. Hang thyself, O Franz Liszt! verily thou art but a paltry graven image of a wind-idol compared to this thunder-god who bindeth the storms together like birch-twigs and therewith lashes the ocean.

There¹ was a Dane named Villmers, who was listened to with good results, and who will doubtless in time drum and thrum his way up to the summit of his art. The older pianists are falling away little by little into the shadows of oblivion, and now these poor played-out invalids of fame must pay penance for having been over-praised in their youth. Only Kalkbrenner holds his own a little. He reappeared this winter in the concert of a pupil; there still plays on his lips that embalmed and balmy smile which we lately noted in an Egyptian Pharaoh when his mummy was unrolled in the museum here. After an absence of more than twenty-five years, M. Kalkbrenner lately revisited London, the scene of his earliest success, and harvested a great crop of fame. The best is

¹ The following sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

that he returned with his neck unbroken,¹ and we now need no longer put faith in the mysterious report that M. Kalkbrenner avoided England so long on account of the unhealthy law which there prevails of punishing the gallant crime of bigamy with the halter.² We may

¹ The French version here gives the following original passages:—"Il est revenu sain et sauf, les poches pleines de guinées et la tête plus vide que jamais. Il revient en triomphateur, et il nous raconte combien sa majesté la reine d'Angleterre a été enchantée de le voir si bien portant, et combien elle s'est sentie flattée de sa visite à Windsor, ou dans quelque autre château dont j'ai oublié le nom. Oui, le grand Kalkbrenner est revenu sain et sauf à sa résidence de Paris, où il a retrouvé également en bonne santé tous ses admirateurs, ses magnifiques pianoforte qu'il fabrique de compagnie avec M. Pleyel, ses nombreux élèves qui se composent de tous les artistes auxquels il a parlé seulement une fois dans sa vie, et enfin sa collection de tableaux dont il prétend qu'aucun prince ne pourrait la payer. Il va sans dire qu'il a aussi retrouvé ici ce petit garçon de huit ans, qu'il appelle monsieur son fils, et à qui il accorde encore plus de talent musical qu'à lui-même, le déclarant supérieur à Mozart. Ce petit bonhomme lymphatique et maladivement boursoufflé, qui dans tous les cas dépasse déjà monsieur son père sous le rapport de la modestie, écoute son propre éloge avec le plus imperturbable sangfroid; et de l'air d'un vieillard ennuyé et fatigué des honneurs et des ovations du monde, il raconte lui-même ses succès à la cour, où les belles princesses lui auraient baisé sa petite main blanche. L'outré-ouïdence de ce petit, de ce fœtus blasé, est aussi rebutante que comique. Je ne sais pas si M. Kalkbrenner a également retrouvé à Paris la brave marchande de poissons," &c., &c.

² Public performers seem to be public property, and this scandal reminds me that many years ago, when an Italian opera company was in New York, there appeared in a local Italian

therefore assume that the story was a fable, for it is a fact that M. Kalkbrenner has returned to his admirers here, to the beautiful pianos which he manufactures in company with M. Pleyel, and to his fair pupils, who all develop themselves into his mistresses—in the French sense of the word; to his gallery of pictures, which, as he declares, no prince can afford to buy; to his hopeful son, who already surpasses his father in modesty; and to the noble-hearted fishwoman who yielded to him the famous turbot which the head-cook of the Prince of Benevento, Talleyrand-Perigord, former Bishop of Autun, had already ordered for his master. The *poissarde* refused for a long time to yield the turbot in question to the famous pianist, who had gone incognito to the fish-market; but when he put down his card, and the poor soul read on it the name of “Kalkbrenner,” she at once ordered the fish to be carried to his house; nay, it was long before she could be induced to take payment for it, as she had been, as she declared, sufficiently remunerated by so great an honour. German codfish aristocrats (*Stockfische*) are vexed at such a “fish story,”¹ because they

newspaper a list of its members, with the names or mention of the wives which every man had left behind him in Italy or elsewhere. I was informed on good authority that they all treated it as a joke.—*Translator*.

¹ The French version, for once, boldly grapples this lion in

are not able to spread themselves so grandly in this wise like M. Kalkbrenner, and because, over and beyond this, they envy his elegant mien, his admirably attired form, his polish and sweetness, his whole candied sugar-cake exterior, which is, however, disagreeably jarred to the calm observer by many involuntary Berlinisms of the lowest class, so that Koreff said as wittily as neatly of him that he looked like a bon-bon which had fallen into the mud.

Monsieur Pixis is a contemporary of M. Kalkbrenner, and though of an even inferior order, we will mention him as a curiosity. But is M. Pixis really living? He himself declares that he is, and appeals to the testimony of M. Sina, the celebrated bather of Boulogne, who must not be confused with Mount Sinai. We will therefore believe this brave master of the waves, though many evil tongues declare that M. Pixis never existed at all. No, the latter is a man who really lives; I say a man, though a zoologist would give him a longer name, whereby hangs a tale. M. Pixis came to Paris at the time of the Invasion, when the Apollo Belvedere was restored to the Romans, and had to leave Paris. The

the path, and conquers it bravely with the help of italics as follows:—"Un tel *canard* cause du dépit à plus d'un dindon allemand."—*Translator*.

acquisition of M. Pixis must therefore be regarded as an equivalent for the loss of Apollo. He played the piano, composed nicely and prettily, and his musical pieces were in great demand by dealers in canary-birds, who teach the latter tunes on bird-organs. These yellow beings only required to have a composition by M. Pixis played to them once, when they immediately caught and repeated it, to the delight of all hearers, who cried aloud, "*Pixissime !*" Since the elder Bourbons left the scene, *Pixissime !* is no longer shouted ; the new birds require new tunes.¹

M. Pixis is also somewhat remarkable by his external appearance, for he has the greatest nose in the musical world ; and, to make this as striking as possible, he often shows himself in company with a composer of romances who has no nose at all, for which he lately received the cross of the Legion of Honour ; for it certainly could not have

¹ Here the French version, fired perhaps with its late success, ventures on an entirely original, although quite unavoidable, pun of its own : "Depuis que les Bourbons de la branche aînée ont quitté la scène, on ne crie plus *Pixissime !* les nouveaux serins demandent de nouvelles melodies." *Serin* or *serein* is equivalent to "goose" in slang. In the original MS. the conclusion of this sentence ran thus : "And M. Pixis is, like Kalkbrenner, a poor mummy ; in fact, the mummy of an ibis. The long bill of an ibis has a striking resemblance to the fabulously long nose of Pixis, which belongs to the wonders of the musical world, and which has become the butt of so many bad jokes," &c.—*Translator.*

been for his music that M. Passeron has been decorated. It is also said that he will be appointed Director of the Grand Opera, because he is the only man of whom there is no danger that Maestro Giacomo Meyerbeer will ever lead him by the nose.¹

M. Herz belongs, like Kalkbrenner and Pixis, to the mummies; he is only distinguished by his beautiful concert-hall; he has long been dead, and was recently married.² Among the pianists here who are at present most in vogue are Halle and Edward Wolf; but we will specially notice only the latter, because he is also a composer. He is fertile and full of *verve* and originality. His studies for the pianoforte are the most celebrated of his works, wherefore he is quite popular. Stephen Heller is more of a composer than a performer, though he is greatly admired for his playing. His musical productions all bear the

¹ There is an extraordinary similarity in this passage on Messrs. Pixis and Passeron to a tale by Edgar Allan Poe, in which a man showed himself in society, and became a lion of the season on account of his immensely long nose, but was ere long dethroned or supplanted by a man with no nose at all. I believe, however, that Poe's tale has precedence in point of time, and that it was suggested to him by the nose described by Slawkenbergius in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."—*Translator*.

² This passage is omitted in the French version, also a few lines in the next sentence.—*Translator*.

stamp of distinguished talent, and he belongs already to the great masters. He is a true artist, without affectation and without exaggeration ; a Romantic spirit in a Classic form.

Thalberg has now been two months in Paris, but will give no concerts himself, and only play once this week in one given by a friend. This artist distinguishes himself, to his great advantage, from his colleagues of the piano, I may almost say, by his musical manners.¹ As in his life, so in his art, Thalberg manifests inborn tact ; his style (*Vortrag*) is so gentlemanlike, so well-off, so respectable, so free from grimace, so utterly devoid of forced or affected genius or geniality, so clear from that arrogant clownishness (*renommierende Bengeleri*) which often covers real cowardice, which we so often find among our musical mushrooms.² Healthy women love him ; the sickly are not less attracted, although he does not excite their pity by epileptic attacks on the piano, although he does not speculate on over-delicate nerves, and although he

¹ In the *Augsburger Zeitung* there was in place of this sentence the following :—"Despite my antipathy to the piano, I would make an effort to hear him ; but there is something peculiar as regards the tolerance with which I regard him. He enchants me, I may say, by his musical manners ; his play is all steeped in harmony."—*Translator*.

² This conclusion is wanting in the French version.

neither electrifies nor galvanises, which are all negative but very beautiful characteristics. He enchants only by a balsam-like melody, by moderate measure and mildness.¹ There is but one pianist whom I prefer to him. That is Chopin, who is, however, much more of a composer than a performer. When he plays, I forget all masters of the instrument or mere skill, and sink into the sweet abyss of his music, into the melancholy rapture of his exquisite and profound creations. Chopin is the great and genial poet of sweet sound, who should only be named with Mozart, or Beethoven, or Rossini.

There has been no want of novelties this winter in the so-called lyrical theatres. The Bouffes gave us *Don Pasquale*, a new work by Signor Donizetti, the musical Raupach.² This Italian is not wanting in success; his talent is great, but far greater is his fertility, in which he is unequalled, save by rabbits. In the Opera Comique we have had *La Part du Diable*,³ the text by Scribe, the music by Auber—a poet and composer who are perfectly paired, being as marvellously matched in their merits as in their mischances. Both have

¹ In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* this sentence is given in place of the four preceding words.

² Omitted in the French version.

³ Known in English as "The Little Devil's Share."

much wit, grace, invention, even passion—only the former lacks poetry and the latter music. The work finds its public and fills the house.

In the Académie Royale de Musique there is being played "Charles VI.," the text by Cassimir Delavigne, the music by Halevy.¹ Here too we observe an elective similarity between the poet and composer. They have both augmented their natural gifts by noble effort, and they have been formed more by the outward discipline of school than by inborn originality. For this reason, neither have ever fallen into fault or error, as sometimes happens to original genius, and they always give us something agreeable, beautiful, respectable, academic, and classic. Both are noble natures, equally dignified, and in an age when gold hides itself so miserly, we will not haggle over current silver. The "Flying Dutchman" of Dietz has been wretchedly wrecked. I have not heard the opera, but the libretto came in my way, and I saw with regret that the beautiful story which a well-known German author (Heinrich Heine) had imagined in a manner per-

¹ In the French text we have "Charles VI., textede Delavigne, musique de Halevy. Je ne sais pas si le premier est le grande poëte de ce nom. Dans ce cas ici, &c." As the correction has here been made only in the German text, it might be inferred that the French was the original. The German editor makes no remark on this curious incident.—*Translator.*

factly true to tradition, for the stage, had been bungled in the French text.¹

The "Prophet" of Meyerbeer is expected, and that with an impatience so intolerable that it may pass into irritation. There is being developed here a singular reaction against Meyerbeer, because people in Paris cannot forgive him the popularity which was graciously accorded to him in Berlin. They are so unjust as to make him atone for many political annoyances. Needy talents, who depend on the highest favour for their subsistence, have their services much more readily pardoned than is a great *maestro* who has come into the world with a great property almost amounting to genius.² In fact, he has exposed himself to very serious misunderstandings, to which we will return anon.

The absence of Berlioz is perceptible. It is to be hoped that he will bring us much that is beautiful when he returns, and Germany will certainly inspire him, even as he must have inspired the souls beyond the Rhine. He is unquestion-

¹ *Vide* "Florentine Nights," the first volume of this series, p. 130. Heine here declares or intimates that he was the first person to conceive giving a dramatic form to this legend; but if this were really the case—which I very much doubt—there would have been some indication of it in "Schnabelewopski."—*Translator*.

² The intimation here is that wealth inherited is a great gift, like that of genius—"geniales Vermögen."

ably the greatest and most original musician whom France has of late years brought forth ; he is far above all French-speaking contemporaries.¹

As a conscientious correspondent, I must mention that among the Germans in Paris is the excellent Master Conradin Kreutzer. He has acquired here a great reputation by the *Nachtlager in Granada* ("The Night-quarters in Granada") performed by a German company which almost died of hunger. This honoured master has been well known to me from earliest youth, when his compositions of songs enraptured me ; to this day they ring in my soul like singing woods with sobbing nightingales and spring breezes perfumed with blossoms. Herr Kreutzer has told me that he will soon set a comic opera to music. May he not stumble on this slippery path, nor be mystified and cheated by the arrant knaves of the French comedian-world, as has happened to so many Germans before him, who even possessed the advantage of having less talent than Herr Kreutzer, and who certainly knew how to move more lightly on the polished floor of Paris ! What sad experiences must Richard Wagner have had, who finally, in obedience to the voice of reason and of his belly, wisely renounced the

¹ All of the foregoing, from the words "The Prophet," is omitted in the French version.

dangerous project of endeavouring to get a foothold on the French stage, and so flew back to the potato-land beyond the Rhine! More advantageously equipped in a material and industrious sense is the old Dessauer,¹ who, as he declares, is composing an opera to order, from the Direction of the Opera Comique. The text will be supplied to him by M. Scribe, who has, however, received security from a banking-house here that in case M. Dessauer should fall through (*bei Durchfall*) a certain sum shall be paid to the distinguished manufacturer of librettos as deduction (*Abtrittsgeld*) and damages. He is quite in the right to take such precautions, seeing that the old Dessauer is not strong on his legs, and suffers from an internal malady of which he continually complains, and which he calls his "melancholy."² But who is the old Dessauer? It cannot be the old Dessauer who won so many laurels in the Seven Years' War, whose march became so famous, and whose statue once stood in the garden of the royal castle in Berlin, and which has since fallen. No, dear reader; the Dessauer of whom we speak has never won laurels, nor written a celebrated march, nor had

¹ In the French, M. de Sauer, the true name. Dessau, a district in Germany.

² This sentence is chiefly from the French version.

a statue—which has fallen down—raised to his memory. He is not the Prussian old Dessauer, and this name is only a *nom de guerre*, or perhaps a nickname (*Spitznahme*), given to him on account of his old, cat-backed-up, awkward¹ appearance. He is an old young man, badly preserved. He is not from Dessau, but from Prague, where he possesses in the Hebrew quarter two great clean houses, also one in Vienna, and is reported to be otherwise very well-to-do. He is, therefore, “not obliged to compose,” as old Masson, the mother-in-law of the great Giacomo Meyerbeer, would say. But out of love for art he gave up business, applied himself to music, and composed while young an opera called “The Visit to San Cyr,” which by dint of noble perseverance was brought out and had a run of a night and a half. As in Prague, so the old Dessauer tried to make his talent known in Vienna, but the clique which is devoted to Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert suppressed him; “he was not understood,” which is intelligible enough on account of his slang dialect² and a certain nasal pronunciation of

¹ *Benauten*. “*Benaut* is a slang expression used in the north of Germany, and is hard to translate. The English ‘awkward’ is nearest to its meaning.”—*Dr. Adolf Meyer*.

² *Kauderwelsch*, as explained in another note, the common word for slang or jargon, but really a lingo spoken by all vagabonds in Germany. It is about one-half Yiddish or Hebrew,

German which recalled rotten eggs. And yet it may be that they did understand him, and for that reason would not hear him speak. Then he suffered from hemorrhoids and strangury, so that he got, as he called it, "the melancholy." To recover his spirits he went to Paris, where he won the favour of the celebrated M. Maurice Schlesinger, who published his compositions, and as recompense for these he received a gold watch. After a while, the old Dessauer went to his patron and informed him that the watch would not go. To which Schlesinger replied, "Go! did I ever say it would? Does your music go? It is with me and your compositions just as it is with you and my watch—neither of them go." So spoke the master of the musicians, M. Maurice Schlesinger, as he twitched the end of his shirt-collar upward, and twisted his neck to one side and the other as if the tie had become of a sudden much too tight, as he is accustomed to do when in a passion, for,

very much corrupted. In the French version this is translated as *baragouin bohémien*, which is quite different, whether as referring to the Czech-Slavonian of Prague, or Bohemian as Gypsy or Romany. The great difference in the three tongues may be thus illustrated: In the first, or *Kauderwelsch*, bread is *lechem*, in Bohemian it is *chleba*, in Gypsy *mauro*. But it is very doubtful whether Heine knew anything about these tongues.—*Translator*.

like all great men, he is very passionate. This uncanny twitching and wriggling of the neck often precedes the most terrible outbursts of rage, and the poor Dessauer was thereby so disordered that he had "the melancholy" that day worse than ever. His noble patron did him great injustice. It was not his fault that things which he composed would never go, since he did all that any mortal might to set them going or to make them spin. For he was on his legs from morn to eve, running about town to beg from any man who had the power to let him have a puff of his poor songs in any newspaper. For he is like a burr upon the coat of every journalist, and unto us he wailleth all day long of his great melancholy, and how we, with a few crumbs of praise, might cheer his soul. To win the poorer journalists who work on lesser newspapers, he has a different kind of bait, telling, for example, how he lately gave a breakfast to an editor in the Café de Paris, which meal cost him forty-five francs and ten sous—in fact, he always carries the bill—the *carte payante*—in his trousers-pocket, and produces it on all occasions to prove the truth of his assertion. Yes, the wrathful Schlesinger did the old Dessauer injustice when he thought that the musician did not do all in his power to make the music "go." For the poor soul to this intent does all he can to set not only

masculine, but also feminine goose-quills into motion. And he has really found an old goose from his native land who, moved by pity, wrote for him a few puffs in flabbiest sentimental German-French, seeking to assuage his melancholy by printed (*gedruckten*) balm. We must praise this good lady all the more, because only pure humanity or philanthropy was here in question, for the old Dessauer would hardly impress women by the charm of his face. As regards this face, opinions differ, some calling it an emetic, and others a purge. It is certain that I am always in a dilemma when I behold him, and know not for which I must decide.¹ The old Dessauer, wishing to show the public that his is not, as was reported, the worst face in the world, had a younger brother imported hither from Prague, and this beautiful youth, who really looks like an Adonis of scurviness, now accompanies him everywhere about Paris.

Excuse me, dear reader, if I entertain you with such muck-flies, but their importunate buzzing can at last compel the most patient of men to grasp the fly-brush. And I would show, too, what dunghill beetles are commended by our

¹ The remarks on the Dessauer here cease in the French version, which is also abridged as regards a few trifling details here and there.—*Translator*.

honest musical publishers as German nightingales and as followers, even as rivals, of Schubert. Schubert is extremely popular in Paris, and his name is used in the most shameless manner. The most execrable rubbish (*Schund*) appears here under the feigned name of Camille Schubert, and the French, who certainly do not know that the first name of the composer is Franz, are thereby deceived. Poor Schubert! And what texts are put to his music! I speak of the songs by Heinrich Heine, which are here most esteemed, but the text is so vilely translated that the poet was cordially delighted to learn how few the musical publishers are who hesitate to suppress the name of the real author, and place on the title-page of those songs that of an obscure French *parolier*.¹ This was perhaps done out of shrewdness, so as not to recall the *droits d'auteur*. Here in France the author of the words of a song set to music is always entitled to half the price paid. Were this the fashion in Germany, a certain poet whose "Book of Songs" has been plundered (*ausgebeutet*) by all German dealers in music for twenty years, would at least have received from these people

¹ *Parolier*, a word-hashter, scribbler. From this word to the sentence beginning with "I will end this article," all is omitted from the French version.—*Translator*.

a word of thanks. But of the many hundreds of musical compositions set to his songs, not one presentation copy has ever been sent to him. May the hour strike also at some time for Germany when the intellectual property of the author shall be as seriously recognised as the cotton property of a night-cap manufacturer. But poets are regarded by us as nightingales, whose only right is to the air; they are without rights—in fact, free as birds or outlaws.¹

I will end this article with a good deed. I hear that Herr Schindler, the musical director in Cologne, is greatly vexed that I, in my report of the musical season (of 1841), spoke very contemptuously of his white-shirt collars, and asserted that on his visiting-cards and under his name was to be read the inscription, "Ami de Beethoven." This last he denies; but as for the collar, what I asserted is perfectly true, and I never saw such a terribly white and stiff monster of the kind. But as regards the card, I must confess, out of humanity, that I myself really doubt whether any such words were on it. I did not invent the tale, but I perhaps believed in it too readily, just as it happens that, with all

¹ *Vogel-frei*, "bird-free," or outlawed; an old German legal term applied to outlawing, like that of "wolf's-head" in Anglo-Saxon.—*Translator*.

men, that which is probable is more promptly accepted than that which is true. The first proves that people consider the man as capable of such a folly, and gives us his real measure, while a real fact may be in and for itself a mere accident without characteristic meaning. I did not see the card in question, but I did behold to-day with my own eyes the visiting-card of an inferior Italian singer which bore the words under his name of "*Neveu de M. Rubini.*"¹

¹ In the French version—"Où était gravés les mots suivants : *A. Gallinari, Neveu du célèbre Rubini.*" This paper is interesting in several respects. In it the author sketches with vigorous skill, and as great petty malignity, the characters and persons of one well-known and of another extremely obscure musician. It is evident to any reader that Heinrich Heine was never so vivacious or happy in writing as when raking out all the vile gossip and slander which he could find regarding an enemy, generally with very little regard to truth, and then giving to it such a form as would most torment its object, or gratify the vast number of vulgar minds who love to witness torture, however despicable it may be, when applied in print, especially if it be accompanied by wit. That this was very deep in Heine's nature, and not mere superficial thoughtlessness, is shown by his whole life, and the great pride which he took in being regarded as the Pietro Aretino of his time. This consciousness that he was admired as "a great tormentor, dreadful to his foes," induced him to very often "show up" very obscure and harmless individuals, especially those who had no means of retaliation, and that not from any personal ill-feeling, but, like Paulus Grillandus, the great practical organiser of the Inquisition, who directed the torturing of two women to death

before the Pope, merely to show his skill in the art of inflicting pain.

It is very remarkable that this skill in hitting off and describing characters, and especially in giving evil traits or follies with artistic skill—that is to say, of making the *man* more interesting than his work—in which both Heine and Carlyle excelled, led in both cases to terrible retribution. Heine has in one place cried out against judging genius by anything personal, and then shown us by his own example that the vilest kitchen-gossip or some personal peculiarity in a poet influenced his own judgment far more than all that poet's song. So with Carlyle, whose sight was both telescopic and microscopic, and who showed us the great in a character, but also the little to perfection. Now, most readers can appreciate the latter keenly, but not the former. The result has been a vast increase of late years of so-called biography—in reality, mean gossip. Not long ago, as I have mentioned, I found in one of the largest circulating libraries in Europe two *Lives* of a great poet, but not a line of his works. So it came to pass that in due time the contemptibly petty gossip about Thomas and Jane Carlyle, and Heine's "evil deeds," as set forth by himself in his writings, i.e., his attacks on other men, and himself as continually reflected by himself—*veluti in speculo*—took precedence in the popular mind of all their great work. A good and true biography is a noble piece of history, but, in inverse ratio, that of the mean kind leads to evil. The manner in which the mania for stinging and "showing up" what was petty or mean in characters was developed in these two great writers, and the punishment which it entailed, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of literature.

It may be observed that I have more than once in these notes associated Carlyle with Heine, the reason being the remarkable likeness between the two. Heine was the great apostle to the French, in the last generation, of German literature, as Carlyle was to the Anglo-American world; both were precisely in the same state as advocating a kind of mad and confused radicalism mingled with hero-worship, and both snarled and sneered at everybody and everything by turns, especially the Sage of

Chelsea, who was, however, by far the most illogical, because he exalted Goethe and hated Hellenism and the flesh as he did the devil, and having preached Pantheism, denied it most contemptibly, in which things Heine was far more honest. Both were devoured by excessive petty feminine love of gossip and of hearing and retailing slander, the difference being that Carlyle sneered at almost everybody, while Heine liked the majority of his friends very much indeed, and only now and then, when "in the dumps," let out his wrath, generally on some wretched "insect." Both, too, were markedly original as regards style, and were in themselves, in almost every way, originals. The charms of art and nature, so deeply blended in Heine's soul, were almost unknown to Carlyle, who felt them as shams, even though shams of God, while against this the latter impresses us as a man of more strength and courage than his German correlative. Of the latter, one is especially tempted as regards mischief-making to compare him with Voltaire, of whom Frederick of Prussia said to Darget, "*Il est le plus méchant fou que j'aie connue de ma vie—il n'est bon qu'à lire ;*" or with Sainte-Beuve as "*a devil of grace and wit, and very often of good sense and reason, an element blind and brilliant, often luminous, and a meteor which does not behave itself, rather than a moral and human person. Such people may be compared to trees whose fruit you select and relish, but you will never care to rest in their shade.*"

The mention of Sainte-Beuve recalls the fact that, while he has given us the sketch of one writer who was remarkable, like Heine, for marvellous political prophecies, he has in the Abbé Galiani described another who resembled the German in everything else—his wit, his pathos, frivolity, gift for and love of slander, indifference in religion, inconsistency—in short, the Heine of a preceding century. Being an abbé, Galiani was, of course, rather the most sincerely or thoroughly irreligious of the two—in other details they are *arcades ambo*. It has been said in defence of these and sundry other of Heine's letters, that the former were only written for fleeting newspaper gossip, while the latter were not intended for publication at all. This will not hold water. Heine revised the former to make of them

books, and had an extravagant idea of their literary value ; while, as regards the latter, he anticipated with complacency that the time would come when every scrap of his writing, even his letters to his family, would all be printed. This is a weakness almost peculiar to passionate—who are generally also vain—men, who seldom, as in Byron's case, can be brought to believe that a deduction of thirty per cent. from the quantity would enhance the value of the remainder immeasurably as regards the popular estimate of quality. Gray and Poe, who both considered details coolly, were fully aware of this. It may be said that the want of money compelled Heine to turn a penny as he could by re-selling all kinds of "old copy," but as this copy was all carefully revised, translated into French, and certainly believed by the author to be very admirably written, its faults cannot be excused on this score. I have extended this note perhaps a little too much in the face of this principle, because this Second Paper of the Musical Season of 1843 seems to me to contain more that should have been wisely omitted than anything else in the whole work.—*Translator.*

THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1844.

FIRST PAPER.

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

A tout seigneur tout honneur. We will begin to-day with Berlioz, whose first concert opened the musical season, and so could be considered as its *ouverture*. The more or less familiar pieces which he executed received their due applause, and even the most unimpressive souls were carried away by the might of genius which is manifested in every creation by this great master. There is in his work a flapping of wings which does not indicate an ordinary bird of song; it is a colossal nightingale, a lark of eagle-size, such as we are told existed in the primeval world. Yes, the music of Berlioz has indeed for me something of the early, or even antediluvian world, suggesting gigantic races of animals long passed away, fabled empires, and great mysterious crimes, vast high-towering impossibilities of building—Babylon—the hanging gardens of

Semiramis; the marvels of Nineveh; the terribly audacious temples of Mizraim, such as we see in the pictures of the Englishman Martin. In fact, if we seek for an analogy in painting, we find elective affinity allied to the most perfect resemblance between Berlioz and the wild Briton, the same daring desire for the tremendous, the giant-like, for material immensity. In the one are startling effects of light and shade—in the other, a crash and clang of instruments; the latter with little melody, and the former almost without colour; in either, little beauty and no tender natural feeling whatever. Their works are neither Classic nor Romantic, they recall neither Greece nor the Catholic Middle Age, but carry us far back to the Assyrian-Babylonian-Egyptian, architecture-ages, and to the massive and stupendous passion which they express.

And what a common-sense, everyday, modern man beside those two lunatics of genius¹ is Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, our greatly celebrated countryman, whom we especially signalise to-day on account of the symphony given by him in the concert-hall of the Conservatoire de Musique. We owe this pleasure to the active zeal

¹ "A côté de ces deux fous de génie." Only in the French version, from which, however, the next sentence is omitted.—*Translator.*

of his friends and admirers in Paris. Although this symphony was very frostily received in the Conservatoire, it still deserves a recognition of merit from all true critics in art. It is of real beauty, and belongs to Mendelssohn's best works, especially the second theme (*scherzo in F-dur*), and the third adagio in *A-dur*, full of character, and also of true beauty. The instrumentation is admirable.¹ But how is it that this artist, with so much merit and so highly gifted, has still gained no laurels on French ground since the production here of his *Paulus*? Why is it that all efforts for him fail, and that the last desperate endeavour of the Théâtre de l'Odéon—the execution of the chorus of *Antigone*—only had a deplorable result? Mendelssohn always gives us occasion to reflect on the highest problems in æsthetics. He constantly recalls, for example, the great question, What is the difference between Art and Falsehood?² We admire in this master, most of all, his great talent for form, for style, his gift for appropriating whatever is most remarkable, his delightfully beautiful summary or plan (*Faktur*), his fine lizard-like ear, his deli-

¹ This sentence was given in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* as a substitute for the preceding.—*Translator*.

² *Kunst und Lüge*. In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* there is this very material difference of idea, "*Zwischen Kunst und Arbeit*"—"between art and work!"—*Translator*.

cate antennæ or snail-horns of perception, and his serious or earnest—I may say passionate—indifference. Should we seek in a sister art for a similar instance, we may find it in poetry, and it is called Ludwig Tieck. This master also knew well how to reproduce that which was most excellent, be it in writing or by declamation. He could even affect the natural and unaffected, and yet never created anything which conquered the masses and remained alive in their hearts.¹ It is peculiar to both that they have a burning longing for dramatic representation, and Mendelssohn may perhaps grow old and grumbling without having once placed anything really great on the boards, for neither has he ever gone to the hearts of the people. The more gifted Mendelssohn may sooner succeed in creating something which may endure, but not on the ground where, above all things, truth and passion are required—that is, on the stage; for Ludwig Tieck, notwithstanding his most ardent yearning, never achieved a theatrical success.²

¹ The following sentence was only in the original letter.—*Translator.*

² These remarks, like much which is advanced axiomatically, enclose a mere paradox, if not an untruth. Apart from the stage, Heine first declares that neither Tieck nor Mendelssohn ever effected anything which lived among the people. Deducting from Heine's own songs the music, on which a certain number of them have been held up as by bladders on the stormy sea of

In addition to the symphony of Mendelssohn, we heard with great interest in the Conservatoire a symphony of the late Mozart, and a not less talented composition by a certain Händel.¹ They were received with great approbation. The two, Mozart and Händel, have at last brought it so far as to have attracted the attention of the French, to do which a long time was naturally needed, since there was no propaganda or syndicate of diplomatists, pietists, and bankers at work for them.

popular appreciation, both Mendelssohn and Tieck are to-day quite as popular as our author. The melodies of the former are heard on every piano, and the tales of the latter are in every circulating library—I might say in every family bookshelf, or to a degree in every nursery. Nor is it any proof whatever of genius to merely live among the multitude. There are almost worthless rhymes and jingles which have for centuries been known to scores of millions, while real works of genius have had so few admirers, that Emerson, if I am not mistaken, said there are never more than ten serious readers of Plato at any one time in the world. The error which lies at the bottom of all this is, that whatever has a popular life, because "it must needs have something in it," has necessarily a great deal of merit; which is by no means true. The second error as regards Heine is, that he enormously and very vulgarly yearned for and exaggerated the value of mere popularity.—*Translator.*

¹ "D'un certain Haendel" is only in the French version, but the context indicates that it forms an integral part of the text "as companion to the late Mozart." It may here be observed that in this French version the satirical "great approbation" is changed to "avec de chaleureux applaudissements," and that the concluding sneer at the Parisian public for its ignorance is omitted.—*Translator.*

Our admirable local compatriot (*Landsmann*) Ferdinand Hiller is too highly esteemed among true artistic connoisseurs not to be included, great as the other names may be which we have mentioned, among the composers whose works received in the Conservatoire deserved recognition. Hiller is more a musician of intellect than of feeling, and he is also reproached with too great erudition. Intellect, intelligence, and knowledge may, it is true, often exert a cooling influence on the compositions of this doctrinaire, but in any case they are always graceful, charming, and beautiful. There is in them no trace of grimacing eccentricity. Hiller has an elective affinity with his compatriot Wolfgang Goethe. Hiller was also born in Frankfort, where I, when last travelling thither, saw his paternal home. It bears the name *Zum grünen Frosch*, "the Green-Frog House," and there is the image of a frog over the door. Hiller's compositions do not remind us, however, of any such unmusical creature, but of nightingales, larks, and other birds of spring.¹

¹ Very strangely, indeed, the frog was above all other creatures, even nightingales or larks, the chosen symbol of spring in early times. "There is a beautiful emblem," says Schwenk (*Sinnbilder der alten Völker*, p. 132), "associated with the frog. For as he lies all winter frozen up as in death until revived by the warm sun of the returning spring, so he became

There has indeed been this year no scarcity of concert-giving pianists, and the ices of March were in this respect as memorable as miserable. Then everything that can, bangs and clangs, tinkles and jingles, *tapote et carillonne*, without restraint, and *will* be heard, and behaves like a great celebrity, even though it be all for show, and outside the *barrière* of Paris. These disciples of art (*Kunstjünger*) know how to work up to advantage the rags and tatters of praise which they have got out of the newspapers here by begging or intriguing, and so in their puffs in the provinces or in foreign countries, one may read that the far-famed genius, the great Rudolph W—— has arrived, he who is the rival of Liszt and Thalberg, the hero of the piano, who has caused such a sensation in Paris, and even

the symbol of spring, and was recognised as such in Egypt and Lydia. The frog was also a Christian type of the future life, and was commonly accompanied with such mottoes as *Spes altera vitæ*, and *Vere novo remeat sub brumam rana sepulta; Mortuus in vitam sic redit alter homo*. But the most curious of all is the meaning given by Nicolaus Reusner in his *Emblematum Liber Singularis* (Lyons, 1591), from which we learn that frogs, dumb at home, gave voice when removed to other places; therefore, the frog on Hiller's house was an omen that he would revive the family name, become immortal, and be heard in foreign countries, which all came to pass; and all of which Heine would doubtless have said in much better language had he only known it. It may be added to the above that the frog was also a type of lechery and shameless impudence.—*Translator*.

been praised by Jules Janin.¹ Hosannah! He who has seen by chance here in Paris such a poor fly *ou pareil insecte*, and who knows how little attention is paid here to far more famous persons, finds the stupid credulity of the public very amusing, and the bold impudence of the virtuosi very disgusting. The evil, however, lies deeper, and it is in the deplorable condition of our daily press, and this is in turn only the result of more deplorable circumstances. I must always repeat it, that there are only three pianists who deserve serious attention, namely, Chopin, the charming poet of sweet sounds, but who unfortunately was all this winter very ill and little visible; then Thalberg, the musical *gentleman*, who has no need to touch the piano to be everywhere welcomed, and who really seems to

¹ The name of Jules Janin is omitted in the French version. It substitutes therefor—"qui à même été loué de tel ou tel roi de la critique." Heine rarely if ever "buckled to" with a strong man who could hit back. That in which he excelled was in killing flies or "insects," as may be seen in the next sentence; and he applies the name so frequently in his works to these his paltry victims, that we are reminded of the legend of the Irish, and German, tailor or weaver, who considered himself a hero because he had slain "sixty at a blow," i.e., flies. *Aquila non capiat muscas* was certainly not the motto of our author. It may be observed that "our daily press," which, if it means anything at all, here means the French press which gives puffs, is adroitly changed in the French version to *la presse quotidienne de l'Allemagne*!—Translator.

regard his talent as a simple attribute; and then our dear Liszt, who, in spite of all perversities and asperities, always remains our dear Liszt, and at this moment¹ has again agitated the *beau-monde* of Paris. Yes, he is here, our Franz Liszt, the wandering knight of all possible orders (excepting that of the French cross of the *Legion d'honneur*, which Louis Philippe will not give to any virtuoso); *he* is here, the Hohen-zollern Hechingen Court-Councillor, the Doctor of Philosophy and of double quavers, or of all imaginable crotchets, the miraculous Doctor of Music, the again arisen rat-catcher of Hameln,² the new Faust, who is always followed by a poodle in the form of Belloni,³ the ennobled and yet noble Franz Liszt! He is here, the modern Amphion, who by the sound of his chords set the stones for building the Cathedral of Cologne in motion so that they came together, as did those of the walls of Thebes! He is here, the modern Homer, whom all Germany, Hungary, and France, the three greatest countries, claim as their native

¹ The sentence in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* ended with these words, "at this moment has caused a disturbance which has afflicted not only all Paris, but also the peaceable author of these papers."—*Translator*.

² The French version here adds—"et seducteur d'enfants."

³ "Toujours suivi d'un caniche transformé en Italien aux cheveux noirs."

child, while only seven small provincial towns contended for the singer of the *Iliad*!¹ He is here—the Attila, the Scourge of God for all the pianos of Erard, which tremble already at the news of his coming, and which now once more are convulsed, bleed, and wail under his hands, so that the Society for the Protection of Animals really ought to look after them! He is here, the mad, handsome, ugly, enigmatic, terrible, and often very childish, child of his time, the gigantic dwarf, the Rolando Furioso with the Hungarian *sabre d'honneur*, the soundly well-to-day and ill-to-morrow Franz Liszt, whose magic power compels us, whose genius enchants us, the genial Jack Fool (*Hans Narr*), whose nonsense

¹ There is something very like this in Wyntoun's Chronicle, cited in the Denham Tracts (Folk Lore Society publications, 1892):—

“ Braid-walit Berwick,
 Tuedis toune, famosit befor,
 Through many a scoir
 Off mortal-myndit men;
 But now we'll ken
 His death has gained mair gloire
 Than ever befor,
 Thocht thousandis in thee slain.
 Gife cities stroave quha brocht to Homer breath.
 Then boldly, Berwick, brag of sic a death:
 Gif cities seven for Paganis birth contend,
 Then much mair Berwick, famous be his end.”

It is applied to death here, but the idea is similar.—*Translator.*

bewilders our own senses, and to whom we will in any case show the loyal service of making known the great *furor* which he is here exciting.¹ We confirm candidly the fact of his immense success, but in what manner we interpret this fact according to our own private opinion, or whether we accord to, or withhold our private approbation from the distinguished *virtuoso*, will probably be to him a matter of the utmost indifference, seeing that our voice is only the voice of a single individual, and our authority in the art of music is of no remarkable importance.

When I heard some time ago of the vertigo which broke out in Germany, and chiefly in Berlin, when Liszt showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders pityingly, and said to myself, "Our Germany of Sabbath-like stillness, placid in its calm repose, will not miss the opportunity to take a little lawful exercise; it will shake its limbs, somewhat benumbed by sleep, and my Abderites on the Spree will tickle one another

¹ The French version is here quaint and amusing: "Il est ici, le beau, laid, extravagant, mirobolant et parfois très impertinent enfant de son temps, l'enfant terrible de la musique, le nain gigantesque, le Goliath de la petitesse, le Roland furieux, brandissant son sabre d'honneur, sa Durandal hongroise, l'ingénieux fou dont la demeure plus ou moins factice nous trouble à nous-même le cerveau, et à qui nous rendons en tout cas le loyal service de porter à la connaissance de tout le monde l'incroyable furor qu'il fait ici à Paris."

into a given enthusiasm, and all will declaim unto their friends—

‘O Love, thou ruler of the gods and men!’”¹

They only make a riot, as I thought, for rioting's sake, and for a row *per se*, no matter what the cause of it may be called—George Herwegh, Saphir, Franz Liszt, or Fanny Elsler; if Herwegh is forbidden, then they take the unobjectionable and non-compromising Liszt. So I thought, and so I explained Lisztomania to myself, and took it for a sign of the want of political liberty beyond the Rhine. And yet I erred, and that I perceived last week in the Italian Opera-House, where Liszt gave his first concert, and that before an assembly which might well be called the flower of Parisian society. Certainly they were *Parisiens éveillés*, wide-awake people, men familiar with the greatest events of our time, who had more or less acted long in its great drama; among them many superannuated invalids of all artistic pleasures, the most wearied men of action, and women much more tired out, for they had been dancing the polka through all the winter—a multitude of busy and *blasé* souls. Truly it was not a German-sentimental, affectedly-

¹ For a very amusing and Sterne-like account how a whole population went wild over this song, consult *Die Abderiten*, by Wieland.—*Translator*.

sensitive Berlin public before which Liszt played all alone, or rather accompanied only by his genius. And yet how powerful, how startling was the effect of his mere appearance! How vehement was the applause which greeted him! Bouquets were thrown at his feet. It was a grand sight to see how calmly he in his triumph let the bouquets of flowers fall on him, and then placed, while gracefully smiling, a red camelia, which he had plucked from one of the bouquets, in his button-hole. This he did in the presence of some young soldiers just returned from Africa, where they had seen, not flowers, but leaden bullets rain on them, and their breasts had been decorated with the red camelias of their own heart's blood, without the world here taking any special note thereof. "How strange it is!" I thought, "that these Parisians, who have seen Napoleon, who had to make war on war to secure their attention, are now applauding our Franz Liszt!" And what tremendous rejoicing and applause!—a delirium unparalleled in the annals of *furore*! And what is the real cause of this phenomenon? The solution of the question belongs rather to the province of pathology than to that of æsthetics.¹ The electric action of a dæmoniac nature on a closely pressed multitude,

¹ The following sentence in the *Augsburger Zeitung* was subsequently omitted in the early editions.—*Translator*.

the contagious power of the *extase*, and perhaps a magnetism in music itself, which is a spiritual malady which vibrates in most of us,—all these phenomena never struck me so significantly or so painfully as in this concert of Liszt. A physician whose speciality is the disorders of women, and with whom I conversed as to the magic which our Liszt exercises on his public, smiled mysteriously, and told many things of magnetism, galvanism, electricity, of contagion in an over-heated hall, in which are a vast number of wax-candles, and as many perfumed, perspiring mortals, of histrionic epilepsies or stage-fever, of the phenomena of tickling, of musical cantharides,¹ and other ticklish subjects, which have, I believe, relation to the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*. Yet perhaps the real solution of the question does not lie in such deep and strange mysteries, but on a very prosaic superficial surface, which is, that the whole enchantment, as it seems to me, is that nobody in the world knows how to organise “successes,” or rather their *mise en scène*, so well as our Franz Liszt. In this art he is a genius, a Philadelphia, a Bosco, a Houdin,²

¹ This is probably an allusion to the extraordinary erotic effects of music on certain persons, especially women.—*Translator*.

² Celebrated jugglers. I saw Robert Houdin perform his famous trick of second-sight in Paris in the winter of 1847-48.—*Translator*.

—yes, a Meyerbeer. The most aristocratic or eminent people are his accomplices or *compères*, and his hired applauders and enthusiasts are admirably trained. Marvellous tales of popping and flowing champagne, and of the most prodigal generosity, trumpeted tremendously in the most truthful newspapers, attract recruits in every town. Yet, notwithstanding this, it may well be that our Franz Liszt is really very generous by nature (*spendabel*), and free from avarice, a shabby vice which infects so many *virtuosi*, especially the Italians, and which we find even in the sweetly melodious Rubini, of whose miserly mind there is told a droll anecdote. Once it befell that the famous singer had undertaken an artistic tour with Liszt, in which profits and expenses were to be equally divided. The great pianist, who always takes with him wherever he goes the general superintendent of his celebrity, or the before-mentioned Signor Belloni, also on this occasion left all the business details to the latter.¹ But when Signor Belloni, after business was completed, handed in his account, Rubini remarked with terror that among the common expenses there was set down a large sum for

¹ French version—"Le Signor Belloni, homme très-dévoué, et comme on dit d'une probité très-rare chez les *cornacs* des virtuoses" (*cornac*, a groom for elephants).—*Translator*.

bouquets, poems in their praise, and similar costs of ovations. The innocent singer had always supposed that such marks of approbation had been flung at him as tokens of admiration of his beautiful voice, and falling into a great rage, refused to pay for the bouquets, in which there were perhaps the most precious camelias. Were I a musician, this dispute would give me the best of subjects for a comic opera.¹

But ah! let us not look too closely into the homage paid to great *virtuosi*. For the day of their vain celebrity is very short, and ere long the hour must strike when the Titan of the heavenly tones will shrivel up into a town-musician of trifling stature, who in some coffee-house will tell

¹ The story cannot be true, for no man, however innocent, who ever sung on the stage, could have been ignorant that such marks of applause are very often paid for by the management. I can very well remember inquiring, when I was editor of a newspaper, of the impresario of a very great cantatrice whether there would be bouquets (in order that the report might note it, should there be anything special—as, for instance, a wreath of Marshal Niels or a great bouquet of Dijons). But he replied “No, for there were full houses every night, and the audience would throw a few, or enough.” There was a certain large wreath among the properties of the Philadelphia Opera-House, which was thrown so regularly that the whole town knew it. One night, when it had been furbished up with new ribbons, &c., there were three cheers given when it was projected at the *prima donna*. In fact, the Philadelphians, who are *gens d'ordre*, or people of steady habits, would not have considered the performance as complete without *that* wreath.—*Translator*.

the *habitués*, over his beer, tales of his vanished greatness, and declare on his honour there were thrown at his feet the most magnificent bouquets of camelias, and how once two Hungarian Countesses, to get his handkerchief, which had fallen to the ground, fought and tore one another till they were bleeding ! And so the brief ephemeral fame of the *virtuoso* evaporates or vanishes like a dying sound, without trace or echo—like the cry of a camel in the desert.

The transition from the camel to the coney is "rather steep" (*etwas schroff*), or coming down with a jump. Yet I must not pass by those tamer minor pianists who distinguished themselves during the present season. We cannot all be great prophets ; there must also be some of the smaller kind who count twelve to the dozen. As greatest among the less I here mention Theodore Döhler. His playing is neat, pretty, nice, and sensitive, and he has a fashion of his own to only touch the keys with the bent ends of his fingers, while his arms are extended horizontally. After Döhler, Halle deserves special mention as a minor prophet ; he is a Habakkuk of as modest as true merits. I must speak too of M. Schad, who has about the same rank among pianists as that which we assign to Jonas among the prophets. May he never be swallowed by a whale ! An admirable concert

was given by M. Antoine de Kontski, a young Pole of talent, deserving honour, who has also gained a celebrity. And among the marked events of the season belong the first appearance of young Matthias, whose talent is of a high order. So the older Pharaohs are day by day surpassed and sink into despondent darkness.

As a conscientious narrator, who reports not only the new operas and concerts, but also all the other catastrophes of the musical world, I must also speak of many marriages which have broken out, or which threaten to do so. And I speak here of real, legitimate, highly respectable marriages, not of the wild-wedded dilettanteism,¹ which dispenses with mayors wearing the coloured scarfs and the blessing of the Church. *Chacun cherche maintenant sa chacune.* The gentlemen artists now caper on wooers' feet and trill hymeneal songs. The violin becomes brother-in-law to the flute, nor will the horns fail in due time to take their part in the performance.² One of three most famed pianists lately wedded the now in every respect greatest basso singer of the Italian Opera, and

¹ *Wilde Ehe*, a wild marriage, is in German concubinage.—*Translator.*

² French version—"Le violon devient le beau-frère de la flûte, la trompette et la timbale s'allient au piano ; ils forment une marche triumpnale, et nous les verrons bientôt défilér les cors en tête."

the lady is beautiful, agreeable, and intelligent. Very recently, too, we have heard that another distinguished artist from Warsaw will enter the holy state of wedlock, and will dare to venture on that high sea for which no compass has as yet been found.¹ Go ahead, O daring sailor! push from land, and may no storm harm thy ship or break thy rudder. And it is said that Panofka, the greatest violinist whom Breslau ever sent to Paris, will soon be married here, and that this master of the bow is weary of his peaceful single

¹ The beginning of this passage was as follows in the first publication :—

“As a conscientious narrator, I must here mention the concerts with which the two musical journals, *La Gazette Musicale* of M. Maurice Schlesinger and *La France Musicale* of M. Escudier, delighted their subscribers. We there heard several remarkably beautiful and yet good lady-singers—Madame Sabatier, Mademoiselle Lia Duport, and Madame Castellan. As these concerts were given gratis, the demands of the public were all the greater; they were, however, amply satisfied. I mention here with pleasure the important news that the Seven Years’ War between the two musical journals and their editors is—thank God!—at an end. The noble champions have shaken hands in token of peace, and are now good friends. This friendship will be the more lasting because it is based on mutual esteem. The project of a union by marriage between the two houses was only the idle invention of petty newspapers. Marriage, and that for life, is now the subject of the day in the art world. Thalberg recently wedded the daughter of Lablache, a distinguished, amiable, and intelligent lady. A few days ago, too, we heard that our excellent Edward Wolf married, and has ventured on that high sea for which no compass has as yet been found.”

life, and will also risk the dark unknown beyond. We live in a heroic age. And recently, again, an equally famous virtuoso bass-violator (*berühmter Bratschist*) has betrothed himself. He has, like Theseus, found a fair Ariadne, who will lead him through the labyrinth of life; nor will a thread be wanting, for she is a needlewoman or seamstress!

The violinists are in America, and we have received the most delightful intelligence as to the triumphal procession of Ole Bull, the Lafayette of *puffs*, the advertising hero of two worlds. His agent, who arranged the "successes," had him arrested in Philadelphia to compel him to pay the bills for his ovation. The celebrated or ovated one paid, and now it can no longer be said that the blonde Norman, the genial fiddler, owes aught to any one for his fame. *Ad interim*, we have here in Paris been listening to Signor Sivori, of whom Portia would say, "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."¹ At some other time I may overcome my repugnance to speak of this fiddling emetic. Alexander Batta has also given a fine concert this year; he still weeps, as of old, his little child's tears on the great violoncello. On this occasion I could also praise Herr Semmelmann—he needs it!²

¹ "Merchant of Venice," act i., scene 2.

² This name is given as Sélighausen in the French version, and as Seligmann in the *Augsburger Zeitung*.

Ernst has been here, but, from caprice, he would give no concert; he prefers to play only among friends and to true connoisseurs. Few artists are so loved and esteemed here as Ernst. He deserves it. He is the true successor of Paganini; he inherited the enchanted violin with which the Genoese could move rocks, yea, even logs and clods¹ of men. Paganini, who now leads us up to sunny heights, and anon with a touch of his bow shows us the terrible abyss, had, of course, a far more dæmonic power, but his lights and shadows were sometimes too striking, his contrasts too cutting, and his grandest sounds of nature must often be regarded as artistic mistakes.² Ernst is more harmonious, the softer tints are more predominant in his playing; and yet he has a fondness for the fantastic, even for the *baroque* and the odd, if not even for the scurrilous; and many of his compositions

¹ *Klötze*, a clod, a stupid fellow.

² The French version is here much more detailed and intelligible than the German:—"Paganini, qui avec le plus léger coup d'archet, nous conduisait tantôt sur les hauteurs les plus inondées du soleil, et tantôt faisait plonger nos regards dans les plus noires abîmes, possédait, il est vrai, une force plus magique; mais ses ombres et ses lumières étaient parfois trop saccadées, trop crues, ses contrastes trop tranchés, et les accents merveilleux, où il semblait évoquer les voix les plus mystérieuses de la nature, étaient souvent l'effet d'un hasard, et même d'une méprise artistique."

remind me of the fairy-tale comedies of Gozzi, or the wildest masques, or of the "Carnival of Venice." The piece of music so well known by this name, and which was pirated (*gekapert*) in the most shameless manner by Sivori, is a charming *capriccio* by Ernst.¹ This lover of the fantastic can be, when he chooses, purely poetic, and I heard of late a *nocturne* by him which seemed to be dissolved in beauty. One seemed in hearing to be rapt away into a beautiful Italian night, the cypress trees standing in silent charm, white statues shimmering in the moonlight clear, and bubbling fountains lulling us to dream! Ernst, as is well known, has resigned his office at Hanover, and is no longer Royal Hanoverian Concert-Master. In fact, it was not a suitable place for him. He is much better fitted to lead the *musique de chambre* at the court of some fairy queen—as, for instance, the Fair Morgana; for there he would find an audience which would best understand him, and among them there would be many a form of fabled days of yore of those who felt the deepest charm of art, such as King Arthur, Dietrich of Berne, Ogier the Dane, and lords who lived in song. And, oh! what ladies

¹ The "Carnival of Venice" is a popular very old Venetian air (originally "*Mamma, mamma!*"), which was first adapted and varied by Paganini.—*Translator*.

would applaud him there ! The blonde Hanover ladies may be fair, but they are only awkward peasant maids compared with the fairy Melior, Lady Abunda, lovely Mélusine, Queen Guinevere, and many famed like them, who dwell with Queen Morgana at her court in the famed fairy isle of Avalon ! Yes, there I trust to meet with Ernst again, for there he promised me a place at court.¹

¹ This paper is extremely interesting as touching on the fact that all the greatest—i.e., the best known and most popular—*virtuosi* or musical performers are invariably those who are the best managed or worked by *impresarios*. However great the genius may be, he requires a good agent, and to a certain extent a good personal appearance. It is remarkable that even Heine could never mention Thalberg without adding that he is “so gentlemanly.” I have known a German violinist of the first force, who in his time had ranked among the great, who kept a very humble lager-beer shop in Philadelphia. He could play better than ever, “but his days for the evening dress-coat were over.” It requires much more than music to make a popular musician.—*Translator*.

SECOND PAPER.

PARIS, May 1, 1844.

THE Académie Royale de Musique, or the so-called Grand Opera, is situated, as is well known, in the Rue Lepelletier, about the middle thereof, and just opposite the restaurant of Paolo Broggi. Broggi is the name of an Italian who was once the *cuisinier* of Rossini. When the latter came last year to Paris, he visited his former servant, and having dined in his *trattoria*, remained for a long time standing before the door, buried in deep thought and looking at the Opera-House. There was a tear in his eye, and when some one asked him why he seemed so sad, the great *maestro* replied that Paolo had prepared for him his favourite dish of *ravioli*,¹ with Parmesan cheese, cooked as of old, but that he could only eat half his portion, and that even that lay heavy on him; he who had formerly had the stomach of an ostrich could now hardly digest the daily food of an enamoured turtle-dove.

¹ Italian, *raviuoli*, forced-meat balls. — *Translator*.

We will pass over the possibility or degree of deception which the old joker may have practised on the indiscreet questioner, and limit ourselves to advising every friend of music to eat a dish of *ravioli* at Broggi's, and then delaying a brief instant before the door of the restaurant to look at the great Opera-House. It is not remarkable for brilliant luxury; it has rather the appearance of an extremely respectable stable, and the roof is flat. On this roof stand eight great statues which represent the Muses. A ninth is wanting, and that one is, unfortunately, the Muse of Music! There are current the most extraordinary explanations as to the cause of the absence of this honourable lady. Prosaic people say that she was blown down by a storm from the roof, but more poetic souls positively declare that poor Polyhymnia threw herself off the roof in desperation at the miserable singing of Monsieur Duprez and Madame Stolz. It may be so; the broken-glass voice—*la voix de verre fêlé*—of Duprez has become so discordant that no mortal, and much more a Muse, can endure it any longer. And should this thing go on much longer, the other daughters of Mnemosyne will also throw themselves off, so that it will soon be dangerous to pass of evenings along the Rue Lepelletier. As for the bad music which has raged like a disease for some time past in the Grand Opera, I had

really rather never mention it. Donizetti is at present the Achilles, or best of all there; from which one may get some idea of what the worst must be. I hear that even the Achilles has retired into his tent and sulks—God only knows why!—and that he has announced to the directors that he will not supply the twenty-five operas which he promised, because he has a mind to rest. What gasconading! we could not laugh more if a windmill had said such things. For the mill turns when there is wind, or is still when there is none. But M. Donizetti has here a busy bustling cousin, Signor Accursi, who makes wind for him continually, and more than he needs at that, for Donizetti is, as I have said, the best of the composers of the day.

The last artistic enjoyment which the Academy of Music offered us is the *Lazzarone* of Halevy.¹ This work had a terrible destiny. Halevy here

¹ That which follows, to the words "Every time when an opera fails," is the original conclusion of this paragraph as given in the *Augsburger Zeitung*. In the latest German edition it ends with this remark: "The work had a sad fate; it fell through with drums and trumpets. I refrain from expressing any opinion as to its value; I only bear witness to its terrible end." The French version gives a third and yet different termination—"C'est l'œuvre d'un grand artiste, et je ne sais pas pourquoi elle est tombée. M. Halévy est peut-être trop insouciant, et ne cajole pas assez M. Alexandre, l'entrepreneur des succès et le grand ami de Meyerbeer."—*Translator*.

found his Waterloo without ever having been a Napoleon. The greatest misfortune for him in all this affair is the defection of Maurice Schlesinger. The latter was always his Pylades, and when Orestes Halevy wrote the most absolute failure of an opera, which broke down ever so utterly, his friend still calmly followed him to the death and printed the work. In an age of selfishness, the sight of such a display of friendly sacrifice was very charming and consoling. But now Pylades declares that the madness of his friend has gone so far, that he can publish nothing more of his without being mad himself.

Every time when an opera fails in the Academy of Music or at the *Bouffes*, or any such lamentable *fiasco* occurs, there is seen an uncanny dark and haggard form with a pale face and coal-black eyes, a kind of masculine *banshee* (*Ahnfrau*), whose apparition always presages a musical disaster. The Italians, as soon as they see him, hastily cast out the fore and little finger,¹ and say, "That

¹ A sign made by holding in the middle and ring finger with the thumb, and extending the fore and little finger like horns. Its object is to repel the influence of the evil eye or all sorcery. It is chiefly used in Southern Italy, for though common in the North, the sign of the *fica* or *castagna*, made by projecting the thumb between the second and third fingers of the fist, is considered more powerful. Both were well known to the ancient Romans. Ovid describes that of *le corne*, mentioned by one author, in these words :—

is the *jettatore*." But the frivolous French, who have no superstitions, only shrug their shoulders, and call that form "Monsieur Spontini." It is indeed our former general director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of the *Vestal* and of *Ferdinand Cortez*, two magnificent masterpieces, which will long bloom in men's memories and be long admired, while the man himself has long been lost to admiration, and is only a faded ghost, who enviously spectres about and vexes himself at the life of the living. He cannot console himself that he has so long been dead, and his baton as leader passed into the hands of Meyerbeer. The latter, as the deceased declares, drove him away from his Berlin, which he so greatly loved, and any one who has pity on his fallen greatness and patience may hear him tell, in minutest detail, what innumerable legal proofs of conviction he has collected to make manifest Meyerbeer's conspiracy and intrigues. As I hear, German good-nature has lent its pen to edit these proofs of folly.¹

The fixed idea of the poor man is and ever will be Meyerbeer, and the drollest tales are

"Signaque dat digitis, medio cum pollice junctis." Vide "Etruscan Remains in Popular Tradition," by Charles Godfrey Leland. London: T. F. Unwin, pp. 304-305.—*Translator*.

¹ This sentence is omitted from the French version. — *Translator*.

told of this animosity, which renders itself harmless by an excessive intermingling of vanity. If some author complains of Meyerbeer that the latter has not, for example, set to music the poems which were sent him years ago, then Spontini grasps the hand of the injured poet, and cries, "*J'ai votre affaire !* I know how you can revenge yourself on Meyerbeer ; it is an infallible means, and it is this : write a long article on *me*—and the more you praise my merit, the more will you vex him !" Another time, should a French Minister complain that the composer of the *Huguenots*, despite the kindness with which he was treated here, has accepted a servile court appointment in Berlin, then our Spontini leaps joyously at the Minister and cries, "*J'ai votre affaire !* You can inflict the most painful punishment on the ungrateful wretch—yes, the stab of a poignard—by appointing *me* an officer of the *Légion d'honneur*."

Not long ago, Spontini found poor Léon Pillet, the unfortunate director of the Grand Opera, in a rage at Meyerbeer, who had notified him, through M. Gouin, that he could not give him the *Prophet* on account of the inferior abilities of the singers whom he employed. How the eyes of the Italian flashed ! "*J'ai votre affaire*," he cried, enraptured. "I will give you a divine counsel how you can humble the ambitious intriguer to death. Let my

statue be carved of the size of life, and place it in the *foyer* of the Grand Opera, and the block of marble will crush the heart of Meyerbeer." Spontini's state of mind begins to cause great anxiety to his friends, especially to the family of Erard, the wealthy manufacturer of pianos, to whom Spontini is by his wife a brother-in-law. Lately the composer was found in the upper halls of the Louvre, where the Egyptian antiquities are placed. The Chevalier Spontini stood with folded arms like a statue for nearly an hour before a great mummy, whose magnificent gold mask proclaimed a monarch who could be none less than that Amenophes under whose rule the children of Israel left the land of Egypt.¹ But Spontini, at last breaking silence, spoke as follows to his distinguished fellow-mummy:—

"Unhappy Pharaoh! thou art the cause of my misfortunes! Hadst thou not suffered the children of Israel to depart from the land of Egypt, or if thou hadst only drowned them all in the Nile, I should not have been driven by Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer from Berlin, and I should still have been there, directing the Grand Opera and the royal concerts. Unhappy Pharaoh, weak

¹ The mummy of this Pharaoh is, however, believed to have been discovered long after Heine wrote the above, and it is now in the museum at Cairo. Over it J. Addington Symonds is marvellously eloquent in his book on the Nile.—*Translator*.

crocodile-king! it came to pass, in consequence of thy half-way measures, that I am now a ruined man, and Moses and Halevy and Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer have conquered!" Such was the speech of the unhappy man, and we could not withhold from him our compassion.

As regards Meyerbeer, his *Prophet*, as I predicted, will not appear for a long time; nor will he himself, as the newspapers announce, permanently establish himself in Berlin. He will dwell, alternating as usual, half the year in Paris, and the other half in Berlin, where he is bound by his engagement. His situation recalls that of Proserpine, with this difference, that the poor *maestro* has hell in both places. We expect him here this summer in our beautiful lower regions, where many triple scores of musical devils and devilesses are waiting to fill his ears with howls. From morning to night he must listen to male and female singers who would fain make a *début* here, and during his leisure hours travelling English ladies beset him with their albums.

As I am informed, next winter the *Crociato* will be given at the Italiens, and the re-casting it, to which Meyerbeer let himself be persuaded, will call up some new deviltries for him. Whatever may happen, he will not feel himself in heaven when he sees the *Huguenots* played here, which, however, must always be the case so as to

replenish the treasury after every mischance. In fact, it is only the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable* which actually live on in the heart of the public, and these masterpieces will long endure.¹

There has been no lack of débutants this winter in the Grand Opera. A German made his first appearance as Marcel in the *Huguenots*. He was perhaps in Germany only a boor with a bear-like growling bier-basso voice, and so thought he might appear in Paris as a bass singer. The fellow brayed like a donkey of the forest (*Waldesel*). There was also a lady, whom I suspect of being German,² "produced herself" on the boards of the Rue Lepelletier. She is said to be remarkably virtuous, but sings extremely false. According to report, all of her hair, two-thirds of her teeth, her hips, and *derrière* are also false. . . . Our *prima donna*, Madame Stolz, cannot hold her ground much longer, and though she has, as a woman, at command all the tricks of her sex,³ she will be at last conquered by the great Giacomo

¹ The preceding paragraph, or from the words, "As I am informed," is omitted from the French version.—*Translator*.

² French version — "Une dame Allemande aussi, que je soupçonne d'être Berlinoise, se montra sur les planches de," &c. —*Translator*.

³ The French version is here far more complimentary—"Et bien qu'elle soit jolie, très-gracieuse, très-spirituelle et pleine de talents, et qu'en femme elle ait à sa disposition toutes les ruses de son sexe, elle finira par succomber," &c.

Machiavelli, who wishes to see Viardot Garcia engaged in her place, to sing the leading part in the *Prophet*. Madame Stolz foresees her fate, she knows that even the monkey-love—*la folle tendresse*—which the director of the opera devotes cannot help her when the great master of musical art will play his game, so she has determined to voluntarily leave Paris, never to return, and pass her life afar in foreign lands. "*Ingrata patria,*" she lately said, "*ne ossa quidem mea habebis!*" "Ungrateful land, thou shalt not have my bones." And in fact for some time she has been all skin and bones.

At the Italiens in the *opera buffa* there were as brilliant *fiascos* as in the Grand Opera. And there was much complaint of the singers; the only difference being that very often the Italians would not sing, while the poor French vocal heroes could not. Only that perfect pair of nightingales, Signor Mario and Signora Grisi, were always punctually at their posts in the Salle Ventadour, and warbled for us the most blooming spring, while in the world without were snow and wind, piano-concerts, deputies, debates, and polka-madness, spinning round and round! Yes, they are always charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera, for them, an ever-blooming, singing, forest fair, to which I often fled when wintry grief spread fogs around me, or the frost

of life became too sharp and unendurable. There in the pleasant corner of a retired box one can be most agreeably warmed again, and certainly does not lose his life in the frost. The spell of music turns to poetry what even now seemed harsh reality, all grief is gone in arabesques of flowers, and then, scarce knowing why, up laughs the heart. Oh, what a joy it is when Mario sings, and in the eyes of Grisi the sweet tones of the beloved lark reflect themselves as if in visible echo; and what joy when Grisi sings again, and in her voice the tender glance and the entranced smile of Mario echo most melodiously! It is a charming pair; and the Persian bard who called the nightingale the rose of birds, and then the rose the nightingale of flowers, would here be in a true imbroglio, for Mario and Grisi both are famed as much for beauty as they are for song.¹

Yet, despite the presence of that charming

¹ They were both, especially Giulia Grisi, extremely amiable. A MS. of French songs in my possession contains one bitterly satirising all the *prima donne* of Paris in 1848 except Grisi, and it ends with an outburst in her praise, mentioning that she is even loved by all the *troupe*. I have the autographs of both, written for me. Mario had refused to sing under plea of illness. I do not know whether he was "indisposed" to agree with his manager or not, but he was apprehensive lest the public should think he was pretending illness. So for a sentiment he wrote, "Sono ammalato oggi—"("I am ill to-day").—MARIO."—*Translator*.

couple, we miss here at the Bouffes Madame Pauline Viardot, or, as we prefer to call her, (the) Garcia. She is not replaced, and no one can replace her. She is not a nightingale who has only the single talent of her kind, and who exquisitely sobs and trills in the style of spring, nor is she a rose, for she is ugly, but of a kind of ugliness which is noble—I might almost say beautiful, and which often enraptured the great painter of lions, Lacroix,¹ almost to inspiration. In fact, Madame Garcia reminds us much less of civilised beauty and the tame grace of our European home-land, than of the strange splendour of an exotic wilderness; and in many periods of her passionate performance, as when she opens even too widely her great mouth with its dazzling white teeth, and smiles with such horrible sweetness and such a gracefully charming grimace, one feels at the instant as if the most marvellous and monstrous growths and living creatures of India or Africa were before us; as if giant palms enlaced by thousand-flowered *lianas* were shooting up around; nor would one be astonished if suddenly a leopard or a giraffe, or even a herd of young elephants, should run across the scene.²

¹ In the French version—"De la Croix."

² The French version is here more extended, and much more suggestive as to the magnetic influence of Madame Viardot Garcia—"Et l'on ne serait pas étonné si tout à coup un léopard

We hear with great pleasure that this singer is again on her way to Paris.

While the Academy of Music was dragging along so wretchedly, and the Italiens limping along as miserably behind it, the third lyric scene, or the Opera Comique, rose to its most joyous height. Here one success succeeded another, and there was cheerful ringing in the money-chest; in fact, there was a much larger crop of money than of laurels,¹ which was, however, no misfortune for the management. The texts of the new operas which were given were all by Scribe, the man who once pronounced the great decision that "gold is only a chimæra,"² and who runs after it, all the same, all the time. He is the man of money, of singing realism, who never once climbed into the romance of a sterile world of clouds, and who holds fast to the earthly

ou une girafe, ou même une troupe de jeunes éléphants, arrivaient sur la scène, pour s'y livrer à des ébats amoureux. Quels piétinements! quels coups de trompe! quel talent grandiose!" The reader may here re-echo the last two words in application to our author. The friar's breeches described by Rabelais were as nothing compared to this.—*Translator*.

¹ Lest the author should here be accused of an "Irish simile," I would state that the term "gold crop" has frequently been applied very seriously in newspapers to the annual production of that metal in California and Australia.

² "Gold is only a chimæra,
Money all a fleeting dream."

This is the beginning of a song in *Robert le Diable*.

reality of sensible marriage (*mariage de raison*), industrious citizenship, and the author's percentage (*tantième*). Tremendous approbation has been awarded to Scribe's new opera, the *Siren*, for which Auber composed the music. The author and musician are perfectly matched; they have the most admirable perception or sense of the interesting; they know how to agreeably entertain us; they enrapture and dazzle us by the brilliant facets of their wit; they both have a certain *filigrane* talent for welding together all kinds of charming trifles, and they make us forget that there is such a thing as poetry. They are a kind of art-harlots or *lorettes*, whose smiles drive away from our souls and memories all the grim ghostly stories of the past, and with their coquettish caresses and merry play banish buzzing fears of the future—those invisible mosquitos—as if with a peacock *chasse-mouche*. Adam, whose *Cagliostro* lately obtained such light and easily won laurels at the Opera Comique, also belongs to this harmlessly wanton tribe. Adam is a most agreeable, fascinating character, endowed with a talent which is capable of far greater development. Thomas also deserves an honourable mention, his operetta of *Mina* having been very successful.

All these triumphs were, however, surpassed by the popularity of the *Deserter*, an old opera

by Monsigny, which the Opera Comique has disinterred from the pigeon-holes of the past. There is in it true French music, a serene yet joyous grace, a charming innocence, a freshness like the perfume of forest flowers, natural truth, even poetry. Yes, poetry is not absent, but it is of the kind which is without the awe of the infinite or mysterious enchantment; it is without sorrow, or irony or *morbidezza*—I might almost call it an elegant peasant-poetry of health.¹ The opera of Monsigny at once recalled to me his contemporary, the painter Greuze. I seemed to behold in reality before me the landscapes which the latter painted, and at the same time to hear the musical accompaniment belonging to them.² In listening to that opera, I realised clearly how the arts of design and of recitation of that period breathed one and the same spirit, and their masterpieces express the most intimately blent elective affinity.³

¹ The word "peasant," which is the most characteristic of all here as recalling popular songs, is omitted from the French version.

² French version—"Et je ainsi retrouver dans certains morceaux de Monsigny le pinceau de Greuze."

³ This idea, that music can bring before us the visible, was, however, developed far more boldly and clearly, even into superstitious faith, by the Chinese more than two thousand years ago. Thus Confucius, by deeply studying and frequently playing a certain old musical piece, succeeded in perfectly realising

I cannot end this letter without remarking that the musical season is not as yet at an end, and that it is singing and resounding against all precedent in the month of May. The most magnificent balls and concerts are now being given, and the polka rivals the piano. Ears and feet are fatigued, yet cannot give themselves unto repose. Spring, which came so early this year, has made *fiasco*, for people hardly notice the green leaves and the sunlight. Truly, I think that physicians, and especially those for lunatics, will soon have enough to do. In this strangely-varied wildly-coloured delirium, in this madness of pleasure, in this singing, springing, ever-ringing whirlpool, lurk death and insanity. The hammers of the pianoforte work terribly on our nerves, and that great whirling convulsion the polka gives us the *coup de grâce* or final blow.

What is the polka? To answer this question of the time I should require six columns. However, when more important subjects grant me leisure, I will return to it.¹

the personal appearance and dress of the composer, seeing him, as it were, before his eyes. For further details of this legend I refer the reader to "The Music Lesson of Confucius, and other Poems." London: Trübner & Co. Even Heine never got quite so far as this.—*Translator*.

¹ This final paragraph is omitted in the French original. Few readers who cannot recall the Forties can have any idea of the extraordinary sensation which was then caused by the polka all

over the civilised world. It is worth remarking that till that time such æsthetic or similar manias, whether caused by the advent of a great singer or dancer, a new dance, fashion, or idea, thrilled strangely through all classes of society in a manner which is now utterly unknown, and which will probably be as incomprehensible in 1950 as the witch mania of the olden time is to us. This recalls to me the subject under discussion. There was quite a polka literature at the time, but I doubt whether Heine himself could have correctly answered his own question as to what it was. I believe that I was the first to establish from a passage in Delancre, a writer of the sixteenth century (referred to in Heine's "Germany," vol. ii. p. 278; also "Gypsy Sorcery," pp. 158, 159) that the *Trescone alla Boema*, a Bohemian rigadon, which he and others describe as the witch-dance of all others, was a polka, because in it the performers turned away their heads from one another. Now the polka is unquestionably Bohemian despite its name, or at least a Slavonian dance; and one in which the heads of the performers are often coquettishly averted. The excitement which it caused when revived in 1843 was indeed suggestive of witch madness and its early origin. Even thus in ashes glow their wonted fires. This dying out of all great æsthetic or romantic excitements is a very significant sign of our age, and one that civilised society has entered on a transition stage, which few as yet comprehend. It is due to our author to remark that Heine foresaw and clearly predicted it at a time when he was utterly alone in so doing. I may add that the first polka air which came to Western Europe was known as the "Bohemian" (although "polka" means Polish girl), and it was to it that the famed polka macaronic of *Punch* was written:—

" Qui vult dancere nunc modo,
 Wants to dance in the fashion, oh !
 Debet discere ought to know
 Kickere floor cum heel and toe !"—*Translator.*

A LATER NOTICE.

[INSPIRED by a melancholy fancy, I add to the preceding paper the following pages, which I wrote in the summer of 1847, and which form my last musical correspondence. Since then, all music has ceased for me, and I little thought at the time when I sketched the suffering picture of Donizetti that a similar and far more painful affliction would soon befall me. This is the short notice to which I allude:]

Since that of Gustavus Adolphus, of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation has made so much noise in the world as Jenny Lind's. What we heard from England on the subject bordered on the incredible. The newspapers seemed to ring and roar with trumpet-blasts and *fanfarons* of triumph; we heard from all naught save Pindaric odes of praise. A friend told me of an English city where all the bells were rung as the Swedish nightingale entered, the bishop of the place commemorating the event by a remarkable sermon. Clad in his Anglican-Episcopal costume, which resembles the ghastly corpse-

costume of a *chef des pompes funebres*, he rose in the pulpit of the principal church and greeted the newly-arrived *artiste* as a saviour in female attire, as a lady-redeemer who had descended from heaven to save our souls by her song from sin, while all other *cantatrices* were so many she-devils, who would fain warble us into the jaws of Satan.¹ The Italians, Grisi and Persiani, must now turn yellow as canary-birds from sheer envy and spite, while our Jenny, the Swedish nightingale, flies from one triumph to another. I say *our* Jenny, for *au fond* the Swedish nightingale does not exclusively represent little Sweden, but also the whole Germanic confederation of allied Northern races, the Cimbrian as well as the Teutonic—yea, she is German as much as her naturally grown sisters drowsy as trees (*wie ihre naturwüchsigen und pflanzenschläfrigen Schwestern*) on the banks of the Elbe and Neckar. She belongs to Germany, just as, according to the assurance of Franz Horn, Shakespeare also belongs to us, as does Spinoza, who, according to his very deepest inner nature, can only be a German;²

¹ French version—"Les autres *cantatrices*, disait-il, n'étaient qu'autant de diablesses qui, par leurs fredons, leurs trilles et leurs roulades impies, nous entraînent dans l'abomination et la damnation, dans la gueule de Satan."—*Translator*.

² The French version adds—"à ce que disent nos philosophes patriotes." Spinoza in Italian (*spinoso*) means a hedgehog—

therefore with pride we proclaim Jenny Lind as ours. Rejoice, O Uckermark, for thou too hast thy part in this renown. Jump, O Massmann, leap thy most patriotic and joyous leaps, for our Jenny speaks no Roman Red-Italian slang, but Gothic Scandinavian, the most German of German ;¹ and thou mayest greet her as *compatriote*—only you should wash yourself well before taking her Teutonic hand or offering thine. Yes, Jenny Lind is German ; even the name recalls the Linden, the green cousin of the German oak. She has not black hair, like the *prima donnas* of Italy. Northern feeling swims with moonlight in her blue eyes, and in her voice there rings the purest virginity ! There it is ! “ Maidenhood is in her voice,” as all the *old spinsters* of London, all the *prudes* of ladies and pious *gentlemen*—the still surviving *mauvaise queue* of Richardson—repeated it, turning up their eyes, and all Great

a term aptly applied to his disciple Carlyle, and which would fit fairly well to the *noli me tangere* Heine.

¹ The French version is here the clearer of the two—“ Jubilez, Westphalia et Poméranie, vous aussi participez à cette gloire ! Saute de joie, Massmann, grand sauteur de l'art gymnastique, fais tes bonds les plus tudesques, car notre Jenny ne parle pas un baragouin roman, une espèce de latin bouilli, mais le pur gothique, le scandinave, l'allemand le plus allemand.” It is most remarkable that Heine does not allude to the fact that *Lind* itself means in German soft, mild, and gentle. —*Translator*.

Britain celebrated in Jenny Lind a warbling virginity, a singing maidenhead! This is the key of the unintelligible, enigmatically great enthusiasm which Jenny discovered in England, and which she—in confidence between us—knows very well how to turn to profit. She only sings, it is said, in order to give up secular singing as soon as possible, and as soon as the necessary dowry shall have been accumulated, to marry a young Protestant clergyman, the pastor Svenske, who meantime waits for her at home in his idyllic parsonage behind Upsala, to the left hand, round the corner.¹ It has been recently reported that the young pastor Svenske is only a myth, and that the true beloved of the lofty maid (*der hohen Jungfrau*) is an old dismissed comedian or *cabotin* of the Stockholm stage; but that is certainly a slander. The spirit of chastity of this *prima donna immaculata* is most beautifully shown in her abomination of Paris, the modern Sodom, which repugnance she expresses on every occasion, to the greatest edification of all the *dames patronesses* of virtue on the other side of the

¹ French version—"Le jeune pastor Svenske, qui dans l'intervalle, l'attend avec une fidélité tout pastorale dans son presbytère idyllique derrière Upsala, je crois à gauche de la grande route, en tournant du côté des tilleuls qui conduisent à un moulin à vent." Directions which lead to a "windmill" are very suspicious.

Channel. Jenny has vowed in the most determined manner never to give her vocal virginity to the French public on the vicious stage of the Rue Lepelletier ; she sternly refused all the offers which M. Léon Pillet has made her by means of his *ruffiani* of art.¹ Truly, "this too rude virtue startles me," as old Paulet says in the drama of *Maria Stuart*. Is there any truth in the popular legend that the Nightingale of to-day was during her earlier years in Paris, and received musical instruction in the sinful *Conservatoire*, like other singing birds who have since then become very seductive greenfinches ? Or is Jenny afraid of that frivolous Parisian criticism which does not criticise the morals, but only the voice, and which regards defective education as the greatest vice ? Be that as it may, our Jenny will not come to Paris, nor raise the French by her singing from the gulf of sin. They must remain fallen unto damnation eternal.

Here, in the musical world of Paris, all remains unchanged ; in the Académie Royale de Musique there is always a gloomy, cold, and damp winter, while without we have May sunshine and perfume of violets. The statue of the divine Rossini

¹ *Ruffiano*, a pander (Italian), hence our word *ruffian*. "In the drama of *Maria Stuart*" is only in the French version.—*Translator*.

stands, as usual, sadly mourning and still silent, in the vestibule. It is an honour to M. Léon Pillet that he raised a statue to this true genius during his lifetime. Nothing is more ridiculous than to see the grimaces with which envy and jealousy regard it. When Signore Spontini passes by, he always, stumbling, strikes against that stone. Our great master Meyerbeer shows himself as regards it much shrewder, and when he goes of evenings to the opera, he always very prudently avoids that marble of offence; he even takes care not to see it, like unto the Jews of Rome, who in the same manner, however hurried they may be with their business, go a long way round so as to keep out of the way of the fatal triumphal arch of Titus, which was erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem. The news as to the state of Donizetti's health becomes sadder every day. While his melodies in merry play delight the world, while he is sung and carolled everywhere, he sits, a terrible form of lunacy, in a hospital near Paris. For some time he kept a childish consciousness as to his toilette, and had himself every day dressed very carefully *en parfaite mise de gala de cour*, his dress-coat adorned with all his decorations and orders, and so he sat motionless, with his hat in his hand, from early morning unto evening late. But even that is all over now, and he no longer

recognises any one. Such is the lot of poor humanity.¹

¹ It is probable that the impressions of all who read these remarks on Jenny Lind will be that Heinrich Heine simply ridiculed with libertine instinct, or as a naturally very free-thinking man of the world, that virtue and propriety, with which he had so little sympathy. Yet, on maturely considering the "Lindomania" (of which I saw a great deal) at the present day, I can only sincerely say that I consider every word of Heine's comments as truthful and deserved; for to such an extravagant degree were the praises of her morality carried in England and America, that it would really have seemed as if it were for the first time in history that such an object as a virtuous Swedish girl or opera-singer had ever been seen or heard of; and to fairly and honestly judge by the tone of the press, scores of thousands flocked to see such an unparalleled curiosity as a virgin vocalist. As a writer said, "Elle chantaît plus avec sa virginité qu'avec sa voix." Indeed, the Black Swan would have been a far more appropriate term than the Nightingale; for it was more as a moral *rara avis* than as a singer that she was really made attractive to the multitude. There was something of a *faux air* and of the *réclame* in her career from the beginning, and she seemed to have fallen naturally into the right hands when my late friend, Mr. Phineas T. Barnum, became her impresario.

That Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was an admirable and pleasing and even in her way almost a *great* singer, is not to be denied. I myself much preferred Sontag and Grisi, as far more finished and refined in execution. I could never divest myself of the idea that there was a marked remainder of the peasant-girl or of the *gauche* Teuton in the Swedish artiste. I was particularly struck by this in her great rôle of Norma, which I saw in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in which she certainly left the impression on my mind that her style was not adapted to the music or the part, and that her acting had been very much over-praised.

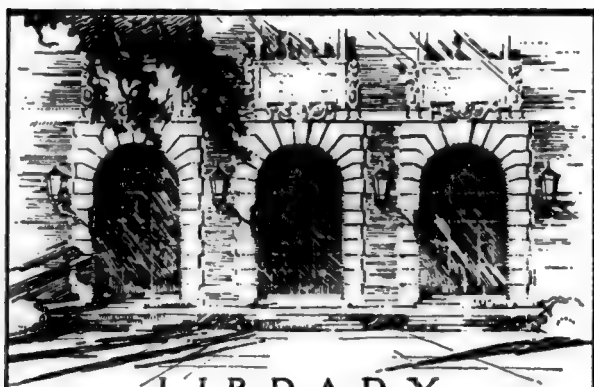
By odd coincidence, I am writing this in Homburg, and my first visit to the place was closely connected with this hearing the Nightingale in *Norma*. I was then studying in Heidelberg. One morning a student from Jena, named Gröner, came into my room, and proposed that we should go to Frankfurt and hear Jenny Lind sing in *Norma*. I replied that I had only just enough money to take me to the end of the month. "Oh, never mind that," he replied. "We will go on to Homburg and win enough money at *rouge et noir* to pay our expenses." On this extremely prudent system or chance we departed. We heard Jenny Lind in *Norma*, and as fortune favours the bold, I actually did contrive to win enough at *rouge et noir* to not only pay all expenses, but to have a surplus.

I had previously heard Jenny Lind sing at a concert in Heidelberg, where all the world of youth of course went wild over her. The instant that she left the hotel, her room was given, as I heard, to an old Englishman, who turned in and went to bed, not knowing whom he had succeeded. A large party of students, learning that the lady had just departed, burst into the chamber, tore all the bed-clothes to strips as souvenirs of her beauty, and departed, leaving the occupant, who could not understand what it all meant, under the impression that they must be mad.

Jenny Lind as a singer was marvellous in trilling, warbling, and *floriture*, but even in all this she was surpassed by Madame Parepa Rosa, whom I heard for the last time the first night she sang in *Aida*, in Cairo.

Since writing this note I have read, in *Gossip of the Century*, a criticism of Jenny Lind which agrees remarkably with what I have written.

I trust that this and certain other notes and reminiscences will not have seemed impertinent to the reader. Even *graffiti* or scrawlings on walls become sometimes of value in the course of time.



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OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES



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THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : GROSCHUP & STERLING COMPANY.

The Works of
Heinrich Heine

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GERMANY

I

VOLUME NINE

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE "Germany" of Heinrich Heine is a work of which no one can be ignorant who seeks sound, or even superficial, knowledge of modern literature. It is from beginning to end replete with deep and original thoughts of the kind from which entire essays or books can be made; and these are, in most instances, thrown off in such brief and brilliant form, that it would almost seem as if the author thought more of amusing than instructing, or—which is indeed, in most instances, more usual—as if he supposed the reader to be, in fact, as well informed, as shrewd of apprehension, and as cleverly genial as himself. Such writers, who are, however, of the rarest, are invaluable as educators, or as trainers of thought and style. He who is treated by an author as an equal will, if he studies that man's works thoroughly, end by developing more or less his style, or art-nature. In this respect I believe

Heine to be equalled by few writers, and the "Germany," from the same point, to be by far his best work. One cannot praise too highly, as regards depth and value, the manner in which he has seized, in a most independent, original manner, on the leading names which truly illustrate German thought since Luther, or the exquisite skill and refined art with which he has concisely and beautifully set them forth. And even beyond this is his great idea of enforcing, as no one ever did before him, the great truth that the philosophers, metaphysicians, scholars, and literary men of Germany; who have been proverbial not merely among the vulgar, but too often among the better educated, as mere dreamers, speculators, and spinners of transcendental and visionary cobwebs of the brain; were in fact the intellects which in the most literal and practical manner trained and developed the German mind and nation to its present position. Heine was probably the only man of his time who perfectly understood this fact, and even now—important as it is to every *thinker*—it is very far from being understood, especially in "Anglo-Saxony." The perception of it induced in our author's mind the wonderful parallel which runs through his work, like a motive through an opera, of the progress of the mental revolution in Germany, and the political in France. The simile is

grandly sustained and carried to a triumphant conclusion. The work is a braid of many threads, of which this is not the least brilliant. This led Heine to the remarkable, the loudly uttered and earnest prophecy, bidding the French beware the day when Germany should be united. But to point out all the profound, valuable, and beautiful thoughts which occur in this great summary of the causes of the development of German intellect in its every phase, would be like commenting on every item in an index of the work. I may summarise its merits by saying that one cannot conceive of any really intelligent and liberal or *truly* strong-minded thinker who would not be fascinated with this book.

And this brings us to the other side of the shield, that is, to the defects and errors which such a thinker or reader can readily detect and reject, as a skilled miner throws away from his gold the dross which would induce a more ignorant person to reject the whole. But to find the gold, one must *understand* the quartz which incrusts the oxide of iron, and the glittering pyrites which conceals and deludes; nay, to a certain degree, he must also appreciate their value as accompaniments of the precious metal. That is to say, the truly skilled seeker who most thoroughly masters a subject is in all cases the

one who understands its faults. And for this reason I have, while leaving it to the reader himself in great measure to detect the golden flakes, *dont la lumière saut aux yeux*; pointed out; not without much serious reflection and care, and inspired deeply with a desire to present Heine as he was in very sincere truth; the strange and sad failings and sins of commission and omission which run all through his works, like the rugged lumps and vacant hollows in a piece of stalagmite. The first of these faults is a manifest inability to accord or co-ordinate error and merit in others, so as to give us a fair and harmonious idea of the *balance* of any author described. This is the result of two causes, one of which was an insatiable petty, small-feminine love of gossip and scandal,¹ in spite of the true principle which he announces, that it is by the works of a man, and not his life, that he should be judged. The second was an almost boyish susceptibility, which made him for the moment altogether enthusiastic, either with admiration or anger, at a character or a

¹ This has grown enormously of late years. I recently found in one of the best known minor libraries in Europe two *lives* of a distinguished English poet, but not a line of his works. It would seem as if to the general reader an author's work is rapidly becoming a mere pin on which to hang his biography.

book, without reflecting on the other side. And yet again with these defects was often intertwined an equally childish jealousy, or merely personal dislike, which he had not the good sense to control or conceal, the result being that certain characters—as, for instance, August Wilhelm von Schlegel—are so presented that we know not whether they are drivelling idiots or debauchees with hardly a mind, or men of genius and leaders of great intellectual movements, as the Schlegels certainly were, of which Heine indeed informs us in certain places, but gives much less stress to it than he does to mere disreputable chambermaids' gossip regarding them. This is not invariably the case, but it occurs so often that the reader would do well to bear it in mind.

Heine had lived in touch or time with many eminent men, with the very common result that he thought too much of some and too little of others—as is generally the result of personal acquaintanceship, attractions, or antipathies. He had not the vast impartiality of a Goethe in this respect. Hence he neglects, or is unable to invariably set forth, the real influence or action of certain authors in their time, though he does it well with others. But the two great faults of his “Germany” are these. Heine wished to be

regarded as the first person who made German literature and thought known to France, which was to him really the world. England he ignored, because he had no hold on or fame in it. But Madame de Staël, aided by her early teacher, August W. Von Schlegel, had done the one well in *L'Allemagne*, and Victor Cousin had elaborately, and in fact admirably, achieved the other; therefore Heine treats these authors, especially the two men, with an unconcealed hatred which is simply as violent as it is more generally silly, his object being to decry them, out of mere envy. For I do not believe that Heine had at heart a poor opinion of their works: he was far too intelligent and well read not to appreciate them.

It may be indicated as a great defect that our author devotes such disproportionate space to the folk-lore of goblins and fairies, great as its influence in Germany has been; and that even in these chapters, as in *Elementary Spirits*, he wanders widely from the subject, while in other places he gives many pages to spiteful gossip over petty people like Raupauch (as it were to prove at length that they are not worth noticing), while he quite omits to mention, or else to illustrate in any way whatever, many very famous men. Whether it arose from impatience of labour or research, it

is certain that in illustration by citation Heine was very unfortunate, that of Uhland being anything but fairly representative, while the old Danish ballads and legends, to which many pages are given, are somewhat out of place and badly selected.

The reader who is not familiar with the subject must again be on his guard as to Heine's really arrogant assertion that he was the first to make known to the people the systems of the great German philosophers. He was a fairly accomplished "metaphysician" for his time, but he did not at all perceive what was common to all schools, and he believed, like all Germans of his day—departing from *cogito ergo sum*—that somewhere there must exist some kind of absolute philosophy founded on theism or "spirit." The grain which he boasts of having taken from the storehouse of German philosophy, and cleaned for the people, turns out too often to be mere "chaff." He does not give, in fact, intelligently and succinctly, as many before him had done, the *method* of any philosopher; and in several cases this is done so imperfectly as to almost induce a suspicion that he had not clearly understood them. This is certainly the case as regards the methods of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, while as to Hegel he really tells us nothing at all. I do not think

that I err when I say that for a reader who is interested in the subject, it is easier to understand these writers from their own pages than from Heine's eccentric, though brilliant and genial, mingling of metaphysics, mockery and memoir. He did *not* explain German metaphysics well or clearly to the multitude; he simply made its vast influence understood by entertaining and personal gossip, interspersing so much that was vivacious, original, and true with a great deal that was frivolous and sometimes false, as to produce the greatest masterpiece of *mélange* known in literature. Rabelais had shown how genius and learning could be allied to illustrate broad humour and life, and Sterne how all this could be blended with sentiment. Heine tried the bolder and broader experiment of combining these elements with serious discussion of literature and politics. Sometimes his stream runs very shallow as regards sound knowledge of his subject; great dry rocks of ancient facts appear which he could not rise to or cover; but he then makes all the greater babbling and bubbling, and hurries along to some more congenial and softer, perhaps muddier, spot, where he presently hollows out a tolerably deep eddy, and whirls round and round exultingly, springing, like one of the dancing dervishes whom he cites, into a fancied conception

of the absolute, but always bright and brilliant, sparkling and amusing.

Heine posed as a deeply read man on most subjects—as he should have been, to treat so many properly; but it would amaze not a few of his devoted admirers to know how slender was his erudition, even where he tried to appear learned. This is apparent in several places in “Germany,” which occasionally presents pitiful illustration of a man’s endeavouring to carry on a great business with a small capital. And yet he never comes to actual bankruptcy; in fact, with many he has illimitable credit for solid wisdom, which credit is in the end to him as good as capital. True, he is often hard put to it to meet his notes, or make good his vaunts; very often he stands at his own door “barking” about the superiority of his ready-made clothes for the soul; but in the end he attracts a crowd. And then the coats or waistcoats, if not of the very best wool or make, are still so beautifully dyed, and have such brilliant and original buttons!—nay, there is much jewellery in the way of studs and pins generously thrown in *gratis*, so that the customers depart well satisfied. Nor can it be said that they do not get their money’s worth, or even very great bargains—all that can be said is that always in life people should know exactly what it is

that they are buying. Or, again, Heine was like a large and really valuable diamond, full of flaws of which he was conscious and knew that others noticed them, and yet he wished to be valued as if perfect. All of which he has said of himself as clearly and far more bitterly than I have done.

This flaw in the diamond is Heine's caprice, instability, and self-will. There are women who expect to have all their follies, tricks, and faults forgiven with a smile, because "it is pretty Fanny's way," and who fancy that all their little rebellious whims or even evil manners and deeds must be passed over because they are so engaging. It is a pity when such women are really gifted and clever, for the result is to common sense a painful paradox. It cannot be denied that Heine had this feminine weakness, that he was over-conscious of his own genius and marvellous brilliancy and versatility, and so conducted himself habitually like a spoiled belle with a great deal of the *femme nerveuse* in her nature. In Germany the youthful belle of the *Reisebilder* occasionally seems to be *un peu sur le retour*, showing traces of *la vieille coquette*, when her *minauderies* are terrible. And yet she is as clever and amusing as ever!

We have the feeling as regards Heine that if any one had said to him, "Unstable as water, thou

shalt not excel," he would have immediately retorted, "Ah! but you can't get along without water, you know." Which is unanswerable, but not an answer, neither is it wisdom, and yet Heine set himself up for a sage of sages and a leader in politics. Sometimes this king's jester disguises himself as a wise man and sits in the assembly, and for a time amazes and amuses all present by his marvellous genius; but anon there is heard a tinkling of morrice-bells, and there is seen a flash of red ribbons and tinsel—some one twitches away the philosopher's robe, when out skips the mad rogue with a roar of laughter and a screaming joke, in naught ashamed, and in a few minutes reappears *incognito* in another guise. "And yet he *did* speak wisely for a time; yes, very beautifully, and oh, so gaily!" says some one regretfully. And so say we all of us. He spoke more sagely than our sages do, and yet he was a jester all the while. In justice to "Germany" it must be said that in it, for the greater portion, our author sits well-behaved in the council and speaks admirably.

I would call the reader's attention to the fact that, until the appearance of this present work, there was not in existence a *complete* edition of Heine's "Germany." The author professed to have written it in French as well as in German, but

the aid of a secretary or of an assistant translator, who was *not* Heine, is so marked and manifest in many places as to be beyond all question. There are often entire pages, or several pages together, to be found in the German which are wanting in the French version, but occasionally it is *vice versa*, while differences of mere sentences or expressions are very numerous. Heine expresses in the beginning the most stony-hearted independence as to all men's opinions, but he is generally very careful to omit things which would offend his French readers, as, for instance, by leaving out the word "Catholic" wherever it is possible. Where there are additions in the French text, the German editor translates them into *German* and gives them in a footnote; but he omits several important passages, and rarely takes account of minor expressions. As I presume that English and Americans who care to read Heine, can understand French, I have thought it better to give these variations in the original. I do not exaggerate when I say that the labour of thus collating, comparing, and selecting every word in the two versions has been, not twice, but perhaps thrice as great as simple translation from one language would have been; in saying which I judge by the work which I devoted to the *Reisebilder* and *Florentine Nights*. In a few cases where the

French version presented unmistakable originality and beauty of expression superior to the German, I have availed myself of it; but in all cases, every word, from the beginning, has been based on frequent reading or study of the latter, and I therefore trust that critics and readers will be lenient, considering the difficulty which this double task involved.

The difficulty in translating Heine, of which we hear so much, does not consist by any means entirely in rendering his exquisite grace, his inimitable sprightliness and *tours de force*—it very often lies in *not* following his intolerable tautology of words, iteration of ideas, or of commonplace conceptions, his brusque French-German terms, or common slang, and in occasionally feeling obliged to put some kind of expressive termination to a sentence which, when reduced to strict English sense, and deprived of its *et cætera*, is only a winding corridor which leads to nothing. There are certain readers with whom the untranslatable, even if trash, passes for the inimitable; but as a rule, perhaps without exception, the author who is really untranslatable is not worth a version. Heine is by no means deficient in passages which, if they were no better written in English than they are in German, would be condemned in the humblest writer. Our author was by no means

himself always an accurate or conscientious translator, as I have shown by the very curious Latin original of a tale which he strangely perverted, to make a point.

It is usual to extol the French version as a miracle of translation. But there are pages together in it in which we find serious and manifestly careless or reckless omissions of ideas, more frequently those of important words, or petty departures from the spirit of the original in almost every sentence—as the reader may easily verify from the footnotes in this volume. It is not possible—discounting the natural grace of the French language itself, even gold-leaf being always gold-leaf wherever applied—to conceive of any English translation being made so inaccurately by anybody who understood the original and dared to publish. It has been said that Heine “threw himself into himself” in making this French version; if so, it is very certain that, like the juggler who performed a similar flip-flap, he came out Somebody Else.

I trust that the reader will accept the footnotes, whether of explanation or comment, which I have given with kindly feeling. Where I think that the author has in any way erred, either as to books, data, or character, I have taken the liberty of commenting, to save certain readers from

being misled. Many will not require such suggestions; I beg them not to regard my remarks as uncalled for, and to reflect on those who may desire some benefit from them. Such as they are, these notes have cost me much reading and search, which I pray may be put down to my good account. As regards serious effort to translate carefully and clearly, retaining as well as I could the spirit of a writer with whom I have long been familiar, and who himself expressed gratification at the publication of my translation of his *Reisebilder*, I can only say that I have taken a degree of pains which I never before devoted to any similar work.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

GENEVA, *July* 1891.

THE GERMAN PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE review of German intellectual effort in the past, which Henry Heine published in French under the general title *De l'Allemagne*, is now brought for the first time before the German public as a comprehensive whole. The author had in the prefaces to different parts of his works fully explained the reasons which forced him to print it in Germany in fragments. These were of an extremely foreign, yet none the less compulsive, character. On the one hand, he was obliged to hasten his work in setting before the public of his native land the articles written in French for French journals, lest some unauthorised third person should profit by a translation of them. At that time there was not only no international treaty or copyright law which secured to an author the privilege of possession and transla-

tion of his own works when written in a foreign country, but an edict of the German Confederacy of the 5th of April 1832 had declared that no printed piece, in German, of a political character, of less than twenty sheets, could be admitted to, or sold in any of its states, without previous permission from the government. And again, the hindrances of the censorship assumed every year a more threatening character, until from Wolfgang Menzel's denunciation of that decree of December 10, 1835, it resulted that in connection with the writings of the so-called Young Germany, all the works of Henry Heine were put *in Acht und Bann*, under suspicion and prohibition, and even caused a total suspension of the sale of all the books issued by his publisher in several German cities. A work of Heine's with the general title *Über Deutschland*, or "On Germany," was at any rate previously suppressed by the censorship and the reactionary government; it being a very mixed collection of philosophical, artistic, and literary-historical, or novelistic fragments, as contained in the *Salon*. It is well known that Heine found these portions of his work published in fragments so vilely docked and disfigured by the scissors of the censor that their very meaning had vanished. If the reader will compare this present work—enlarged from the original manuscript and the

French edition—even in the most superficial manner with the earlier German editions, he will at once perceive that Heine, in spite of the continually increasing difficulties of his situation as an author, never once in his “Germany” did aught unworthy of him, or sacrificed *the idea* to remunerative concessions.

“I conjure you,” he wrote to his friend Heinrich Laube, during the time of denunciations of Menzel (on the 25th of November 1835), “by all you hold dear, either to take no part in the war which Young Germany is now waging, or at least to observe a very furtive neutrality, and do not try this youth with a single word. Draw a line clearly between political and religious questions. In the former you may make as many concessions as you please, for political forms of state and of government are only a mean—monarchy or republic, democratic or aristocratic institutions are of equal consequence, so long as the idea of life itself is not determined. In due time will come the question whether we are to have a monarchy or republic, or aristocracy, or even absolutism; for which latter I have no great disinclination. By such a distinction in the question, one can also allay the scruples of the censorship, for discussions of religious and moral principles cannot be silenced without annulling the whole *Protestant*

freedom of thought and of judgment; and here we meet with the approval of the Philistines. You understand me when I say the religious and moral principle; though both are, like pork and pig's meat, one and the same. Morality is only religion passed into manners; and if the religion of the past is rotten, then morals stink. We need a sound religion, so that manners may be sounder and better based than they are at present when their only substratum is unbelief and worn-out hypocrisy."

I have retained almost unchanged the arrangement of the French edition of the book "On Germany," made by Heine himself. I have only left to the last division of the third book of the "Romantic School" (which formed the preface of the French issue), the place which it occupied in the previous German edition. And I have, moreover, for internal and external reasons, allotted to the Confessions, which formed the conclusion of the latest French edition, another position. The seventh volume of this complete series would have been, as regards size, out of all proportion to the other volumes, had I included in it the Confessions; but what was of still more importance was the inner reason that this essay, which as regards the time of composition and its subject-matter, forms the conclusion of the literary activity

of the poet, seemed to be most appropriately placed in the last volume of the prose writings. The omissions and softenings of certain sentences to which Heine refers in the preface to the French edition, are of too unimportant a nature to require a simultaneous or preparatory reading of the Confessions.

The essay, "For the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany," which first appeared in French under the title *De l'Allemagne depuis Luther*, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, March 1, November 15, and December 15, 1834, appeared soon after, in the beginning of 1835, in a German translation as the second volume of the *Salon*, but in such an absolutely mangled and abbreviated form, that the patriotic aim of the work, if nothing else, was entirely lost. In the second edition, in the year 1852, the most important omissions were made good by the author from the French version, because Heine believed that the first manuscript of the work, which he had sent to Hamburg, had there perished in the great fire of 1842. But it was subsequently found among certain papers of the publisher's which had been rescued, and has been used in preparing and enlarging this present edition.



AUTHOR'S PRÉFACE

TO THE FRENCH EDITION OF THE BOOK
"ON GERMANY."

THE limited space of a preface will not permit me to give in detail all which I would gladly communicate to the public. I have therefore preferred to present these confessions of the author as a whole in the last part of my work, and I even confess that my dear reader would do well to begin his reading at this latter end.¹ That is serious advice. Those who may by chance be acquainted with the first edition of my book, will see at the first glance that the new one contains more than half as much, and that a great number of passages were cut out of it, so that this book "On Germany" has an altogether different appearance, and is not indeed the same book.

In several new parts which I have added,

¹ Vide the foregoing preface by the German publisher.

especially in those which form the whole second half, I have undertaken to unveil to the view of the French public the most secret and characteristic treasures of the German people, and in which, as I may say, all its dreamy, yet at the same time strong and vigorous, character is set forth. I here speak of those traditions and tales which live in the language of the lower classes, the best and most original of which have never been noticed. I have here given more than one of these, which I myself have heard by hearths in humble huts, narrated by some vagabond beggar or old and blind grandmother; but the strange, uncanny reflection which the flickering flame of the fire of twigs cast on the face of the narrator, and the beating of the hearts of the hearers who listened in happy silence, I could not render, and these rustic, well-nigh barbaric stories deprived of that, lose their most attractive wondrous secret charm.

I refrain from making any remarks relative to the expurgations or elisions which my book has experienced. By so doing I have at least escaped the danger of displaying any want of tact. I have suppressed bitter sallies which were once inspired by youthful and unjust ill-feeling, and I have done the same with the flattering and complimentary words of dedication, which would

to-day be an anachronism,¹ and whose untimely form would now produce an effect the very reverse of what the author intended when the first edition of his work appeared. In those days the name to which I offered that homage was, as it were, a shibboleth which indicated the most advanced party in the human battle for freedom, and which was also cruelly crushed by the gendarme and courtiers of the old school. By thus favouring the conquered, I cast a proud challenge at their foes; and I often proclaimed my sympathy for the martyrs, who were then reviled, and that bitterly and unmercifully, by the press, as well as in society. I did not fear to incur the ridicule with which their good cause, as it must be fairly admitted, was a little burdened. Things have changed since then: the martyrs of the former time are now no longer mocked or persecuted; they no longer bear their cross—unless it be the cross of the *legion d'honneur*. They no longer wander barefooted through the wastes of Arabia to seek for the emancipated woman, or free-love—these liberators of mankind from the yoke of marriage, these bursters of wedding-bonds,

¹ The German publisher here cites the dedication of the first edition to Prosper Enfantin, which is, however, of no special interest, and which by its insertion directly contradicts the spirit of Heine's wish—*Translator*.

have since their return from the East been wedded themselves, and become the most undaunted marrying men, or *épouseurs*, in the world, and they wear boots.¹ Most of these men now live in clover, some of them are brand-new millionaires, and more than one have risen to the most honourable and profitable positions—people travel quickly now by railways. These former apostles, who dreamed of a golden age for all mankind, have contented themselves with carrying on the age of silver, or the rule of the money-god (*dieu argent*), who is the father and mother of all, and who is all—perhaps the same deity of whom it was preached, “All is in him, nothing is out of him, nothing is without him.” But this is not the God which the writer of these lines adores. Indeed, I prefer to him the poor God

¹ *Und sie tragen Stiefel.* *Stiefel* means a boot; also, jocosely, a portion. They have gone in for booty and beauty is a rough rendering. The allusions here are all to the famous socialistic effort or community, established about 1830 in Paris by *Enfantin* and others, which is referred to in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. Singularly enough, many who embarked in this wild scheme afterwards became eminent as statesmen and promoters of railways, and other great speculations. *Reybaud*, in “*Jerome Paturôt*,” and in an amusing sketch of this society, gives a picture in which a neophyte with an aureole round his head is represented as cleaning the boots of the brethren. It was a part of the great after-movement of the first revolution which produced *Fourier*, *Cabét*, and many more world-betterers of the sudden-reform kind.—*Translator*.

of Nazareth, who had not a farthing, and who was the protector of beggars and sufferers. As I belong somewhat to this latter class, I should be guilty of great folly if I paid old-fashioned compliments to the proud victors and fortunate ones of the age, who can get on perfectly well without them.

I cannot too earnestly urge the fact that I had not the intention to give a perfect picture of Germany. I only wished to here and there lift the veil which covers this mysterious land, and if the reader has not seen all, or but a small portion, he will at least have seen that little as it truly is, while he will be scantily or not at all informed by books in which the perfection of intelligence is promised, and which give nothing but a dry and fruitless, though it may be an accurate and conscientious, enumeration of facts.

As regards German literature, my book contains only the history of the so-called Romantic school; and as I had determined to give the most accurate information as to the writers who belong to it, I was of course obliged to speak more in detail of them than of German poets of a higher rank, who were gifted with far greater talent, yet had no place therein. I have even passed over in silence several great authors who are sometimes included among its allies, but who in my opinion

have naught to do with it; as, for instance, Henry von Kleist, and my late friend, Karl Immermann, and Christian Grabbe, all three men of great genius. They are, indeed, giants when compared to those writers of the Romantic school of whom I have spoken in my book; and they can, without contradiction, be regarded as the most distinguished poets of the Goethe period. Certainly no one of them has been since then surpassed, though the German theatre has at present two poets of rarest merit in the person of my friend Friedrich Hebbel, the composer of "Judith," and Alfred Meissner, author of the tragedy known as "The Wife of Urias." The first is allied in spirit to Kleist and Grabbe, and a trifling critic of the day would not be capable of appreciating his genius; the other, Alfred Meissner, is much more accessible, his public is greater, he has a soul inspired with passion, and I am convinced that he will yet attain to the popularity of Frederic Schiller, whose presumptive heir he is at present in Germany.

I have remarked that I could not mention in my book several of our great German poets because they did not fit into the frames of my gallery, which was devoted entirely to pictures of the Romantic school. Among these great men are several lyrical poets who, owing to the direction which their souls steeped in romance have taken,

seem to be allied to it. Of these are four whose talents approach those of our greatest poets. They are my late friend, Adelbert von Chamisso, who was French by birth, and the admirable Friedrich Rückert, whose imagination is of a luxuriant oriental fulness; the third is my friend, Count Auersperg, known by the name of Anastasius Grün, a lyric poet, rich to excess in imagery, and gifted with a great and noble soul; finally, the fourth, but recently appearing on the scene, is Ferdinand Freiligrath, a talent of the first class, a powerful colourist, and gifted with great originality.

In another work, which I hope to finish, I shall be able to speak in detail of many German writers who were my contemporaries, and who are not mentioned in my book "On Germany." Therein I shall amply fill the empty places in this last work; and I pledge my word that neither the public nor the authors, with whom I at present have not occupied myself, will find aught missing which they have expected.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *January 15, 1855.*

EXTRACT FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF
THE FRENCH VERSION.

IN the first three parts of this book I have spoken rather in detail of the wars between religion and philosophy in Germany, and it was my task to clearly set forth that spiritual revolution in my native land, regarding which Madame de Staël circulated so many errors. I candidly confess that I always had this book of the grandmother of the Doctrinaires before my eyes, and it was with a view to rectification that I gave mine the same title, "On Germany."

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *April* 8, 1835.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I MUST beg the German reader to especially observe that these pages were originally written for a French publication, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and for a special and then timely object. For they belong to a survey of German genius of the past, a part of which I had previously placed before the French public, and which had also appeared in German, as contributions to the history of the more recent literature of Germany. The demands of the periodical press, errors in its management, the want of requisite books and references, inadequate French aid, a law recently promulgated in Germany regarding foreign works which reached me alone, and similar hindrances, prevented me from publishing the different portions of the survey in question in chronological order, and under a common title. Therefore the

present work, in spite of its apparent internal unity and its external exclusiveness, is only the fragment of a greater whole.

I greet my home with a most friendly greeting

HEINRICH HEINE.

Written in Paris, December 1834.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

WHEN the first edition of this work appeared, and I examined a copy, I was not a little shocked at the mutilations and errors which appeared everywhere in it. Here an adjective was wanting, there a phrase in parenthesis, while whole passages were omitted without reference to the context, so that not only the general meaning, but very often all meaning whatever, had disappeared. It was far more the fear of Cæsar than that of God which had guided the hand of the censor in these excisions, for while everything which was politically suspicious had been carefully expunged, the most serious and doubtful references to religion had been passed over. The result was, that the real tendency or intent of the book, which was patriotic and democratic, was lost, and there glared at me in its place a grim, strange

spirit, suggestive of scholastic theologic cuffing and pummelling, such as is utterly repugnant to my humane and tolerant disposition.

I flattered myself that I could make it all right and fill up the gaps in a second edition; but no such restoration is now possible, because the manuscript perished in the house of my publisher, in the great fire of Hamburg.¹ My memory is too weak to aid me in the work, neither were my eyes in a fit condition for it. I therefore avail myself of the French version, which was published before the German, to translate and replace the more important missing portions.

One of these passages which appeared in innumerable French newspapers, which was much discussed, and even cited by one of the greatest statesmen of France, Count Molé, in the Chamber of Deputies last year, is given at the end of this new edition, and it may show what relation it has to the depreciation and degradation of Germany, of which I, according to certain honourable men, have been guilty as to a foreign country. If I ever in my anger expressed myself plainly as to the old official Germany, the mouldy country of the Philistines (which has, however, produced

¹ It has been already mentioned that it was subsequently found and used for the edition from which this translation is taken.

no Goliath, and no one great man), then it was so twisted and turned as to make it appear as if I meant the real Germany itself, the great mysterious, or, as it were, the anonymous Germany of the German people—those sleeping sovereigns with whose sceptre and crown the monkeys are playing. Such insinuations were all the more easily conveyed, because during a long time any true expression of my opinions was simply impossible, especially during the decree of the Bundestag against “Young Germany,” which was specially directed against me, and which put me into an exceptionally strained position, such as was unprecedented in the annals of oppression of the press. And when I at a later time succeeded in getting rid somewhat of the muzzle my thoughts were still clogged.

This book is a fragment, and a fragment it shall remain. I declare on my honour that I should be pleased if I could leave it unpublished. Since it appeared my views have changed as regards many things, especially religious matters, and much which I then asserted is totally at variance with my present opinions. But the arrow when it has left the bow-string no longer belongs to the archer, and the word is no longer in the control of him who spoke it when it has left his lips, and still more when it has been

multiplied by the press. And there are strict external claims upon me which I cannot control, and obligations which I must fulfil, as regards publishing this work, which render it impossible for me to suppress it. I could, indeed, as many authors would in such circumstances have done, take refuge in softening expressions and veiling phrases, but I hate from my very soul ambiguous words, hypocritical flowers of speech, cowardly fig-leaves.¹ But under all circumstances there always remains to an honourable man the inalienable right to candidly confess his faults, and I will here exercise the right without diffidence. I here candidly confess that everything in this book which relates to the great question of God is as false as it was foolish.² And just as irrational as false is the assertion which I repeated in the school, that Deism was theoretically doomed, and must for the future drag out a feeble life in the world of mere shams. No, it is not true that the critic of reason, which has conquered the fanatical advocates of proofs of the existence of God, as we have known them since Anselm of Canterbury, has also put an end to the existence

¹ *Die feigen Feigenblätter.* In England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the term *feco*, from the Italian, was equivalent to a reproach of cowardice. It still survives in the saying, "A fig for him," or "I would not give a fig for it."

² *Unbesonnen.* Heedless, rash, foolish without reflection.

of God Himself. For Deism lives—lives its most lively life; it is not dead, and least of all has it been killed by the last German philosophy. This cobweb Berlin dialectic cannot entice a dog out of the kitchen, or kill a cat, much less a God. I have personally experienced how little danger there is in their killing; they are always killing somebody, but their victims always *live*. The door-keeper of the Hegelian school, the grim Ruge, once declared stiff and strong, or rather strong and stiff, that he had knocked me dead in the Halle Annual, yet all the while I was running about the Boulevards of Paris, fresh and sound, and more immortal than ever. Poor, valiant Ruge! he himself could not refrain from the heartiest laughter, when I confessed to him, here in Paris, that I had never seen the terrible death-dealing sheets of the Halle Annual; and my rosy cheeks, as well as the excellent appetite with which I swallowed oysters, convinced him how little of a corpse there was in me. In fact, I was then still healthy and fat, yes, in the zenith of my fatness, and was as haughty as King Nebuchadnezzar before his fall.

Ah! a few years later there came a bodily and spiritual change. How often since then have I reflected on the history of that Babylonian monarch who held himself to be God, but

was cast down from the height of his delusion, crept like a beast in the field, and ate grass—it may have been salad.¹ In the great and glorious Book of Daniel lies the legend which I commend, not only to the excellent Ruge, but also to my still more deeply deluded friends, Marx, yea even unto Messieurs Feuerbach, Daümer, Bruno Bauer, Hengstenberg, and whatever else they may be called, these godless self-gods—for their edifying consideration. But there are also in the Bible many beautiful and remarkable narratives well worth their attention, as for instance in the very beginning, that of the forbidden tree in Paradise and the serpent, that little private professor who, six thousand years before Hegel was born, taught the whole Hegelian philosophy. This blue stocking without feet showed very shrewdly how the Absolute consisted of an identity of being and knowing² how man became God through knowledge, or, which is the same thing, how God in man first attained to knowledge of Himself. However, this formula is not so clear or intelligible as the original words: “If ye eat of the

¹ *Es wird wohl Salat gewesen sein.* This exclamation in this place perfectly expresses the full value of all Heine's deep “religious conviction.”—*Translator.*

² *Sein und Wissen.* Existence and cognition, from the technology first developed by Kant and greatly enlarged by his followers.

tree of knowledge ye shall be as gods." Dame Eve only understood one thing in all the demonstration, that the fruit was forbidden, and therefore she, the good lady, because it was forbidden, of course ate it. But she had hardly devoured the enticing apple ere she lost her innocence, her naïve directness or simplicity; she found that she was too much undressed for a person of her position—she, the ancestral mother to be of so many future emperors and kings—and so she required a dress. Of course only a dress of fig-leaves, for in those days your silk-factories were as yet unborn, and Paradise was wanting in milliners and fashionable dressmakers. Oh, what a Paradise it was! Strange, that when woman comes to reflecting self-consciousness her first thought is a new dress! Truly this Biblical tale, and with it the speech of the serpent, are ever in my mind, and I would fain place it as motto to this book, just as one often sees before princely gardens a board with the warning: "Here are set man-traps and spring-guns."

I have already in my last work, the *Roman-cero*, spoken of the change which I have experienced as regards religious matters. Since then many questions inspired with Christian importunacy and intrusiveness have been addressed to me, asking how it was that a better light

came to me. Pious souls seemed to be yearning for me to reveal some miracle to them; they would fain know whether I did not, like Paul, see a light on the way to Damascus, or whether I had not, like Balaam the son of Beor, been riding a stubborn ass, who suddenly opened his mouth and began to speak like a man? No, ye pious, confiding souls, I never travelled to Damascus; I know nothing whatever about Damascus, save that the Jews who lived there were lately accused of eating old Capuchins. Nor would I perhaps have known the name of the city, had I not read the Canticles of King Solomon, in which the monarch compares the nose of his beloved to a tower which looketh forth towards Damascus. Nor did I ever see an ass—that is, a four-footed one who spoke like a man; though I have met men enough who, whenever they opened their mouths, spoke like asses. In fact, it was neither a vision, nor a seraphic rapture, nor a voice from heaven, or wonderful dream, or any such marvellous spiriting;¹ and I owe my enlightenment entirely and simply to reading an old simple book, as plain and modest as nature itself—yes, and quite as natural; a book which

¹ *Wunderspuk*. There's a suspicion of satire in this term which would be perfectly understood in Pennsylvania if one were to speak of a wonderful *spook*.

seems as week-day like and unpretending as the sun which warms us, or as the bread with which we are fed; a book which greets us with all the intimate confidence, the blessed affection, and kind glance of an old grandmother, who herself reads it every day with her dear, trembling lips, with the spectacles on her nose; and this book is, simply and briefly, the Bible. This is called with cause the Holy Scripture; he who has lost his God may find Him again in this book, and to him who has never known Him the breath of the divine word is wafted from it. The Jews, who are connoisseurs in costly things, knew very well what they were about when, in the conflagration of the Second Temple, they left the gold and silver vessels of sacrifice, the candelabras and lamps, and even the high-priest's breast-cloth, with its great jewels, to take care of themselves, and only rescued the Bible. This was the real treasure of the Temple, and it was not—God be praised!—a prey to the flames, or to Titus Vespasian, the evildoer who had such an evil end, as the Rabbis relate. A Jewish priest who lived during the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus at Jerusalem, and who was called Joshua ben Siras ben Eliezer, has expressed in *Meschalim*, a collection of gnomic sayings, the opinions of his time as to the Bible, and I will here cite his beautiful words. They

are sacerdotally solemn, and yet vigorous and refreshing as if they had but yesterday been uttered, and are as follows:—

“All of this is the Book of the Covenant made with the highest God, that is to say, the Law which Moses ordained for a treasure to the house of Jacob. From it wisdom has ever flown like unto the water of Pison when it is great, and the water of Tigris when it runs over in the time of Spring. From it understanding has run like the Euphrates when it is swollen, and like Jordan in the harvest. From it virtue burst forth like light, and like the water of the Nile at the ingathering of the harvest. He has never yet lived who learned it all, nor will he ever exist who can master all its wisdom, for its sense is deeper than the sea, and its word deeper than any abyss.”

HEINRICH HEINE.

(Written in Paris in the month of joy (June) 1852.)

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GERMANY

I

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GERMANY.

FIRST PART.—BOOK FIRST.

GERMANY TILL THE TIME OF LUTHER.

THE French believed of late years that they had attained to an understanding of Germany when they had learned something of our literature. Yet by this they have only raised themselves from a condition of utter ignorance to simple superficiality ; for the products of our literature will remain for them silent flowers, and the whole spirit of German thought a barren repulsive riddle, so long as they are ignorant of the significance and meaning of religion and philosophy in Germany.

By imparting, as is my object, some explanatory information on this subject, I believe that I shall undertake a useful work. This is for me no easy task. Firstly, it is necessary to avoid a technology of which the French are utterly ignorant. And

yet I have not so deeply sounded the subtleties of theology or metaphysics as to be able to formulise them simply and briefly to suit the requirements of the French public. I shall therefore treat only of the great questions which are discussed in German divinity and worldly wisdom, and I shall always take into due consideration the limit of my own powers of explanation, and those of comprehension in the French reader.

Great German philosophers, who may perhaps by accident cast a glance over these pages, will probably shrug their shoulders at the scantily abridged fashion of all which I here present. But they will kindly observe that what little I say is clearly and significantly expressed, while their own works are indeed very fundamental—immeasurably fundamental, very profound—stupendously profound, but just in the same proportion unintelligible. Of what use to the people are locked-up granaries if they have no key to them? The people hunger for knowledge, and thank me for the bit of spiritual truth which I honourably divide with them.

I do not think it is want of ability which restrains most German learned men from expressing themselves in a popular manner as to religion and philosophy. I believe it is a diffident fear of the results of their own thoughts, which they dare not put before the people. I have not this reserve;

I am not a learned man; I do not belong to the seven hundred sages of Germany. I stand with the great multitude before the gates of their wisdom, and if any truth slips through them and gets to me, that is enough. I write it nicely out on paper and hand it to the printer, who prints it, and then it belongs to all the world.

The religion in which we rejoice in Germany is Christianity. I shall therefore have to tell what Christianity is, how it became Roman Catholicism, how this passed over into Protestantism, and how from Protestantism proceeded German philosophy.¹

And since I shall begin by discussing religion, I beg beforehand that all pious souls shall not for goodness-sake worry themselves. Fear nothing, pious souls; no profane jests shall pain your ears. Such are, however, still useful in Germany, where it is necessary to restrain for a while the power of religion. For we are there as yet where you were before the Revolution, when Christianity was in inseparable alliance with the old régime. The one could not be disturbed so long as the other exerted an influence on the multitude. Voltaire had to let his sharp laughter be heard ere Sanson

¹ In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as well as in the later French editions, there are paraphrases of the foregoing introduction, but which are inferior to it; nor do they contain anything which is not virtually included in it.—*Translator*.

could let his axe fall. Yet the laughter, like the axe, in reality proved nothing—they only worked practically. Voltaire could only wound the body of Christianity. All his jests drawn from Church history, all his witty sayings as to dogmatics and culture, on the Bible, the holiest book of mankind, on the Virgin Mary, the fairest flower of poetry, the whole dictionary of philosophic arrows which he shot freely against clergy and priests, only hurt the mortal body of Christianity, not its deeper spirit, not its immortal soul.

For Christianity is an idea, and as such indestructible and immortal, like every idea. But what is this idea?

It is just because this idea has not been clearly understood, and because externals have been mistaken for the reality, that there is as yet no history of Christianity. Two opposite parties write the history of the Church, and instantly contradict one another; but neither will ever distinctly express what that idea really is which forms the true centre of Christianity, and which strives to reveal itself in its symbolism, its dogma, as in its culture.¹ Neither Baronius, the Catholic cardinal, nor the Protestant court-councillor, Schröck, has

¹ *Kultus*. The true meaning of this disputed word is here the peculiar form which national spirit or character assumes in action, including its social, literary, and other developments.—*Translator*.

revealed to us what that idea really was. And though you should turn over all the folios of the acts of the councils, the Assemanic code of liturgies, and the whole *Historia Ecclesiastica* of Sacarelli, you would never learn from them what the idea of Christianity really was. What do you see, then, in the histories of the Oriental and Western Churches? Nothing but dogmatic subtleties, in which, in the one, the old Greek sophistry shows itself again, while in the Western you find only disputes on points of discipline concerning ecclesiastical interests, in which the old Roman legal casuistry and arts of government are revived with new formulas and means of enforcing them. In fact, just as people fought in Constantinople over the *Logos*, so they fought in Rome over the relative claims of secular and ecclesiastical power; and as they made feuds there as to *ὁμουσιος*, so they quarrelled here concerning investiture. But the Byzantine questions, Whether the *Logos* was *ὁμουσιος* to God the Father?—whether the Virgin Mary was one giving birth to God or man?—whether Christ, wanting food, hungered, or only felt hungry because he wished to do so?—all these questions had in the background mere court intrigues, whose settlement depended on what was whispered and giggled in the chambers of the sacred palace—*sacri palatii*—as, for instance, whether Eudoxia should fall or Pulcheria? for

this lady hated Nestorius, who had betrayed her amorous intrigues, and that one hated Cyrillus, who protected Pulcheria. All concentrated at last on mere intrigues or gossip of women and eunuchs, and in a dogma some individual (and in the individual some party) was persecuted or protected. Just so it was in the West. Rome would rule. "When its legions fell, it sent dogmas into its provinces;" every quarrel as to religion had at the bottom Roman usurpation, the main question being to consolidate the power of the head Roman bishop. This ruler was very easy indeed as to many matters of faith, but belched fire and flame when the rights of the Church were attacked. He did not dispute much as to the persons in Christ, but a great deal over the consequences of the Isidore Decretals.¹ He centralised his power by canon law, appointment of bishops, degradation of princely power, monastic orders, celibacy, and so forth. But was all this Christianity? Does the reading of all this history reveal to us the idea of Christianity? What is this idea?

How this idea developed itself historically, and manifested itself in the world of things visible,

¹ There is a very amusing chapter in the *Chronicles of Rabelais* as to the immense importance attached to these holy decretals, which were virtually more revered than the Scriptures.—*Translator*.

may be easily perceived in the first century after Christ's birth, if we will, without prejudice, investigate the history of the Manichæans and Gnostics. Although the first have been declared heretics, and the last decried and damned by the Church, they still maintained an influence on the dogma; the art of the Church developed itself from their symbolism, and their manner of thinking penetrated the whole life of the Christian races. The Manichæans, as regards fundamental principles, are not very different from the Gnostics. The theory of two opposing, warring principles, good and bad, is common to both. The Manichæans derived this idea from the old Persian religion, in which Ormuzd, or Light, is opposed as an enemy to Ahriman, or Darkness. The true Gnostics placed more reliance on the pre-existence of the good principle, and explained the existence of the evil by emanation, by the generations of æons, who, the more remote they become from their origin, die the more degraded. According to Cerinthus, the creator of this our world was by no means the highest God, but only an emanation from him, one of the æons, the real demi-urgus, who gradually became deteriorated, and who now, as the bad principle, stands as an enemy to the good principle, or Logos, directly sprung from the highest God. This Gnostic view of the world is most ancient Indian, and it involves the

doctrine of the incarnation of God, of the mortification of the flesh, of spiritual introversion,¹ and from these it developed the ascetic, contemplative, monkish life which is the most perfect blossom of the Christian idea. But this idea could only express itself in a very confused manner in dogmatics, and very sadly and gloomily in culture. Yet we see the doctrines of the two schools manifesting themselves everywhere; the evil Satan appears opposed to the good Christ; the world of the spirit is set forth by the latter, that of matter by Satan. Our soul belongs to one, our body to the other, and the whole world of phenomena or Nature is accordingly originally evil, and Satan, the prince of darkness, will allure us with it to destruction, and we must renounce all the sensuous joys of life or we must chasten and torment the body, which is a copyhold of Satan, so that the soul may the more easily soar upward into the light-bright heaven, the glorious kingdom of Christ.

This view of the world, the real idea of Christianity, spread with great rapidity over the whole Roman realm like an infectious disease, and the whole Middle Age endured its agonies, sometimes in the delirium of fever, and anon in death-like exhaustion, and we moderns still feel its cramps and debilities in our limbs. Even if one of us be

¹ *Insichselbstversenken*, the sinking into one's self, or seeking God and light in our own inner being.—*Translator*.

in health, he cannot escape the general lazar-house atmosphere, and he feels miserable as the only sound man among utter invalids. When it shall come to pass that mankind shall regain their perfect health, when peace shall be restored between body and soul and they blend again in their original harmony, then we shall hardly understand the artificial, unnatural strife which Christianity caused between them. Happier and more beautiful generations, who, begotten in free-choice¹ embraces, will flourish in a religion of joy and pleasure, will smile sadly at their poor ancestors, who, mournful and melancholy, abstained from all enjoyment of this beautiful world, and by mortifying and killing the warm, glowing, coloured sensuousness, almost wasted into cold spectres. Yes, I say it definitely, our descendants will be more beautiful and happier than we are. For I believe in progress, I believe that man was meant to be happy, and I have a higher opinion of Divinity than those pious people who think it only created humanity to make it suffer. I would beforehand, by the blessings of free political and industrial institutions, establish that happiness, which, according to the religious, will be first found in heaven on the day of judgment. True, the one may be as great a folly or as idle a hope

¹ i.e., free-love.—*Translator.*

as the other, and perhaps there is to be no resurrection of humanity either in the politico-moral or in the apostolic-catholic sense. Humanity is perhaps meant for everlasting misery; races are perhaps to be damned for ever, trampled on by despots, bought and sold by their accomplices, and mocked by their lackeys. Ah! if this be so, we must strive to uphold Christianity, even if we believe it to be an error. Uphold it we must; one must go in the monkish cowl and barefoot over Europe, and preach the nothingness of all earthly goods or goodness and asceticism, and hold before flagellated and mocked men the consoling crucifix, and promise them—after death—all the seven heavens up there on high.

It is perhaps because the magnates of this world are so sure of their power, and have determined in their hearts to eternally abuse it, to our woe, that they are convinced of the necessity of Christianity for the people, and it is at bottom a tender feeling for humanity which makes them take such pains to maintain this religion.¹

The final destiny of Christianity or the duration of religion depends on whether we need it. This religion was a benefit for suffering mankind for eighteen centuries; it was providential, divine, holy. All the benefits which it conferred on civilisation, by taming the strong and strengthen-

¹ This passage is wanting in the French version.

ing the weak, bound races together by the same feelings and a common language, and whatever else its apologists urge is all of small account in comparison to that greater comfort which it of itself conferred on mankind. Eternal renown is due to that symbol of a suffering God, the Saviour with a cross of thorns, the crucified Christ, whose blood was also the allaying balsam which ran down into the wounds of humanity. The poet will of all others recognise with awe and honour the terrible sublimity of this symbol. The whole system of symbols which express themselves in the art and life of the Middle Age will through all time awaken the amazed admiration of the artist. And indeed what a colossal result it had in Christian art, especially in architecture! How these Gothic cathedrals are in harmony with the general culture, and how the idea of the Church is revealed in them! Everything in them rises and soars, everything transforms itself; the stone sprouts in sprays, branches, and foliage, and becomes a tree, the fruit of the vine, and the branches become flesh and blood; man becomes God—God a pure spirit! Truly the Christian life in the Middle Age is an ever-fertile, inexhaustibly precious mass of material for the poet. Only Christianity could in this world cause conditions involving such bold contrasts, such varied sorrows, such startling beauties, that we might

suppose they had really never existed, and that all was a vast delirious dream, the fevered vision of a crazy god.¹ Nature herself seemed then to be fantastically disguised, and yet, though man, absorbed in abstract subtle investigation of trifles, turned away peevishly from her, she often roused him with a voice so shudderingly sweet, so terribly lovely, with such magic power, that he involuntarily listened and smiled, and was terrified, and even died of it. Here the story of the Nightingale of Basle occurs to me, and as you probably do not know it, I will tell it to you.

"In May 1433, at the time of the Council, a company of clergymen went walking in a grove near Basle, prelates and doctors, monks of every colour, and they disputed over theological controversies, and distinguished and argued, or quarrelled about annates, expectatives, and reservations, or debated whether Thomas of Aquinas was a greater philosopher than Bonaventura, for all I know! But all at once, in the midst of their dogmatic and abstract discussions, they stopped and stood as if rooted before a blooming linden-tree on which sat a nightingale, who exulted and

¹ A simile which Heine repeats several times in his works. It appears to have been suggested by the remark of Spinoza (*Trac. Polit.*), that God thinks worlds as man thinks thoughts. It is remarkable that Heine, however, represents this deity as drunk (*Reise Bilder, Pictures of Travel*, vol. i. "Ideas," chap. iii.), or insane, as in the present instance.—*Translator*.

sobbed in the softest and tenderest melodies. Then the learned men were strangely happy in their souls, the warm notes of spring rushed into their scholastic encloistered hearts, their feelings awoke as from a gloomy winter's sleep, they looked at one another with amazed delight, till one of them made the shrewd remark that there was something wrong in all this; that this nightingale might well be a devil; that this devil drew them with his charming sounds from their Christian discourse, and would fain invite them to lechery and similar sweet sins, and he began to exorcise, probably in the formula which was then used: *Adjuro te per eum, qui venturus est, judicare vivos et mortuos, et cetera.* It is said that at this conjuration the bird replied, 'Yes, I am an vile spirit,' and flew laughing away. But those who heard his song fell ill, it is said, that day, and soon after died."¹

¹ It may interest many readers, and especially those who are extremely critical as to translations of Heine, to know how Heine himself translated, for which reason I give the original of this tale, as first told by Manlius, and repeated by Grosius in his *Magica, seu Mirabilium Historiarum de Spectris et Apparitionibus*. Islebiæ 1597. It occurs in several later works. Heine took his version from Kornmann, Temp. N.H. 1611.

"Docti quidam viri in Concilio Basiliensi animâ gratia in sylvulam egressi fuerant, ut amicè de controversiis illius temporis conferrent. Inter eundem aviculam in modum lusciniæ dulcissimè, canentem audiunt: admirantur vocis dulcedinem ujcus sit avis cantus dubitant. Ingressi silvam, arbori insi-

This story needs no comment. It bears all the cruel impress of a time when everything which was sweet and lovely was cried down as devilish. Even the nightingale was slandered, and people crossed themselves when it sang. The true Chris-

dentem aviculam conspicantur, eamque citra remissionem quam suavissimè canentem attentis omnes et animis et auribus auscultant. Tandem is, qui cæteris cordatior videri volebat, alloquitur his verbis aviculam: 'Adjuro te in nomine Christi, ut indices nobis, quis sis!' Respondit avicula: 'Se esse unam ex damnatis animabus, et destinatam esse ad eum locum, usque ad diem novissimum, et tunc supplicium æternum subeundum esse.' His dictis avolavit ex arbore, clamitans: '*O quam diuturna et immensa est æternitas!*' 'Judico fuisse Diabolum,' inquit Philippus Melanchthon, 'in illo loco habitantem.' Omnes verò qui huic adjurationi interfuerunt, vehementer ægrotare cœperunt, et paulò post sunt mortui. (*In Collectaneis Manlii.*)

It will be seen by this that the bird in question was not "an evil spirit" or devil, but an unfortunate condemned human soul, pouring forth its complaint in the wailing tones of the nightingale, even as of yore Philomela was supposed to lament her cruel fate. Friedrich gives several instances to prove (*Symbolik der Natur*, p. 513), that the song of the nightingale was anciently regarded everywhere as melancholy or mournful, "and of an edifying nature, referring to the changes of life and its loss" (*Untergang*). Nor does the unfortunate being fly away "laughing," but with the very impressive cry, "Oh, how lasting and vast is eternity!" That the monks all died is, I believe, a comment to the effect that they were punished for a want of pity and charity. As Heine tells the tale, its whole inner or true meaning is quite perverted. It appears to have been conceived by some heretic of the Middle Ages. Heine, however, ignorantly follows the Protestant Melanchthon in his half-understanding of it, and not the original.—*Translator.*

tian walked with agonised, reserved feelings, like an abstracted spectre here and there in blooming Nature. I may discuss this relation of the Christian to Nature in another book, and more fully, when I fundamentally treat of German popular beliefs in explanation of the new romantic literature. At present I can only remark that French authors, misled by German authorities, are all in error when they assume that these popular beliefs were the same during the Middle Age all over Europe. It was only as regarded the good principle, or the kingdom of Christ, that people held all over Europe the same views; the Roman Church took good care of that, and whoever differed from the prescribed opinion was a heretic. But in different countries there were different views as regards the evil principle and the kingdom of Satan, and in Germany they varied much from those of the Latin South.¹ This was caused by the fact that the Christian priesthood did not reject the old national gods whom they found existing, as if they were idle fancies, cobwebs of the brain, but allowed them a real existence as male and female devils, who had lost by the triumph of Christ their power

¹ *Romanischen Süden.* As here employed, *Romanisch* means neither Roman nor Romaesque nor Romantic, but Latin, as applied to the descendants of the ancient Latin-speaking races. —*Translator.*

over mankind, and who now strove by wanton smiles and wicked wiles to lead man into sin. All Olympus became an aërial fantastic hell,¹ and when a poet of the Middle Ages sang the history of the gods of Greece, however beautifully, the pious Christian saw in it all only spectres and devils. This gloomy delusion of the monks bore most bitterly on poor Venus, who passed specially for a daughter of Beelzebub, and the excellent knight Tannhäuser said to her very face—

"O Venus, lovely lady mine,
Thou art a deviless!"

For she had allured Sir Tannhäuser into that wondrous cave which is also called the Venusberg, of which the legend went that the beautiful goddess there led with her damsels and paramours, amid games and dances, the maddest, merriest life. Poor Diana, despite her chastity, was not safe from a similar fate, and she was made to hunt by night with her nymphs through the forests, whence the legend of the raging host of the Wild Hunt.²

¹ *Eine luftige Hölle*, "an airy hell." In the French version, "Tout l'Olympe était devenu un enfer dans l'espace."

² Popular legend as well as scientific folk-lore assign a very different origin to the Wild Hunt, whose leader, whether Odin, Rodenstein, or Hackelberg, was certainly male and of Northern origin. Diana as Hecate was the dreaded queen of all the witches in classic times, as she is to-day in Italy, and the

Here the Gnostic view of the deterioration of that which was divine shows itself in all its fullness, and it was in this changing of the forms of earlier national faiths that the idea of Christianity manifests itself most profoundly and perfectly.

The national faith in Europe and in the North, far more than in the South, was pantheistic; its mysteries and symbols, were related to a worship of Nature. In every element man revered wondrous beings, in every tree breathed a divinity; the whole world of phenomena was deified throughout; but Christianity reversed the view, and in place of a deified Nature gave us one utterly be-devilled. But the gay and smiling images of Grecian gods, made more beautiful by art, which ruled with Roman culture in the South, could not be so easily changed into hideous and horrible satanic masques as the forms of German gods, which had of course been modelled by no artistic sense, and were, from the first, as grim and gloomy as the North itself. Therefore there could not be created by you in France any such darkling horrors of devildom as with us, and even demonology and witchcraft assumed with you a more cheerful form.

Christian Middle Ages added nothing to the nocturnal terrors with which she was anciently surrounded. In Europe, as in India, she was the Moon-cat who all night long hunted the star-mice. Heine is here quite in the right as to his principle, but very unfortunate in his illustrations. *Vide* notes to "the goddess Diana," with which this work ends.—*Translator*.

How beautiful, clear, and rich in colour are your legendary tales in comparison with ours—those monstrous abortions, which consist of blood and mist, and which grin at us so grisly and so grim! Our mediæval poets, who generally chose materials which had been first invented or worked up in Brittany and Normandy, gave, perhaps intentionally, as much as was possible of that cheerful old French spirit. But in our national poems and our oral popular tales there ever remained that dusky mystical Northern spirit, of which you have hardly an idea. You too have, like us, different kinds of elementary spirits, but they are as different from ours as a German is from a Frenchman. How clear, and especially how clean, are the demons in your fabliaux and romances of chivalry compared with our obscure, and often obscene, *canaille* of ghosts! Your fairies and elementary spirits, from whatever source derived, from Wales or Arabia, are at least naturalised, and a French ghost is as different from a German *Geist* as a dandy who lounges on the Boulevard Coblence differs from a German porter. Your water-nymphs—for instance, Melusina—differ from ours as much as a princess differs from a washerwoman. How the fairy Morgana would be frightened should she meet a German witch stark naked, smeared with ointment, riding on a broom to the Brocken! This mountain is no

charming Avalon, but a rendezvous for all that is hideous and horrible. On its summit sits Satan in the form of a black goat. Every witch approaches him with a candle in her hand, and kisses him behind where the back ends. After this ceremony the infamous sisterhood dance round him, and sing, "Donderemus! Donderemus!" The goat bleats, the infernal company¹ yell and hurrah. It is a bad omen for the witch who loses a shoe, for it is a sign that she will be burned during the year to come. But the mad music of the Sabbat, which is for all the world like that of Berlioz, drowns all painful forebodings, and when the poor witch awakes in the morning from her intoxication, she lies naked and weary in the ashes by the extinguished fire.²

¹ *Chahüt*, probably from *cajute*, a cabin; hence cabinet or select assembly. Hence the American "in cahoot."—*Translator*.

² In these passages Heine, to flatter his public, compares the higher class of early literary French romances with the lowest of later popular German witch-tales. But according to Prætorius (*Of Witch-Meetings in France*, p. 281, *Blockesberge*), Bodinus, Sprenger, and many other authorities, the witchcraft of France was precisely the same in every respect as that which is here described as peculiarly German. The witchcraft of the Church, which was so enormously developed by the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII., and which was based on a pact with the devil, was the same wherever the power of the Pope prevailed, and wherever the Catholic law, as laid down by the official *Malleus maleficarum* and Grillandus, was accepted. Italian witchcraft

The best information as to these witches is to be found in the *Daemonologie* of the strictly honourable and deeply learned Doctor Nicholas Remigius, the criminal judge of the Duke of Lorraine. This sagacious man had indeed the best of opportunities to learn the ways of witches, for he was "instructor" in their trials, and in his time, and in Lorraine alone, eight hundred women mounted the funeral pyre after being found guilty of sorcery.¹ The proof consisted generally in this: the hands and feet of the accused were tied, and then the victim was thrown into the water. If she sank and was drowned, she was innocent; if she floated, she was held to be guilty, and burned alive. Such was the logic of that time.

As a fundamental trait in the character of German demons, we see that everything ideal has

as described by Pico Mirandola in "La Strega," is in every detail identical with that depicted by Heine. The real motive of the witch persecution was to suppress heresy, and nine-tenths of all that was known about witchcraft and its horrors came from the Church, and was disseminated by it all over the world (Horst).

¹ The words of Remigius on this subject are:—"I have been for sixteen years a judge of witches. I have with my helpers during this time convicted eight hundred *wizards and witches*, and burned them in honour of God."—Remigii, *Dæmonolatria*, 1st part, xv. p. 74 (not *Dæmonologie*, as Heine gives it). This work is full of information, but far superior to it is the *Dæmonomachie* of Georg Christian Horst (Frankfurt-a-M., 1818), a book of genius written in a singularly liberal spirit for its time.—*Translator*.

been stripped from them, and what is vulgar and horrible is intimately mingled in their nature. The more coarsely familiar they are in approaching us, the more horrible is the effect. Nothing is so uncanny as our knocking spirits, goblins, and brownies. Prætorius in his *Anthropodemus Plutonicus* has in this relation a passage which I here copy from Dobeneck.¹

“The ancients had no other opinion as to noisy spirits than that they were really human beings in the form of little children with parti-coloured short frock or garment. Some add to this that they sometimes have a knife in their backs, sometimes something else, according to whatever instrument it was with which they were slain, which is full grim and grisly to behold. For superstitious people think they are the souls of those who have been murdered in the house. And they gossip many tales, as that when the goblins have done good service for a while, they made themselves so beloved that their friends have earnestly desired to see them, and begged it; to which the noise-spirits never willingly assented, declaring

¹ The *Anthropodemus* is a work of nearly 1300 pages, devoted to descriptions of all kinds of marvellous beings. It will be found fully discussed in another chapter. That of Friedrich L. F. von Dobeneck is entitled *Des Deutschen Mittelalters Volksglauben und Heroensagen*, Berlin, 1815. Its author also makes great use of Prætorius.—*Translator*.

that no one could behold them without being horrified. Yet when it so came that these girls would not forego their curiosity, the goblins mentioned a place in the house where they might be seen in person, but told them they must have ready a pail of cold water. And what happened was that a goblin showed himself on the ground, lying naked on a cushion with a great murderous knife sticking in his back. At which many a maid was so much frightened as to faint. Whereupon the Thing jumped up, seized the water, and dashed it over the girl, so that she came to herself. Whereupon the girls lost their yearning, and never more desired to see dear Chimmy.¹ The goblins have all names of their own, but are generally called Chim. And when they are well inclined to the men or women servants, they do for them all their housework, curry and feed the horses, clean out the stables, scour up everything, and attend to everything in the house, and under their care the cattle thrive and grow. For this the goblin must be caressed by the house-folk; he must not be annoyed in the least, either by being laughed

¹ In Prætorius, *Court Chingen*, i.e. Chimchen. Heine speaks of all this as German, but in Tuscany the peasantry still believe in household goblins, who play all kinds of tricks on the servant-maids, yet do all their work for them. The chief of these is called Dusio.—*Translator*.

at or neglected as to food. If, for instance, a cook has once taken one of them into the house as her secret assistant, she must every day bring for him, to a certain place, at a certain time, his dishful of good victuals, and then go her way; after that she may idle about and go to bed early; in the morning she will find all her work properly done. But should she once neglect her duty or forget to prepare his food, she will have to do all her own work and have all kinds of mishaps, so that she will scald herself with hot water, break pots and pans, or upset the cooking, which ends in being scolded out of doors by the mistress or master—at which the goblin has often enough been heard to snigger or laugh. Such goblins always remain in a house, though the servants be changed. Yes, and a maid on going away will commend her goblin, and give him a good character to the one succeeding her, so that he may wait on the next in turn. And if she did not follow instructions, she had no end of bad luck, and ere long must herself leave.”

The following short story is perhaps one of the grimmest of these tales.

“A servant-maid had for many years an invisible brownie, who would sit by her on the hearth, where she had cleared away his own little place for him, and where they talked together during the long winter evenings. Once she begged Heinz-

chen, or Harry, as he was called, to let her see him in his natural form, but Heinzchen always refused to do so. But at last he consented, and said if she would go into the cellar he would be visible. Then the girl took a candle, went down into the cellar, and there she saw a dead babe floating in an open barrel of blood. The girl had many years before given birth to an illegitimate child, killed it, and hidden the corpse in a barrel."

However, the Germans, as they are, often find their best merriment in the terrible, and their popular tales of goblins often abound in delightful incidents. Especially amusing are the stories of Hüdeken, a *kobold* who had his being in the twelfth century at Hildesheim, of whom much is still told in spinning-circles and in ghost-stories. A frequently published passage from an old chronicle narrates of him the following:—

"In the year 1132 there appeared an evil spirit for a long time unto many men in the bishopric of Hildesheim, and it was in the form of a peasant with a hat on his head; wherefore the peasants in their Saxon tongue called him Hüdeken (Hoodkin, or Little Cap). This spirit took pleasure in the company of men, to whom he revealed himself visibly or invisibly, asking or answering questions. He abused no one without cause; but if any one laughed at or abused him,

he repaid the injustice received with full measure.¹ When Count Burchard de Luka (Burcardus von Luca—*Prætorius*) was murdered by Count Hermann von Wiesenburg, and the lands of the latter were in danger, Hüdeken awoke the Bishop Bernard von Hildesheim from his sleep, saying, 'Arise, thou bald-head! the county of Wiesenburg is abandoned and void by murder, and thou mayst easily occupy it.' So the bishop assembled his armed men, attacked the domain of the guilty Count, and annexed it, with the assent of the Emperor, to his own bishopric.

"This spirit often warned the said bishop, all unsought, of coming danger. He showed himself many times in the court-kitchen, where he talked with the cooks, and did them much good service; and as they gradually became familiar with Hüdeken, a kitchen-boy ventured, when he appeared, to jeer him and throw dirty water on him. The spirit begged the head-cook or master of the kitchen to restrain the boy from his impudence, to which the master-cook replied, 'Thou art a spirit, and yet art afraid of a boy!' To which Hüdeken replied, threateningly, 'Since

¹ In the French version of this work Heine says, "J'emprunte à la chronique du cloître de Hirschgau par l'Abbé Trithème le passage suivant." It is given in the *Anthropodemus* of *Prætorius* after the foregoing remarks on goblins; but Heine follows the old text.—*Translator*.

you will not punish the boy, I will show you within a few days whether I fear him.' And it came to pass soon after that the boy who had abused the spirit sat sleeping alone one evening in the kitchen. Thereupon the goblin seized and strangled him, tore him to pieces, and put them in the pots upon the fire to boil. When the cook found out this freak, he cursed the spirit, and then Hudeken next day spoiled all the roasts which were upon the spits with the blood and poison of toads, which he cast over them. Revenge caused the cook to curse him again, for which the spirit cast him over a sham enchanted bridge into a deep ditch.¹

"It was his wont to go the rounds every night on the walls and towers, and compel the guards to keep good watch. A man who had a faithless wife, once before he went a-journeying said in jest to Hudeken, 'Good spirit, I now commend to thee my wife; guard her well.' As soon as he had gone, the adulterous dame let all her lovers come, one after the other. But Hudeken kept them from her, and threw them all out of bed on the floor. When the man came back from his journey, Hudeken approached him from afar, crying out unto him, 'I rejoice in thy return,

¹ That is, he produced by glamour or illusive magic the appearance of a bridge, over which the cook was induced to pass.—*Translator*.

because I am freed from the dire duty with which thou didst charge me. Truly, I have with terrible trouble kept thy wife from actual adultery, but give me no more such work, for verily I had rather take care of all the pigs in all Saxony than of a woman who, by wiles and tricks, seeks the embraces of her lovers.'"

For accuracy's sake, I must observe that Hudeken's head-covering differs from the common costume of the goblins. These are generally clad in grey, and wear a red cap. At least, it is so in Denmark, where they are at present most numerous.¹ I was once of the opinion that these kobolds liked living in Denmark because they were so fond of red groats;² but a young Danish poet, Mr. Andersen, whom I had the pleasure to know this summer here in Paris, has expressly assured me that the Nissen, as kobolds are called in Denmark,

¹ More so in Northern Italy, where the red-capped mannikin who can bestow treasures is generally believed in by the *contadini*. He is here unquestionably derived from the very ancient Picus or Picumnus, a goblin-god, who was the personified red-headed woodpecker (Preller, *Rom. Mythologie*). This bird revealed treasures and his red head suggested the cap. These red-capped goblins occur in Roman art. They extended to Scandinavia, and thence to the Algonkin Indians of America. Vide "Algonkin Legends of New England," by Charles G. Leland.—*Translator*.

² *Rothe Grütze*, grits or barley-groats. The Danes are continually rallied by the Germans in regard to their eating this dish.

prefer to everything else porridge, or mush, and butter. When they are once settled in a house, they have little will to leave it. However, they never come unannounced; and when they wish to dwell in any place, they forewarn the master in this fashion. They bear by night many chips of wood into the house and put cattle-dung into the milk-pots. Should the master of the house neglect to cast out the chips, or should the family drink the defiled milk, then the goblins always remain. A poor Jutlander was once so much annoyed by the society of such a kobold that he resolved to give up his house, and so put his "sticks"¹ on a waggon, and so went to the next village to settle. But on the route, looking behind him, he saw peering out of a barrel the red-capped head of the goblin, who cried out in a friendly tone, *Wi flitten* ("We're moving—we flit").

I have perhaps delayed too long over these little demons, and it is time that I go to the great ones; but all these stories illustrate the beliefs and character of the German people. In bygone centuries this faith was as powerful as that in the Church. When the learned Dr. Remigius had finished his great book on witchcraft, he thought he knew his subject so well that he too could

¹ *Siebensachen*, "seven things," a small mixed lot of furniture and household goods; generally used in a deprecatory sense. It corresponds to the English "few sticks."—*Translator*.

bewitch, and being a conscientious man, gave himself up to justice as a wizard, and as a wizard he was burnt alive.

These horrors did not originate directly in the Catholic Church, but indirectly in this, that it so craftily and meanly manipulated the old German national religion as to change its pantheistic view of the world into a pandemonic, and turned all the early saints of the people into devils. But man does not willingly abandon what was dear to him and to his forefathers, and deep feelings cling as with iron clamps to us even after they have been distorted and defaced. Therefore, this old disfigured and transformed popular faith held its own, perhaps longer than Christianity, in Germany, which latter did not take such deep root in its nationality. In the time of the Reformation, the belief in Catholic legends very soon disappeared, but not that in magic and witchcraft.

Luther did not believe in the marvels of the Church, but he had firm faith in devilry. His "Table-Talk" is full of curious tales of satanic devices, goblins, and witches. He himself, in his trials, often believed that he contended with the "God-be-with-us" in person.¹ On the Wurtburg, while he was translating the New Testament, he

¹ "Er glaubte manchmal mit dem liebhaftigen Gott-sei-bei-uns zu kämpfen." That is to say, the devil who calls forth such exclamation.—*Translator*.

was so disturbed by the devil that he threw his inkstand at his head. Ever since that time the devil has had a great horror of ink, especially printer's ink. In the "Table-Talk" referred to there are many delightful bits relative to the craftiness of the devil, and I cannot refrain from giving one.

"Dr. Martin Luther relates that once some jolly companions were drinking together in a tavern, and there was one, a wild, profligate fellow. He had said if any one would give him a good treat of wine, he would sell his very soul for it.

"Soon after there came into the room a man who sat down and drank with him, and said, among other things, to this man who had been so daring—

"‘Hear! thou didst say just now that if any one would give thee a good treat of wine, thou wouldst give him thy soul.’

"‘That I will,’ repeated the fellow, ‘if I can only rollick and frolic and be jolly to-day.’¹

"The man, who was the devil, said ‘Yes,’ and he soon after disappeared. And when that carouser had been gay all day, and at last was roaring drunk, there came that same man—the devil—who sat down opposite to him, and questioned the other pot-companions and said—

¹ "Ja ich will's thun, lass mich heute recht schlemmen, demmen und guter Dinge sein."

“‘Good fellows! what think ye? Suppose a man buys a horse, do the saddle and bridle also belong to him or not?’

“At this all were terrified. Then the man spoke again—

“‘Come, say it out quickly!’

“Then they roused up and said—

“‘Yes, he should have the saddle and bridle with it.’

“Then the devil caught up the wild rough rowdy, and flew with him through the roof, but so that no one ever knew what had become of him.”

Though I have the greatest respect for our great Martin Luther, it seems to me that he quite misunderstood the character of Satan; for the latter certainly does not think of the body with such contempt as this tale intimates. Whatever evil one may say of the devil, he cannot be accused of being a Spiritualist.

But Luther misunderstood the sentiments of the Pope and of the Catholic Church even more than he did those of the devil. According to my strict impartiality I must defend both, as well the devil against this too zealous man. In fact, if I am put upon my conscience, I must confess that Pope Leo was really much more sensible than Luther, and that the latter did not at all understand the fundamental principles of the Catholic Church. For Luther did not compre-

hend that the idea of Christianity, the utter destruction of Sensualism, was altogether too much in contradiction to human nature to be ever perfectly realised in life; he had not comprehended that Catholicism was a compromise between God and the devil—that is, between spirit and matter, by which the autocracy of the spirit was theoretically declared, but the material element placed in such condition that it could practically exercise all its annulled rights. Hence the shrewd system of confession which the Church invented for the benefit of the senses, though always according to forms which discredit every act of sensuality, and secure to the spirit its arrogant usurpation. You may yield to the tender impulses of the heart and embrace a pretty girl, but you must confess that it is a shameful sin, and for this sin there must be atonement. That this atonement could be settled by paying money, was as great a benefit for humanity as it was profitable for the Church. The Church had, so to speak, a fine or settled price for every carnal indulgence; hence a tax for all sorts of sins, and there were holy pedlars who, in the name of the Roman Church, retailed indulgences for every rated sin all over the land. Such a one was Tetzels, whom Luther first attacked. Our historians think that this protest against the sale of indulgences was a trifling

event, and that it was only through Roman obstinacy that Luther, who at first only fought against a clerical abuse, was urged thereby to attack the entire authority of the Church, even to its topmost summit. But that is an error; the traffic in indulgences was no misuse or abuse; it was a necessary consequence of the whole Church system, and by attacking it, Luther attacked the Church itself, and it was obliged to condemn him as a heretic. Leo X., the refined Florentine, the pupil of Politian, the friend of Raphael, the Greek philosopher with the triple crown which the Council conferred on him, perhaps because he suffered from a malady which certainly was not caused by Christian abstinence, and which was in those days very dangerous—Leo de' Medicis, how he must have smiled at the poor, chaste, simple monk, who fancied that the Gospel was the chart of Christendom, and that this chart must be true! Perhaps he never really knew or cared to know what Luther wanted, so occupied was he with the building the Church of St. Peter, the expense of which was to be defrayed by the sale of indulgences, so that it was really built by sin, and was a monument of lust—like that pyramid which an Egyptian harlot erected with the money which she had earned by prostitution. It might indeed be said much more truly of this church

than of the Cathedral of Cologne, that it was built by the devil. This triumph of Spiritualism, that sensuality itself should build for it its most beautiful temple, and that from confessions of fleshly sins the means were drawn to glorify the spirit, was not understood in the German North. For here, far sooner than under the glowing sky of Italy, was it possible to practise a Christianity which made the very least concession to sensuality. We of the North are of colder blood, and did not need so many indulgences for fleshly sins as the paternal Leo supplied us with. The climate aids us very much in practising Christian virtues, and on the 31st of October 1516, when Luther nailed his thesis on the door of the Augustine church, perhaps the moat of Wittenberg was frozen, and people could skate on it; which being a very cold pleasure, is consequently not a sin.

I have perhaps, in the foregoing remarks, used the words Spiritualism and Sensualism, but they do not relate here, as with the French philosophers, to the two different sources of our knowledge. I use them much more, as must appear from the meaning of my remarks, to indicate those two different methods of thought, of which one will exalt the spirit by seeking to annihilate matter, while the other seeks to vindicate the natural rights of matter against the usurpations of the spirit.¹

¹ This passage is thus given in the French version of Heine's

I call especial attention to the foregoing beginning of the Lutheran Reformation, which reveals its whole spirit, because here in France the old misunderstandings still prevail as to the Reformation which Bossuet has disseminated in his *Histoire des Variations*, and which are even current among German writers.¹ The French have only understood the negative side of our Reformation; they saw in it only a strife against Catholicism, and often thought it was the same battle, on the same grounds, as in France. But the motives were radically different. The struggle

works :—"Je viens me servir des mots *spiritualisme* et *sensualisme*. Je les expliquerai plus tard, quand je parlerai de la philosophie allemande. Il me suffit ici de faire observer que je n'emploie pas ces expressions en vue de systèmes philosophiques, mais seulement pour distinguer deux systèmes sociaux, dont l'un, le spiritualisme, est basé sur le principe qu'il faut annuler toutes les prétentions des sens pour donner la domination entière à l'esprit, qu'il faut mortifier, flétrir, écraser notre chair pour glorifier d'autant plus notre âme, pendant que l'autre système, le sensualisme, revendique les droits de la chair, qu'on ne devrait et qu'on ne pourrait pas annuler."

¹ This passage is also given with some variation in the first French edition (*Revue des Deux Mondes*), and with yet another change in the edition of Calmann Levy, Paris, 1884. The only passage of any consequence in these French versions is the following :—"Les commencements de la réforme révèlent déjà toute sa portée. Aucun Français n'a encore compris la signification de ce grand fait. Les idées plus erronées règnent en France au sujet de la réforme; et je dois ajouter que ces idées empêcheront peut-être les Français d'arriver jamais à une juste appréciation de la vie allemande."

against Catholicism in Germany was simply a war which Spiritualism began when it perceived that it only bore the title of supremacy and only ruled *de jure*, while Sensualism, by means of long-transmitted trickery, exercised the real power and ruled *de facto*. The pardon-pedlars were driven away, the pretty concubines of priests were changed for cold legitimate wives, the charming images of Madonnas were broken, while here and there sprung up the most ascetic Puritanism. The war against Catholicism in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was, on the contrary, a strife which was begun by Sensualism when it saw that it ruled *de facto*, and yet that every act of its government was scorned as illegitimate by Spiritualism, which claimed to rule *de jure*, these acts being most cruelly reviled. Instead of battling, as in Germany, with moral earnestness, they fought in France with licentious jests; instead of disputing theologically, they composed gay satires. The subjects of these were generally the contradictions in which man is involved when he will be all soul, and so there flourished rankly the most delightful tales of pious men who involuntarily succumbed to their animal instincts, or who, to preserve the appearance of holiness, took refuge in hypocrisy. The Queen of Navarre had long before depicted in her novels such contradictions and indecorums; her common theme is the relation of priests to

women, as if she would not only make us burst with laughter, but explode all monkhood at the same time.¹ The most piquant and malicious product of this humorous polemic is unquestionably the *Tartuffe* of Molière; for it is not only directed against the Jesuitism of his time, but against Christianity itself—yes, even against the idea of Christianity or Spiritualism. When *Tartuffe* sees the bare bosom of *Dorine*, he exclaims with affected grief and anxiety—

“Le ciel défend, de vrai, certains contentements,
Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodements.”²

By this there is gaily satirised not only common hypocrisy, and the general falsehood which necessarily results from the impracticability of the Christian idea, but the whole system of concessions which Spiritualism must make to Sensuality. In fact, Jansenism had much more reason to complain of being wounded in its feelings than had Jesuitism by the representation of *Tartuffe*, and Molière should make the Methodists of to-day feel quite as uncomfortable as he did the Catholic devout

¹ “Und sie will als dann nicht blass unser Zwerchfell, sondern auch das Monchsthum erschüttern.” This passage is omitted in the French version. A large proportion of the *Cent Nouvelles* is devoted to such tales of priests. But Heine quite forgets that of all this jocose satirical literature originated in Italy.

² “Certain delights Heaven to us denies,
But we can make with it a compromise.”

—Translator.

of his own times. And it is this which makes Molière so great, that he, like Aristophanes and Cervantes, jested not only with temporal events and chances, but the eternally laughable weaknesses of humanity. Voltaire, who always attacked only contemporary and immaterial topics, is in this respect greatly his inferior.

But Voltairean persiflage or mockery has fulfilled its mission in France, and to carry it further would be as untimely as unwise. For if we were to destroy the last visible remains of Catholicism, it might easily happen that its idea might assume a new form and put on a new body, even renouncing the very name of Christianity, and in this changed state could be more vexatious and burdensome than in its present broken, ruined, and generally discredited condition. Yes, it has its advantages, that Spiritualism is represented by a religion and a priesthood, the first of which has lost its early vigour, while the last stands in direct opposition to the whole enthusiasm for freedom of this our time.

But why is Spiritualism then so repulsive to us? Is there anything in it, then, which is so bad? Not at all. Attar of roses is a precious thing, and a phial of it is stimulating and delightful, especially to those who pass their days shut up in a harem. Yet, for all that, we would not have all the roses of life trampled and pressed to get a

few drops of the extract, however delightful and stimulating they might be. We are far more like nightingales, who are enraptured by the rose itself, and quite as blest by seeing its blooming blushes as by its unseen perfume.

I have before declared that it was really Spiritualism which attacked Catholicism among us; but this is only true as regards the beginning of the Reformation, for as soon as Spiritualism had made a breach in the old Church edifice, Sensuality came bursting out of it with all its long-restrained fire and fervency, and Germany became the wildest war-field of intoxication of freedom and sensual pleasure. The oppressed peasants found in the new doctrines weapons wherewith to carry on the war with aristocracy, and there had been a longing for such a war for a century and a half. In Munster, Sensuality ran naked through the streets in the form of Jan von Leyden, who slept with his twelve wives in the great bedstead which is still to be seen in the town-hall. The cloister gates wide open flew everywhere, and nuns and priests rushed into mutual embraces, billing and cooing.¹

¹ *Schnäbeln*, to bill, i.e., to kiss. Heine speaks of such amours as Protestant novelties, but there is the most abundant Roman Catholic testimony proving that down to the Reformation a priest who did not keep a concubine was a great exception, either in Italy or Germany. It was Protestantism which taught and inspired such morality as is now found in the Catholicism.—*Translator*.

Yes, the public history of that time consists almost entirely of simply sensual outbursts. We shall see anon how little of it remained in results, how Spiritualism again repressed these rebels, how it step by step strengthened its rule in the North, and finally got its mortal wound from an enemy, Philosophy, which, however, it had nurtured in its own bosom. It is a very complicated and confused affair, hard to disentangle. It is easy enough here for the Catholic party in turn to attribute the worst intentions to these reformers, and, according to them, it was inspired by a desire to render legal the most outrageous debauchery and plunder the Church. Certainly, spiritual interests must always form an alliance with the material to conquer; but in this game the devil had so mixed the cards, that there is nothing certain as to what were the real objects of any one.

The distinguished personages who in the year 1521 were assembled in the Imperial hall at Worms¹ may well have had many thoughts in their hearts which were in contradiction with their words. There sat a young Emperor, who, in all the joy of youthful delight in power, wrapped himself in his new purple mantle, and secretly rejoiced that the proud Roman, who had

¹ In the French version the date is given more accurately : "Les personages illustres qui s'étaient rassemblés, le 17 avril 1521, à Worms dans la grande salle de la Diète."—*Translator*.

so often treated right rudely his predecessors in the realm, and had not even yet renounced his pretensions, had now found some one who would set them seriously to rights. The representative of that Roman had on his side the inner delight of reflecting that here was a cause of discord among these Germans, who had, like drunken barbarians, so often invaded and plundered beautiful Italy, and who still threatened it with new attacks and rapine.¹ The lofty prelates were already turning it over in their minds whether they should marry their cooks, and so provide legitimate descendants to inherit their electorates, bishoprics, and abbeys. The minor officers of cities rejoiced in a possible new extension of their freedom. Everybody present had something to make, and was privately thinking of practical profits.

Yet there was one man there who, I am convinced, was not thinking of himself, but of the divine interests which he represented. This man was Martin Luther, the poor monk whom Providence had chosen to break that Roman world-power against which the most powerful emperors and boldest sages had fought in vain. But Providence knew very well on what kind of shoulders

¹ The French version has here the following passage, not given in German: "*Les princes temporels se rejoissaient de pouvoir mettre la main sur les biens de l'Église au moyen des idées que répandait la nouvelle doctrine.*"

it had laid this burden. What was wanting here was not only a spiritual, but also a physical strength. A body trained by cloistral severity and chastity with a constitution of steel was needed to endure the bitter trials of such a mission. Yet at this time our dear master was lean and very pale, so that the rosy, well-fed gentlemen of the Diet looked almost with pity on the pitiable man in the black cowl. But he was right vigorous and healthy; his nerves were so firm that the brilliant tumultitude did not in the least overawe him,¹ and even his lungs must have been very strong. For after he had delivered his long defence, he was obliged, because the Emperor did not understand High German, to repeat it in Latin. I am always vexed when I recall this, for our dear master stood by an open window in a full draught of air while the sweat fell from his forehead. He must have been tired enough, and no doubt his throat was parched; and "he must have been very dry," thought the Duke of Brunswick—at least we read that he at once sent to Martin Luther from his hostelry three *kanne* of the best Eimbeck beer.² I shall never forget this noble trait of the House of Brunswick.

¹ The French version adds to this "et ses poumons devaient être d'une grande force."

² A *kanne* was something more than an imperial English quart, or about three pints.—*Translator*.

There are in France as false ideas of the hero of the Reformation as of the Reformation itself. The main cause of this misunderstanding really is that Luther is not only the greatest, but the *Germanest* man in our history; and as in his character all the virtues and weak points of Germans are united in the grandest manner, so he represented personally our strange Germany. For he had peculiar traits, such as we seldom find united, and which we generally regard as utterly contradictory. He was equally a dreamy mystic and yet a practical man. His thoughts had hands as well as wings; he spoke and acted; he was not only the tongue, but the sword of his time. And he was at once a cool scholastic picker and sifter of words and an inspired God-intoxicated¹ prophet. When he had worked himself weary all day long with his dogmatic distinctions, he in the evening took his flute, and, while looking at the stars, melted away in melody and pious reverie. This man, who could scold like a fishwife, could also be as gentle as a tender maid. He was often wild as the storm which roots up oaks, and then soft as the zephyr playing with violets. He was filled with the most terrible fear of God and a sense of sacrifice to the Holy Ghost; he could

¹ *Gottberauschter*. I think it was Novalis (F. von Hardenburg) who first used this expression, in reference to Spinoza.—*Translator*.

lose himself in the depths of pure spirituality, and yet he knew full well the glories of this world and their worth, and from his mouth came the far-famed saying—

“Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.”¹

He was, I may say, a complete man, an absolute man, in whom spirit and matter were not divided. Therefore it would be as wrong to call him a Spiritualist as a Sensualist. How shall I express it?—there was in him something of an underived original, incomprehensible miraculous, such as we find in all providential men;² something terribly naïf, clumsily-clever, sublimely narrow-minded, unconquerably dæmonic.

¹ In the French edition this is given as follows:—

“Wer liebt nicht Wein, *Weiber* und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.”

That is to say, *women* is substituted for *woman*, which spoils not only the moral, but also the metre of the original. In his own German text Heine says that this “blossomed (*erblühte*) from the mouth of Luther.” This singular simile, by which the great reformer is made to appear as a flower-pot, was changed in French to *est tombé*, or “fell from.”—*Translator*.

² *Providentielle Männer*, men created by Providence for great special emergencies. “Unconquerably dæmonic,” or *Unbezwingbar-dæmonisches*, appears to have been beyond Heine’s French resources, as it does not appear in the Paris version. Goethe uses the term in reference to the young Duke of Weimar, and that as if it were original with him. The dæmon of Socrates was simply his own original genius.—*Translator*.

Luther's father was a miner in Mannsfeld, and there the boy often descended with him to the subterranean laboratory where mighty metals grew and first-born fountains ran, and there it may be that his young heart, all unconscious, took in the deepest secrets of Nature, or was fairied or bewitched by the elves of the mountain. Hence it came too, perhaps, that so much earthy stuff, so much of the dross or slag of human passion, stuck to him, with which he has been continually reproached. But he was wronged therein; for without that mingling of earth he would never have been a man of deeds. Pure souls cannot *act*. Do we not learn from Jung Stilling's spectre-lore that spirits can manifest themselves visibly in full colour with perfect distinctness, and are able to walk, run, dance, and do all things to sight like human beings, but can effect nothing material, nor so much as move the lightest toilet-table from its place?

Glory to Luther! glory to the valiant, valued man to whom we owe the rescue of our most precious possessions, and by whose benefits we now exist. It little becomes us to bewail his narrow views. The dwarf who stands upon the giant's shoulders can, of course, see farther than the giant himself, especially with spectacles; but to this elevated view is wanting elevation of feeling, or the giant heart which we cannot make our own. Still

less does it become us to pass sentence on his failings; these faults have profited us more than the virtues of a thousand others. The refined subtlety of Erasmus and the mildness of Melancthon would never have brought us so far as the godlike brutality of Brother Martin often did. Yes, his faults, which I have pointed out, have borne the most precious fruit—fruit by which all mankind has been refreshed. From that day of the Diet, when Luther denied the authority of the Pope, and openly declared “that his doctrines must be refuted by texts from the Bible itself or upon reasonable grounds,” there began a new era in Germany. The chain with which St. Boniface had fettered the German Church to Rome was severed. This Church, which had been previously an integral part of the great hierarchy, crumbled away and divided into religious democracies. The religion itself changed its nature, the Indian-Gnostic element disappeared, and we see how the Judaic-deistic principle is rising in it. Evangelical Christianity is being developed. And as the most needed demands of matter are not only considered but made legitimate, religion becomes once more a truth. The priest becomes human and takes a wife and begets children as God ordained. On the other hand, God himself becomes a celestial old bachelor without family, the legitimacy of his son is contested, the saints are obliged

to resign, the wings of the angels are clipped, the mother of God loses all claim to the heavenly crown, and she is forbidden to work miracles.¹ And it may be observed that since that time, and especially since natural science has made such progress, miracles have ceased. Whether it be that the Lord does not like to have the doctors watch his fingering so closely, or that he will not enter into competition with Bosco, certain it is that in these later days, though religion is in such danger, he has disdained to help it by a brilliant miracle. Perhaps he intends in future to exclude all holy tricks from all the new religions which he may introduce here on earth, and prove the truths of the new doctrines, always by reason—which is indeed the most reasonable way. At least, there has been no miracle manifested by Saint-Simonism, which is the newest faith, unless it be that the tailor's bill which Saint Simon left was paid ten years after his death in good cash by his disciples. I seem even now to see the excellent Father Olinde in the Salle Taitbout, rising as if inspired, and showing to the astonished congregation the re-

¹ In reference to the famous placard said to have been placed in the Cour des Miracles during the excitement caused by the Convulsionnaires :—

“ De par le roi—défense à Dieu
De faire miracle dans ce lieu.”

cepted tailor's bill. Young grocers startled,¹ pricked up their ears, and the tailors began to believe.

However, if we in Germany through Protestantism lost much poetry in old miracles and other ancient things, we received ample amends. Men became more virtuous and nobler. Protestantism exercised the happiest influence as to purity of manners, and that strict practice of duty which we commonly call morals—in fact, Protestantism has taken in many communities a direction by which it finally quite coincides with it, and the Bible only remains as a beautiful illustration or parable. We see an especially happy change in the life of clergymen. There disappeared with celibacy also much pious immorality and monkish crime. Among the Protestant clergymen we often find the most virtuous men—men whom even the Stoics of old would have respected. One should have travelled on foot as a poor student through North Germany to know how much virtue and—to give it a good qualifying adjective—how much evangelical virtue is often to be found in a humble pastor's home. How oft have I of a winter even-

¹ "Junge Epiciers stutzten." In the French version, "Et les épiciers, de se regarder l'un l'autre la bouche béante." *Stutzten* implies not only being startled, but also a certain degree of observation, as stopping in sudden embarrassment, jibbing or balking. The French version adds that they were startled "at this transubstantiation of paper to gold."—*Translator*.

ing there found a hospitable reception, I a stranger, who had no other recommendation save that I was hungry and weary! And when I had eaten and slept well, and in the morning would wend my way, then came the old pastor in his dressing-gown and gave me a parting blessing which truly never brought me any ill-luck, and the good-natured, gossiping Frau Pastorin put pieces of bread and butter into my pocket, which did not less refresh me, while in the background and in silence stood the preacher's pretty daughters with rosy cheeks and violet eyes, the memory of whose modest fire warmed my heart a whole winter's day.

When Luther announced the proposition that his doctrine should only be refuted by the Bible itself or on reasonable grounds, he opened to human intelligence and reason the right to explain the Bible, and so reason was recognised as head-judge in all religious debates. Hence resulted in Germany the so-called spiritual liberty also known as freedom of thought. Thought became a right, and the decisions of reason were made legal. It is true enough that for several centuries before this men could think and speak with tolerable freedom, and the schools disputed over subjects which we must wonder that they dared to mention in the Middle Age. But this resulted from the distinction which was drawn between theological and philosophical truth, a distinction

by which they expressly guarded against heresy; and all this, moreover, was only heard in the lecture-rooms of universities, and was uttered in an abstruse Gothic Latin, of which the people understood nothing, so that little harm was to be feared for the Church. However, the Church never really permitted such proceedings, and now and then she actually burnt some poor scholar by way of protest. But after Luther there was no distinction observed between theological and philosophical truth, and people disputed in the market-place in the German country dialect, and that without fright or fear. The rulers who accepted the Reform legitimatised such freedom of thought, and a weighty world-wide result of it has been German philosophy.

In fact, human intelligence could never have spoken out so freely¹ in Greece as in Germany from the middle of the eighteenth century to the French invasion. Especially in Prussia was there a limitless freedom of thought. The Marquis of Brandenburg had understood that as he could only become legitimate king of Prussia through Protestant principles, he must also maintain Protestant liberty of thinking.

Since then, things have changed, and the natural protector of our Protestant freedom of

¹ In the French version "*n'a pu s'exprimer et se développer aussi librement.*"—*Translator.*

thought has an understanding with the Ultramontane party to suppress it, and, to do this, traitorously uses a weapon which Popery first invented and applied against us—the censorship.

Strange! we Germans are the strongest and the cleverest race. Our princes' relations sit on every throne in Europe; our Rothschilds rule Exchanges through the world; our learned men give laws in every science; we invented gunpowder and printing,¹ and yet he who fires off a pistol among us must pay three thalers fine; and if we publish in the *Hamburger Correspondent*, "My dear wife has given birth to a daughter as fair as freedom," Doctor Hoffmann seizes his red pencil and strikes out "freedom."

Will this last long? I do not know; but I know that the question of the liberty of the press, which is now being so vehemently discussed in Germany, is very closely connected with these preceding remarks; and I believe its solution is not difficult when we reflect that freedom of the press is a natural consequence of freedom of

¹ Carlyle, who should have known better, also repeated the assertion that the German Berthold Schwartz invented gunpowder. A century before Schwartz, Roger Bacon knew it, and a century before Bacon a Norman-Latin recipe *ad faciendum le crake* (how to make a fire-cracker) had set it forth, as is shown in the notes to *The Merchant and the Friar* by Sir Francis Palgrave.—*Translator*.

thought, and therefore a Protestant right. For such rights Germany has poured forth its best blood, and it may be that for the same cause it will again do battle.

This is also applicable to the question of academic freedom, which at present is so passionately exciting the German mind. Since it has been discovered that political agitation, that is, the love of freedom, prevails principally in the universities, it has been insinuated to sovereigns from every side that these institutes should be suppressed, or at least be changed into ordinary schools; and so new plans are contrived, and the *pro* and *contra* discussed. But the public opponents of the universities seem to have understood the real grounds of the question quite as little as their public advocates. They do not understand that youth is inspired for freedom everywhere, under any form of discipline, and that if the universities should be suppressed, that enthusiastic youth will declare itself in other places, and perhaps in alliance with the youth engaged in commerce and trade. The defenders only try to prove that the best of German learning and science would perish with the universities, and that academic freedom is of advantage to study because youth derives from it such fine opportunities to develop itself in so many directions, and so on; as if so many Greek

accents or a few rude expressions more or less were here the question!

And what would our princes care for all learning or science, studies or culture, should the sacred safety of their thrones be endangered? They would be heroic enough, in such case, to sacrifice all relative benefits for the only Absolute, their own absolute rule.¹ For this has been confided to them by God, and where Heaven commands, all earthly considerations must give way.

And there is as much misunderstanding of the question by the poor professors who come forward as defenders as by the public officials who publicly oppose the universities. Only the Catholic Propaganda in Germany understands the meaning of it, and these pious dwellers in darkness are the most dangerous opponents of our university system. These work against it insidiously by means of falsehood and foul play, and even when one of them (as did lately a magnificent rascal in the Aula² at Munich) assumes an amiable air, as if he would speak a word for the universities, a Jesuitical intrigue reveals itself. Well do these cowardly hypocrites know what is to be gained in this game;

¹ Heine refers here to the Absolute of German philosophers. The point is lost in the French version, which gives it as "*un seul bien absolu.*"—*Translator.*

² *Aula*, university hall.

for with the universities would fall also the Protestant Church, which has been rooted in them since the Reformation, so that the whole Protestant Church history of later centuries consists almost entirely of theological disputes among the learned men of Wittenberg, Leipzig, Tübingen, and Halle.¹ The spiritual courts² are only the dimmed reflection of the theological faculty; they would lose with it all hold and character, and sink into an empty dependence on ministers, or even the police.

But I must not devote too much space to such melancholy reflections, the more so because we have yet to speak of the man of Providence by whom so much that was great was done for the German people. I have already shown how we through him attained the greatest freedom of thought; but Martin Luther gave us not only freedom of action, but the means to act—that is, he gave a body to the soul. He gave language to thought. He created the German language.

This he did by translating the Bible.

In fact, the Divine composer of this book seems to have known quite as well as we that it is not a matter of indifference by whom we are translated; therefore he chose his own translator, and gifted him with the wonderful power to translate from a

¹ Heine here omits to notice the Puritan development in England.—*Translator*.

² Consistorien.

language which was not only dead but buried into another which had not come to life.

Men had, it is true, the Vulgate, which was understood, and the Septuagint, which they might understand. But the knowledge of Hebrew was then utterly extinguished in all the Christian world. Only the Jews, who kept themselves hidden here and there in a corner of the world, preserved the traditions of this tongue. Like a ghost guarding a treasure which was confided to him when living, this murdered race sat in its gloomy Ghettos keeping watch over the Hebrew Bible, and German scholars could be seen stealing into these ill-famed blind alleys to raise the precious hoard, to gain a knowledge of the Hebrew language. When the Catholic clergy saw that danger was drawing nigh in this direction, that the people might by this side-path attain a knowledge of the true Word of God and discover its Romish falsifications, they would gladly have suppressed all Jewish tradition, and they went to work to destroy all Hebrew books. Then on the Rhine began that persecution of books against which the admirable and excellent Doctor Reuchlin fought so gloriously. Yet the theologians of Cologne, who were active in the strife, were by no means so narrow-minded—especially Hochstraaten—as they are depicted in the *Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum* by the knight Ulrich von Hütten, the valiant fellow-champion

of Reuchlin.¹ The effort was to suppress the Hebrew language. When Reuchlin conquered, Luther could begin his work. In a letter which he wrote at this time to Reuchlin, he seems to feel the great importance of the victory which the latter had won, and that in a difficult and dependent situation, while he, the Augustine monk, was at perfect liberty. He says very naïvely in this letter, "Ego nihil timeo, quia nihil habo"—"Nothing I fear, because I nothing have."

How Luther ever learned the language into which he translated the Bible is to me to this hour incomprehensible. The old Swabian dialect had utterly passed away with the knightly poetry of the imperial age of the Hohenstaufen. The old Saxon dialect—the so-called Platt-Deutsch—prevailed in only a part of North Germany, and, in spite of every effort, it never attained to a literary position. If Luther had used for his translation of the Bible the language which was spoken in the Saxony of the day, Adelung would have been right in declaring that the Saxon, especially the dialect of Meissen, is our real High

¹ These letters, which may be called a companion-piece to the works of Rabelais, and of Luther and Melanchthon, form one of the best works of humour ever written. They are in the worst and simplest Latin, and are supposed to be addressed to their chief by the most fanatical and ignorant monks, exposing all their secrets, sins, and follies. The book had an immense circulation, and greatly aided the Reformation.—*Translator.*

German—that is, our written tongue. But this error has been long disproved. I must lay the more stress on it because it is still current in France. The present Saxon was never a dialect of the German people any more than Silesian, for both are born of Slavonic influence. I frankly confess I do not know how the language which we find in the Bible of Luther originated, but I know that it was through this Bible, of which the press—as yet in its youth—by its black art cast forth thousands of copies among the people, that in a few years the language of Luther spread all over Germany, and was raised to be that of our literature. This written language still prevails in Germany, and gives to our otherwise politically and religiously mangled and divided country a literary unity. Such an inestimable service may indemnify us for the fact that, in the present development of this language there is something wanting in the inward earnestness¹ which we usually find in languages, developed from a single dialect. But the language in Luther's Bible does not need such genial expression, and this old book is an eternal fountain of youth for our tongue. All the expressions and turns of speech which are in the Lutheran Bible are German. The author may use them freely, and as the book

¹ *Innigkeit*, characteristic, original vigour, generally implying cordiality, warmth, or genial depth.

is in the hands of the poorest people, they need no specially erudite preparation to express themselves in a literary form. This fact will, when the great political revolution breaks out, produce remarkable results. Freedom will speak everywhere, and its speech will be Biblical.¹

The original writings of Luther have not less contributed to fix the German language. By their polemic passion they drive deep into the heart of the time. Their tone is not always nice, but even religious revolutions are not made with rose-water. A tough log often needs a rough wedge.² In the Bible, Luther's language is always kept within the bounds of a certain dignity out of reverence to the ever-present spirit of God. In his controversial writings, on the other hand, he often gives himself up to his plebeian coarseness, which is at times as grand as it is repulsive. His expressions and images then resemble those colossal stone figures which are found in Indian or Egyptian cave-temples, and whose harsh colouring and strange ugliness at once repel and attract us. In this *ba-rocky* style³ the bold monk often appears like

¹ This and the preceding sentence are omitted in the French edition.—*Translator*.

² "Zu dem groben Klotz gehörte manchmal ein grober Keil." Also "*harter Keil*." An old Roman saying. A French equivalent is "*à vilain, vilain et demi*."—*Translator*.

³ "Durch diesen barocken Felsenstil, i.e., baroque; rocky

a religious Danton, a preacher of the Mountain, who from its height hurls down varied blocks of words on the heads of his foes.

Far more remarkable and significant than his prose writings are Luther's poems, or the songs which sprung from his soul in battle and suffering. They often seem like a flower growing on a rock or a moon-ray quivering on a moving lake. Luther loved music; he even wrote a treatise on it; hence his songs are remarkably melodious. And in this respect the name of the Swan of Eisleben was appropriate to him. But he was anything but a gentle swan in many songs, in which he fired the souls of his followers and inspired himself to the wildest joy of battle. That was a defiant war-song indeed with which he and his companions entered Worms. The old cathedral trembled at the new sounds, and the ravens were terrified in their obscure nests in the towers. That song, which was the Marseilles Hymn of the Reformation, has preserved its power of inspiration to this day, and we perhaps shall use the old mail-clad words ere long for other battles—

style. The baroque style is properly that of the architecture of the Regency and later. It is also often applied to grotesque yet tasteless art, which showed itself in "grottoes." The word itself is also said to be derived from *peruke*, in reference to the wigs which were worn of such extravagant dimensions when it prevailed.—*Translator*.

God is a citadel indeed,
 A good defence and weapon ;
 He helps us free from every need
 Which unto us can happen.
 The old and evil foe
 Is in grim earnest now ;
 Great power and craft I wis
 His cruel armour is,
 On earth is not his equal.

But with our might is nothing done,
 We soon would be y-loosen,
 But for us fights the proper man,
 Whom God himself hath chosen.
 Askest thou his name ?
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the same
 As the Lord Zebaot ;
 There is no other God,
 He'll keep the field for ever.

And were the world with devils filled,
 And if they would devour us,
 With fear we never should be chilled,
 For victory is before us.
 The prince of this world here,
 Though grim he may appear,
 Why should we fear him aught ?
 He's judged, his power is naught,
 A single word can fell him.

And they shall let the Word remain,
 No thanks for that they merit ;
 He is before us on the plain
 With all his gifts and spirit.
 And if they take our life

Goods, honour, child and wife,
 Though nought to us remain,
 Yet nothing will they gain ;
 The realm is ours for ever !

I have shown how much we owe to our dear Dr. Martin Luther for the freedom of thought which the new literature needed for its development. I have also shown how he shaped the Word in which this new literature could express itself. I have now only to add that he himself began this literature ; that it, and in fact our pure literature,¹ begins with Luther ; that his religious songs are the first appearances in it of any importance, and already announce the character which it was to assume. He who will speak of modern German literature must begin with Luther, and not with a Nuremberg cockney citizen² named

¹ *Schöne Literature*, belles lettres.

² *Spiessbürger*, a good citizen, like John Gilpin, enrolled in the city guards. The intimation is of honest stupidity, recalled what was associated once with the National Guards of Paris. To make the most of Luther, Heine is here guilty of the grossest injustice to Hans Sachs—an injustice which is the greater because Heine, of all men, must have appreciated the quaint humour and exquisite local and temporal colour of this writer, who reflects his age with rare fidelity. Equally superficial and misleading are his remarks to the effect that Luther created, entirely and alone, the German language, and that no sources of aid or inspiration whatever existed to his hand. This is the more to be regretted because, apart from these forced exaggerations, this sketch of Luther is one of the masterpieces of the

Hans Sachs, as is done by the dishonest envy of certain Romantic writers. Hans Sachs, the troubadour of the Honourable Guild of Shoemakers, whose master-song is only a silly, nonsensical parody of the earlier Minnelieder, and whose dramas are only a clumsy doltish travesty of the old mystery-plays—this pedantic jack-pudding, who painfully apes the free naïveté of the Middle Age, may perhaps be regarded as the last poet of the olden time, but by no means as the beginning or last of the new.¹ There is therefore no need of further proof ere I proceed to discuss in a decided manner the contrasts of our new literature with the elder.

If we consider German literature as it was before Luther, we find that—

I. Its material is like the life of the Middle Age itself, a mixture of two heterogeneous elements, which in a long struggle closed round each other so forcibly, that in the end they united; that is, the German nationality and the Indian-Gnostic, so-called Catholic Christianity.

II. The treatment, or much rather the spirit of the treatment, in this older literature, is romantic.

German language. He subsequently flatly contradicts himself as to this when speaking of Tauler and of Sachs.—*Translator.*

¹ Here the first book ends in the French version; that is to say, there are five and a half pages more in the German original.

The same is said abusively also of the material of that literature, as of all the developments of the Middle Age which resulted from the blending of the two elements mentioned, or German nationality and Catholic Christendom. For just as certain poets of the Middle Age treated Greek history and mythology quite romantically, so we can set forth mediæval manners and legends in classic form. The expressions classic and romantic depend, therefore, upon the spirit in which they are treated.¹ The treatment is classic when the form of that which is set forth is quite identical with the idea of the representer, as is the case in Greek works of art, where, in consequence of this identity, the greatest harmony is found between form and idea. But it is romantic when the form does not reveal the idea by identity, but lets the idea be guessed *parabolically*. I use the word *parabolic* here in preference to *symbolic*. Greek mythology had an array of forms of gods, of which every one, notwithstanding the identity of form and of idea, could, however, assume a symbolic meaning. But in this Greek religion only the forms of the gods were accurately determined or defined; everything else, such as their living and loving, was left to the will of the poet

¹ See further, as regards Heine's definition of this expression, the first book of the Romantic School, German edition of 1876, vol. vi. p. 27.—*Note by the German Publisher.*

to handle as he pleased. In the Christian religion, on the contrary, there are not such determined forms, but defined facts positively declared holy events, and deeds into which the creating mind of man may inspire a parabolic meaning. It is said that Homer invented the gods of Greece, which is not true; they existed long before in distinct outlines, but he invented their histories. The artists of the Middle Age, on the other hand, never dared to invent or add anything, however trifling, to the historical part of their religion. The fall through sin, the becoming man, baptism and the crucifixion, were deeds not to be touched, on which there could be no modelling, yet into which the creative or poetising mind of man might put a parabolic meaning. In this parabolic spirit all the arts were treated in the Middle Age, and this treatment is romantic. Hence in mediæval poetry that mystical generality¹—the forms are so shadowy; what they do is so dream-like. All is dusky-dim, as if lit by shifting moonlight; the idea is only intimated in the form like a riddle; therefore we see a vague form, such as is adapted to a spiritualistic literature. There is not, as with the Greeks, a harmony as clear as sunlight between form and idea, but very often the idea exceeds or over-tops the given form, and the

¹ *Allgemeinheit*, universality; here *mélange* or "mixed-upness" is the best translation.

latter strives desperately or despairingly to equal it; the result being a bizarre and daring sublimity. Often, too, the form grows far over the head of the idea; a feeble, tiny thought drags and trails itself about in a colossal form and we see the grotesque—always at least deformity.

III. The general character of that literature was that, in all its products, the same firm and confident faith showed itself which then prevailed in all worldly as well as spiritual things. All the views or opinions of the time were based on authority; the poet wandered with the easy confidence of a mule along by the abyss of doubt, and there prevailed in his works a daring repose, a happy confidence, such as at a later time became impossible when the culminating point of those authorities or the authority of the Pope was broken, and everything else fell after it. The poems of the Middle Age have therefore all the same character; they do not seem as if one man, but as if the whole race had composed them; they are objective, epic, and naïve.

In the literature which sprung up with Luther we find directly to the contrary that—

I. Its material, or the stuff which it treats, is the field of the interests of the Reformation and views as to the old order of things. To the new spirit of the time, that mixed faith which sprung up from the two elements before mentioned, that

is, German nationality and Indian-Gnostic Christianity, is entirely repulsive; it regards the latter as heathen idolatry, and it will have in its place the true religion of the Jewish-deistic Bible. A new order of things formed itself; the spirit made discoveries, which promoted the well-being of material man by the development of industry and progress of philosophy; Spiritualism became discredited in public opinion; the Third Estate raised itself; the Revolution began to growl and roar in hearts and heads, and whatever the age felt and thought and wanted and would have, was spoken out, and that is the material of modern literature.

II. The spirit of treatment is no longer romantic, but classic. From the revival of ancient literature there spread all over Europe a genial enthusiasm for Greek and Roman authors, and the learned, who were the only ones who then wrote, sought to make the spirit of classical antiquity their own. If they could not attain, like the Greeks, to a harmony of form and idea, they clung all the more strongly to the externals of Greek treatment; they arranged all according to Greek precept into classes; they refrained from every romantic extravagance, and in this regard we call them classic.

III. The general character of modern literature lies in this, that individuality and scepticism now prevail. Authorities are overthrown, reason is

now the only lamp of man, and his own conscience his only staff in the dark mazes of life. Man sits alone face to face with his Creator, and sings him his song. Therefore this literature begins with hymns. But even later, when it became worldly, there ruled in it the deepest self-consciousness, the feeling of personality. Poetry is now no longer objective, epic, and naïve, but subjective, lyrical, and reflecting.

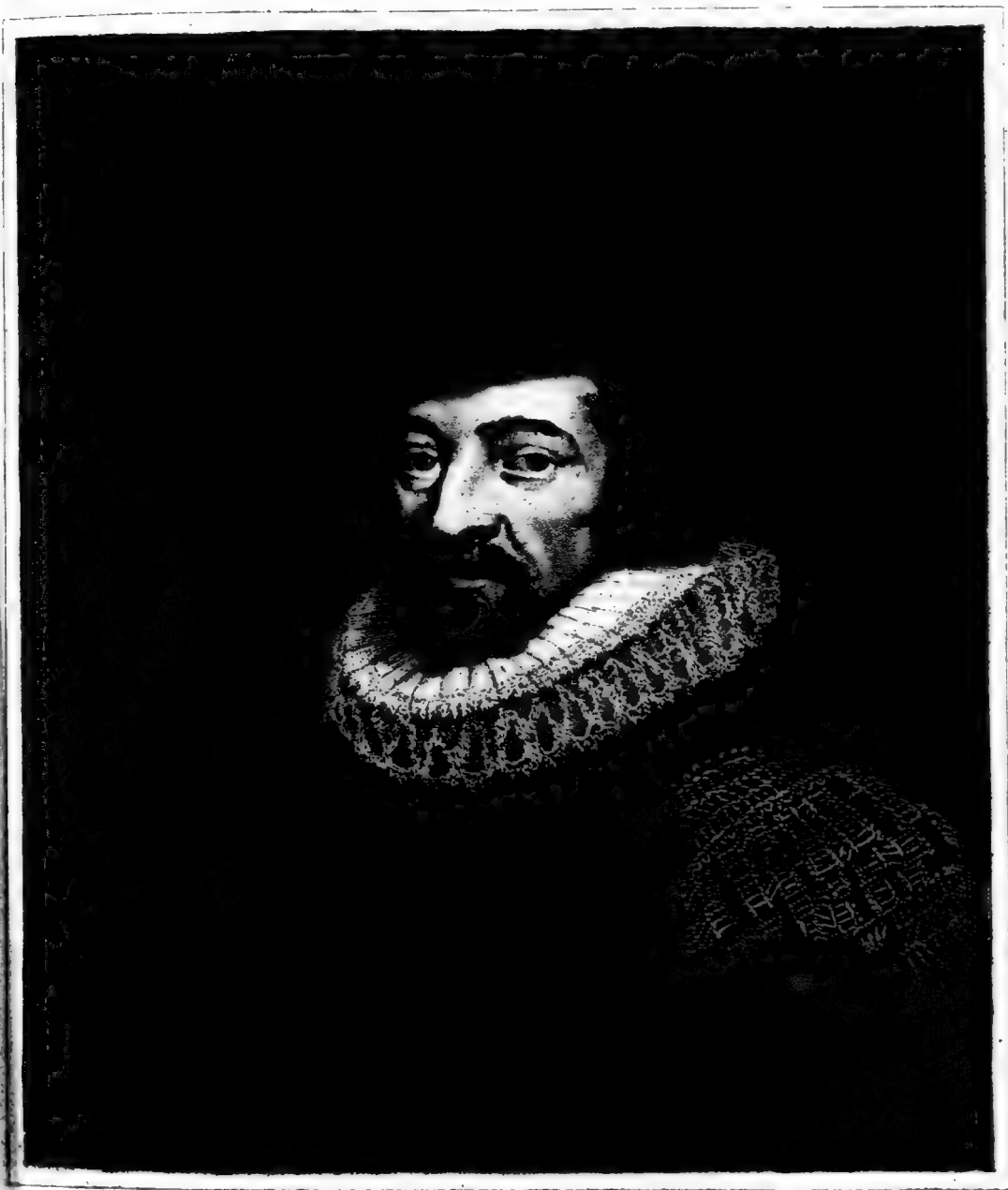
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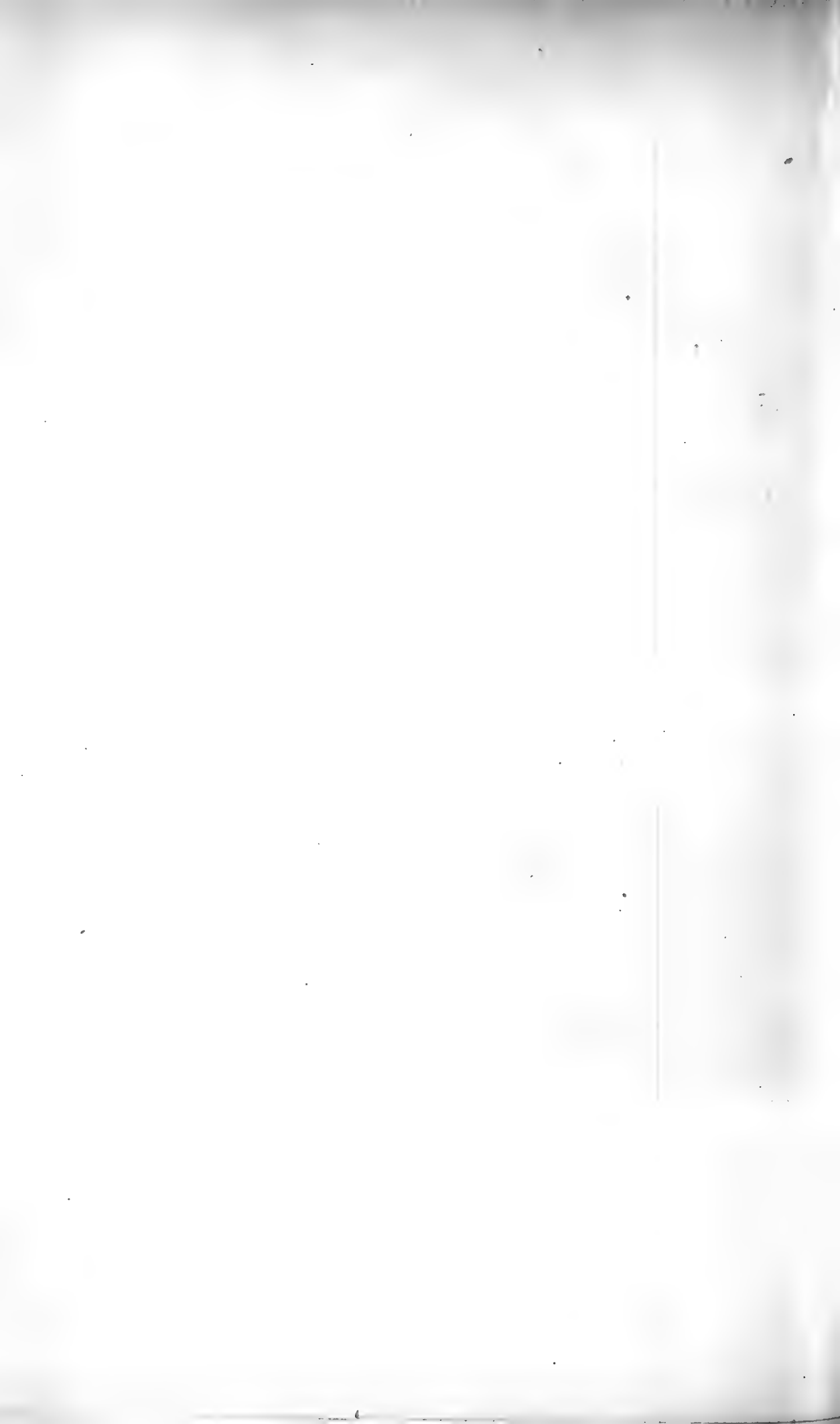
FROM LUTHER TO KANT.

IN the foregoing book we have treated of the great religious revolution which was represented by Martin Luther in Germany. Now we have to speak of the philosophical revolution which came from it, and which is, in fact, the last result of Protestantism.

But before relating how this revolution was caused by Immanuel Kant, we must discuss more in detail the philosophical precedents in other countries, the meaning and significance of Spinoza, the result of the philosophy of Leibnitz, the mutual relations of this philosophy and religion, their irritations and discords; and we must constantly bear in mind those questions of philosophy to which we attribute a social significance, and whose solution concurs with that of religion.

This is now the question of the nature of God. "God is the beginning and end of all wisdom," say the believers in their humility, and





the philosopher, in all the pride of his knowledge, must agree with them as to this pious utterance.

It was not Bacon, as is generally taught, but René Descartes who was the father of the new philosophy, and we shall clearly show here the German philosophy descended from him.¹

René Descartes was a Frenchman, and here the glory of the beginning belongs to great France. But great France, the noisy, agitated, loquacious land of the French, was never a fit soil for philosophy, and perhaps never will be; and as René Descartes felt this, he went to Holland, to the calm and silent land of *trek-schuyten* and Dutchmen, and there wrote his philosophical works. It was only there that he could free his soul from traditional formalism and construct an entire philosophy from pure thoughts, borrowed neither from faith nor empiricism,² as since exacted from every true philosophy. Only there could he so deeply sink into the

¹ Descartes was truly enough the father of modern metaphysical philosophy, beyond which Heine never advanced; but Bacon's was that of induction, the basis of evolution, which has been developed by Darwin and his school.—*Translator*.

² *Empiric*. The philosophy based on sensation or experience, e.g., that of Locke. The term in the sense of quackery and superstition came from medical misuse. Thus the "Empiric Medicine" of Marcellus Burdigalensis of the fourth century included charms and incantations to cure diseases, the author intending to assert by his title that he had tested them experimentally.—*Translator*.

abysses of thought as to find in its lowest depths of self-consciousness and confirm by thought that self-consciousness in the world-famed saying, *Cogito, ergo sum*.

Perhaps Descartes could not have then dared to teach, except in Holland, a philosophy which was at most open war with all the traditions of the past. The honour belongs to him to have founded the autonomy of philosophy; this no longer needed permission to think from theology, and it could henceforth place itself by the side of the latter as an independent equal. I do not say oppose itself, for the principle then prevailed that the truths to which we arrive through philosophy are in the end the same as those which are revealed by religion. The Schoolmen, as I have before remarked, not only yielded supremacy to religion over philosophy, but declared that the latter was an idle game and mere battling with words when it came into contention with religious dogmas. The main thing with them was to express their thoughts, no matter under what conditions. They said, "Once one is one," and proved it, but added, smiling, that it was again an error of human reason, which always goes wrong when it comes into contradiction with the decrees of œcumenic councils, that once one is three, and that is the real truth, as was long since revealed to us in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy

Ghost! The Schoolmen formed in secret a philosophic opposition to the Church, but in public they pretended the utmost deference to it; in many cases they fought for it; in grand processions they paraded in its train, as did the French deputies of the Opposition in the solemnities of the Restoration.

This comedy of the Schoolmen lasted more than six centuries, becoming all the time more trifling. By destroying Scholasticism Descartes also destroyed the superannuated opposition of the Middle Age. The old brooms had been worn to stumps by long sweeping; too much rubbish and dust stuck to them, and a new world wanted new brooms. After every revolution the hitherto opposition must resign, else there will be great follies. We have experienced this. At that time it was not the Catholic Church so much as its old opponents, the rearguard of the Schoolmen, who first rose against the Cartesian philosophy. The Pope did not forbid it till 1663.

I may assume that Frenchmen have an all-sufficient knowledge of the philosophy of their great countryman, and therefore need not show how the most opposing doctrines could take from it necessary material. I here speak of Idealism and Materialism.

As writers generally, especially in France, speak of these two doctrines by the names of

Spiritualism and Sensualism, and as I use both terms in another sense, I must here, to avoid confusion of ideas, discuss the expressions more accurately.

Since the earliest times there have been two opposite opinions or views as to the nature of human thought—that is, as to the final or deepest base of human knowledge, or the origin of ideas. It is maintained on one side that we get our ideas only from without, that our mind is only an empty receptacle in which the perceptions taken in from the senses work themselves up, very much like the food in our stomach. To use a better simile, these people regard our mind as a *tabula rasa*, on which experience afterwards writes every day something new, according to certain laws of writing.

Others, of different views, declare that ideas are innate or born in man; that the human mind is the first or primitive seat of ideas, and that the world without, experience, and the intermediary senses bring us only to a knowledge of that which was already in the soul, and wake up the slumbering ideas which were already there.

The first view has been called Sensualism, and often Empiricism, the latter Spiritualism and Rationalism. From this, misunderstandings could readily arise, since, as I have shown in the previous book, they have been employed to indi-

cate those two social systems which show themselves in all the manifestations of life. We will leave the name Spiritualism to that fanatical arrogance of the spirit which, striving for self-glorification, endeavours to trample on, or at least vilify matters, and we abandon the term Sensualism to the opposition which, on the contrary, aims at a rehabilitation of matter, and vindicates the inalienable rights of the senses, without gainsaying the rights of the spirit, or even its supremacy.

These two systems have been opposed since men began to think, for there have always been men of imperfect capacities for enjoyment, of crippled senses and bruised flesh, who find all the grapes sour in this garden of God, who see the decoying serpent by every tree of Paradise, and seek their triumph in asceticism and their pleasure in pain. On the contrary, there are also and ever with us well-grown, bodily-proud natures, who like to hold their heads high; all the stars and roses smile sympathetically with them; they love to listen to the melodies of the nightingale and of Rossini; they love the beautiful Glück and Titian's flesh, and to the dull fellow who hangs his head and to whom all such things are an abomination they reply in the words of Shakespeare's fool, "Thinkest thou because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" To these two social

systems I leave the names of Spiritualism and Sensualism.¹

On the other hand, I give to philosophical opinions on the nature of our knowledge the names Idealism and Materialism, and indicate by the first the doctrine of innate ideas or ideas *à priori*, and by the other the theory of knowledge through the senses, or that of ideas *à posteriori*.

It is a very significant fact that the idealistic side of the Cartesian philosophy never had any success in France. Several distinguished Jansenists followed this course for a while, but they soon lost themselves in Christian Spiritualism. Perhaps it was this circumstance which discredited Idealism in France. The people divine by instinct whom they need to fulfil their mission. The French were already well on their way to that political revolution which broke out at the end of the eighteenth century, and for which they had need of an axe, and of a material philosophy not less cold and cutting. Christian Spiritualism was a fellow-warrior in the ranks of the enemy, and Sensualism was therefore their natural ally. As

¹ All of the preceding passage is omitted in the French version, and the German publisher informs us that Heine himself had stricken it out of the original MS., probably in haste, because the same quotation from Shakespeare is repeated in another place. As for the quotation, Heine gives it as follows: "Narr meinst du, weil du tugendhaft bist, solle es keinen süßen Sekt und keine Torten auf dieser Welt geben."—*Translator*.

the French Sensualists were generally Materialists, the error rose that Sensualism proceeded only from Materialism. But it can develop itself just as well as a result of Pantheism, and then it has a beautiful and commanding form. But we will not deny to French Materialism its dues for service rendered. It was an admirable antidote or counter-poison against the evil of the past, a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, mercury for an infected race. The French philosophers had chosen John Locke for their master; he was the saviour whom they required. His essay on the Human Understanding was their evangel, and they swore by it. John Locke had been in the school of Descartes, and had learned from him all that an Englishman can learn,—mechanics, analysis, combination, construction, and calculation. But one thing he never could understand, which was innate ideas. Therefore he perfected the theory that we obtain our knowledge from without by experience. He made of the human soul a kind of calculating box; the whole man became an English machine. This is also applicable to man as the scholars of Locke constructed him; but though they differ among themselves by different names, they are all afraid of the final results of their leading principle, and the disciples of Condillac are horrified when classed with Helvetius, or even Holbach, or perhaps at last with a La Metrie. However, it is inevitable, and

I must characterise the French philosophers of the eighteenth century and their followers of to-day, one and all, as Materialists. *L'homme machine* is the most consequent book of French philosophy, and its title indicates the final conclusion of its view of all things.

These Materialists were in the main deists, for a machine presupposes a mechanic, and it pertains to the highest perfection of the former that it recognises and esteems the technical knowledge of such an artist, be it in its own construction or in that of other works.

Materialism has fulfilled its mission in France. Perhaps it is now perfecting the same work in England, and the revolutionary parties, especially the Benthamites, the preachers of utility, are based on Locke. These are strong minds who have grasped the right lever wherewith to move John Bull. John Bull is a born Materialist, and his Christian Spiritualism is for the greater part traditional hypocrisy, or only material or sensual narrow-mindedness;¹ his flesh yields because the spirit comes not to his aid. It is different in Germany, and the German revolutionaries err if they believe that a material philosophy will favour their aims. Nor will any general revolu-

¹ *Materielle Bornirtheit*. In the French version, *une résignation stupide*. The four following paragraphs are wanting in the French.—*Translator*.

tion be possible there so long as its principles are not deduced from a more popular, more religious, and more German philosophy, and made predominant by its power. What philosophy is this? That we will discuss candidly later. I say candidly, for I also expect that Germans will read these pages.

Germany has always manifested an antipathy for Materialism, and was therefore for a century and a half the real theatre of Idealism. Germans also sought the school of Descartes, and his greatest scholar was named Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz. As Locke developed the materialistic, so Leibnitz pursued the idealistic direction of the master. We find in him, expressed most determinedly, the theory of innate ideas. He opposed Locke in his *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*. With Leibnitz arose great zeal for philosophic study in Germany. He woke German souls and led them in new ways. Whether it was the innate gentleness or the religious feeling which inspired him, his works reconciled the most revolted minds with their boldness, and the effect was enormous. The boldness of this philosopher is specially shown in his doctrine of monads, one of the most remarkable hypotheses which ever sprung from the head of a philosopher. And it is also the best which he produced, for there was foreshadowed in it the knowledge of the most important laws which

our present philosophy has produced. The doctrine of monads was perhaps only an awkward formulating of the same law which is now declared by natural philosophers in better formulas. I should here, instead of the word "law," only use that of formula, for Newton is right when he remarks that what we call law does not really exist in Nature, and that those are only formulas which come to the aid of our power of comprehension¹ to explain a series of phenomena in Nature. The *Theodicea* is in Germany the most discussed of all the works of Leibnitz, and yet it is his weakest. This book, as well as certain others in which the religious feeling of Leibnitz expresses itself, attracted to him many a slander, many a bitter misconception. His enemies accused him of the extreme of amiable weak-mindedness; his friends, defending him, made him out a crafty hypocrite. The character of Leibnitz was for a long time a subject of controversy among us. The best natured have never been able to free him from the reproach of duplicity. He was most reviled by the free-thinkers and enlighteners. How could they forgive a philosopher who had defended the Trinity, eternal punishment in hell, and even the divinity of Christ? Their toleration did not stretch so far. And yet

¹ *Fassungskraft*. In the French version *intelligence*. Literally power of grasping.

Leibnitz was neither a knave nor a fool, and from his harmonious heights he could well defend all Christianity. I say all Christianity, for he defended it against semi-Christianity. He pointed out the consistency of the orthodox in contrast to the half-way in completeness of their opponents. More he did not seek. And he was on that point of indifference from which the most different systems only seem to be different sides of the same truth. Schelling subsequently recognised this point of indifference, and Hegel gave it scientific foundation as a system of systems. It was in this spirit that Leibnitz occupied himself with a harmony between Plato and Aristotle, a problem which has been proposed to us many times of later years. Has it been solved?

No, in truth, no! For this problem is nothing else than an adjustment of the strife between Idealism and Materialism. Plato is thoroughly Idealist, and only knows innate or rather connate ideas.¹ Man brings his ideas with him to the world, and when he becomes conscious of them, they seem to him like memories of an earlier existence. Hence the vagueness and mysticism of Plato, who only remembers more or less distinctly. With Aristotle, on the contrary, all is clear, significant, and certain, because his experi-

¹ "Oder vielmehr mitgeborene Ideen." This is wanting in the French version.—*Translator*.

ences do not reveal themselves in him in relation to a previous life, for he draws everything from experience, and knows how to classify everything most accurately. Therefore he has always been the model for all empirical philosophers, who cannot sufficiently praise God for making him the tutor of Alexander, through whose conquests he had so many opportunities to advance science, and that his victorious pupil gave him so many thousand talents for zoological purposes. No doubt the old master expended all the money conscientiously, and dissected, for it, an honourable amount of mammaliæ, stuffed sufficient birds, and made in so doing the most important observations; but the great animal whom he had always before his eyes, whom he himself had trained, and who was far more remarkable than all the menagerie of all the world in those days, he passed by unexamined. In fact, he left us without any knowledge as to the nature of that young king, at whose life and deeds we are always amazed as if at miracles and problems. Who was Alexander? What did he want? Was he a madman or a god? As yet we do not know. Aristotle, however, gives all the better information as to Babylonian monkeys,¹ Indian parrots, and Greek tragedies, which latter he also cut up.

¹ Assyrian quadrupeds in the latest French version.

Plato and Aristotle! they are not only two systems, but the types of two different kinds of human nature, which, since ages beyond the mind's grasp, under all forms or disguises, have always been more or less opposed. So they fought all through the Middle Age till this our time, and this battle is the most significant summary of Christian Church history. Plato and Aristotle are always discussed under other names. Visionary, mystical, Platonic souls have revealed unto them from the depths of the soul, or of feeling, Christian ideas and corresponding symbols. Practical, classifying, Aristotelian natures form from these ideas and symbols a fixed system, a dogmatic, and a cultus. The Church at last embraced both these natures of men, one entering the camp of the secular clergy, and the other that of monasticism, but who still kept up a constant feud. The same antagonism manifested itself in the Protestant Church, in which the division between pietists and orthodox corresponds to a certain degree to that between Catholic mystics and dogmatics. The Protestant pietists are mystics without imagination, and the Protestant orthodox are dogmatics without intelligence or wit.

We find these two Protestant parties engaged in bitter strife in the time of Leibnitz, and his philosophy intervened in it later, when Christian

Wolf mastered it, adapted it to the wants of the time, and, what was of the most importance, brought it forth in German. But before we speak further of this pupil of Leibnitz, of the result of his efforts, and of the later destinies of Lutheranism, we must mention the man of Providence who had developed himself at the same time with Locke and Leibnitz in the school of Descartes, who was long regarded with hate and scorn, and despite it rose in our days to general spiritual supremacy.

I speak of Benedict Spinoza.

A great genius forms himself on another great genius less by assimilation than by friction. One diamond grinds another. So the philosophy of Descartes by no means produced that of Spinoza, but only aided its development. Hence we find in the pupil the method of the master, which is a great gain; and then we find in Spinoza, as in Descartes, the system of demonstration taken from mathematics, which is a great defect. The mathematical form gives to Spinoza a forbidding exterior. But it is the hard shell of the almond, for which the kernel is all the sweeter. In reading Spinoza, we are seized by a feeling as when contemplating Nature in her grandest aspects of life-inspired repose, a forest of thoughts, high as heaven, whose blooming summits are in wavy motion, while their immovable trunks are deep-

rooted in earth. There is a certain *air* in the writings of Spinoza which is inexplicable; we are breathed on as by the breezes of the future. The spirit of the Hebrew prophets, it may be, rested on their remote descendant. There is in him a solemn earnestness, a self-conscious pride, a *grandezza* of thought which also seems to be an inheritance; for Spinoza belonged to those families of martyrs who were formerly driven by Most Catholic kings from Spain; to which add the patience of the Hollander, which is as perfectly manifested in all the life of the man as it is in his writings.

It is proved that the life of Spinoza was as free from every fault and pure and spotless as that of his divine cousin Jesus Christ. Like the latter, he too struggled for his doctrine; like him, he bore the crown of thorns. Wherever a great soul speaks out its thoughts, is Golgotha.

Dear reader, should you ever go to Amsterdam, let your guide show you the Spanish synagogue. It is a fine building; its roof rests on four colossal pillars, and in the midst is the pulpit where the curse of excommunication was uttered against the scorner of Mosaic law, the Hidalgo Don Benedict de Spinoza.¹ On such an occasion a ram's horn,

¹ Hidalgo Don Benedict de Spinoza sounds sufficiently strange; but to the revolutionary Heine the very shadowy title of the poor scholar was a great matter of envy and admiration.

called the *schofar*, is blown. There must be something horrible connected with this horn. For, as I have read in the life of Solomon Maimond, the Rabbi of Altona once visited him—the pupil of Kant—to bring him back to the old faith, and as Maimond obstinately persisted in his philosophic heresy, he became threatening and produced a *schofar* with the darkly significant words, “Do you know what *that* is?” And when the Kantian calmly replied, “Yes, it is a goat’s horn,” the Rabbi in horror fell flat on his back.

With this horn the excommunication of Spinoza was accompanied; he was solemnly expelled from the community of Israel, and declared to be unworthy henceforth to bear the name of Jew. His Christian enemies were magnanimous enough to allow him this, but the Jews, the Swiss guard of deism, were implacable, and the place is still shown before the Spanish synagogue in Amsterdam where they once endeavoured to murder him with their long daggers.

I could not refrain from specially calling attention to such personal misadventures of the man, for he was formed not only by lessons of learning, but those of life. Herein he differs from most philosophers, and in his writings we recognise its direct influences. Theology was not merely a branch of learning for him, nor politics, which he had also learned practically. The father of his

betrothed had been hung for political offences in the Netherlands. And in no place in the world are people as badly hung as they are in Holland. You have no idea of the interminable preparations and ceremonies observed there on such occasions. The culprit is bored to death before he is executed, and the spectator has most abundant and excessive time for reflection. I am convinced that Benedict Spinoza reflected a great deal over the execution of old Van Ende, and just as he had previously comprehended religion with its daggers, he now comprehended politics with its halters; information of which is given in his *Tractatus Politicus*.¹

I have only undertaken to show the way and manner in which philosophers are more or less allied, and I set forth their degrees of relationship and their inheritances. This philosophy of Spinoza, the third son of René Descartes, as he teaches in his chief work, the *Ethics*, is as remote from the Materialism of his brother Locke as from the Idealism of his brother Leibnitz. Spinoza does not torment himself analytically with the question as to the ultimate grounds of our knowledge; he gives us his great synthesis, his explanation of divinity.

¹ *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. This work is the principal source of modern German Rationalism. It has been well translated into English.—*Translator*.

Benedict Spinoza teaches that there is only one substance, which is God. This single substance is infinite and absolute. All finite substances are derived from it, are contained in it, rise and sink in it; they have only a relative, transitory, accidental existence. The absolute substance reveals itself to us as much under the form of infinite thought as that of endless extension. Both infinite thought and infinite extension are the two attributes of the absolute substance. We only know these two attributes, but God, the absolute substance, has perhaps other attributes which we do not know. "Non dico me Deum omnino cognoscere, sed me quædam ejus attributa, non autem omnia, neque maximam intelligere partem."

Only senselessness and malignity could apply to this doctrine the adjective atheistic.¹ No one has expressed himself more sublimely regarding the Divinity than Spinoza. Instead of saying that he denies God, one could rather declare that he denies man. All finite things are to him only *modi* of the infinite substance. All finite things are contained in God; the human soul is only a

¹ Heine, who was not a very deep or learned metaphysician, forgets here that it all depends on the conception which we have of, or the definition which we may attach to, the words *substance*, *matter*, and *God*, or that Pantheism carried to its logical extreme is Atheism—that is, it ends with *natura naturans*.—*Translator*.

ray of the infinite thought; the human body is only an atom of the endless extension. God is the illimitable cause of both spirits and bodies, *natura naturans*.

In a letter to Madame Du Deffant, Voltaire shows himself quite enraptured with an idea of this lady, who had declared that all things which a man cannot know are surely of such a nature that it would be of no use to him to know them. I would apply that observation to that passage of Spinoza which I have above given in his own words, and according to which not only thought and extension are attributes of God, but perhaps others which are perhaps for us unknowable. What we cannot know has for us no value, at least from the social point of view, where the question is to reduce to practical form what has been known in the spirit. In our explanation of the being of God we have therefore regard only to those two recognisable attributes. And, then, after all the things which we call "attributes of God" are only different forms of our perception, and these different forms are identical in the absolute substance. Thought is finally only invisible extension, and extension is only visible thought. Here we find ourselves in the leading clause of the German philosophy of identity, which is not essentially different from that of Spinoza. Schelling may contend, on the contrary, that his philosophy is

different from that of Spinoza, that his is more of "a living blending of the ideal and real," and that it differs from Spinozism "as a perfect Greek statue differs from a stiff Egyptian mummy." I must still distinctly declare that Schelling in his earlier period, when he was as yet a philosopher, did not differ in the least from Spinoza. All he did was to get to the same philosophy by another road, as I show in another place, when I explain how Kant opened a new way, how Fichte followed him, and Schelling trod in his footsteps, and while wandering about lost in the forest shades of natural philosophy, he found himself standing at last face to face before the grand statue of Benedict Spinoza.

The recent philosophy of Nature has only this merit, that it has indicated with sharpest sagacity the eternal parallelism which reigns between spirit and matter. I say spirit and matter, using the expressions as synonymous for what Spinoza calls thought and extension. To a certain degree what our natural philosophers call spirit and nature, or the ideal and real, is quite the same.

I shall consequently indicate with the name *Pantheism* not so much the system as the manner in which Spinoza regarded it. In this latter the unity of God may be assumed as well as in deism. But the God of the Pantheists is in the world itself—not merely penetrated by his divinity, as St. Augustine once tried to explain it when he compared

God to a great lake and the world to a great sponge swimming in it and imbibing divinity. No, the world is not steeped and impregnated in God, but as identical with God. God, who is called a substance by Spinoza and the Absolute by German philosophers, is "all that which is;" he is matter as well as spirit; both are alike divine, and whoever insults holy matter sins even as he sins who sins against the Holy Ghost.

The God of the Pantheists differs also from that of the deists, because he is himself *in* the world, while the latter is quite out of, or, what is the same, *over* it. The God of the deists rules the world from above downwards, as if it were a separate establishment, but the deists differ among themselves as to the mode or manner of this rule. The Hebrews conceive God as a thundering tyrant, the Christians as a loving father; the pupils of Rousseau, or the whole Genevese school, imagine him as a clever artist who made the world much as their papa made his watches, and as connoisseurs they admire the work and praise the master on high.

To the deist, who consequently admits a God out of or above the world, the spirit only is holy, since he regards the latter as the divine breath with which the Creator of the world has inspired the human body, the work kneaded by his own hands from clay. The Jews, therefore, regarded

the body as something of small account, or as a miserable envelope of the *ruach hakodasch*, the holy breath or spirit, and to this alone they devoted their care, their reverence, their cult. They became through this peculiarly the people of the spirit, chaste, sober, serious, abstract, obstinate, inclined to martyrdom, and their sublimest form in all or flower is Jesus Christ. He is in the true sense of the word the incarnate spirit, and deeply significant is the beautiful relation that a pure virgin gave birth to him by conception from the Spirit.

But if the Jews treated the body with little respect, the Christians went still further on this road, and regarded it as something objectionable, bad, or as evil itself. We see, some centuries after the birth of Christ, a religion rise which is destined to eternally amaze mankind, and to compel the latest generations to an admiration of awe.¹ Yes, it is a great and holy religion, filled with infinite happiness, which would conquer for the spirit the most unconditional supremacy in this world. But this religion was just too sublime, too pure, entirely too good for this world, where its idea could only be set forth in theory, but

¹ "Welche ewig die Menschheit in Erstaunen setzen, und den spätesten Geschlechtern die schauerlichsten Bewunderung abtrotzen wird." The most considerate translation cannot remove from this passage its "puff and pleonasm."—*Translator*.

never practically carried out. The attempt to realise this idea brought forth an infinite array of dazzling deeds, of which poets in every age will long sing and say. The effort to reduce the idea of Christianity to practice, as we, in fine, see, failed miserably, and this unfortunate effort has cost mankind incalculable sacrifices, and its melancholy result is our present social illness in all Europe. If, as many think, we live as yet in the youth of mankind, then Christianity belongs to the most extravagant of its college ideas, which do far more credit to its heart than to its head. Christianity abandoned all that was material and worldly to the hands of Cæsar and his Jewish attendants,¹ and contented itself with denying the supremacy of the one and defiling the others in public opinion. But lo! the hated sword and the despised money got the supreme power in the end, and the representatives of the spirit were obliged to enter into arrangement with them. Yes, and this agreement even became a solid alliance. Not only the Roman, but also the English, the Prussian, in short all privileged priests, have united with Cæsar and his consorts to oppress the people. But from this alliance will result the more rapid ruin of Spiritualism. Some priests have already perceived this, and to

¹ "Jüdischen Kammerknechte." In the French version of *nos banquiers talmudistes*.

rescue religion they give themselves the aspect of renouncing that ruinous alliance and come over into our ranks.¹ They wear the red cap, they swear death and hatred to all kings, to the seven blood-drinkers; they cry for equality in earthly possessions, they curse despite Marat and Robespierre. Between us, if we look into them closely, we shall find that they read mass in the language of Jacobinism, and as they once brought to Cæsar poison in the host, so they now bring to the people their hosts hidden in revolutionary poison, for they know that we love such deadly stuff.

Yet all your weary efforts are in vain. Humanity is sated and disgusted with all kinds of sacramental wafers, and longs for more nourishing food, for real bread and beautiful flesh. Humanity smiles pityingly at those youthful ideals which with all its efforts it could never realise, and it is becoming manly and maturely practical. Humanity now cherishes the system of worldly utility; it thinks seriously of a good, comfortable, citizen-like establishment, of sensible housekeeping, and of comfort for its old age. There is no longer any question as to leaving the sword in Cæsar's

¹ This is followed in the French version by the words "en s'affublant de nos couleurs." But all that which follows to the end of the paragraph or to the word "stuff" is wanting in it.—*Translator.*

hands or the money-bags to his deputies. The privileged honours will be torn from Cæsar, and industry be freed from the old disgrace.¹ The next question is how to recover our health, for we still feel very weak in our limbs—the holy vampires of the Middle Age have sucked so much of our life's blood; and then we must still offer to Matter such great expiatory sacrifices to atone for our ancient injuries to it. It would, perhaps, be even advisable should we institute festal games, and even manifest to matter still more extraordinary honours of reparation; for Christianity, incapable of annihilating matter, has on all occasions degraded it, depreciating and reviling its noblest pleasures, and the senses being forced into hypocrisy, the result was lies and sin. We must clothe our women in new chemises and new thoughts, and fumigate all our feelings,² as if we had passed through a pestilence.

The immediate aim of all our most recent reforms or institutions is relatively the rehabilitation of matter, the restoration of it to its dignity, its moral recognition, its religious sanctification, its reconciliation with the spirit. Purusa will be again wedded to Prakriti. It was by their violent separation—as is so admirably and ingeni-

¹ The preceding two sentences are not given in the French version.

² In the French version *à la fumée des parfums*.

ously represented in the Indian myth—that the great rent in all the world, or evil, originated.

Do you now know what evil is in the world? The Spiritualists have always reproached us that according to the Pantheistic view all difference ceases between good and bad. But evil is partly the mad idea involved in their views of the world, and partly the result of their own arrangement of the world.¹ According to their view of the world, matter is in and of itself evil, which is really a slander, and a terrible blasphemy of God. Matter never becomes evil except when it is forced to conspire in secret against the usurpations of the spirit, when the spirit has defiled or slandered it, and she has prostituted herself from self-contempt, or when she, with the hatred of despair, revenges herself on the spirit; and so evil is only a result of the spiritual arrangement of the world.

God is identical with the world. He manifests himself in plants, which lead without consciousness a cosmic-magnetic life. He manifests himself in plants, which, in their sensual dream-life, experience a more or less dull existence. But he manifests himself most grandly in man, who not only feels, but thinks at the same time, who knows

¹ Therefore, if there were no "Spiritualists," there could be no "evil" in the world. This passage is much admired by modern dynamiters.—*Translator*.

how to distinguish himself individually from objective Nature, and bears already in his reason the ideas which manifest themselves to him in the world of phenomena. In man, divinity attains to self-consciousness, and such self-consciousness reveals itself again through man. But this is not effected in and by the single individual, but in and by the totality of mankind, so that every man only comprehends and represents a portion of the God-universe, but all men grasp and set forth the whole God-universe in the idea and in reality. Every race has, perhaps, the mission to cognise and make known a certain portion of that God-universe—to understand a series of phenomena, to bring to perception a series of ideas, and to transmit the result to succeeding races, who have in turn the same mission. God is therefore the real hero of the world's history, which is naught save his constant thinking, his incessant action, his word, his deed; and one may say with justice of all mankind that it is an incarnation of God.¹

It is an error to suppose that this religion of Pantheism leads men to indifference. On the contrary, the knowledge of his divinity will inspire man to manifest it, and from this point the

¹ This *abrégé* of the Schelling-Oken natural philosophy is suggestive in expression of the influence of the *Geschichte der Seele* of Schubart, whom Heine probably knew in Munich.—*Translator.*

true great deeds of true heroism will glorify the earth.

The political revolution which bases itself on the principles of French Materialism will find no opponents in the Pantheists, but allies, and allies who have drawn their convictions from a deeper source or from a religious synthesis. We promote the well-being of the material, the material prosperity of the peoples, not because we, like the Materialists, despise the spirit, but because we know that the divinity of man proclaims itself even in his bodily appearance, and misery destroys or makes vile the body, the image of God, the spirit thereby utterly perishing. The great word of the revolution which St. Just pronounced, "*Le pain est le droit du peuple*" (bread is the people's right), is according to us, "*Le pain est le droit divin de l'homme*" (bread is man's divine right¹). We do not contend for the human, but for the divine rights of man. In this and in many other things we differ from the men of the Revolution. We will not be *sans culottes*, nor frugal citizens, nor economical small presidents. We found a democracy of equally lordly, equally holy, and equally happy gods. You demand simple costumes, austere manners, and cheap unseasoned pleasures; we, on

¹ "Somebody will pay for it," said Mr. Wilkins Micawber. St. Just and Heine have inadvertently omitted to explain how all this bread is to be paid for or by whom. — *Translator*.

the contrary, demand nectar and ambrosia, purple garments, costly perfumes, luxury and splendour, dances of laughing nymphs, music and comedies. Be not angered, O virtuous republicans! To your censuring reproaches we reply what the fool in Shakespeare has already said, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

The Saint-Simonians understood and wanted something of the kind, but they stood on an unfavourable soil, and the Materialism which surrounded suppressed them. They were better understood in Germany, for Germany is the most propitious soil for Pantheism; it is the religion of our greatest thinkers and best artists, and deism, as I shall explain in another place, has there long perished in theory. It maintains itself there, like many other things, only among the unthinking masses, without reasonable warrant.¹ It is not said, but every one knows, that Pantheism is the public secret in Germany. In fact, we have outgrown deism. We are free, and do not want a thundering tyrant; we are grown-up, and require no fatherly care. Nor are we the bungled work of a great mechanic. Deism is a religion for slaves, for children, for Genevese, for watch-makers.

¹ This passage is wanting in the French version.

Pantheism is the secret religion of Germany, and that it would come to that was foreseen fifty years ago by those German writers who warred so vigorously on Spinoza. The most furious of these foes was Doctor Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, who sometimes has the honour shown him of being classed among German philosophers. He was nothing but a quarrelsome sneak, who dressed himself in the cloak of philosophy, and stealing in among philosophers, first whimpered a great deal about his love and tender heart, and then burst out into abuse of reason. His eternal refrain ever was that philosophy or knowledge by reason is mere delusion, that reason does not know herself to what she leads, but conducts man into a dark labyrinth of error and contradiction, and that Faith is the only sure guide. The mole! he did not see that reason, like the eternal sun, which, while it wanders high in heaven, lightens its path with its own glorious rays. Nothing can be compared to the pious genial hatred of little Jacobi for great Spinoza.

It is worth observing that the most different parties made war on Spinoza. They form an army whose varied contrasts are very amusing. Side by side with a swarm of white and black Capuchins, with crosses and smoking censers, marches the phalanx of Encyclopædists, who are also enraged at this *penseur téméraire*. By the Rabbi of the

synagogue of Amsterdam, who sounds the signal of attack on his ram's horn of faith, trips Arouet de Voltaire, who trills on his flageolet or piccolo of persiflage for the benefit of deism; and in between whines and grumbles old-woman Jacobi, the sutler-wife of this army of religion.

Let us escape from the charivari, and returning from our pantheistic tour, refer again to the philosophy of Leibnitz, whose further fate in Germany remains to be told.

Leibnitz, as you know, had written his works in Latin or French. Christian Wolf was the excellent man who not only systematised the ideas of Leibnitz, but lectured on them in German. And yet his greatest merit did not consist in having put the ideas of Leibnitz into a compact system, and still less that he made them accessible in German to a larger public: his chief desert lies in this, that he invited us to philosophise in our native language. For as until Luther we only treated theology, so until Wolf we only discussed philosophy in Latin. The example of a few who had previously read in German remained without result, but the literary historian must reflect on them with special praise. Especially would I mention Johannes Tauler, a Dominican monk, who was born in the beginning of the fourteenth century by the Rhine, and who died, I believe, in 1361 at Strasburg. He was a

pious man, and belonged to those mystics whom I have characterised as the Platonic party of the Middle Age. In the last years of his life he renounced all pedantic obscurity, was not ashamed to preach in the humble tongue of the people, and those sermons which he wrote down, as well as the German translations of some of his earlier Latin preachings, belong to the monuments of the German language.¹ For even so early as this it shows itself not only adapted to metaphysical discussion, but far more fitted for it than Latin. This last, the language of the Romans, can never cast off its origin. It is a language of command for captains in the field, of decretals for ministers, a legal language for misers, a lapidary one for the Roman race as hard as stone. And it became the predestined tongue of Materialism. Though Christianity, with perfect Christian patience, tormented itself for more than a thousand years in trying to spiritualise this speech, it did not succeed, and when Johannes Tauler would sink his soul into the most terrible abyss of thought, and when his heart swelled with

¹ In the French version : *comptent parmi les monuments les plus remarquables de la langue allemande*. Such being the case, it is singular that our historian makes no mention of them whatever in his account of German literature before Luther. But Heine was predetermined to make a melodramatic departure from the great reformer and ignore all his predecessors — *Translator*.

intensest religious feelings, he was obliged to speak German. His language is like a mountain torrent which bursts out of a hard rock, wondrously impregnated with perfumes of unknown flowers and strange mysterious virtues of stones. But it was only in more recent times that the practical applicability of the German language to philosophy was observed. In no other could Nature so reveal her most occult work as in our dear and delightful mother-tongue. It was only on the mighty oak that the sacred mistletoe could grow.

This would be the place to mention Paracelsus, or, as he called himself, Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus von Hohenheim, for he wrote almost always in German. But I shall speak in another place of Paracelsus from a more important point of view.¹ His philosophy was what we call to-day natural philosophy, and this doctrine of Nature living with ideas, which agrees so mysteriously with the German mind, would have at that time fully developed itself among us, had not, by accidental influence, the lifeless, mechanical physics of the Cartesians usurped a general sway. Paracelsus was a great charlatan, and always wore a scarlet coat, breeches, stockings, and hat, and

¹ The contributions of Paracelsus to the German language, and the number of new words and expressions which he added to it, were very far from being unimportant.—*Translator*.

declared that he could make *homunculi*, or little men; at least he was in confidential relations with occult beings who dwell in different elements, but he was also one of the most profound natural philosophers, who, with the heart of a true German investigator, understood the pre-Christian popular faith or the German Pantheism, and what they did not know they shrewdly guessed.

I should really speak here also of Jacob Böhme, for he also employed the German language for philosophic demonstration, and has in this respect been highly praised. But I could never make up my mind to read him (I do not like to be made a fool of). I much suspect that the admirers of this mystic wish to mystify the multitude. As for what his works contain, St. Martin has given something of them in French. The English have also translated him. Charles I. had so high an opinion of this theosophical shoemaker that he himself sent a scholar to Görlitz to study him. This messenger was luckier than his master, for while the latter lost his head by Cromwell's axe, the former at Görlitz only lost his wits through Jacob Böhme's philosophy.

As I have stated, Christian Wolf first introduced with success the German language to philosophy. His lesser merit was his systematising and making popular the ideas of Leibnitz. Both have been greatly blamed, and we must

incidentally refer to the cause. His systematising was all mere show and sham, and the most important portion of the philosophy of Leibnitz was sacrificed to it—that is, the best part of the doctrine of Monads. Leibnitz, it is true, left behind him no systematic edifice, but only the ideas for one. It required a giant to put together the colossal squared stones and stupendous columns which a giant had quarried from the deepest caves of marble and magnificently hewn. Truly that would have been a grand temple! But Christian Wolf was of very humble stature, and could only master a portion of the materials, and of these he built a paltry little tabernacle of testimony, or an ark of the covenant of deism. Wolf's head was more of the encyclopædic than of the systematic order, and he only understood the unity of a doctrine under the form of completeness. He was satisfied with a certain panel or framework in which the panels were most admirably arranged, perfectly fitted, and provided with legible labels; so he gave us an *Encyclopædia of Philosophic Sciences*. That he, the descendant of Descartes, had inherited the grandfatherly form of mathematical demonstration is a matter of course. I have already censured this form as used by Spinoza. Through Wolf it caused much mischief. In the hands of his pupils it degene-

rated into an intolerable schematismus or classification, and to a ridiculous mania for demonstrating everything mathematically. Thus originated what is known as the Wolfian dogmatism. All deep investigation ceased, and a wearisome mania for clearness took its place. The Wolfian philosophy became more and more watery,¹ and ended by inundating all Germany. The traces of this deluge are still visible, and here and there on our highest seats of the Muses we may find old fossils of the Wolfian school.

Christian Wolf was born in 1679 in Breslau, and died in 1754 in Halle. His intellectual rule endured for half a century in Germany. We must specially refer to his relations to the theologians of those days, and shall thereby enlarge our contributions as to the destiny of Lutheranism.

In the whole history of the Church there is no portion so entangled or embroiled as the quarrels of the Protestant theologians since the Thirty Years' War. Only the subtle hair-splitting wranglings of the Byzantines are to be compared to them, and even the latter were not so wearisome, because great politically interesting court intrigues lurked behind them, while the Protestant pummelling and pugi-

¹ "La philosophie de Wolf devint toute limpide, ou plutôt aqueuse."—*French version.*

lism was generally based on the narrow pedantry of petty magistral pates and poor professors, the universities; especially of Tübingen, Wittenberg, Leipzig, and Halle; being the arenas of these theological battles. The two parties whom we have seen fighting in Catholic attire through the entire Middle Age, the Platonist and Aristotelian, have now changed costume and carry on the feud as before. Those are the pietists and orthodox, whom I have already mentioned, and whom I described as mystics without imagination and dogmatists without wit. Johannes Spener was the Scotus Erigena of Protestantism, and as the former founded Catholic mysticism by his translation of the forged Dionysius Areopagita, so the latter laid the basis of Protestant pietism by his collection of edifying tracts called *Colloquia Pietatis*, whence perhaps the name pietists came to be applied to his adherents. He was a pious man, honoured be his memory! A Berlin pietist, Mr. Franz Horn, has written a good biography of him. Spener's life sets forth a continued martyrdom for the Christian idea. He was in this respect superior to his adversaries, that he insisted on good works and piety, being far more a preacher of the spirit than of the letter. All his preaching and teaching was for his time admirable, for all theology, as it was taught at the universities mentioned, consisted only in narrow-minded dogmatics and hypercritical, captious pole-

mics. Biblical exegesis and Church history were entirely set aside.

A pupil of Spener's, Hermann Franke, began to deliver lectures in Leipzig after the example and in the spirit of his master. He delivered them in German—a service which we always repay gratefully. His success aroused the envy of his colleagues, who in consequence made life bitter for our poor pietist. He had to quit the field and retire to Halle, where he taught Christianity by word and deed. His memory will there be ever green, for he is the founder of the Orphans' Asylum of Halle.

The university of Halle was soon filled with pietists, and they were called the Orphan Asylum party, a term which, by the way, still exists. Halle is also still the molehill or head-quarters of the pietists, and their quarrels with the Protestant Rationalists a few years ago raised a scandal which spread its foul odour through all Germany. Happy Frenchmen who heard nothing of it all! Even the existence of those evangelical clack-and-gossip journals, in which the pious fishwives of the Protestant Church lustily abuse one another, is unknown to you. Happy Frenchmen! who have no idea how maliciously, how pettily, how disgustingly our evangelical priests can slander one another! You know that I am no dependant on Catholicism. In my present religious convictions

lives no longer the dogma, yet ever the *spirit*, of Protestantism.¹ I therefore always take part with the Protestant Church, yet I owe it to truth to say that in the annals of Papistry I never found such detestably mean trash as in the *Berlin Evangelical Church Journal* when the scandal referred to became public. The most cowardly monkish malice, the pettiest intrigues of cloisters, are noble acts of benevolence compared to the deeds of Christian heroism which our Protestant orthodox and pietists practised against the hated

¹ In the French edition there is given, instead of this sentence, the following :—

“Le protestantisme fut pour moi plus qu’une religion, ce fut une mission ; et depuis quatorze ans, c’est pour ses intérêts que je combats contre les machinations des jésuites allemands. Plus tard, il est vrai, s’éteignit ma sympathie pour le dogme et je déclarai franchement, dans mes écrits, que tout mon protestantisme ne consistait plus que dans le fait d’être inscrit comme chrétien évangélique sur les registres de la communion luthérienne. . . . Mais une secrète prédilection pour la cause qui nous fit jadis combattre et souffrir demeure toujours dans notre cœur, et mes convictions religieuses d’aujourd’hui sont encore animées de l’esprit de protestantisme.”

It must be admitted that, however interesting or entertaining it may be to follow our author through the astonishing variety of Hebrew, Christian, Hellenic, Sentimental-Catholic, Pantheistic, Deistic, Naturalistic, Atheistic-Protestant opinions which he entertains, either consecutively or simultaneously, it is extremely difficult to understand what he ever did believe in. As the Scotchman said of the haggis, “There’s a vera great deal o’ fine confused feedin’ about it.” *As fond*, Heine believed in anything which gave him an opportunity to say something clever.—*Translator*.

Rationalists. You Frenchmen have no idea of the hatred which is developed on such occasions. The Germans are altogether more vindictive than the Latin races.¹

This comes because we are Idealists even in hating. We do not hate one another for external trifles, like you, as, for instance ruffled vanity, or an epigram, or a visiting-card not returned. No, we hate in our enemies the deepest, the most essential part in them—that is, thought itself. You French are frivolous and superficial, in love as in hate. We Germans hate fundamentally, utterly, and enduringly, for we are too honourable and too clumsy to revenge ourselves with vapid perfidies, and so hate to our last breath. “Oh, I know, Monsieur, what this German calm is,” said a lady lately, while she with staring eyes looked at me incredulously and in anxious fear.² “I know that you Germans use the same word for forgiving and poisoning.” And in fact she was right, for the word *Vergeben* means both.

¹ One of the sayings which, uttered by a great writer, obtained undeserved acceptance. Heine himself was indeed implacably vindictive, as is shown by his revenge on Platen. But to compare the German with the Italian or Spaniard, or the more vulgar class of Americans, in this respect, is to compare burning straw to red-hot steel.

² “In dem sie mich mit gross geöffueten Augen ungläubig und *bedüngstigt* ansah.” This is given very differently in the French version as “en me regardant de tous ses yeux et d’un sourire incrédule.”—*Translator*.

If I am not mistaken, the orthodox of Halle, in their conflict with the hermit-like pietists,¹ called to their aid the Wolfian philosophy; for religion, when it can no longer burn us alive, comes to us begging. But all our gifts bring her but little gain. The mathematical, demonstrative garment, wherewith Wolf had clothed poor Religion so lovingly, fitted her so badly that she felt still more cramped, and in this strait made herself still more ridiculous. The bad sewing burst everywhere, exposing her person, and it was especially the shameful part—original sin—which displayed itself in its most glaring nakedness. Here no logical fig-leaf availed.² Christian-Lutheran original sin and Leibnitz-Wolfian optimism are intolerable. The French persiflage of optimism did not much displease our orthodox. The wit of Voltaire came to the aid of naked original sin, but the German Pangloss had lost a great deal by the destruction of optimism, and sought long for a doctrine equally consoling, until the Hegelian utterance, "All which is, is reasonable," brought him some consolation and amends.

¹ "Mit den eingesiedelten Pietisten," from *einsiedeln*, to live as a hermit. In the French version these are called "les piétistes émigrés," the translator having confuzed *einsiedeln* with *ansiedeln*, to settle down as a colonist or immigrant.

² In the French version, "Les feuilles de vigne philosophiques n'y purent rien." The shade of the fig-tree is, in this instance, superior to that of the vine.

But from the instant when a religion seeks support from philosophy, its ruin is inevitable. It seeks to defend itself and sinks even deeper into destruction. Religion, like every other form of absolutism, should be above justification. Prometheus is chained to the rock by the power of silence. Æschylus does not suffer power personified to speak a word; it must be silent. As soon as religion prints a reasoning catechism, or a political absolutism publishes an official newspaper, both come to an end. And therein is our triumph; we have involved our enemies in a discussion, and they must speak.

It is indeed not to be denied that religious as well as political absolutism has found very powerful organs to express their opinions. Yet let us not be afraid for that. If the Word lives, dwarfs may carry it; if it is dead, no giant can uphold it.¹

And since religion; as I have observed; sought assistance from philosophy, innumerable experiments were tried upon her by German savants. It was thought advisable to rejuvenate her, and to do this they went to work much after the manner of Medea in doing the same to King Æson. At first they opened her veins, and all the superstitious blood was very slowly extracted; or, to speak without a simile, an attempt was made to

¹ This paragraph is wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

take from Christianity its historical element, and only retain the moral portion. Thus they made of it a pure deism. Christ ceased to be an equal ruler with God; he was, so to speak, mediatised, and only found honourable recognition as a private person. His moral character was praised as being beyond all measure, and men could not find language to describe what an admirable person he was.¹ As for his miracles, people explained them by natural causes, or, better still, kept as quiet as possible regarding them. "Miracles," said some, "were needed in those ancient days of superstition, and an intelligent man who had any truth to announce used them as an advertisement." Those theologians who cut out everything historical from Christianity were called Rationalists, and against them was united all the wrath of the pietists as well as that of the orthodox, who from that time quarrelled less among themselves, and were indeed often allied; for what love could not effect, hate brought about—the mutual hatred of the Rationalists.²

This direction in the Protestant theology began with the tranquil Semler, whom you do not know, who attained an anxious eminence with the lucid

¹ "Welch 'ein braver Mensch er gewesen sei."

² In the French version "*cette réforme de la theologie protestante*," the translator evidently believing that *Richtung*, direction, setting right as allied to correcting e.g., *richten* to correct, also meant reform!—*Translator*.

Teller, of whom you are ignorant, and reached its summit with the shallow¹ Bahrdt, by wanting whose acquaintance you lose nothing. The most vehement impulses came from Berlin, where Frederick the Great and the bookseller Nicolai held sway.

As to the first, who was crowned Materialism itself, you are well instructed. You know that he wrote French verses, played the flute very well, won the battle of Rossbach, took a great deal of snuff, and only believed in cannon. Some of you have certainly visited Sansouci, and the old invalid soldier who is a castle-guard has shown you in the library the French novels which Frederick, when crown-prince, read in church-time, and which he had bound in black morocco to make his stern parent believe that he was reading a Lutheran hymn-book. You know this royal sage, whom you have called the Solomon of the North. France was the Ophir of this Solomon, whence he imported his poets and philosophers, for whom he had a great predilection, like that Solomon of the South, who, as you may read in the Book of Kings, chap. x., had brought to him from Ophir whole ship-loads of gold, ivory,

¹ "Mit dem seichten Bahrdt." In the French version "Bahrdt au front d'airain." *Seichtkopfig*, shallow-brained. It is possible that some confusion of brain or head, and of *seiche* with *seigern*, "to refine metals," suggested this singular translation, which was, however, perfectly applicable to Bahrdt.

poets and philosophers.¹ Having such preference for foreign talent, Frederick the Great could not, of course, exercise any all too great influence on the German mind. He insulted, and, moreover, weakened German national feeling. The contempt with which he treated our literature may even now vex us, his descendants. With the exception of old Gellert, not one German man of letters ever received from him aught of his all-gracious good-will or favour. His interview with this poet is very curious.

If Frederick the Great mocked without supporting us, yet were we supported all the more by the bookseller Nicolai, which in no wise prevented us from mocking and deriding him. This man was all his life long unwearied in work for the good of his fatherland, sparing neither pains nor money wherever he hoped to do good, and yet there was never in Germany a person so cruelly, so inexorably, so crushingly ridiculed and abused as he was. And yet, though we, the later-born, know very well that old Nicolai, the friend of enlightenment, was perfectly right in the main, and though we are also perfectly aware that it was chiefly our own enemies, the obscurants, who

¹ In the French version the passage referred to is here quoted in Latin from the Vulgate, Kings, l. i. 22, "Classis regis per mare, cum classe Hiram semel per tres annos ibat, deferens inde aurum et argentum, et dentes elephantorum, et simias et pavos."

ridiculed him into his grave, still we cannot think of him with altogether serious faces. Old Nicolai sought to effect in Germany what philosophers had done in France, which was to make the past vanish from the minds of the people; also an admirable prefatory work, without which no radical revolution can take place. The trouble was lost, for he was not cut out for the work. The old ruins stood as yet far too firmly, the spectres of the past flitted out and mocked him, and then he grew furious and struck out blindly, and the lookers on laughed when the bats hissed and entangled themselves in his well-powdered peruke. And it sometimes happened that he mistook windmills for giants, and fought them, but it was far worse when he many times mistook real giants for mere windmills, as, for instance, a Wolfgang Goethe. Against his *Werther* he wrote a satire in which he most rudely perverted every meaning of the author. And yet he was right in the main, and if he did not understand what Goethe meant to express by *Werther*, he at least understood what its effect would be, the debilitating dreaminess, the feeble fanaticism, the fruitless sentimentalism which this romance brought forth, and which was in hostile contradiction with every healthy and reasonable sentiment, such as we really require. And in this Nicolai agreed perfectly with Lessing, who

wrote to one of his friends the following opinion as to Werther:—

“Do you not think that a brief cold conclusion would be advisable to prevent such a fiery production from doing more harm than good? A few hints as to how Werther became such an eccentric character, or how another youth whom Nature gifted in the same way could guard himself? Do you believe that a Greek or Roman youth would have taken his own life in such a manner and for such a cause? Certainly not. They knew how to guard themselves from the visionary follies of love, and in the time of Socrates they would have hardly forgiven a young country-maid such an ἐξ ἐρωτος κατοχη inspired by τι τολμαν παραφυσιν. To produce such petty-great, contemptibly valuable originals was reserved for a Christian education, which alone could transform a bodily need so beautifully into a spiritual perfection. Therefore, dear Goethe, add yet another chapter to conclude, and the more cynical the better.”

Friend Nicolai really published a *Werther* travestied according to these recommendations. In his version the hero is not killed, but only spattered with chicken's blood, with which the pistol had been charged. Werther is made ridiculous, lives, marries Charlotte—in fact,

ends more tragically than in the original by Goethe.¹

The journal which Nicolai founded was called *Die Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, or the "Universal German Library," in which he and his friends waged war on superstition, Jesuits, court-lackeys, and the like, with great vigour. It cannot be denied that many a blow meant for absurd belief fell by sad fate on poetry itself. Thus Nicolai fought against the liking for old German popular ballads.² But, in fact, he was right here too, for, with many a merit, those songs had innumerable associations which were not in keeping with the age, and those old sounds, "the call to the cows" of the Middle Ages,³ might easily entice popular feeling back into the cattle-pen of the past. He sought, like Ulysses, to stop the ears of his companions, so that they might not hear the song of the sirens, and never heeded that they thereby also became deaf to the notes of the nightingale. So that the field of the present could be radically cleared of weeds, the practical man cared little if the

¹ It is a remarkable coincidence that in an American Algonkin legend, a sorcerer by the same trick makes people believe that he has killed himself, and then returned to life.—*Translator*.

² As did Cobbett, who enumerates them among the incomprehensible or absurd follies of collectors.

³ *Kuhreigen*, the *ranz des vaches*, which so fascinates the Swiss.

flowers went with them. Against this the party of flowers and of nightingales, and therewith all else belonging to it, such as beauty, wit, grace, and gaiety, rose in enmity and poor Nicolai was laid low.

To-day matters are changed in Germany, and the party of flowers and nightingales is closely connected with the Revolution. The future is ours, and the day-spring of victory is already dawning. Should this bright beautiful day ever pour its light over our whole country, then we will certainly think of thee, old Nicolai, poor martyr of reason! We will bear thy ashes to the German pantheon, the sarcophagus surrounded by a rejoicing triumphal procession, and accompanied by a chorus of musicians, among whose wind instruments there shall be none which hiss;¹ we will lay on thy coffin the most admirable of laurel crowns, and do our best not to laugh while doing so.

As I would give an idea of the philosophic and religious relations of that time, I must here mention those thinkers who were more or less actively associated with Nicolai, and at the same time formed a *juste milieu* between philosophy and literature. They had no settled system, but a settled and determined direction. They were like

¹ *Querpfefe*, i.e., *cross-pipes*. In English slang the word *quer* has become "queer," while *cross* is its synonyme.—*Translator*.

the English moralists in their style and their fundamental principles. They wrote without observing any scientifically strict form, and moral consciousness was the only source of their knowledge. Their tendency is altogether the same as that which we find among French philanthropists. In religion they were rationalists, cosmopolites in politics, in morals noble, virtuous men, severe as to themselves, and tolerant to others. As regards ability, Mendelssohn, Sulzer, Abt, Moritz, Garve, Engel, and Biester were the most distinguished among them. Of these, I prefer Moritz, who communicated much of value in experimental psychology. He was a man of charming naïveté, but was little understood by his friends. His biography is one of the most important records of his time. Mendelssohn has, however, among them all, pre-eminent social importance. He was the reformer of his co-religionists, the German Jews; he overthrew the authority of the Talmud, and founded pure Mosaic culture. This man, who was called by his contemporaries the German Socrates, and whom they admired for his nobility of soul and strength of intellect, was the son of a poor sacristan of the synagogue of Dessau. Over and above this defect of birth, Providence had loaded him with a hump-back, as if to show the mob in rough fashion that men should be judged not by outer seeming, but by inner value. Or did Providence bestow it on

him with foresight, so that he might attribute to it much ill-treatment by the vulgar multitude, for which a wise man can easily find consolation?

As Luther had overthrown the Popedom, so did Mendelssohn the Talmud, and that in the same manner, since he destroyed the tradition, proclaimed the Bible as the source of religion, and translated the most important portions of it. Thus he destroyed Jewish-Catholicism, as Luther had the Roman. In fact, the Talmud is the Catholicism of the Jews. It is a Gothic cathedral, which is indeed over-loaded with child-like grotesque ornament, yet it amazes us with its heaven-soaring giant-grandeur. It is a hierarchy of religious laws, which often treat of the drollest, most ridiculous subtleties, and yet they are so intelligently arranged over and through one another, sustaining and aiding mutually, and coincide with such tremendous logical force, that they constitute a formidable and colossal whole.

After the fall of Christian Catholicism, that of the Jews or the Talmud was also doomed. For the Talmud had then lost its meaning; it had served as a bulwark against Rome, and the Jews owe this to it, that by its aid they resisted Christian Rome as heroically as they had the Rome of Paganism. Not only did they resist—they conquered. The poor Rabbi of Nazareth, over whose dying head the heathen Roman wrote

the mocking words, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews,"—even this mock-king of the Jews, crowned with thorns, and clad with ironic purple, became at last the king of the Romans, and they had to kneel before him. As heathen Rome had been, so Christian Rome was conquered, and even made tributary. If you, dear reader, will go during the first days of any quarter to the Rue Lafitte, No. 15, Paris, you will there see before a high portal a heavy coach, from which will step a very weighty man. He will go upstairs into a little room, where sits a blonde young man, who is, however, older than he looks, yet in whose aristocratic, grand-seigneur-like nonchalance there is something as solid, as positive, as absolute as if he had all the money in the world in his pocket. And he really has all the money of this world in his pocket, and he is called Monsieur James de Rothschild, and the stout man is Monsieur Grimaldi, ambassador of His Holiness the Pope, and he brings in his name the interest of the Roman loan—the Roman tribute.

What is the use of the Talmud now?

Moses Mendelssohn, therefore, deserves great praise for overthrowing this Jewish Catholicism, at least in Germany. For whatever is superfluous is injurious. Though overthrowing the tradition, he endeavoured to strictly maintain the Mosaic ceremonial law as a religious duty. Was

it timidity or shrewdness? Was it a lingering melancholy love, which restrained him from laying destructive hands on objects which were holiest to his ancestors, and for which the blood and tears of so many martyrs had been shed? I do not think so. Like the monarchs of matter, so the sovereigns of the spirit must be impitiable as to family feelings; even on the throne of thought there should be no yielding to tender sentiments. I am therefore of the opinion that Moses Mendelssohn saw in pure Mosaism an institution which might serve deism as its last defence and final fort; for deism was his innermost faith and his deepest conviction. When his friend Lessing died, and was accused of having been a Spinozist, he defended him with the most restless zeal, and because of it grieved himself to death.

I have here mentioned for the second time a name which no German can utter without its being more or less re-echoed in his heart. For since Luther, Germany has brought forth no greater or better man than Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. The two are our pride and our joy. In these sad troubled times, we raise our eyes to their consoling images, and they nod to us a glorious promise. Yes, there will come the third man who will perfect what Luther begun, what Lessing continued, and what the Fatherland so much requires—the third liberator! I see already

shining from afar his golden armour gleaming through the imperial purple mantle, "even like the sun through morning's rosy glen."

Lessing had his effect like Luther in this, that he not only did something definite, but that while he moved the German people to their depths, he developed a healthy intellectual action by his criticism and polemics. He was the living *critic* of his time, and his whole life was polemics. This criticism manifested its influence in the remotest realms of thought and of feeling, in religion, science, and art, while his *polemic* conquered every foe and grew stronger with every victory. Lessing, as he himself confessed, needed strife for the proper development of his intellect. He was like the legendary Norseman, who inherited the talents, knowledge, and power of the men whom he killed in duels, and who was thus in time gifted with all possible advantages and virtues. It is intelligible enough that such a battle-loving Kempe¹ made not a little noise in calm, still Germany, wherein the Sabbath stillness was deeper even than that of to-day. The many were dumbfounded by his literary daring, but this stood him in good stead, for *oser!*—be bold!—is the secret of success in literature as

¹ *Kämpe*. This is Low German for *Kämpfer*, a warrior. The Norse *Kempe* was used in England till the fourteenth century, perhaps later. "With Kempes many a one."

well as in revolution or in love. All trembled before the sword of Lessing; no head was safe from him; in fact, he decapitated many from mere wantonness, and was then wicked enough to lift the head from the ground and show the public that it was hollow. Those whom he could not slay with the sword, he slew with the arrows of his wit.¹ His friends admired the coloured feathers in these arrows, his foes felt them in their hearts. The wit of Lessing was not at all like that *enjouement*, that *gaieté*, those sparkling sallies, such as are known here. It was no French greyhound who runs after his own shadow; it was much more like a great German tom-cat, which plays with the mouse before she strangles it.

Yes, polemics were the joy of our Lessing, therefore he never deliberated long whether his opponent was worthy of him. So he by his war-

¹ In the French version, "celui que sa logique tranchante ne pouvait atteindre il le tuait avec les traits de son esprit." These passages are extremely characteristic of Heine, who far surpassed any modern, or indeed ancient author, excepting perhaps Carlyle, in admiring and desiring mere power for its own sake, and in regarding it as the *summum bonum* of the individual. The character of Lessing, as here described and praised for sheer wanton cruelty, is worse than that of the Red Indian who inflicts death with torture only on his enemies. But manners and morals have improved since Heine wrote, and a writer who, inspired by personal ill-feeling or injured vanity, would hunt down a rival is now regarded, be his genius what it may, with little favour.

fare preserved from oblivion many names who well deserved it. Round many a tiny writer did he spin the wittiest mockery and most precious humour, and they are preserved for eternity in the works of Lessing like insects in a lump of amber. By killing his enemies he made them immortal. Who among us would else have ever heard of that Klotz on whom Lessing lavished so much scorn and keen wit? The masses of rock which he cast on this poor antiquary and where-with he was crushed are now his indestructible monument.

It is remarkable that this, the wittiest man of Germany, was also the most honourable. There's nothing equal to his love of truth. Lessing never made the least concession to lies, even when he by so doing could, in the usual fashion of the worldly-wise, aid in the victory of truth. He could do everything for truth except lie. As he himself once said, "The man who will present truth to us in all kinds of masks and paints may indeed be her pander, but never her lover."

That fine expression of Buffon, "Style is the man himself,"¹ is applicable to no one more than to Lessing. His manner of writing is entirely like his character, true, firm, without ornament, beautiful and imposing from indwelling strength.

¹ In the French version, "*Le style est tout l'homme.*" It is generally cited as "*Le style c'est l'homme.*"

His style is altogether like that of Roman architecture, the most perfect solidity with extreme simplicity; the sentences rest one on the other like squared stones, and as in the one the law of weight, so in the other that of logical consequence is the invisible power which binds and connects the whole. Therefore there are in his prose so few of the expletives and artistic turns which we use like mortar in constructing sentences; and still fewer are those caryatides of thought which you call *la belle phrase*.

That a man like Lessing could never be happy may easily be conceived; and even if he had not loved the truth, and even if he had not voluntarily defended it everywhere, he must still have been unhappy, because he was a man of genius. "Everything will be forgiven you," said of late a sighing poet, "wealth, illustrious birth, personal beauty, even talent—but there is no mercy for genius." Ah! and even if ill-will did not encounter it from without, genius would find in itself the enemy which destroys it. Therefore the history of great men is always a martyrology; when they did not suffer and make war for great humanity, they did it for their own greatness, for the great order of their being, for the un-Philistine, for their dislike of pompous vulgarity, the ridiculous troubles of their surroundings, a trouble which drives them naturally to extravagances—for example, to the

theatre, or even to the gambling-house, as happened to poor Lessing.¹

Scandal could reproach him with nothing worse than this, and we learn from his biography that pretty comediennes seemed to him to be more amusing than Hamburg clergymen, and that silent cards were more entertaining than twaddling Wolfians.

It rends the heart to read how destiny denied to this man every joy, and how he was not even permitted to enjoy in domestic life rest from his daily conflicts. Once fate seemed to favour him, and gave him a beloved wife and a child; but this prosperity was like the sun-ray which falls on the wings of a bird as it flits by. His wife died in child-bed, the child also soon after birth, and regarding this he wrote to a friend the grimly-witty words:—

“My joy was but short, and I lost him unwillingly, this son! For he had so much intelligence—so much intelligence! Do not think that my few hours of paternity have made me a foolish monkey of a father.² I know what I am saying. Was it not intelligent that he so promptly perceived that things went badly in this

¹ In the French version “*malaise qui les porte facilement aux extravagances, par exemple, aux actrices ou au jeu, comme il arriva au pauvre Lessing.*”

² In allusion to the fable of the ape and her young.

world when he was drawn forth into it with iron pincers? Was it not clever of him to seize the first opportunity to escape from it? I wanted for once to be happy like other men. But it went ill with me."

There was a misfortune of which Lessing never complained to his friends; this was his terrible isolation, his spiritual solitude. Some of his contemporaries loved him, none understood him. Mendelssohn, his best friend, defended him with zeal when he was accused of Spinozism. Defence and zeal were both as ridiculous as they were superfluous. Rest in thy grave, old Moses; thy Lessing was indeed on the way to that awful error, that lamentable misery of Spinozism, but the Highest, whose home is in heaven, saved him betimes. Be calm! thy Lessing was no Spinozist, as slander asserts; he died a good deist, like thee and Nicolai and Teller, and the Universal German Library.

Lessing was only the prophet who, grasping the meaning of the second Testament, set forth the third. I have called him the one who continued Luther, and it is really in this character that I must here discuss him. Of his influence and significance as to German art I shall speak anon. In this he not only by criticism but by example effected a healthy reform, and it is this side of his work which is most exalted and elucidated.

We, however, regard him from another point of view, and his philosophic and theologic battles are for us of more importance than his *Dramaturgy* and his *Dramata*. The last, however, have, like all his writings, a social significance, and "Nathan the Sage" is in fact not only a good comedy, but also a philosophic-theological treatise in favour of pure deism. Art was for Lessing a tribune; and when he was cast out of the pulpit or the chair, then he leaped upon the stage, and there spoke more significantly than ever, and attracted more hearers.

I say that Lessing continued Luther. After Luther had freed us from tradition and raised the Bible to being the only source of Christianity, there sprung up, as already set forth, a stiff dry worship of the text, and the letter of the Bible ruled as tyrannically as tradition had before. Lessing contributed chiefly to deliverance from this tyrannic letter. And as Luther likewise was not the only one who fought tradition, so Lessing did not fight alone, but was the most vigorous against the letter. Here his war-cry sounded loudest; here he swung his axe most joyously, and it shone and slew. But here he was most closely pressed by the black bands, and in such stress he once cried—

"O sancta simplicitas! But I am not yet where the good man who cried this could do

naught else but cry it. (These were the words of Huss at the stake.) First let us be heard, first let us be judged by those who can and will hear and judge!

"Oh, that he could do it, he whom I would most gladly have for my judge—Luther!—thou great man misunderstood, and by none more than by the stubborn stupid, who, bearing thy slippers in hand, saunter crying aloud, yet all indifferent in the road which thou hast opened. Thou didst free us from the slavery of tradition; who will free us from the more intolerable yoke of the letter? Who will bring us at last a Christianity such as thou wouldst teach, such as Christ himself would teach?"

Yes, the letter, said Lessing, is the last crust of Christianity, and not till it is broken away can the spirit come forth. This spirit is, however, nothing else but what the Wolfian philosophy sought to demonstrate, what the philanthropists felt in their souls, what Mendelssohn found in Mosaism, what Freemasons sung and poets piped; in a word, what was then developing itself in every form in Germany—that is, pure deism.

Lessing died in Brunswick in the year 1781, misunderstood, hated, and decried. In that same year appeared in Königsberg *Die Kritik der reinen Vernunft*—the "Critique of Pure Reason"—by Immanuel Kant. With this book, which,

owing to a strange delay, did not become generally known for eight years, began in Germany a spiritual revolution which has the most marvellous analogy with the material Revolution of France, and which must appear to a profound thinker quite as important. It develops itself with the same phases, and a most remarkable parallelism appears in both. On both sides of the Rhine we see the same breach with the past; all respect is denied to tradition; as in France every right, as in Germany every thought, has been obliged to justify itself. And as the monarchy, the key-stone of the old social order of things, fell here, so fell there deism, the key-stone of the spiritual ancient régime

stone of the spiritual ancient régime.

We will speak in the following book of this catastrophe, which was the 21st of January of deism. A strange dread, a mysterious reverence, does not permit us to write further to-day. Our breast is filled with terrible compassion; it is the ancient Jehovah himself preparing for death.¹ We have known him so well from his cradle upwards, in Egypt, where he was brought up among sacred calves, crocodiles, holy onions, ibises and cats. We have seen him as he bid adieu to these play-mates of his childhood and obelisks and sphinxes, and became a small god-king in Palestine to

¹ In the French version, "c'est le vieux du ciel lui-même qui se prepare à la mort."



LESSING

From the Portrait by Anton Grief



a poor pastoral people, and dwelt in his own temple-palace. We saw him later when he came into contact with the Assyrian-Babylonian civilisation, and laid aside his all too human passions, and no longer belched wrath and vengeance, at least no longer thundered for every trumpery trash of sin.¹ We saw him emigrate to Rome, the capital, where he renounced all national prejudices and proclaimed the heavenly equality of all races, and with such fair phrases formed an opposition to the ancient Jupiter, and intrigued so long that at last he rose to power, and from the Capitol governed the state and the world, *urbem et orbem*. We saw how he spiritualised himself more and more, how he sweet-saintly wailed when he became a loving father, a universal friend of humanity, a benefactor of the human race, a philanthropist. It all availed him naught.

Hear ye the bell ring? Kneel down! they bring the sacrament to a dying God!

¹ *Lumperei*, literally blackguardism. *Lump* means a rag or a blackguard; hence in the French version *vetille*

FIRST PART.—BOOK THIRD.

FROM KANT TO HEGEL.

THERE is a story that an English mechanic, who had already invented the most artistically ingenious machines, hit upon the idea to make a man, and that it finally succeeded. This work of his hands could bear and behave itself perfectly like a man; it even had in its leathern breast a kind of human feeling, which did not differ greatly from the usual feelings of Englishmen. It could communicate its emotions in articulate tones, and the rustle and buzz of the inner wheels, rasps, and screws,¹ when heard, had the very intonation of pure English pronunciation; in short, this automaton was a perfect gentleman, and all that he wanted, to be a real man, was a soul. But this the English mechanic could not give him, and the poor creature having come to the consciousness of his imperfection, tormented his creator night and day, begging him for a soul. This entreaty became so intolerable,

¹ French version, "Rouages, ressorts et échappements."

that the artist at last fled in fear from his own work. But the automaton followed him at once by extra-post to the Continent, travelled constantly after him, caught him many times unexpectedly, and snarled and growled at him, "*Give me a soul!*"¹ We meet these two forms in every country, and those who know what their mutual relations are, understand their strange haste and anxious irritation. But when their peculiar conditions are known, one finds in it something common enough, and sees how a part of the English people, weary of its mechanical existence, demands a soul, while the other, agonised by this constant request, flies here and there, neither being able to remain at home.

This is a terrible tale. It is dreadful when the bodies which we have created demand a soul of us. But more horrible, appalling, and uncanny is it when we have made a soul which demands from us its body, and persecutes us with this prayer. The thought which we have formed is such a soul, and it leaves us no repose till we have given it a body, or till we have hurried it on to sensible realisation. The thought will become deed, the word flesh. And, wonderful! man, like God in the Bible, has only to express his thoughts, and a world forms itself; there is light or dark-

¹ It is hardly necessary to inform the English reader that this story is a *résumé* of Mrs. Shelley's "*Frankenstein*."

ness, the waters are divided from the dry land, and wild beasts of the earth appear. The world is the signature of the Word.

Mark this, ye proud men of action! Ye are nothing but the unconscious under-workmen of the men of thought, who have often in modest silence prescribed for you all your work in the most determined and detailed manner. Maximilian Robespierre was nothing but the hand of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the bloody hand which drew from the womb of Time the body whose soul Rousseau had formed. The restless anxiety which embittered the life of Jean Jacques came perhaps from this, that he presented in his spirit what a midwife his thoughts needed to come forth bodily to life.¹

Old Fontenelle was perhaps in the right when he said, "If I had all the thoughts² in the world in my hand, I would take care not to open it." For my part, I think differently. If I had all the thoughts in this world in my hand, I would perhaps beg you to cut it off, and in any case I would not keep it long closed. I am not fitted or born to be a jailer of thoughts. By God, I'd let them go! Let them assume the most doubtful or serious forms, let them storm in wild Bacchantic trains through every land, let them

¹ All of this paragraph is wanting in the French version.

² In the French version "*toutes les vérités du monde*."

strike down with thyrsus-staves our most innocent flowers, let them burst into our hospitals and drive from its bed our old sick world—of course my heart would sorrow sadly, and I too would suffer, for, alas! I myself belong also to this old sick world, and the poet has said with justice, "We walk no better for abusing our crutches!" I am the sickest of you all, and the more to be pitied because I knew what health is. But ye, O men to be envied! know it not. Ye are capable of dying without knowing it yourselves. Yes, many of you died long, long ago, and declare that your real life is now just beginning. When I contradict such madmen, then they are angry and revile me, and, horrible! the corpses spring up round me and curse me; and what is more loathsome to me than their curses is their churchyard smell. . . . Away, ye spectres, for I speak now of one whose name has the power of exorcism—I speak of Immanuel Kant!

It is said that night-wandering ghosts are terrified when they see the sword of an executioner. But what terror must they then feel if any one holds out at them Kant's "*Critique of Pure Reason*"? This book is the sword with which deism was decapitated in Germany.

To tell the honest truth, ye French in comparison with us Germans are tame and moderate. At best you could only kill a king, and he had

lost his head long before you chopped it off. And over that you needs make such a drumming and shouting and foot-stamping, that it shook all the earth. One really does too much honour to Maximilian Robespierre when we compare him to Immanuel Kant. Maximilian Robespierre, the great cockney of the Rue Saint-Honoré, had of course his fit of destruction when it came to the kingdom, and he twitched frightfully enough in his regicidal epilepsy; but as soon as the question was of the highest being, he wiped the white foam from his mouth and the blood from his hands, and put on his blue Sunday-coat with its shining buttons, and moreover stuck a bouquet before his broad waistcoat collar.

The history of the life of Immanuel Kant is hard to write, inasmuch as he had neither life nor history, for he lived a mechanically ordered, an abstract old bachelor life in a quiet retired street in Königsberg, an old town on the north-east border of Germany. I do not believe that the great clock of the cathedral there did its daily work more impassionately and regularly than its compatriot Immanuel Kant. Rising, coffee-drinking, writing, reading college lectures, eating, walking, had all their fixed time, and the neighbours knew that it was exactly half-past three when Immanuel Kant in his grey coat, with his Manilla cane in his hand, left his house-door

and went to the lime-tree avenue, which is still called in memory of him the Philosopher's Walk. There he walked its length eight times up and down in every season; and when the weather was threatening or the grey clouds announced rain, his servant, old Lampe, in anxious care walked behind him with a long umbrella under his arm, like an image of Providence.

Strange contrast between the external life of the man and his destroying, world-crushing thoughts! In very truth, if the citizens of Königsberg had dreamed of the real meaning of his thought, they would have experienced at his sight a greater horror than they would on beholding an executioner, who only kills men. But the good people saw nothing in him but a professor of philosophy, and when he at his regular hour passed by, they greeted him as a friend, and regulated their watches by him.

But if Immanuel Kant, the great destroyer in the world of thought, went far beyond Maximilian Robespierre in terrorism, he had many points of resemblance to him which challenge comparison between the twain. Firstly, we find in both the same inexorable, cutting, prosaic, sober sense of honour and integrity. Then we find in them the same talent for mistrust, which the one showed as regarded thoughts and called it criticism, while the other applied it to men,

and entitled it republican virtue. But there was manifested in both, to the very highest degree, the type of *bourgeoisie*, of the common citizen. Nature meant them to weigh out coffee and sugar, but destiny determined that they should weigh other things; so one placed a king, and the other a god in the scales. . . .

And they both gave exact weight!

The "Critique of Pure Reason" is Kant's chief work, and we must occupy ourselves chiefly with it. None of his other writings are of such importance. This book, as I have mentioned, appeared in 1781, and first became known in 1789. It was at first quite neglected; only two trifling notices of it were published, and it was long before the attention of the public was drawn to this great work by articles from such men as Schütz, Schulz, and Reinhold. The cause of this delayed recognition lies without doubt in the strange form of the work and its bad expression. As regards the latter, Kant deserves more blame than any other philosopher, and all the more when we consider his preceding better style. The recently published collection of his minor works contains his first efforts, and we are amazed over them at his excellent and often witty writing. While Kant had his great work in his head, he hummed these essays like little airs. He seems to smile like a soldier arming himself for a con-

flict in which he is sure to conquer. Among these little pieces are especially remarkable the "Universal Natural History" and "Theory of Heaven," which were written so early as 1755,¹ "Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and Sublime," written ten years later, as well as the "Dreams of a Spirit-Seer," full of caprices in the style of French essays. The wit of a Kant, as it reveals itself in these little writings, has in it something extremely peculiar. Wit there twines round the thought, and though not strong, attains thereby to a pleasing height. Without such support the best wit cannot flourish; it is like the grape-vine, which without a prop must creep miserably on the ground, and decay with its precious fruit.

But why did Kant write his "Critique of Pure Reason" in such a grey, dry, wrapping-paper style? I believe because he feared, in abandoning the mathematical form of the Descartes-Leibnitz-Wolfians, that learning would lose something of its dignity if it expressed itself in a light, attractive, and cheerful tone. Therefore he gave his style a stiff, abstract form, which coldly repulsed all familiarity from the lower classes of intellect. He wished to aristocratically distinguish himself from the popular philosophers of his time, who aimed at bourgeois simplicity, so he clothed

¹ In the French version "*Théorie sur le Sentiment du Ciel.*"

his thoughts in a cold court-chancellor language. Here the Philistine spirit shows itself completely. Yet it may be that Kant needed for his carefully measured path of ideas a language even more carefully meted out, and he was unable to make a better. Only genius has for new thoughts the new word. But Immanuel Kant was no genius; and being conscious of this defect, Kant became, like the good Maximilian, more distrustful of genius, and in his critique of the faculty of judgment he even declared that genius has nothing to do with science, as its sphere of action lies in that of art.

Kant did much harm by the unwieldy, stiff-buckram style of his work, for imitators without intellect or vivacity aped him in his external form, and so there sprang up the superstition that a man could not be a philosopher and write well. However, the mathematical form can never, since Kant, reappear in philosophy; he broke its staff without mercy and for ever in the "Critique of Pure Reason." "The mathematical form," he said, "produces nothing but card-houses in philosophy, just as the philosophical form in mathematics develops mere idle talk." For there can be no definition given in philosophy, as in mathematics, where the definitions are not discursive but intuitive—that is, can be demonstrated to perception—while what are called definitions in philosophy are only presented experimentally and hypothetic-

ally, the real and correct definition only appearing at the end as a result.

How is it that philosophers show such a predilection for the mathematical form? It began even with Pythagoras, who indicated the principles of things with numbers. This was a thought inspired by genius. All that which is sensible and finite is concisely given in a number, and yet it indicates something determined, and its relation to something determined, which last, if also characterised by a number, assumes the same character of the spiritualised and infinite. Herein number is like ideas, which have the same character and the same relation to one another. One can set forth with numbers in a very striking manner ideas as they manifest themselves in our soul and in nature, but the number always remains the number of the idea, and not the idea itself. The master understands this difference, but the scholar forgets it, and so transmits to other pupils only numerical hieroglyphics, mere ciphers, whose living meaning is lost, yet which are chattered with pedantic pride. This applies also to other elements of the mathematical form. The intellectual in its eternal action endures no fixation; it will no more allow itself to be fixed by number than by the line, triangle, square, and circle. Thought can neither be numbered nor measured.

As it is my task to facilitate the study of Ger-

man philosophy in France, I chiefly discuss those externals which always repel the ignorant beginner; and I specially call the attention of writers who would bring Kant before the French public, that they omit that part of his philosophy which only serves to combat the absurdities of the Wolfian philosophy. This controversy, which shows itself everywhere, can only cause confusion to a French reader, and profit him nothing. I hear that Dr. Schön, a learned German in Paris, is busy with a French edition of Kant. I have too favourable an opinion of the philosophical views of this writer to believe that he has need of any such suggestion, and I expect from him a book both useful and important.¹

The "Critique of Pure Reason" is, as I have said, the chief work of Kant, and his other writings may be regarded as such as can be passed by, or considered simply as commentaries on it. What social meaning lies in this chief work may be found in the following remarks.

Philosophers had, before Kant, reflected on the origin of knowledge, and took, as we have seen, two different paths, according to their choosing ideas *à priori* or *à posteriori*, but less was reflected on the cognitive faculty, or that of knowledge itself, and the comprehension of our power of

¹ The last two passages are wanting in the French version.
—Translator.

knowing, or its limits. This was the task of Kant; he submitted our faculty of knowledge to a pitiless search; he sounded all the depth of this faculty, and determined all its limits. Thus he found, of course, that we can know nothing at all about many things with which we once thought we were most intimately acquainted, which was very vexatious, and yet it is always advantageous to know what the things are of which we can know nothing. He who warns us against ways which lead to nothing does us a good service as the man who sets us on the right path. Kant proved that we know nothing of things as they are in and for themselves, and that we can have no knowledge of them except so far as they are reflected in our own soul. We are, therefore, quite like the prisoners of whom Plato speaks so sadly in the seventh book of his "Republic." These wretches, chained neck and leg, so that they cannot turn their heads, sit in a dungeon which is open above, so as to give them some light. But this light comes from a fire which is burning above and behind them, and which is separated from them by a little wall. Along this wall people walk, bearing all kinds of statues and images of stone or wood, and conversing together. But the poor prisoners can see nothing of these men, who are not so high as the wall, and though the statues rise above it, they only see of these the shadows which pass along

the wall before them. Therefore they take these shadows for the objects themselves, and, deceived by the echo of their dungeon, believe that what they hear are the voices of the shadows.

The previous philosophy, which had run about sniffing at things, to collect and classify their characteristics, ended when Kant appeared. He led back investigation into the human soul itself, and examined what was in it. Therefore it was with reason that he compared his philosophy with the method followed by Copernicus. In old times, when the world was made to stand still and the sun to turn round it, astronomical calculations went wrong; but when Copernicus reversed this arrangement, all went admirably. And once, reason, like the sun, circulated round the world of phenomena, and sought to enlighten it; but Kant bade the sun of reason stand still, and it obeyed him, and the world of phenomena turned around it, and was enlightened according to the measure in which it came within its sphere.

From the few words with which I have indicated Kant's task, every one will understand that I consider that part of his book in which he treats the so-called noumena and phenomena as the most important of all. Kant here makes a difference between the appearances of things and the things in themselves. Since we can only know anything of things so far as they appear to us, and as they

do not manifest themselves as they are, in and for themselves, Kant named things as they appear *phenomena*, and things in and for themselves *noumena*. We can only know something of them as the former, nothing of them as the latter. Noumena are purely problematic; we can neither say that they exist or do not. Yes, the word *noumen* is only placed in antithesis to *phænomen*, to be able to speak of things so far as they are knowable by us without exercising our judgment on things which are not to be known.

Kant therefore has not, like many teachers whom I will not name, divided things into phenomena and noumena, into things which exist for, and those which do not exist for us. This would be an Irish bull in philosophy. He only wished to give a conception of their limits.

God is, according to Kant, a *noumen*. Therefore, according to his argument, that transcendental ideal being whom we have hitherto called God is nothing but an invention. It arose from a natural delusion. Yes, Kant shows how we can know nothing of that noumen or God, and how all future proof of his existence is impossible. We write the Dantean words, "Leave hope behind," over this portion of the "Critique of Pure Reason."¹

¹ In the French version the Italian original, *Lasciate ogni speranza*, is given. The reader may here observe that all of Heine's comments on German philosophers, as indeed on all

I believe that the reader will willingly excuse me from giving the popular disquisition of that part where the author treats of "principles of the proof of speculative reason deducing the existence of a highest being." Though the real refutation of these proofs takes small space, and does not occur till in the first half of the second volume, it is introduced from the first with the utmost foresight, and forms one of the main points of the book. It is connected with the Critique of all Speculative Theology, and there the last airy images of the deists perish. I must remark that Kant, while attacking the three principal proofs of the existence of God, that is to say, the ontological, cosmological, and physico-theological, in my opinion destroys the last two, but not the first. I do not know whether these terms are known here, and I give the passage from the "Critique of Pure Reason" where Kant formulises their distinction.

"There are only three possible proofs of the existence of God by speculative reason. Every road which one can take with this intention must begin either from determined experience and the thereby recognised special adaptability of the world of sense, and rise from it according to the

writers, are to be invariably taken with a great deal of the salt of caution and distrust. The majority of the students of Kant, that is to say, of men who are far more deeply familiar with his works than was our author, utterly dissent from this conclusion of atheism.—*Translator.*

laws of causality to the supreme cause out of and above the world, or they have for basis only undetermined experience, that is, an existence, or else they make abstraction of all experience, and conclude altogether *à priori* from mere ideas as to the existence of a highest cause. The first proof is the psycho-theological, the second the cosmological, and the third the ontological. More there are not, and more can never be."

After reading Kant's principal book several times, I thought that I recognised that the conflict against these persisting arguments for the existence of God lurks everywhere in them, and I would treat of them more fully were I not restrained by a religious feeling. When any one begins to discuss the existence of God, I experience at once such a painful and anxious feeling, such an unceasing misery as I once felt in London, in New Bedlam, when I, surrounded by lunatics, lost sight of my guide. "God is all which is," and to doubt as to him is doubt of life itself and death.

And just so much as the discussion of the existence of God is blamable, so much the more praiseworthy is the meditation on the nature of God. This meditation is a really divine service; our soul is abstracted by it from the transitory and finite, and is rapt away to a consciousness of the primal goodness and eternal harmony.

This consciousness thrills through human feelings in prayer or in contemplating church symbols; the thinker experiences this holy state of mind when practising that sublime intellectual power which we call reason, and whose highest task it is to seek into the nature of God. Peculiarly religious men occupy themselves with this task from childhood; they are mysteriously impelled to it by the first stir of reason.¹ The author of these pages is conscious that he possessed most genially such an early, original religious feeling, and it has never left him. God was ever the beginning and the end of all my thoughts. If I now ask, "What is God? what is his nature?" so as a little child I inquired, "How is God? what does he look like?" And then I could look all day long up into heaven, and was much troubled in the evening because I had never seen the holiest face of God, but always only grey, imbecile caricatures of clouds. And I was utterly confused with fragments of astronomy, which, during the rage and age of enlightenment, even the smallest children were not spared, and I could not sufficiently wonder that all these thousand millions of stars were earth globes as great and as beautiful as ours, and that over all this shining swarm of worlds there ruled a single God. I

¹ The end of this paragraph and the whole of the two which follow are wanting in the French version.

remember that once in a dream I saw God, far on high in the remotest distance. He smiled cheerfully out of a little heavenly window, a pious and aged face with a small Jewish beard, and he threw out much seed-corn, and the grains as they fell from heaven out into the endless space extended till they became real light-gleaning, blooming, inhabited worlds, every one as great as ours. I could never forget that face. I often again in my dreams saw the cheerful old man throwing the world-seed down from his little heavenly window. I once even saw him cluck with his lips as our maid did when she threw the hens their barley. I could only see how the grains expanded to great shining world-balls, but the great hens, which perhaps were watching somewhere with open beaks to be fed with the world-balls, I could not see.

You smile, dear reader, at the great hens. Yet this childish idea is not too remote from the conceptions of the maturest deists. To give an idea of the God beyond the world, the East and West have exhausted themselves in childish hyperboles, and the imagination of deists has tormented itself in vain with the infinitude of space and time. Here there is shown all their weakness, the nothingness of their views of the creation, and their ideas of the nature of God. It troubles us but little when these ideas are destroyed; and

this suffering Kant really inflicted on them by destroying their proofs of the existence of God.

Even the saving of the ontological proof would not avail deism much, for it is as available for Pantheism. To make myself more clearly understood, I remark that the ontological proof of it is that which Descartes adduces, and which was uttered long ago in the Middle Age by Anselm of Canterbury in a touching prayer. Yes, one may say that St. Augustin gave the ontological proof in his second book *De Libero Arbitrio*.

I refrain, as I have said, from any popular expounding of the Kantian polemic against those proofs. I content myself by declaring that deism since then has vanished from the realm of speculative reason. This funeral news will perhaps require some centuries to become generally known, but we have long been in mourning for it. *De profundis*.

You think perhaps that we can go home now! Not yet; by my soul! there is another piece to be played. After the tragedy comes the farce. Immanuel Kant has hitherto appeared as the grim inexorable philosopher; he has stormed heaven, put all the garrison to the sword, the ruler of the world swims senseless¹ in his blood; there is no more

¹ The following is here in the French version: "Vous voyez étendus sans ire les gardes-du-corps ontologiques, cosmologiques et psychothéologiques, la déité elle-même privée de démonstration a succombé."

any mercy, or fatherly goodness, or future reward for present privations; the immortality of the soul is in its last agonies—death rattles and groans! And old Lampe stands by with his umbrella under his arm as a sorrowing spectator, and the sweat of anguish and tears run down his cheeks. Then Immanuel Kant is moved to pity, and shows himself not only a great philosopher, but a good man. He considers, and half good-naturedly and half ironically says—

“Old Lampe must have a God, or else the poor man cannot be happy; and people really ought to be happy in this world. Practical common-sense declares *that*. Well, *meinetwegen*, for all I care, let practical reason guarantee the existence of a God.”

And in consequence of this argument, Kant distinguishes between theoretical reason and practical reason, and with the latter, as with a magic wand, revives the corpse of deism, which theoretical reason had slain.¹

Did Kant undertake this resurrection out of love to old Lampe or for fear of the police? Or did he really act from conviction? Or did he, after destroying every proof of the existence of a God, really wish to show us how dangerous

¹ French version, “il ressuscite le Dieu que la raison théorique avait tué.”

and doubtful it is, if we can know nothing of the existence of God? Therein he managed as wisely as did my Westphalian friend, who, after he had broken and extinguished all the street-lamps in the Grohnderstrasse in Göttingen, delivered unto us, standing in darkness, a long lecture on the practical necessity of the lamps which he had theoretically smashed, to show us that without them we could see nothing.

I have already mentioned that the "Critique of Pure Reason" caused no sensation whatever when it appeared. It was not till several years had passed, and after several intelligent philosophers had written regarding it, that it excited the attention of the public. Then, in 1789, nothing else was heard of in Germany save the Kantian philosophy, and it had in abundance to redundancy its commentaries, chrestomathies, explanations, criticisms and defences. It is enough to cast a glance at the catalogue of philosophical works, and it will be seen that the innumerable works which then appeared on Kant abundantly indicate the intellectual movement which this one man originated. Some show a foaming enthusiasm, others bitter discontent, many an open-mouthed anticipation of the result of this spiritual revolution. We had outbreaks in the intellectual world, even as you had in the material, and we were as much fired and inspired at the tearing down of ancient

dogmatism as you were at the storming of the Bastille. And there were also in our case only a few old invalids who defended dogmatism—that is, the Wolfian philosophy. It was a revolution whereunto horrors were not wanting. In the party of the past, the really good Christians were the foremost in such cruelty; yes, they longed for still greater horrors, that the measure might be full to overflowing, so that the counter-revolution might the sooner come as a necessary reaction. We too had our pessimists in philosophy, as you had in politics; and as there were people in France who declared that Robespierre was only an agent of Pitt, many pessimists went as far by us in self-delusion as to believe that Kant was in secret understanding with them, and had destroyed the hitherto existing proofs of the existence of God, so that the world might see that no one can ever attain to a knowledge of God by means of reason, and that here, too, we must hold to revealed religion.

Kant brought about this great intellectual movement not so much by the contents of his writings as by the critical spirit which pervaded them, and which now penetrated all science. Every branch of learning was inspired by it; even poetry did not escape the influence. Schiller, for instance, was a powerful Kantian, and his views of art are impregnated by the spirit of

the Kantian philosophy.¹ Yet this philosophy was very injurious to belles-lettres and the fine arts on account of its abstract dryness.² Fortunately it did not get into cookery.

The Germans do not readily yield to emotion, but once under way they press on with the most stubborn perseverance to the end. So we showed ourselves in religion; so we manifested ourselves in philosophy. Shall we be as logically progressive in politics?³

Germany had been led by Kant into the philosophic road; so philosophy became a national cause. A brave array of great thinkers sprang up as if by magic from the German soil. And if, as happened in the French Revolution, German philosophy should ever find its Thiers and Mignet, its history will afford remarkable reading, which the German will peruse with pride and the French with amazement.

Among the disciples of Kant, Johann Gottlieb Fichte soon distinguished himself.

¹ Campbell, the English poet, also felt this influence, and went to Germany for the purpose of studying the philosophy of Kant.

² Where true poetic genius exists, studies which severely discipline perfect it. Heine himself illustrates this.

³ This, when written, was a wise, far-seeing, or even deeply prophetic remark, for there were few indeed at the time who supposed that overmuch thought would ever be followed by practical action. Heine took the idea from the results of Saint-Simonism.

I almost despair of being able to give a correct idea of this man. In Kant we had only to study a book. But here, beside the book, we have also a man to consider—a man in whom thought and mind are one and the same, and in such grand unity did they work upon the world of his time. We have, therefore, not only a philosophy to investigate, but also a character, by which they are equally limited; and to understand the influence of both, we need some sketch of what were the influences of the time. What an extensive problem! Certainly we may be held excused should we here give but scanty indication.

To begin with, it is very difficult to give an idea of the thoughts of Fichte. Here we come at once to certain difficulties, which concern not only the content, but also the form and method, both being things with which we shall gladly make the stranger acquainted. First of all, the Fichtean method. This was in the beginning taken altogether from Kant, but it was soon changed, from the nature of circumstances. Kant produced only a critique, that is, something negative, but Fichte had later a system, and consequently something positive to put forward. On account of this want of a determined system, many have declared that the philosophy of Kant has no claim to be called a philosophy. So far as Kant himself is concerned they were right, but not as

regards the Kantians, who deduced from the treatises and principles of their master an all-sufficient array of well-based systems. In his earlier writings, Fichte, as I said, remained true to the Kantian method, so that his first treatise, which appeared anonymously, might be attributed to Kant. But when Fichte had later set forth a system, he fell into a zealous self-willed passion for construction, and so having constructed a world, he began as earnestly and wilfully as ever to demonstrate from top to bottom how the construction was conducted. In these processes Fichte manifests what may be called an abstract passion. Subjectivity predominates in his manner of teaching as well as in the system itself. Kant, however, lays thought before him, dissects it, analyses it into its finest fibres, and his "Critique of Pure Reason" is at the same time an anatomical theatre of intellect. He himself always remains cold and impassive, like a true surgeon.

As the method, so is the form of Fichte's writings. It is living, but it has all the faults of life—it is restless and confusing. In order to be animated, Fichte scorned the usual terminology of philosophers, which seemed to him to be a dead thing; but he is on this account all the more difficult to comprehend. And he had peculiar fancies on this subject of comprehension. While Reinhold thought as he did, Fichte declared that

no one understood him better than Reinhold; but when the latter left his school, Fichte declared that the latter had never understood him. When he differed from Kant, he put it into print that Kant had never understood himself. Here I touch upon a comic point in our philosophers in this, that they incessantly complain that they are not understood. When Hegel lay on his death-bed he said, "Only *one* man ever understood me;" but added immediately after, "and he did not understand me either."

As regards intrinsic value in and for itself, the Fichtean philosophy is of little importance. It has furnished society with no result.¹ Only so far as it is one of the most remarkable phases of German philosophy, only so far as it sets forth the fruitlessness of Idealism in its last deductions, and only so far as it supplies the necessary

¹ As regards these "intrinsic" valuations of Heine, it is almost unnecessary to remark that from the Evolutionary or Darwinian standpoint of pure science, all metaphysical systems whatever, from those of Descartes, or as far back as we please, down to the latest dregs of Hegelianism, are all equally valueless. As regards their importance in influencing current thought and literature or art, that is an entirely different matter. The same may be said of all superstitions, religious laws, or any "spiritual" causes or influences. Heine subsequently very much contradicts himself as regards the assertion that Fichte's philosophy "furnished society with no result." Its influence in its time was very great, and Heine himself declares that it "demolished all the past."—*Translator*.

transition to the natural philosophy or science of the present day, is the Fichtean philosophy of some interest. But as its tenor and substance is rather historical and scientific than socially important, I will give it in as few words as possible.

The problem which Fichte proposed is, "What grounds have we for assuming that conceptions (*Vorstellungen*) of things correspond to things out of us?" And he answers this by saying, "All things only have reality to us in our mind."

The *Wissenschaftslehre* or "Doctrine of Science" was Fichte's chief work, as the "Critique of Pure Reason" had been that of Kant. The one is a continuation of the other. The "Doctrine of Science" leads the soul into itself. But where Kant analysed, Fichte constructs. His book begins with an abstract formula, $I = I$; it creates and develops the world from the depth of the soul; it brings the separated parts together; it retraces the path to abstraction till it reaches the world of phenomena. This world the mind can therefore understand as the necessary actions or workings of intelligence.

There is also the peculiar difficulty with Fichte that he assumes that the mind observes itself while in action. The "I" considers its own intellectual workings while executing them. Thought watches itself while it thinks, while it gets warmer and

warmer to the scalding-point.¹ This operation reminds us of the monkey cooking his own tail in a copper kettle. For he thinks that the real art of cooking consists not only in cooking objectively, but that he shall be also subjectively conscious of the cooking.

It is remarkable that the Fichtean philosophy always had to endure much from satire. I once saw a caricature which represented a Fichtean goose. It had so great a liver that the poor creature no longer knew whether it was goose or liver. On its belly was written $I=I$. Jean Paul ridiculed the Fichtean philosophy most cruelly in a book entitled *Clavis Fichteana*.² That Idealism in its logical deduction should deny the reality of

¹ A process which Heine himself very often unconsciously illustrates, as in this instance, by the needless repetition of an idea till it becomes intolerable. Here we have the simple assertion that the mind observes itself in action given three times in succession.—*Translator*.

² Heine never really comprehended that sparrows and wasps pick at the best and ripest fruit, or that a writer who can sting, or render another a laughing-stock for fools, is not on that account the better and greater intellect of the two. All the ridicule directed against Fichte (Richter's included) was of a very stupid and wooden character, not nearly equal to what had been levelled long before at Berkeley, who was also as generally vulgarly misunderstood, and is by some misunderstood to this day. Goethe, to judge by his jests on Fichte in *Faust* and in a letter which Heine quotes, would appear to have had no intelligence of the latter's method, and to have thought that he really denied the reality of matter.—*Translator*.

matter, seemed to the public at large a joke which was carried too far; so we heartily ridiculed the Fichtean *I* which brought forth the whole world of phenomena by merely thinking. Our jesters also made the most of a misunderstanding which became too popular for me to pass it by. The multitude understood that the Fichtean *I* means the *I* of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, and that this individual *I* ignored all other existences. "What impudence!" cried the good people; "the man does not believe that we exist—we, who are far more corpulent than he is, and who as burgo-masters and official actuaries are by far his superiors." The ladies asked, "But he at least believes in the existence of his wife?" "No." "And Mrs. Fichte puts up with that!"

The Fichtean *I* is, however, no individual *I*, but the universal *I* or *Me*—that is, the universal *I* of creation¹ arrived at self-consciousness. The Fichtean thinking is *not* the thought of an individual or of a determinate man who is called Johann Gottlieb Fichte; it is rather a universal thinking which manifests itself in an individual. Thus, as one says "it rains," "it lightens," so Fichte would not say "I think," but "*it* thinks," "the universal thought thinks in me."

In a comparison of the French Revolution with German philosophy, I once, more in jest than in

¹ "Das zum Bewusstsein gekommene allgemeine Welt-Ich."

earnest, likened Fichte to Napoleon. But in reality there are here certain striking analogies. After the Kantians had finished their reign of terror and of destruction, Fichte appeared, as did Napoleon after the Convention, and in like manner demolished all the past with a Critique of Pure Reason. Napoleon and Fichte represented the great inexorable *I*, according to which thought and deed are one and the same, and the colossal structures which both erected indicate colossal wills. But by the excesses of this will these buildings soon perished, and the doctrine of Science and the Empire passed away as rapidly as they had risen.¹

The Empire has now a place only in history, but the impulse which the Emperor caused in the world is still in action, and our present time lives in it. So it was with the Fichtean philosophy. It has quite passed away, but men's souls are still moved by the thoughts which Fichte expressed, and the result of his teaching has been incalculable. If the whole transcendental philosophy was an error, there still lived in Fichte's works a proud independence, a love of freedom, a manly

¹ The parallel between France in material political development and Germany in thought, which forms the *motive* of this book, is worked out with a skill and delicacy which could only have been shown by a poet, and which would probably never have occurred to any poet save Heine. And one of the most brilliant and admirable points of its appearance is this comparison of Fichte to Napoleon.—*Translator*.

dignity, which exerted, especially on youth, a wholesome influence. Fichte's *I* was perfectly in accordance with his unbending, stiff-necked, iron character. The doctrine of such an almighty *I* could perhaps only spring from such a character, and that character must, rooting itself more deeply in such a doctrine, become more inflexible, more unyielding, more iron-like.¹

What a terror must this man have been to the senseless sceptics, the frivolous eclectics, and the moderates of every line! His whole life was a battle. The history of his youth is a series of sorrows and anxieties, as it is with that of all our great men. Poverty sits by their cradles and rocks them till they are grown up, and this squalid nurse remains their true companion through life.

Nothing is more touching than to see how Fichte, the proud-willed man, tried to torment himself along through life by private tutorship; for he could not find even such pitiable daily bread in his own country, and must go to Warsaw. There the old story repeated; the tutor does not please my lady, or perhaps her lady's-maid; his bows and scrapings are not graceful enough, or not sufficiently French, and he is found incapable

¹ These are true words well spoken, but, as I have remarked, they are in flat contradiction to the author's previous assertion that "the Fichtean philosophy is of little importance, and has furnished society with no result." No man ever had more influence in Germany in his time than Fichte.—*Translator*.

of undertaking the education of a small Polish gentleman. So Johann Gottlieb Fichte is turned away like a lackey, and can hardly get from his master the scanty means of departure. So he leaves Warsaw and wanders to Königsberg, inspired by youthful enthusiasm and a desire to meet Kant. The meeting of these two men is in every respect interesting, and I do not think that I can better set them forth than by giving a fragment from Fichte's diary, which is contained in a biography of him which was recently published by his son.

"On the 25th of July I left for Königsberg with a waggoner, and arrived there on the 1st of August, without having met with anything remarkable. On the 4th I visited Kant, who showed no great warmth in his reception. I, without subscribing, attended his lectures, and was somewhat disappointed, for his delivery is dull or drowsy.

"Meanwhile I write this record:—

"I have desired to have a serious conference with Kant, but found no means of effecting it. At last it occurred to me to write a 'Critique of all the Revelations,' and to send it to him as a letter of recommendation. I began it on the 13th, and have since then worked at it without ceasing. When it was finished, on the 18th of August, I sent the work to Kant, and went on

the 25th to learn his opinion of it. He received me with great affability, and seemed to be very much pleased with the treatise. We did not have a formal philosophical discussion; as regarded my doubts, he referred me to his 'Critique of Pure Reason,' and the Court-preacher Schultz, whom I should at once visit. On the 26th I dined at Kant's with Professor Sommer, and found my host a very agreeable and witty man; it was for the first time to-day that I recognised in him the traits worthy of the genius which abounds in his writings.

"*August 27.*—I ended this journal after having made the extracts from Kant's lectures on Anthropology which Herr von S. had lent me. I also resolve to regularly continue this journal every evening before going to sleep, and to set down in it everything interesting which I meet, but especially traits of character and observations.

"*August the 28th, evening.*—I begun yesterday to revise my Critique, and had some really good deep thoughts, but which—more's the pity!—convinced me that my first sketch was utterly superficial. To-day I wished to continue my new investigations, but my imagination was so excited, that I could do nothing all day. In my present condition this is nothing strange! I have reckoned that I can subsist here only fourteen days more. It is true that I have been in such embarrass-

ments before, but then it was in my native land, and what with increasing years and a more pressing sense of honour, it is harder to endure. I have made no resolution, nor can I come to any. I will not open my heart to Pastor Borowski, to whom Kant sent me; if I must do so, it shall only be to Kant himself.

"On the 29th I went to Borowski, and found him a really good, honourable man. He proposed a condition which is not, however, very certain, and which does not altogether please me, but his frank and open manner drew from me the confession that I was hard pressed for a place. He advised me to go to Professor W. I have not been able to work to-day. The next day I went to W., and then to the Court-preacher Schulz. Chances by the first are not very favourable, but he spoke of a situation as a family tutor in Courland, which only dire need would compel me to accept. Afterwards to the court-preacher, where I was, at first, received by his wife. He appeared afterwards, buried in mathematical circles, but when he heard my name distinctly, he became, owing to Kant's recommendation, all the more friendly. He has an angular Prussian face, but honourable feeling and good-nature itself gleam from every feature. There I also became acquainted with Herr Bräunlich and his *protégés*, Count Dänhof, Herr Büttner, nephew of the

Court-preacher, and a young *savant* from Nuremberg, Herr Ehrard, a good and sensible person, but without knowledge of life or of the world.

"On the 1st of September I formed a firm resolution which I would communicate to Kant. A situation as tutor, however unwilling I am to accept it, is not to be found, and the uncertainty of my position hinders me from working at my ease, or from benefiting by social intercourse with my friends; therefore, back again to my home! The small loan which I need for that, I may, perhaps, obtain by Kant's aid. But on the way to him to make this request, my courage failed. I determined to write to him. In the evening I was invited to the court-preacher's, where I passed the time very pleasantly. On the 2nd I finished the letter to Kant, and sent it."

Remarkable as this letter is, I cannot make up my mind to give it in French. I think I feel blushes on my cheeks, and as if I were called on to relate the most delicate family secrets to strangers. Despite my efforts to live in the French way of the world, despite my philosophic cosmopolitanism, old Germany and its bourgeois feeling is always in my heart. Enough! I cannot give that letter, and I merely mention that Immanuel Kant was so poor, that he, notwithstanding the heartrending, touching tone of that letter, could not lend Johann Gottlieb Fichte any money. But

the latter was not in the least vexed, as may be inferred from the words of his journal, which we here continue.

"On the 3rd September I was invited to Kant's. He received me with his usual frankness, but said he had not as yet come to any determination regarding my request, and that he would be quite unable to do anything for fourteen days to come. What charming candour! Moreover, he raised difficulties as to my plans, which proved that he does not very well understand our position in Saxony. Now for days I have done nothing, but I will work after this, and leave the rest to God.

"On the 6th I was invited to Kant's house. He proposed to me to sell the publisher Hartung, through Pastor Borowski, my manuscript of the 'Critique of all the Revelations.' When I spoke of revising it he said, 'It is well written.' Can this be true? and yet Kant says so! However, he declined my first request.

"The 10th I was at dinner, the mid-day meal, with Kant. Nothing was said of our affairs. Magister Gensichen was present, and we had a very general and at times very interesting conversation, Kant being always the same to me.

"The 13th I wished to work and did nothing. My disheartenment is too much for me! How will all this end? Where shall I be eight days hence? Then all my money will be spent!"

After much wandering, and after a long delay in Switzerland, Fichte at last found a firm place in Jena, and from this time his brilliant period begins. Jena and Weimar, two Saxon towns which are only a few leagues apart, were then the centre of intellectual life in Germany. The Court and poetry were in Weimar, in Jena the University and philosophy; in the one the great poets, in the other the great scholars of our country were to be seen. In 1794 Fichte began his course of lectures in Jena. The date is significant, and explains not only the spirit of his writings at that time, but also the trials and tribulations to which he was subsequently exposed, and to which he succumbed four years later. For in 1798 there rose against him the outcry of atheism, which attracted intolerable persecutions, and caused him to leave Jena. This event, the most remarkable in Fichte's life, has a general importance, and I cannot pass it over in silence. And here Fichte's views as to the nature of God are appropriately in place.

In the *Philosophical Journal* which Fichte then published he printed an article entitled "Development of the Idea of Religion," which had been sent to him by a certain Forberg, who was a schoolmaster in Sahlfeld. To this he added a short explanatory treatise with the title "The foundation of our faith in a divine government of the world."

The two articles were at once seized by the Government of the Elector of Saxony¹ under the accusation of atheism. At the same time there was sent from Dresden to the court of Weimar a requisition enjoining the severe punishment of Professor Fichte. The Court of Weimar would not, of course, let itself be led astray by any such demand, but Fichte on this occasion made the greatest blunders. For he addressed an appeal to the public without license from the proper authority, which was the cause that the Government of Weimar, displeased and under external pressure, could not well avoid inflicting a mild reprimand on the professor who had been so inconsiderate in his expressions. But Fichte, who believed himself to be altogether in the right, would not calmly submit to such reprimand, and left Jena. To judge by his letters, he was very much pained by the conduct of two men whose official positions made them very influential in his affair, and these men were His Dignity the Chief Consistorial Counciller von Herder, and His Excellence the Privy-Counciller von Goethe. But both were abundantly justified. It is touching to read in the posthumous letters of Herder how the poor man had his own troubles and trials with the candidates of theology, who, after having studied in Jena, came before him in

¹ Aursachsischen Regierung.

Weimar to undergo examination as Protestant preachers. He dared not ask them a question as to Christ the Son ; he was only too glad when they would admit the existence of the Father. As for Goethe, he expresses himself as follows in his Memoirs on this subject :—

“After the departure from Jena of Reinhold, who was justly regarded as a great loss for the Academy, Fichte was boldly, or rather audaciously, invited to take his place. This professor had set forth his views with grandeur, but not always with tact, regarding the most important affairs of morals, manners, and state. He was one of the ablest individuals ever seen, and there was nothing to blame in his opinions regarded from a higher point of view ; but how could he get on on equal terms with a world which he regarded as his own creation and possession ?

“As he had been limited regarding the time which he wished to appropriate for lecturing on week-days, he undertook to deliver them on Sundays, which attempt found many hindrances. The little and great annoyances which resulted from all this were hardly allayed and alleviated, not without inconvenience to higher authorities, when his declarations as to God and Divine things, in which he had better have kept silent, attracted from without annoying agitation.

“Fichte had ventured in his *Philosophic Jour-*

nal to express himself regarding God and things Divine in a manner which seemed contradictory to that usually employed. He was blamed, and his defence in no way bettered the affair, because he went passionately to work, never suspecting how much kind feeling existed in his favour, although people knew so well how to interpret his thoughts and words. This they could not of course say to him straightforwardly, and quite as little that one wished ever so little to aid him out of the difficulty. Arguing for and against, surmising and declaring, confirmations and resolutions, fluctuated in many uncertain contradictory speeches at the Academy; there was question of a Ministerial remonstrance, and of nothing less than a reprimand which Fichte was to expect. At this, losing all self-control, he thought himself justified in addressing a passionate memorial to the Ministry, in which he, assuming that the report of a reprimand was authentic, declared with petulance and defiance that he would never endure it; that he would rather, without further delay, leave the Academy, and that in such a case not only would he resign, but with him several other distinguished professors.

“After this, of course, all good-will regarding him was checked—yes, paralysed. Here there was no way out, no intermediation possible, and the mildest course was to give him without delay

his dismissal. And it was not till the matter was past mending that he learned the turn which would gladly have been given to it, and he was obliged to regret his rash haste, as we did also."

Is not all this the Ministerial, smoothing-over, hushing-up Goethe to the very life? All which he blames in his heart is that Fichte did not express himself more gradually. He does not blame the thoughts, but their words. That deism had been destroyed in the German world of thought since the time of Kant was, as I have said, a secret known to every one, and yet a secret which must not be cried in the market-place. Goethe was no more of a deist than was Fichte, for he was a Pantheist, but it was precisely on the heights of Pantheism that Goethe could perceive the indefensibility of the Fichtean philosophy, at which a smile must have passed over his gentle lips. To the Jews, who are in the end all deists, Fichte must have been a torment; to the great heathen he was only a folly.¹ The Great Heathen is the

¹ What does not appear to have struck Heine as most discreditable to all concerned in this affair of Fichte is the fact that, among all his dear and distinguished friends, there was not one, according to Goethe's declaration, to tell him plainly how affairs stood. There was "too much delicacy . . . one could not of course speak to him straightforwardly;" so he was allowed to believe himself to be friendless and oppressed, till the catastrophe came, "and then we were all so sorry!"

name applied in Germany to Goethe, but it is not altogether appropriate. The heathenism of Goethe is marvellously modernised. His strong heathen nature shows itself in clear sharp conceptions of all external appearances, all colours and forms; but Christianity has at the same time gifted him with deeper intelligence; in spite of his struggling resistance, it initiated him into the mysteries of the spirit-world; he has drunk the blood of Christ, and this taught him the most secret voices in Nature, like Siegfried in the Nibelungenlied, who at once understood the voices of the birds when a drop of the dragon's blood had touched his lips. It is wonderful how Goethe's heathen nature was penetrated by our most ancient sentimentalism, how the antique marble beat with a modern pulse, and how he could feel the sorrows of a young Werther as vividly as the joys of an antique Greek god. The Pantheism of Goethe is therefore very different from that of the heathen. To express myself briefly, he was the Spinoza of poetry. All of Goethe's poems are saturated with the same spirit which breathes in the works of Spinoza. That Goethe was utterly given up to the doctrine of Spinoza admits of no doubt. He busied himself with it all his life; he has partly confessed it in the beginning of his Memoirs as well as in the recently published last volume of the same work. I do not remember now where it was that I once

read that Herder, vexed at this endless occupation with Spinoza, cried one day, "I wish that Goethe would for once take some other Latin book in hand than that of Spinoza!" But this applies not only to Goethe, but to many of his friends who were subsequently known more or less as poets, and who in their earlier days cultivated Pantheism, and this flourished in German art long ere it ruled among us as a philosophical theory. Even in Fichte's time, when Idealism attained its sublimest height, it was overthrown in the realm of art, and then there arose that art-revolution which is not yet at an end, and which began with the strife of the Romantic and the old Classic régime in the Schlegel uprising.¹

In fact, our first romantic writers were inspired by a Pantheistic impulse which they themselves did not understand. The feeling, which they believed was a home-sickness for the Catholic Mother-Church, had a deeper source than they dreamed, and their real reverence and prepossession for the traditions of the Middle Age, for its popular superstition, devildom, magic-work, and witchcraft, was all a suddenly awakened but unconscious yearning again for the Pantheism of the old Germans, and what they worshipped in the basely

¹ The words *mit den Schlegel'schen Rmeuten* are omitted in the French version.

defiled and mischievously mutilated form was really the ante-Christian religion of their fathers. Here I must refer again to my first book, where I showed how Christianity absorbed the elements of the old German religion; how these, with disgraceful transformations, were still retained in popular mediæval belief, so that the old worship of Nature was regarded as mere vile sorcery, the old gods being changed to devils of ugliness, and the chaste priestesses to wild witches. The errors of our early romantic writers should from this point be more gently judged than is usually done. They would fain restore the Catholic condition of the Middle Age, because they felt that in it there were still preserved many of the sacred relics of their earliest ancestors and of the glories of their first nationality. It was these mutilated and dishonoured remains which so sympathetically attracted their feelings, and they hated the Protestantism and Liberalism which both strove to destroy the entire Catholic past.

Of all which I will speak in another place. Here I have only to mention that so soon as in the time of Fichte Pantheism forced itself into German art, that even the Catholic romantic writers unconsciously followed this course, and that Goethe announced it most distinctly. This is to be found even in *Werther*, where he yearns for a rapt and loving identity with Nature. In *Faust* he seeks

to ally himself to Nature in a daringly mystical, direct manner. He evokes the secret powers of earth by the magic formulas of the Höllenzwang or Hell-compulsion.¹ But it is in the ballads of Goethe that this Pantheism shows itself most charmingly and purely. Here the doctrine of Spinoza has broken from the mathematical chrysalis, and flutters round us as a Goethean song. Hence the rage of our orthodox and pietists against these poems. They grasp with their pious bear's paws at this butterfly which constantly flies from them; it is so delicately ethereal, so winged with perfume. Ye French can form no conception of it unless you know the language. These Goethean songs have a mocking magic which is

¹ In the French version the following lines are added:—

“Il conjure les forces secrètes de la terre par les formules du Hoellenzwang, livre de magie, qu'on m'a montré un jour dans une vielle bibliothèque de couvent, on il etait enchainé; le titre représente le roi du feu, aux levres duquel pend peu d'un cadenas, et sur sa tête est perché un corbeau tenant dans son bec la bague divinatoire.”

Heine's identification of Nature and a belief in spirits and fairies, &c., and Pantheism is so often repeated, that it is worth while to observe that Pantheism is properly a result or inference from the former, and is not found at all in the earlier stage. The savage begins by believing that a spirit is in the tree or rock or fountain, and when this extends to everything, some thinker deduces from the belief a conclusion that all is one. That is, Polytheism is the foundation of Pantheism, or its basis, not simply Pantheism itself, although it may live on and in it as a part.—*Translator.*

indescribable. The harmonious verses wind round the heart like a tender true love; the word embraces while the heart kisses thee!

We do not at all perceive in Goethe's conduct to Fichte any of the mean motives which many of his contemporaries set forth in much meaner words. They did not understand the different natures of the two men. The mildest misunderstood Goethe's indifference when Fichte was subsequently hard pressed and persecuted; and they did not see into Goethe's situation. This giant was Minister in a dwarf German state; he could not move naturally or freely. It was said of the seated Jupiter of Phidias in Olympia, that should he stand up, he would burst through the roof. This was quite Goethe's situation in Weimar; if he had suddenly risen from his quietly seated repose, he would have broken through the state-gable, or what was more likely, would have hit his head against it. And should he risk this for a doctrine which was not merely erroneous but also ridiculous? The German Jupiter remained quietly seated, and calmly allowed himself to be revered and incensed.

It would lead me too far from my subject should I, from the point of the art interests of those times, consider more closely the conduct of Goethe regarding this accusation as to Fichte. In favour of the latter it can only be said that

the complaint was really a pretext, and that political persecution lurked behind it. A theologian may indeed be indicted for atheism, because he is in duty bound to teach certain doctrines; but a philosopher has pledged himself to no such obligations, he cannot thus bind himself, and his thoughts are as free as the birds in the air. It is perhaps unjust that I, to spare my own feelings and those of others, do not here cite everything which supports and justifies this accusation. I will here give only one of the doubtful passages from the inculcated essay.

"Living and working moral order is God himself; we need no other God, and can comprehend no other. There is no foundation in reason for departing from that moral cosmos,¹ and, by means of a deduction from effect to cause, assume a special being as that cause. The original understanding certainly does not confirm this deduction and knows no such special being; only a philosophy which misunderstands itself can do so."

As is peculiar to obstinate men, Fichte in his appeal to the public, and in his judicial reply, expressed himself even more hardly and harshly, and indeed with expressions which wound our deepest feelings. We who believe in a real God, who reveals himself to our senses in infinite extension, and to our souls in infinite thoughts—

¹ "Weltordnung."—"Ordre moral de l'univers."

we who honour and adore a visible God in Nature, and perceive His invisible voice in our own spirit—we are painfully repulsed by the coarse words with which Fichte declares, even ironically, that God is a mere cobweb of the brain. It is indeed doubtful whether Fichte is inspired by irony or mere madness when he disengages our dear God so absolutely from all material attributes, that he even denies his existence because existence is an idea of the senses, and only possible as such. The doctrine of science, he declares, knows no other existence save the *sensible*; and as a being can only be ascribed to subjects of experience, this predicate cannot be affirmed of God. Therefore the Fichtean God has no existence; he is not; he manifests himself only as pure action, as an order of events, as *ordo ordinans*, as the world or universal law.

In this wise Idealism filtered the Godhead so long through all possible abstractions, till at last nothing of it remained. From this time forth, as with you in place of a king, so with us as regards God, Law alone ruled supreme.

But which is the most absurd, a *loi athée*, a law which has no God, or a *dieu loi*, a God who is only a law?

The Idealism of Fichte is one of the most colossal errors which the mind of man ever

hatched out. It is more godless and damnable than the coarsest Materialism. What is here called in France the atheism of the Materialists would be, as I could easily prove, always something morally edifying, something of trusting piety in comparison to the results of the Fichtean Transcendental-Idealism. Thus much I know, that both are detestable to me. Both views are anti-poetic. The French Materialists have written as much bad poetry as the German Transcendental-Idealists. But Fichte's doctrines were never dangerous to the state, and still less did they deserve to be persecuted as politically dangerous. To be misled by this erroneous doctrine a man needs to be gifted with a speculative keenness of intelligence such as is seldom found. This theory of errors was utterly inaccessible to the great mob with its thousands of thick heads. The Fichtean view of God should have been controverted rationally, and not by the police. To be accused of atheism in philosophy was something, too, so strange in Germany, that Fichte at first did not really know what they wanted of him. He remarked very rightly, that the question whether a philosophy was atheistic or not sounded to a philosopher as strangely as if one had asked a mathematician whether a triangle was green or red.

This accusation had, therefore, its secret grounds,

and these Fichte soon found out. As he was the most honourable man in the world, we may give full credence to a letter in which he addresses Reinhold as to these concealed causes, and as this letter, dated May 22, 1799, sketches the whole time and the whole dire distress of the man, we will cite something from it.

"Weariness and disgust determine me, as I had declared to thee I would do, to vanish from sight for some years. I was, according to the views which I held, convinced that duty demanded this conclusion, since I can never be heard in the present fermentation, while it would only be made worse; whereas, after a few years, when the first antipathy shall be appeased, I can speak with all the greater energy. To-day I think differently. I dare not be silent now; should I do so, I would never be able to speak again. Since the alliance of Russia with Austria, I have long regarded as probable what is now become certain since the late events, and especially since the horrible murder of the ambassadors (over which people are rejoicing here, and regarding which S. and G. cry out, "Quite right! these dogs should be killed").¹ And this is that in future despotism will defend itself with desperation; that it will attain its aims by Paul and Pitt; that the basis of its plans is to

¹ In the French version "*ambassadeurs français*," and in place of "S. and G.," "*Schiller et Goethe*."

destroy freedom of thought, and that the Germans will not hinder the execution of them.

"Do not imagine, for example, that the Court of Weimar believes that attendance at the University will be lessened by my presence; they know the contrary all too well. It was obliged to drive me away in consequence of a general plan vigorously carried out by Saxony. Burscher of Leipzig, who is initiated into these secrets, laid so far back as the end of last year a considerable wager that I would be expelled before the beginning of this twelvemonth. Voigt was long since won over by Burgsdorff to take part against me; and it has been made known in the Department of Science (*Department der Wissenschaften*) in Dresden that no one who is devoted to the newer philosophy can be promoted, or, if he has already a place, can be advanced. In the free school of Leipzig, even the expoundings of Rosenmüller are regarded with distrust. Luther's Catechism has been again introduced there, and the teachers are once more confirmed in the symbolic books; and it will go on and spread. . . . In short, nothing is more certain than the most certain, which is, that if the French do not conquer the most overwhelming supremacy and achieve a change in Germany, or in a great portion of it, within a few years, no man who is known to have ever had a free thought will be allowed a place wherein to rest. It is,

therefore, to me more than most certain that, if I do find a small corner, I shall be hunted out of it in one or, at most, two years; and it is dangerous to let oneself be chased about to several places, as is shown historically by Rousseau's example.

"But suppose that I keep silence, and do not write the least thing; will I be left in peace under such conditions? I do not believe it; and suppose that I could hope it from royal courts, will not the clergy wherever I go excite the mob against me to stone me, and then beg their Governments to banish me as one dangerous to the public peace? And should I therefore be silent? No, I ought and will not, for I have cause to believe that if anything can be saved of the German spirit, it will be done by my words, and that by my silence philosophy will prematurely perish. I have no confidence that those who will not let me rest in silence will allow me to speak.

"But I will convince them of the harmlessness of my doctrine! Dear Reinhold, how can you suppose that these men will be kind to me? The brighter I become, the more innocent I appear, the blacker are they, and so much the greater will be my real offence. I have never believed that they are persecuting my alleged atheism. What they are hunting down in me is a free-thinker who begins to make himself intelligible (Kant's

good luck lay in his obscurity), and a decried democrat. What frightens them like a phantom is the independence which, as they dimly foresee, my philosophy awakens."

I again remark that this letter is not of yesterday, but bears the date of May 22, 1799. The political relations of those times have a disquieting likeness to recent events in Germany, with the difference that then the sense of freedom flourished more among scholars, poets, and other literati, but at present shows itself much less with them, and far more among the great active masses, as of daily labourers and tradesmen. While during the time of the first Revolution a leaden, utterly German drowsiness oppressed the people and ruled like brutal repose in the German land, the wildest fermentation and up-boiling showed itself in the world of letters. The loneliest author who lived in some remotest nook of Germany took part in this movement, almost sympathetically. Without being accurately informed of passing political events, he felt their meaning and expressed it in his writing. This fact reminds me of the large sea-shells which we sometimes place as ornaments on chimney-pieces, and which, however far they may be from the ocean, begin to murmur whenever the tide rises and the waves beat up against the shore. When the Revolution stormed wildly here in

Paris in the great human sea, when it raged and roared, the German hearts beyond the Rhine responded to the tumult. But they were so isolated, among mere soulless porcelain teacups and Chinese gods,¹ which mechanically nodded with their heads as if they knew what the matter was. Ah! our poor predecessors in Germany had to atone bitterly for that sympathy with the Revolution. Aristocrats and priests played them their coarsest and vilest tricks. Some of them fled to Paris, where they passed down and away into poverty and misery. I saw not long ago a blind fellow-countryman, who has been ever since those days in Paris. I saw him in the Palais Royal, where he had come to warm himself a while in the sunshine. It was sad to see how pale and thin he was, feeling his way sadly along from house to house. They told me it was the old Danish poet Heiberg.² And I have seen the garret in which Citizen George Forster died. A far more cruel fate would have befallen the friends of freedom who remained in Germany had not

¹ Heine has *pagodas*, which he seems to have confused with *josses*, or deities with moving heads.

² Peter Andreas Heiberg, born in 1758 in Denmark, and father of the well-known dramatist, having been banished for political writing, went to Paris, where he was appointed by Napoleon I. to a place in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in which he died in 1830. He wrote, in addition to many comedies, a *Precis Historique de la Monarchie Danoise*, Paris, 1820.—Note by the German Publisher.

Napoleon and his French conquered us. Napoleon certainly never suspected that he had been the saviour of *Ideologie*.¹ But for him, our philosophers with their ideas would have been extirpated by the gallows and the wheel. Yet the German Liberals, too republican to court Napoleon, and too magnanimous to ally themselves to a foreign rule, wrapped themselves in deep silence. They went sadly about with broken hearts and closed lips. When Napoleon fell, they smiled, but sadly, and were silent; they took little part in the popular enthusiasm, which by permission of the higher authorities burst out in Germany. They knew what they knew, and were silent. As these republicans led very chaste and frugal lives, they generally lived to an advanced age, and when the Revolution of July took place, many of them were still alive. Then we wondered not a little when the old odd fellows, whom we had seen straying about so bent up and bashful, all at once held up their heads, smiled gaily at us younger folk, pressed our hands, and began to tell merry tales. I even heard one of them sing, and it was the Marseillaise Hymn, in a coffee-house. Before long we had learned the melody and the beautiful words even better than the old man him-

¹ A favourite term with Napoleon I. Thus Carlyle tells us that he pinched the ear of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and called, or dismissed, him as an *idéologue*.—Translator.

self, for he often laughed like a fool in the best strophes or wept like a child. It is always well when such greyheads remain to teach us young ones the old songs. We will not forget them, and some of us will teach them to our grandsons, as yet unborn, but many of us will ere then have perished in German prisons or in garrets in exile.

Let us speak again of philosophy! I have shown how that of Fichte, constructed with the most refined abstraction, still manifests an iron-like inflexibility in its deductions, which rise to the boldest heights. But all at once, one fine morning, we find in it a great change. It begins to be flowery and make queer faces,¹ and becomes tender and modest. The ideal Titan who climbed the ladder of thought to heaven, and who with bold hand felt his way to its vacant chambers, has become bowed and Christian-like, and one who sighs much of love. This is Fichte's second period, which little concerns us. His whole system now undergoes the strangest transformation. At this time he wrote a book which has been recently translated into French, *Die Bestimmung des Menschen*—"The Destiny of Man."² A similar work, *Anwei-*

¹ "Das fängt an zu blümen und flennen." In the French version, "elle commence à s'amollir, à devenir douceuse et modeste."

² Heine here quite misrepresents and detracts from the character of this remarkable work, which he had possibly never read. Many regard it as the most characteristic production of its author. It is also remarkable that Heine, with all his fervent

sung zum seligen Leben—"Directions for a Happy Life"—belongs to the same period.

Fichte, an obstinate man, as is evident enough, never admitted this grand transformation. He declared that his philosophy was still the same, that his expressions were changed and improved, and that he was misunderstood. He also declared that the *Natur-philosophie*, which rose at that time in Germany, and was beginning to supplant Idealism, was fundamentally his own system, and that his pupil Joseph Schelling, who left him and introduced this philosophy, had only returned his own phrases and enlarged his own old theory by unedifying flat additions.

We come here to a new phase of German thought. We mentioned the names of Joseph Schelling and *Natur-philosophie*,¹ and as the first is here quite unknown, and the expression *Natur-philosophie* or *philosophie de la Nature* is not generally understood, I must explain the meaning of both. Certainly I cannot exhaust the subject in these pages, and we will dedicate another work to the subject. All that we will do here will be to indicate a few urgent errors, and call a little

regard for piety, seems to regard any yielding to it as very shameful.—*Translator*.

¹ "Natural philosophy" does not translate this word, which corresponds to what is called "science" in English. On the other hand, *Wissenschaft* does not mean merely "science," but any accurate knowledge whatever.—*Translator*.

attention to the social importance of the philosophy in question.

And firstly, I would observe that Fichte was not far wrong when he declared that Joseph Schelling's system was really the same as his own, but otherwise formulised and augmented; for Fichte taught, as Schelling did: There is only one being, the *I*, the Absolute; and there is an identity of the ideal and real. Fichte, in the "Doctrine of Science," attempted to intellectually construct the real from the ideal; but Joseph Schelling reversed the process; he endeavoured to construct the ideal from the real. To express myself more clearly, Fichte, proceeding from the assumption that thought and nature are one and the same, arrived by intellectual action to the world of phenomena, creating Nature from thought and the real from the ideal. With Schelling, on the contrary, while he departs from the same beginning, the world of phenomena, or what is perceived by us, becomes pure ideas; Nature becomes thought and the real the ideal. Both these tendencies of Fichte and of Schelling mutually develop one the other to a certain degree. For according to the principle above proposed, philosophy can receive two divisions, in one of which it may be shown how Nature becomes manifest from the idea, and in the other how Nature resolves itself into pure ideas. Philosophy could therefore be divided into Transcen-

dental Idealism and Nature-philosophy. Schelling really recognised these two directions, and he pursued the latter in his *Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur*—"Ideas for a Philosophy of Nature"—and the former in his *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus*—"The System of Transcendental Idealism."¹

These works, of which one appeared in 1797 and the other in 1800, are here mentioned because this mutually developing tendency is shown even in their titles, and not because they contain a complete system. Nor is there one in any of Schelling's works. There is not with him, as with Kant and Fichte, a chief work which can be regarded as the central point of his philosophy.²

¹ These works, and many more of the same kind from all countries, were translated into French, and extensively read in the "Forties." This was due to the influence of Cousin, the Eclectic, who urged the necessity of studying and comparing all philosophies. He did much good thereby, but Heine never lost an opportunity to ridicule him. And it may be remarked as a singular thing, that Heine never once alludes to the real and direct, and in fact almost the only, benefit which resulted from the study of metaphysics. This was the training, exercising, and disciplining the mind, so as to cause men to think more vigorously and intelligently on all subjects, be they literary, scientific, or practical. While they teach no scientific truths or useful facts, the works of Kant or Fichte are of great value as mental gymnastics; but this is seldom noted.—*Translator.*

² The "System of Transcendental Idealism" is, however, generally regarded as setting forth in the main, and to all practical intents and purposes, the philosophy of Schelling.—*Translator.*

It would be unjust to judge Schelling by the contents of a book and by the letter. One should rather read his books chronologically, following the gradual development of his thoughts in them, and then firmly grasp his leading idea. It also seems to me necessary that one shall with him not unfrequently decide where thought ceases and poetry begins; for Schelling is one of those creations to whom Nature has given more inclination to poetry than poetic power, and who, incapable of satisfying the daughters of Parnassus, have taken refuge in the forests of philosophy, and there carry on with abstract Hamadryads the most barren nuptials. Their feelings are poetic, but the instrument, the word, is weak; they seek and strive in vain for form of art in which they may clothe their thoughts and knowledge. Poetry is Schelling's weakness and his force. By it he is distinguished from Fichte, both to his advantage and disadvantage. Fichte is only a philosopher, and his power lies in dialectics and his strength in demonstration. But this is the weak side of Schelling; he lives more in contemplation; he does not find himself at home on the cold and lofty peaks of logic; he gladly flies into the flowery vales of symbolism, and his philosophic strength lies in construction. But this last is a mental power which may be found as often among mediocre poets as in great philosophers.

According to this last declaration, it will be understood that Schelling, in that part of philosophy which is purely transcendental idealism, is only a follower of Fichte, and such must remain; but that in the philosophy of Nature, where he carried on his business and housekeeping among flowers and stars, he blooms and shines marvelously. This tendency has been pursued not only by him, but specially by his sympathetic friends, and the vehemence with which this manifested itself was also a poetaster-reaction against the previous abstract mental philosophy. Like school-boys set free who have sighed all day long in stuffy rooms under the burden of grammar-work and ciphering, they swarmed and stormed away and out into Nature, into the perfumed, sunlit real, and shouted for joy, and threw somersaults, and made a jolly row!

The expression "scholars of Schelling" should nowhere be taken in its exact literal signification. Schelling himself has said that he would only form a school in the fashion of the old poets, or a poetic academy, where no one is bound to any special theory, by any special discipline, but where every one obeys the spirit, and reveals it after his own manner. He might also have said that he founded a school of prophets where the inspired began to prophesy according to freak or fancy, and in any language which they liked. And

what the spirit of the master inspired, the youths carried out; the narrowest minds began to prophesy, every one in an unknown tongue, and the result was a great Pentecost in philosophy.

How the deepest meaning and most glorious conceptions may be applied to mumming masquerading, and how a mob of mean knaves and sad jack-puddings are capable of compromising a great idea, may be seen illustrated appropriately by the philosophy of Nature.¹ But the ridicule which the prophetic or poetic school of Schelling attracted to it was not deserved, for the idea of the philosophy of Nature is in reality nothing but the idea of Spinoza or Pantheism.

The doctrine of Spinoza and the philosophy of Nature, as Schelling set them forth in his better days, are essentially one and the same. The Germans, after they had rejected the Materialism of Locke and carried out the Idealism of Leibnitz to its utmost limits, and found it as fruitless, came at last to the third son of Descartes, or Spinoza. Philosophy had now run anew a great

¹ It is also quite as admirably illustrated by Heine's own bitter remarks on it, which give an extremely distorted and exaggerated, if not altogether false, view of the school of Schelling, with its disciples. Here, as in unfortunately too many instances, our author's tendency to sarcasm and ridicule, makes him dwell altogether on trifling defects, and gives us no idea of the real intellectual results of this philosophy and school.—*Translator.*

course, and one may say it found itself just where it was two thousand years before in Greece. But by close comparison of these two cycles a great difference manifests itself. The Greeks had as bold sceptics as we; the Eclectics denied the reality of the external world as decidedly as did our later Transcendental-Idealists, and Plato found as well as Schelling the world of spirit in that of phenomena. But we have an advantage over the Greeks as well as over the schools following Descartes, and that is, we began our philosophical cycle by testing the sources of human knowledge with the "Critique of Pure Reason" by Immanuel Kant.

As regards Kant, I may add to my previous remarks that the only proof of the existence of God which he allowed to remain—that is, the so-called moral proof—was destroyed by Schelling with great *éclat*. But I have already remarked that this proof was of no great strength, and that Kant probably allowed it to remain out of good-nature. The God of Schelling is the God-universe of Spinoza. At least he was that in the year 1801, in the second volume of the *Journal of Speculative Physics*. Here God is the absolute Identity of Nature and of thought, of material and of mind, and this absolute identity is not the cause of the universe, but is also the universe itself; it is consequently the God-universe. In this, in him, there are no opposing elements or divisions.

The absolute Identity is also the absolute Totality. A year later Schelling developed his God still more in a paper entitled "Bruno, or of the Divine and Natural Principle of Things." This title recalls the noblest martyr of our doctrine,¹ Giordano Bruno of Nola, of glorious remembrance. The Italians declare that Schelling took his best thoughts from the ancient Bruno, and accuse him of plagiarism. They are wrong, for in philosophy there can be no plagiarism. At last, in 1804, the God of Schelling appeared completely finished in an article entitled "Philosophy and Religion." Here we find the doctrine of the Absolute in perfection, and in it the Absolute is expressed in three formulas. The first is the categorical. The Absolute is neither the ideal nor the real, neither spirit nor matter, but it is the identity of both. The second formula is the hypothetical. When a subject and an object are present, the Absolute is the essential equality of both. The third formula is the disjunctive. There is only *one* being, but this can at the same time, or alternatively, be regarded as entirely ideal or as altogether real. The first formula is quite negative, the second supposes a condition which is harder

¹ This "our" is here interesting. Heine has throughout claimed to be a theist, but has carefully insisted that Kant utterly destroyed every argument in favour of a God, and now proclaims himself a pantheist. *Non nobis, &c.*—Translator.

to understand than the proposition itself, and the third is altogether that of Spinoza. "The absolute substance is recognisable either as thought or extension." Schelling, therefore, could advance no further on the road of philosophy than Spinoza, since the Absolute can only be understood under the form of these two attributes, thought and extension. But Schelling here abandons the path of philosophy and seeks to arrive at the perception of the Absolute by a kind of mystical intuition; he tries to penetrate to its central point, to its inmost being, where there is neither anything ideal or real, neither thought nor extension, neither subject nor object, neither spirit nor matter, but—well, I really do not know what.

Here the philosophy of Schelling comes to an end, and his poetry, or rather folly, begins. But it is here that he meets with most sympathy from a multitude of silly fellows, whom it suits admirably to give up calm thought and imitate those whirling dervishes who, as our friend Jules David relates, spin round in a circle till both the subjective and objective world vanish and blend in a blank nothing, which is neither real nor ideal; till they see the invisible, hear the inaudible, or till they hear colours and see tones, and conceive the Absolute.

I believe that the philosophic career of Schelling ends with this attempt to intellectually perceive

the Absolute. A greater thinker now comes before us, who has developed the philosophy of Nature to a perfected system, explained by its synthesis the whole world of phenomena, enlarged the great ideas of his predecessors by still greater, carried them through every form of discipline, and has therefore given them a scientific foundation. He is a pupil of Schelling, but a pupil who gradually usurped in the realm of philosophy all the might of his master, and, ambitious of rule, outgrew and finally cast him into darkness. This is the great Hegel, the greatest philosopher whom Germany has produced since Leibnitz. There can be no doubt that he far surpasses Kant and Fichte. He is as acute as the one and as strong as the other, and has, withal, a calm power of construction, a harmony of thought, such as we do not find in Kant and Fichte, because in them a mere revolutionary spirit prevails. Nor is it possible to compare this man with Joseph Schelling, for Hegel was a man of character, and if he did, like Schelling, give the constituted authorities in Church and State certain too significant justifications, it was at least done for a State which, theoretically at least, advocates the principle of progress, and for a Church which regards that of free examination as its vital element. This he did not conceal; he freely avowed his views; but Schelling winds his way

worm-like into the ante-chamber of a practical as well as theoretical Absolutism, and he lends a helping hand in the Jesuit cave where chains for the mind are forged; and with all that will impose it on us that he is, all unchanged, the same Child of Light which he always was; he denies his denial, and to the infamy of the renegade he adds the cowardice of the liar.

We cannot conceal it, neither from reverence or prudence. We will not be silent; we say that the person who once most boldly preached in Germany the religion of Pantheism; who proclaimed most boldly the sanctification of Nature and the rehabilitation of man in his divine rights—this teacher became an apostate to his own doctrine; he left the altar which he had himself consecrated; he has slunk back into the stall of the faith of the past; he is now a good Catholic, and preaches an extra-mundane personal God, "who had the folly to create a world." Let the old believers ring away with their bells, and sing *Kyrie eleison* over such a conversion! It proves nothing for their doctrine; it only proves that man turns to Catholicism¹ when he is weary and old, when he has lost his physical and mental strength, and can no longer think and enjoy. So many free-

¹ Instead of "Catholicism," the French version has "que l'homme tourne à la religion quand il est vieux et fatigué,"—quite as Heine himself did.

thinkers have been converted on their death-beds—but do not boast of it! These tales of conversions belong at best to pathology, and give but indifferent witness for your cause. They only prove, after all, that it was not possible to convert those free-thinkers while they wandered with sound minds under God's free heaven and were as yet in full possession of their intellects.¹

I believe that Ballanche says that it is a natural law that initiators must die as soon as the work of initiation is completed. Ah! my good Ballanche, that is only half-true, and I would sooner assert that when the work of initiation is at an end the initiator dies or—becomes a renegade. And so it may be that we can somewhat soften the severe judgment which intellectual Germany has passed on Schelling; we may convert into calm pity the severe and strong contempt which lies heavy on him, and explain his apostasy from his own doctrine as a consequence of that law of Nature that he who exhausted all his forces on the expression or execution of a thought must, after he has spoken or acted it out, sink exhausted, either into the arms of death or those of his former foes.

By such explanation we may understand even more startling phenomena of the time which deeply

¹ According to a mediæval Latin adage thus Englished:—

“The devil fell ill, the devil a monk would be;

The devil got well, and the devil a monk was he.”

disturb us. Through it we may comprehend why men who have sacrificed everything, and battled and suffered for their opinions, even after victory have abandoned their principles and gone over to the enemy. After this declaration I may call attention to the fact that not only Joseph Schelling, but to a certain degree also Fichte and Kant, have been guilty of apostasy. Fichte died betimes, ere his falling off from his own philosophy became too startling, and Kant was also untrue to the "Critique of Pure Reason," since he wrote the "Critique of Practical Reason." The initiator dies or renegades.

I know not how it comes, but this last sentence acts upon my soul so subduingly that I am not just now in the mood to utter certain other harsh truths regarding Schelling. Let us rather praise the Schelling of by-gone days, whose memory blooms for ever in the annals of German thought; for the former Schelling represents, as did Kant and Fichte, one of the great phases of our philosophical revolution, which I have in these pages compared to the political Revolution of France. In fact, if one can find in Kant the terrorist Convention, and in Fichte the newer Empire of Napoleon, we may see in Schelling the restoring reaction which followed it. But it was above all, a Restoration in a better sense, for Schelling restored to Nature its legitimate rights;

he strove to reconcile Spirit and Nature; he would unite both in the eternal World-Soul. He restored that great philosophy of Nature which we find among the old Greek philosophers, which was first led by Socrates, more into investigating the human soul itself, and which afterwards ran into the Ideal.¹ He restored that great philosophy of Nature, which, secretly sprouting from the ancient pantheistic religion of Germany, promised in Paracelsus the most beautiful flowers, but which was crushed by the advent of Cartesianism. And—more's the pity!—he at last restored things in which he may be compared in evil sense to the French Revolution. But then public reason would no longer endure him, and he was shamefully cast down from the throne of thought. Hegel, his majordomo, took the crown from his head, and it was shorn, and the deposed Schelling lives since then like a monkling in a city which shows its Popish-parson character in its name, and is called in Latin *Monacho-Monachorum*.² There I saw him wandering about ghost-like, with his great pale

¹ In the French version, "Il restaura cette grande philosophie de la nature que nous trouvons déjà chez les anciens philosophes grecs avant Socrate."

² Munich. Its coat of arms represents a monk bearing a book—probably the *Decretals*. Schelling subsequently went to Berlin.—*Translator*.

eyes and his down-cast apathetic¹ face, a pitiful picture of fallen glory. Hegel let himself be crowned, and—more's the pity!—also oiled a little in Berlin, and since then has reigned in the land of German philosophy.

Our philosophical revolution is ended. Hegel completes the grand cyclus. We have seen since then only the development and perfectioning of the doctrine of the philosophy of Nature. This has, as I said, penetrated into all learning and science, and has produced the most extraordinary and grandest results; and, as I have indicated, much that was not pleasant has also to come to light. These facts—or failures—are so numerous that it would require a book to recount them; and this is the really interesting and most highly coloured part of our history of philosophy. And yet I am convinced that it will be better for the French to know nothing about it all, for such information could only tend to bewilder the heads of the French. Many passages of the philosophy of Nature torn from their connection might do you much harm.² This much

¹ "Mit seinem abgestumpften Gesichte." *Abgestumpftheit*, apathy, dulness, bluntedness, from *stumpf*, a stump, a snubbed or short end. Heine hints here at the snub-nose and peculiar physiognomy of Schelling. One writer declares that he was a perfect facsimile of Socrates; an American friend of mine who attended his lectures insisted that the great philosopher looked exactly like a frog!—*Translator*.

² The danger here was not, however, that the heads of the French would be bewildered, as that Heine's own would have

I know, that had you been familiar four years ago (in 1830) with the German philosophy of Nature, you would never have had the Revolution of July. There was needed for such a deed such a concentration of thought and power, such a noble partiality, a certain virtue, and a certain degree of recklessness, such as only your old school allows. Philosophical perversities which might be employed to plead for Legitimacy and the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation would have chilled your inspiration and checked your courage. I regard it, therefore, as important for the history of the world that your great Eclectic, who then wished to teach you German philosophy, did not understand it in the least. His providential ignorance was salutary for France and for all mankind.¹

Alas! the philosophy of Nature, which brought forth such glorious fruit in many regions of science, especially in the strictly natural sciences,

been sadly turned by such a task. Natural philosophy or physics was certainly not his *forte*. But the excuse is exquisitely Heine-like. "Ladies and gentlemen, I would gladly explain for you the problems of science, but I really fear they would be too much for your weak minds. *Passons!* the band will now play the *Marseillaise!*"—*Translator*.

¹ This is in allusion to Victor Cousin, whom Heine never missed an opportunity to ridicule. In the French version this is quite changed, not to give offence to the French, and reads as follows: "Je regarde donc comme un fait très-important dans l'histoire du monde, que certains *missionnaires allemands* qui vinrent alors à Paris pour vous enseigner la philosophie allemande, n'en aient compris le premier mot."—*Translator*.

produced in others only the most noxious weeds. While Oken, the most genial thinker and one of the great citizens of Germany, discovered his new "World of Ideas,"¹ and inspired our German youth for the first principles of humanity, for freedom and equality,—ah! at the same time Adam Müller was teaching the stall-feeding of nations like cattle, according to natural philosophical principles, and Görres preached the obscurantism of the Middle Age according to the natural scientific view that the state is a tree, and that it should in its organic distribution also have a trunk, branches, and leaves, as is so admirably set forth in the hierarchy of the corporations of the Middle Ages. About this time Mr. Steffens proclaimed as philosophic law that the peasant class were distinguished from the noble in this, that the peasant was meant by Nature to work without enjoying himself, and the noble privileged to enjoy himself without working. Yes, a few months since, as I am told, an ignorant country squire in Westphalia, a jack-fool, I believe, with the name of Haxthausen,²

¹ In the French version, "découvrait de nouveaux mondes d'idées." "Like cattle," in the next sentence, occurs only in the French text.—*Translator*.

² "Ein Krantjunker in Westphalen, ein Hans Narr, ich glaube mit dem Zunamen Haxthausen." Haxthausen was indeed an aristocrat, but he was not an ignorant boor or *maitre-à-à*, or even a fool. His great work on Russia fully deserves to be ranked and read with that of Wallace, and it certainly indicates that the author was a man of the world and a scholar.—*Translator*.

published a work in which he petitions the royal Prussian Government to consider the parallelism and its results which philosophy proves in the whole organism of the world, and to draw the political lines closer; for as there are four elements, fire, air, water, and earth, so there are four analogous elements in society—the nobility, clergy, citizens, and peasants.

When such dire follies were seen to burgeon on the tree of philosophy and shoot into poisonous flowers, especially when it was observed that the German youth, lost in metaphysical abstractions, passed unnoticed the most urgent questions of the time, and became unfit for practical life, the patriots and friends of freedom felt a righteous indignation against philosophy, and many went so far as to give it a death-sentence as a vain, worthless beating the air.¹

We will not be so foolish as to seriously confute these malcontents. German philosophy is a serious affair, which concerns all mankind, and our remote descendants will alone be able to

¹ "Einige gingen so weit ihr als einer müßigen mitzlosen Luftfechtereï ganz den Stab zu brechen." In allusion to the old custom of breaking a stick when pronouncing a sentence of death. Alluding to Körte (*Sprichwörter der Deutschen*), this was established by Charles V., and meant death without hope of pardon or reprieve. Heine's French translator, not understanding the expression, gives it as "quelques uns ont été jusqu'à rompre avec elle!"—*Translator*.

judge whether we are to praise or blame for having first worked out our philosophy, and after that our revolution. It seems to me that such a methodical race as ours must begin with the Reformation, then busy ourselves with philosophy, and finally, after finishing with it, pass on to political revolution. I find this series of succession all in order. The heads which philosophy has used for reflection, the revolution may hereafter chop off as may suit its purposes; but philosophy could have no earthly use for heads which a preceding revolution had decapitated. Let not your hearts be disquieted, ye German republicans; your German revolution will be none the gentler and milder because the "Critique" of Kant, the Fichtean Transcendental-Idealism, and even the philosophy of Nature, preceded it. These doctrines have developed revolutionary forces which only await the day to break forth and fill the world with terror and astonishment. There will be Kantians forthcoming who in the new world to come will know nothing of reverence for aught, and who will ravage without mercy, and riot with sword and axe through the soil of all European life to dig out the last root of the past. There will be well-weaponed Fichteans on the ground, who in the fanaticism of the Will are not to be restrained by fear or self-advantage, for they live in the Spirit. They defy matter, like the early Christians, who

were not to be influenced by bodily torture or worldly delights; nay, such Transcendental-Idealists would be in a social revolution more inflexible than those Christians, for they endured earthly martyrdom that they might thereby attain to heavenly bliss, while the Transcendental Idealist regards martyrdom itself as mere appearance, and is inaccessible in the citadel of his own thought. But the philosophers of Nature would be more terrible than all of these, should they practically engage in a German revolution, and identify themselves with the work of destruction. For if the hand of the Kantian strikes strongly and surely, it is because his heart is moved by no traditional regard or respect; if the Fichtean dares all dangers because for him they do not exist in reality,¹ and the philosopher of Nature will be terrible because he will appear in alliance with the primitive powers of Nature, able to evoke the demoniac energies of old Germanic Pantheism—doing which there will awake in him that battle-madness which we find among the ancient Teutonic races who fought neither to kill nor conquer, but for the very love of fighting itself. It is the fairest merit of Christianity that

¹ Heine here falls into the error, which he at one time pointed out, of believing that Fichte taught the absolute non-existence of things in relation to the Me, in which error he was fully equalled by Goethe, Disraeli, and all who have attempted to be funny at Fichte's expense.—*Translator*.

it somewhat mitigated that brutal German *gaudium certaminis* or joy in battle, but it could not destroy it. And should that subduing talisman, the Cross, break, then will come crashing and roaring forth the wild madness of the old champions, the insane Berserker rage, of which Northern poets say and sing. That talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break.¹ The old stone gods will rise from long-forgotten ruin, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor, leaping to life with his giant hammer, will crush the Gothic cathedrals! But when those days shall come, and ye hear the stamping and ring of arms, guard ye well, ye neighbours' children, ye French, and put not forth your hands into what we are doing in Germany, for verily evil will come upon you for that. Beware lest ye blow the fire, and take good heed that ye do not quench it; ye can in so doing all too easily burn your fingers. And laugh not at my advice, the advice of a dreamer who warns you against Kantians, Fichteans, and philosophers of Nature, nor at the fantastist who awaits in the world of things to be seen that which has been before in the realm of shadows. Thought goes before the deed as lightning precedes thunder. German thunder is indeed

¹ This sentence is wanting in the French version. It appears to have been left by oversight in the original.—*Translator*.

German, and not in a hurry, and it comes rolling slowly onward; but come it will, and when ye hear it crash as naught ever crashed before in the whole history of the world, then know that *der deutsche Donner*, our German thunder, has at last hit the mark. At that sound the eagles will fall dead from on high, the lions in remotest deserts in Africa will draw in their tails and creep into their royal caves. There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will be only an innocent idyl. Just now all is tolerably quiet, and if here and there some one behaves in a lively manner, do not believe for that that the great actors have as yet appeared on the stage. They are only the little dogs who run round in the amphitheatre, and bark and bite one another, before the hour begins when the great array of gladiators will enter, and war to the death or for life.

And the hour will come. As on the benches of an amphitheatre, the races will group round Germany to behold the great battle-play. I warn ye then, Frenchmen, keep very quiet, and for your lives do not applaud. We might easily misunderstand it, and in our rude manner teach you roughly to keep quiet; for if we long ago, when in our weary, worn, and servile state, were able to subdue you, we shall have still greater power to do so when in the haughty pride of youthful intoxication

of freedom.¹ You yourselves know what a man can do in such condition, and you are no longer in that state. And so beware! I mean you well, and so speak bitter truth. You have more to fear from Germany set free than from all the Holy Alliance with all the Croats and Cossacks. For, firstly, you are not much beloved in Germany, which is almost incomprehensible, for you are really very amiable, and while you were in Germany gave yourselves great trouble to please, at least the better and more beautiful half of our people; but then, if that half did love you, unfortunately it is the one which does not bear arms, and whose good-will would bring you little gain. What it is with which they really reproach you I could never really understand.² Once in a beer-cellar in Göttingen a young Old German declared that Germany should take revenge on the French, for Conradin von Hohenstaufen, whom they had beheaded at Naples. You have forgotten about that, long, long ago. But we forget nothing. You will

¹ "Wenn wir früherhin . . . euch manchmal *überwältigen* konnten" in the original is judiciously changed in the French version to "siadis nous avons pu nous *mesurer* avec vous."—*Translator*.

² Twenty-two invasions of Germany, the last within the memory of thousands who were living when Heine wrote, accompanied by every excess of murder and ravage, was one of the causes of reproach which he, as he says, "could never really understand."—*Translator*.

find that when we shall desire to grapple with you, there will be no want of sound and solid reasons. In any case, I counsel you to be well on your guard. Let happen in Germany what may, whether the Prince Royal of Prussia¹ or Doctor Wirth be dictator, keep your armour on, remain quietly at your posts, weapon on arm. I have kindest feeling for you, and I was almost alarmed when I read lately that your Minister proposed to disarm France.

As, despite your present Romanticism, you are born classics, you know well Olympus. Among the naked gods and goddesses who there make merry over nectar and ambrosia, you may see one goddess who, though surrounded by such festivity and gaiety, ever wears a coat of mail and bears helmet on head and spear in hand.

It is the Goddess of Wisdom.

¹ In the first manuscript this is given as "the Prince of Kyritz."—*German Publisher.*

LETTERS ON GERMANY.

LETTER I.

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You, Sir, not long ago, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, apropos of a criticism against your Frankfort fellow-countrywoman Bettina Ammin, alluded with enthusiasm to the authoress of "Corinne," which was certainly sincere, since you attempted to show how far she surpassed the women-writers of to-day, that is, the *Mères d'église* and the *Mères des compagnons*. I do not share your opinions in this respect, which, however, I will not here controvert, and which I shall everywhere respect, where they do not contribute to spread in France erroneous views as to Germany, its affairs and representatives. It was only with these views that I twelve years ago opposed the work *De l'Allemagne* of Madame de Staël in one of my own, which bore the same title. To

this book I attached a series of letters, the first of which shall be dedicated to you.

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Yes, woman is a dangerous being. I can sing a song about that. Other people have had this bitter experience, and only yesterday a friend told me thereanent a terrible tale. He had met in the Church St. Méry a young German artist, who said to him mysteriously, "You have attacked Madame la Comtesse de — in a German article, and you are doomed to death should you do so again. *Elle a quatre hommes, qui ne demandent pas mieux que d'obéir à ses ordres.*" Is not that terrible? Does it not sound like a shudder-and-midnight piece by Anne Radcliffe? Is not this woman a kind of Tour-de-Nesle? She only needs nod, and four assassins spring out on you and give you a death-blow, if not physically, at least morally. But how did this lady gain this awful power? Is she so beautiful, so aristocratic, so virtuous, so full of talent that she should exercise such boundless influence on her slaves, and that these should so blindly obey her? No! she does not possess these gifts of nature or of fortune to any too great an extent. I will not say that she is ugly, for no woman is that; but I can with right and reason declare that if Helena of Troy *had* looked like this lady, the whole Trojan

war would never have been, the citadel of Troy would never have been burned, and Homer would never have sung the wrath of Pelides Achilles. Nor is she of such noble family, and the egg from which she crawled was not begotten by a god nor hatched out by a queen—that is, in birth she matches not with Helen, being simply sprung from a citizen shopman in Frankfort. Nor are her treasures so great as those which the Queen of Sparta had as dower when Paris, who the cithern sweetly played—pianos had not been invented then—took her away from home. On the contrary, the tradesmen of the lady sadly sigh; her dentist says she owes him for her teeth. Only as regards virtue can she be compared to the famous Madame Menelaus.

Yes, women *are* dangerous; but I must remark by the way that the beautiful in this respect are as nothing to the ugly ones; for the former are accustomed to have men run after them, but the latter run after the men, and thereby accumulate a mighty gang of retainers. This is especially the case in literature. And here I would observe that all the most prominent French women-writers of to-day are very pretty. There is George Sand, author of the *Essai sur le Développement du Dogme Catholique*, and Delphine Girardin, Madame Merlin, and Louis Collet, who all put to shame all the shabby witticisms as to the gracelessness of those daughters

of the Graces, the blue-stockings, and who, when we read their writings by night alone in bed, make us long to be able to personally testify our admiration and respect for their genius! How beautiful George Sand is, and how gentle even for those spiteful tabby cats who smooth her with one paw and scratch with the other, or even for the dogs who most furiously bay and bark at her; like the moon in her fulness and glory, she shines down on them! And the Princess Belgiojoso, this beauty who yearns for truth, any man may slander her unharmed; anybody may throw mud on a Madonna by Raffaele; she will not defend herself. And Madame Merlin, of whom not only her enemies, but even her *friends* always speak well, she too, accustomed to respect and honour, hardly knows what the language of rudeness means, and when she hears it, stares in amazement. The beautiful Muse Delphine, when abused, grasps her lyre, and her anger is poured out in a burning, glowing stream of Alexandrines. Say anything insolent of Madame Collet, and she will catch up a kitchen-knife as if to stab you; but there is no real danger. But don't abuse the Countess —! That done, thou art a child of death, doomed and damned! Four masked ruffians leap out on thee; four *souteneurs littéraires*¹—that is the Tour-de-Nesle

¹ A terribly severe hit. A *souteneur* is a prostitute's bully,

—thou art stabbed, strangled, drowned; the next morning thy corpse will be found in the *Entre-filets* of *La Presse*.

I return to Madame de Staël, who was not beautiful, and who made much trouble for the great Emperor Napoleon. She did not limit herself to writing books against him, but sought to wreak vengeance by non-literary means. She was for a time the soul of diplomatic intrigues, which always anticipated the Emperor, and she well knew how to throw assassins at the throat of her foe, only that these were not *valets*, like the champions of the lady whom I have mentioned, but kings. Napoleon was conquered, and Madame de Staël entered Paris in triumph, with her book *De l'Allemagne* and several hundred thousand ducats which she also brought as a living illustration of her work.

Since that time the French have become Christians and Romanticists and Counts; all of which concerns me not, and a race has well the right to become as wearisome and lukewarm as it pleases, and all the more because it was once the most brilliant in soul and the most heroic which ever

the lowest and vilest of mankind, who lives by the earnings of a public woman, and in return intimidates or extorts money from her victims. It was such passages which earned for Heine among his enemies the *sobriquet* of the Pietro Aretino—the *flagellum principum*—of the nineteenth century.

fortified and battled here on earth. And still I am somewhat interested in this transformation, for when the French renounced Satan and all his glory, they also abandoned the Rhenish provinces, and I became by this a Prussian. Yes, humbly as the word sounds, I am it—I am a Prussian, by the power of conquest. Only by compulsion, when I could no longer endure it, did I succeed in breaking my ban, since which time I live as *Prussien libéré* here in Paris, where at once after my arrival it became one of my chief employments to make war on the prevailing book of Madame de Staël.

I did this in a series of articles which I soon published as a complete book under the title *De l'Allemagne*. I did not intend, by choosing this title, to enter into literary competition with the work of this distinguished lady. I am one of the chief admirers of her intellectual ability; she has genius, but unfortunately this genius has a sex, and—more's the pity!—it is a feminine one. It was my duty as a man to oppose that brilliant *cancan* or gossiping, which was the more dangerous because she in her revelations as to Germany brought forward a mass of matters which were unknown in France, and which fascinated many by the charm of novelty. I did not dwell on casual errors and falsifications; I confined myself to showing the French what was the real meaning of that Romantic school which was so exalted

and praised by Madame de Staël. I showed that it consisted only of a handful of worms, which the Holy Fisherman at Rome knew very well how to use to bait souls withal. Since which time many Frenchmen have had their eyes opened in this respect, and even many good Christian souls have seen how much I was in the right to show in a German mirror the intriguing which is slinking and slipping about in France, and which now raises its shorn head more boldly than ever.

I also wished to give sound and true information as to German philosophy, and I believe that I have done it. I have candidly and frankly told the secret story out of school which was only known to the scholars in the highest class, and here in France people strutted and plumed themselves not a little even this revolution. I remember how Pierre Leroux¹ met me and frankly confessed that he had always believed that German philosophy was a kind of mystical fog, and the German philosophers a species of pious seers who only breathed in the fear of God. I have not, of course, been able to give the French any detailed description of our different systems; I loved them too well to bore them to such an extent, but I have betrayed to them the very last and deepest

¹ A very learned antiquarian and bibliographer, well known as author of several works on the Middle Age, &c.—*Translator*.

thoughts which lie at the bottom of all these systems, and which are the very opposite of everything which we have ever regarded as religion. Philosophy has carried on against Christianity in Germany the same war which it once waged in the Greek world against the older mythology, and here again it won the victory. In theory the religion of to-day is also knocked on the head; it is killed as to the idea, and it leads only a mechanical life like a fly which has had its head cut off, yet does not seem to mind it, and goes flying about as contented as ever. How many centuries the great fly Catholicism may still have in its belly—to borrow a phrase from Cousin—I know not, but the question is not of it. It refers far more to our poor Protestantism, which, to drag out its existence, has made all concessions conceivable, and withal must die. It availed naught that it purified its God of all anthropomorphism, that by much phlebotomy it pumped all the sensual or sensible blood from his veins, and also filtered him down to a pure spirit consisting of nothing but love, justice, wisdom, and virtue; 'twas all in vain, and a German Porphyrius named Feuerbach (an English Fire-brook, in French *Fleuve-de-flamme*) mocks not a little this attribute of God, pure spirit, whose love deserves little laudation since he lacks human gall, and who cannot cost justice much, having no stomach,

which must be fed *per fas et nefas* ; whose wisdom should not be rated too highly, since he never has a cold in the head to interfere with meditation, and cannot be un-virtuous, having no body. Yes, not only the Protestant Rationalists, but even the Deists are struck down in Germany since Philosophy brings all its catapults to bear on the idea of God, as I have shown in my book *De l'Allemagne*.

I have been blamed on many sides for tearing away the canopy from the German heaven, and showing to all that every deity of the old faith has vanished, and that now there only sits there one old virgin with leaden hands and sorrowing heart—Necessity. Ah! I only said long ago what every one must suffer, and that which then sounded so strangely is now re-echoed from every roof yon side the Rhine. And in what fanatic tones are the anti-religious sermons often preached? We now have monks of atheism who would burn Voltaire alive for being an irreclaimable, hardened deist. I must confess this music does not please me, but neither does it alarm, for I stood behind the great *Maestro* while he composed it, certainly in very illegible and entangled characters, so that every one might not decipher it. I observed how he often looked round anxiously, as if in fear he might be understood. He loved me well, for he was very sure I would not betray him; indeed, I sometimes thought him servile. Once when I was

out of patience over the saying, "All which is, is reasonable," he smiled strangely and remarked, "It might also be said that all which is reasonable must be." He looked about hurriedly, but was at once at ease, for only Henry Beer had heard the words. It was not till later that I understood such expressions. And so I also understood why he had declared in the "Philosophy of History" that Christianity was a progress because it had taught a God who died, while the heathen gods knew nothing of death. What a step forward it is, therefore, if God has never existed at all!

With the overthrow of the old doctrines of faith, that of ancient morality is involved. The Germans will long hold to the latter. It is with them as with certain ladies who were virtuous to their fortieth year, and then did not really think it worth their while to practise or begin delightful vices even though their morals had grown slack. The destruction of faith in heaven has not only a moral but a political power; the masses will bear no longer with Christian patience their earthly sufferings, and yearn for the blessings and joys of this life. Communism is a natural consequence of this changed view of the world, and it is spreading all over Germany. And it is also quite natural that the proletaries (radical agrarians), in their war against existing institutions, should have the most advanced intellects, the philosophers of the

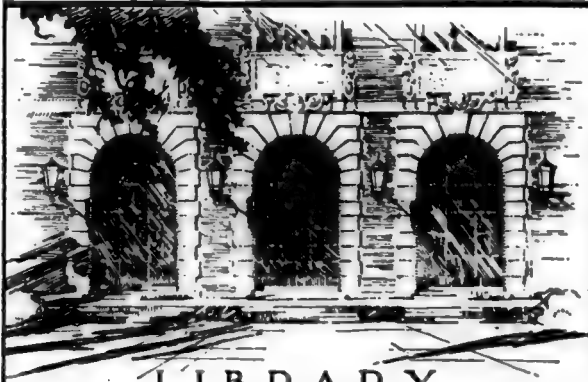
great school as leaders. These go from doctrine to deed, to the last aim of all thought, and formulise the programme. How does it read? I dreamed it long ago and spoke it in these words, "We will be no sans-culottists, no frugal citizens, no cheap economical presidents; we found a democracy of equally lordly, equally holy, equally happy gods. You demand simple costumes, austere manners, and cheap unseasoned pleasures; we, on the contrary, demand nectar and ambrosia, purple garments, costly perfumes, luxury and splendour, dances of laughing nymphs, music and comedies. Be not angered, O virtuous republicans! To your censuring reproaches we reply what the fool in Shakespeare has already said, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'"

These words are in my book *De l'Allemagne*, in which I distinctly predicted that the political revolution of the Germans would proceed from that philosophy whose systems had been so often denied and depreciated as mere Scholasticism. It was easy prophesying. I also foresaw how the armoured and armed men would arise, who would fill the world with the crash of weapons—yes, and alas! fight fiercely among themselves.

Since that often-mentioned book has appeared, I have given the public no more on Germany. If I to-day break my long silence, it is less to

satisfy the longings of my own heart than the pressing entreaties of my friends. They have been many a time more than I indignant at the brilliant ignorance which prevails here as regards all German intellectual history, an ignorance which our enemies have exploited to great advantage. I say our enemies, not meaning thereby those pitiful beings who go peddling about from one editorial office to another, offering for sale coarse slanders, and take with them certain so-called patriots as *allumeurs*. Such men can in the long run do no harm; they are too stupid, and they will at last bring it so far as to cause the French to doubt whether we Germans really invented gunpowder. No; our really dangerous enemies are those familiars of the European aristocracy who glide after us in all disguises, even in women's garments, to murder our good reputation in the dark. The Men of Freedom, who fortunately escaped, in their native land, the dungeon or secret execution, or any of those little writs and warrants which make travelling so uncomfortable, would find no rest here in France, and those who cannot be injured in the body shall at least have their names daily cursed and crucified.

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where Δ is the Laplace operator

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



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The Works of
Heinrich Heine

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GERMANY

I

VOLUME TEN

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SECOND PART.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

VOL. I.

P

PREFACE

BY THE GERMAN PUBLISHER.



A GREAT part of the present volume first appeared in French in 1833 in the *Europe Littéraire*, and was published in the same year in German with the title *Zur Geschichte der neueren schönen Literatur in Deutschland. Zwei Theile. Paris und Leipzig: Heideloff & Campe*. ["Contributions to the History of the Later Elegant Literature in Germany. Two Parts. Paris and Leipzig: Heideloff & Campe."] The first French edition of the book *De l'Allemagne*, Paris, Eugène Renduel, 1835, does not contain the later enlargements of the third book. These were, much amended, first added to the second German edition, which appeared in 1836, with the title of "The Romantic School." The new edition was needed in consequence of a decision of the Bund or Diet of July 5, 1832, by which almost unconquerable hindrances were put in the way to prevent works published abroad from circulating

in the *Bundesstaaten*, or States of the Diet. Everything politically suspicious was struck out by the red pencil of the censor, and now, for the first time, are the many gaps or missing passages thus expunged restored, after most careful comparison with the still existing original manuscripts. [The German publisher adds to these remarks a list of these corrected readings, which it is needless to supply, as they are given in the text. He remarks that in the latest French edition the diatribe against Victor Cousin, and the severe allusion to him in the first volume of "Germany," are omitted. He also adds that a tolerably complete or perfect English translation of the first German edition of this work appeared in 1836 in Boston (James Munroe & Co.), under the title, "Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany, by Heinrich Heine, translated from the German by G. W. Haven." The first translation of the *Reisebilder* into English, followed by the "Book of Songs," by Charles Godfrey Leland, appeared in America, in Philadelphia, in 1856. There was also published in Philadelphia an admirable translation of the "Florentine Nights" by Simon Stern.—*Translator.*]

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ALTHOUGH these pages, which I wrote for the *Europe Littéraire*, a journal published here in Paris, form an introduction to other articles, I hasten to give them to the public of my native land, lest some other person should do me the honour of translation from French into German.

Certain passages are wanting in the *Europe Littéraire*, which I now print in full: the management of the publication required certain trifling omissions. In typographical errors the German compositor is not one whit behind his French brother. The book here thoroughly examined, which is by Madame de Staël, is called *De l'Allemagne*. And here I cannot refrain from correcting a remark with which the editor of *Europe Littéraire* accompanied these contributions. For he wrote that "to Catholic France German literature must be presented from a Protestant point

of view." I objected in vain that there was no Catholic France; that I did not write for a Catholic France; it was all-sufficient should I mention that I myself belonged in Germany to the Protestant Church. This mention, while it only expressed the fact that I have the pleasure to be paraded in a Lutheran Church book as an evangelical Christian, still left me free to express in books of learning or science any opinion, even if it contradicted the Protestant dogma—against which the editor's assertion that I wrote my essays from a Protestant point of view must lay dogmatic fetters on me. All in vain. The editor of *Europe* could not grasp subtle Tudesque distinctions, and they went for nothing. I mention this, partly lest I should be accused of inconsistency, partly too lest I incur the ridiculous suspicion of attaching any value to clerical-religious distinctions.

Since the French do not understand the language of our schools, I have in some expressions as to the existence of God used the same words as those with which they have been familiarised by the apostolic zeal of the Saint-Simonians, and as these phrases set forth my meaning quite nakedly and distinctly, I have preserved them in the German version. Aristocrats and priests, who have of late dreaded more than ever the power of my word, and have on that account sought to

depopularise¹ me, may distort and falsify those expressions, so as to make me appear guilty of Materialism, or even of atheism; they may make me out a Jew or a Saint-Simonian, they may accuse me of all conceivable heresies to their mob, but no cowardly retrospection shall ever lead *me* astray to disguise my views of divine things with common ambiguous phrases. And my friends too may blame because I do not more ingeniously disguise my thoughts, that I reveal without mercy the most delicate subjects; that I thereby irritate — But neither the ill-will of my foes nor the small cunning folly of my friends shall ever restrain me from expressing myself straightforwardly as to that weightiest question of mankind, the Being of God.

I do not belong to the Materialists who embody the spirit; I give, far more, the spirit back unto bodies. I spiritualise it again—I sanctify it.

I do not belong to the atheists who deny—I affirm.

The Indifferentists and so called clever folk, who will not express themselves plainly as to God, are the real deniers of him. Such tacit denial is now actually becoming a social offence, since through

¹ *Depopularisiren*, quite as *baroque* a word in German as in English.—*Translator*.

it false conceptions are made to do duty which hitherto have always served despotism as a support.

The beginning and end of all things is in God.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Written in Paris, the 2nd of April 1833.

II.

The Preface of the first part of this book may also justify the appearance of the second. That promised the history of the Romantic School in general; this specially offers accounts of its leaders. In third and fourth divisions I shall, in addition, discuss the other heroes of the Schlegel cycle of legends, then the magic poets of Goethe's time, and finally the authors of my own day.

But I earnestly beg the kind reader not to forget that these pages were written for the *Europe Littéraire*, and that the limits which that journal prescribed, for political reasons, must be also borne in mind.

As I personally attended to the correction of this book, I beg pardon for too many typo-

graphical errors. Even a casual glance at my advertisements indicates that there are many such oversights. Here I must, seriously indeed, point out that the Emperor Henry was not a descendant of Barbarossa, and that Mr. August Wilhelm Schlegel is a year younger than I have made him; and the year of Arnim's birth is incorrectly given. And if I have also asserted in these pages that the higher criticism in Germany never occupied itself with Hoffmann, so I, exceptionally, forgot to mention that Willibald Alexis, the poet of Cabanis, also wrote a "characteristic" of Hoffmann.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Paris, the 30th of June 1833.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE most important portion of these pages, which were originally composed in French and addressed to the French people, have been placed before the public of my native land in a German version entitled *Zur Geschichte der neueren schönen Literatur in Deutschland*—"Contributions to a History of the Later Polite Literature in Germany." In the present enlarged form the book may deserve the new title *Die Romantische Schule*—"The Romantic School"—for I believe that it illustrates, in the most accurate manner, the chief points of the literary movement which that school developed.

It was my intention to also discuss the later periods of our literature in a similar form, but more pressing occupation and personal affairs prevented me from continuing the work. Moreover, the manner of treatment and the form of publication in my last mental efforts has been more and

more limited by circumstances. Therefore I have been obliged to publish my communications on the "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany" as a second part of the *Salon*, and yet this work should really be the general introduction to German literature. I have already published in the daily press the details of a peculiar mischance which befell me in the second part of this *Salon*. My publisher, whom I accused of having, on his own authority, mutilated my book, has denied this accusation in the same journal, declaring the mutilation in question of the glorious work to be that of a jurisdiction above all censure.

I commend to the pity of the eternal gods the safety of my native land and the defenceless thoughts of its authors.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Written in Paris in the Autumn of 1835.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MADAME DE STAËL'S work *De l'Allemagne* is the only comprehensive source of information which the French possess as to the intellectual life of Germany. And yet since this book appeared a long time has elapsed, and an entirely new literature has meanwhile developed itself in that country. Is this only a transitional literature? has it attained its height? is it already faded? As to which opinions differ. The majority opine that with the death of Goethe a new literary period began in Germany, that in him old Deutschland went down to its grave, the aristocratic age of literature came to its end, and the democratic began; or, as a French journalist recently expressed it, "Que la démocratie littéraire commence où l'esprit des individus a cessé pour faire place à l'esprit de tous"—"The spirit of all has begun where that of single individuals ceased."

As for me, I cannot take it on myself to decide in so determined a manner as to the future evolutions of the German mind. I had, however, predicted for many years the end of the Goethean

Art-era (*Kunstperiode*), which name I first gave it. The prophesying was not difficult. Well did I know the ways and means of those malcontents who would fain put an end to the great Art-empire of Goethe; and it is said that I myself was seen figuring in the *emeutes* of those days against him. Now that he is dead, the recollection gives me bitter pain.

While I announce these pages as a continuation of Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*, I must, while praising the knowledge which can be gathered from that book, still advise great caution in consulting it, and stamp it as the work of a coterie. Madame de Staël, of glorious memory, has here, in the form of a book, opened a *Salon* in which she received German writers and gave them opportunity to become known to the civilised world of France; but in all the babble of many and most varied voices which resound from this book, one always hears most distinctly the fine treble of August Wilhelm von Schlegel. Where she is all herself, wherever this woman, so gifted with feeling, expresses herself freely, with all her flaming heart and all the fireworks of her sky-rockets of wit, and sparkling extravagancies, there the book is good and admirable.¹

¹ In the French version, "Lorsqu'elle se livre à sa chaleur naturelle, quand elle abandonne à ses radieuses explosions tout

But as soon as she obeys the influences of others, whenever she pays homage to some school the spirit of which is to her strange and incomprehensible, or as soon as the laudation of this school calls for Ultramontane tendencies directly contradictory to her Protestant clear-headedness, then the book becomes pitiable and unpleasant. Add to this that besides her unconscious party-spirit, she exercises a very conscious one, because by praising the spiritual life and idealism in Germany she means blame of the realism of France and the material splendour of the Empire. Her book *De l'Allemagne* is in this respect like the *Germania* of Tacitus, who, perhaps, by his eulogy of the Germans meant indirect satire of his Roman fellow-countrymen.

When I before spoke of a school to which Madame de Staël was devoted, and whose tendency she aided, I meant that which is called the Romantic. It will be made clear in this work that this was very different in Germany from what is known by the same name in France, and that its tendency was quite other than that of the French Romanticists.

But what was the Romantic School in Germany?

It was nothing else but the reawakening of the

cette pyrotechnie sentimentale qu'elle dirige si bien, son livre est curieux et digne d'admiration."

poetry of the Middle Age, as it had shown itself in its songs, images, and architecture, in art and in life. But this poetry had risen from Christianity; it was a passion-flower which had sprung from the blood of Christ. I do not know whether the melancholy passion-flower of Germany is known by that name in France, and whether popular legend attributes to it the same mystical origin. It is a strange unpleasantly coloured blossom, in whose calyx we see set forth the implements which were used in the crucifixion of Christ, such as the hammer, pincers, and nails—a flower which is not so much ugly as ghostly, whose sight even awakes in our soul a shuddering pleasure, like the convulsively agreeable sensations¹ which come from pain itself. From this view the flower was indeed the fittest symbol for Christianity itself, whose most thrilling chain was in the luxury of pain.²

¹ *Kramphast süssen Empfindungen.* In the French version *sensations douces.*—*Translator.*

² In the French version the sentences which follow are very much softened down, to suit a separate circle of less advanced readers, as follows:—

“Il m’importe de faire remarquer qu’en disant Christianisme je ne parle ni d’une de ses églises ni d’un sacerdoce quelconque, mais bien de la religion en elle-même, de cette religion dont les premiers dogmes renferment une condamnation de tout ce qui est chair, de sorte que non seulement elle accorde à l’esprit une suprême puissance sur la chair, mais qu’elle voudrait encore détruire celle-ci pour glorifier l’autre sublime et divine dans son principe, mais hélas ! trop désintéressée pour ce monde impar-

Though in France only Roman Catholicism is understood by the word Christianity, I must specially preface that I only speak of the latter. I speak of that religion in whose first dogmas there is a damnation of all flesh, and which not only allows the spirit power over the flesh, but will also kill this to glorify the spirit. I speak of that religion by whose unnatural requisitions sin and hypocrisy really came into the world, in this that by the condemnation of the flesh the most innocent sensual pleasures became sins, and because the impossibility of becoming altogether spiritual naturally created hypocrisy. I speak of that religion which by teaching the doctrine of the casting away of all earthly goods, and of dog-like-abject humility and angelic patience, became the most approved support of despotism. Men have found out the real life and meaning (*Wesen*) of this religion, and do not now content themselves with promises of supping in Paradise; they know that matter has also its merits, and is not all the

fait, une pareille religion devint le plus ferme soutien des despotes qui ont su exploiter à leur profit ce rejet absolu des biens terrestres, cette naïve humilité, cette béate patience, cette céleste résignation prêchée par les saints apôtres. Des prédicateurs moins bonaces ont surgi depuis, et dans leurs paraboles terribles; ils démontrent les difficultés pratiques et les dangers sociaux des doctrines nazaréennes: ils ne se laissent plus dégoûter du banquet de la vie par ces appels au ciel qu'on leur fait."

devil's, and they now defend the delights of this world, this beautiful garden of God, our inalienable inheritance. And therefore, because we have grasped so entirely all the consequences of that absolute spiritualism, we may believe that the Christian Catholic view of the world has reached its end. Every age is a sphinx, which casts itself into the abyss when man has guessed its riddle.

Yet we do in no wise deny the good results which this Christian Catholic view of the world established in Europe. It was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the cruelly colossal materialism which had developed itself in the Roman realm, and threatened to destroy all spiritual human power.¹ As the lascivious memoirs of the last century form the *pièces justificatives* of the French Revolution, as the terrorism of a *comité du salut public* seems to be necessary

¹ It is hardly worth while to indicate the inconsistencies of Heine, but it may be observed that these remarks are in direct contradiction to the Hellenism which he generally professes; the leading doctrine of which is, that the perfect culture of the body alone implies æsthetic perfection, which in turn involves true moral culture. Roman corruption was caused not by the preponderance of materialism, but by excessive importation of Oriental vice, which was surcharged with every form and phase of spiritualism and supernaturalism, as Heine himself has elsewhere shown. It was by abandoning its early "materialism" for spiritualism that Rome fell, so far as any moral cause can be assigned for its decay.—*Translator*.

physic when we read the confessions of the aristocratic world of France,¹ so we recognise the wholesomeness of ascetic spiritualism when we read Petronius or Apuleius, which are to be regarded as the *pièces justificatives* of Christianity. The flesh had become so arrogant in this Roman world that it required Christian discipline to chasten it. After the banquet of a Trimalchion such a hunger-cure as Christianity was a necessity.

Or was it that as lascivious old men seek by being whipped to excite new power of enjoyment, so old Rome endured monkish chastisement to find more exquisite delight in torture and voluptuous rapture in pain?

Evil excess of stimulant! it took from the body of the state of Rome its last strength. It was not by division into two realms that Rome

¹ An error which has been chiefly originated and disseminated by Protestants. French society was "immoral" to vileness, that is to say, a portion of it—not nearly all; but this was only a drop in the ocean compared to other causes of the Revolution, the chief of which was a mass of civil and ecclesiastical mediæval laws, abuses, and privileges, which ground the masses into poverty, while, on the other hand, reformers were busy in teaching everywhere the rights of man. Heine was the last man living who should have taken this view, which perhaps accounts for his taking it. In these passages, he, without any questioning or examining into historical facts, yields to his opponents all the principle for which he generally contends.—*Translator.*

perished. On the Bosphorus, as by the Tiber, Rome was devoured by the same Jewish spiritualism, and here, as there, Roman history was that of a long dying agony, which lasted for centuries. Did murdered Judea, in leaving to Rome its spiritualism, wish to revenge itself on the victorious foe, as did the dying centaur who craftily left to the son of Hercules the deadly garment steeped in his own blood? Truly Rome, the Hercules among races, was so thoroughly devoured by Jewish poison that helm and harness fell from its withered limbs, and its imperial war-voice died away into the wailing cadences of monkish prayer and the soft thrilling of castrated boys.

But what weakens old age strengthens youth. That spiritualism had a healthy action on the too sound and strong races of the North;¹ the too full-blooded barbarous bodies were Christianly spiritualised, and European civilisation began. The Catholic Church has in this respect the strongest claims on our regard and admiration.

¹ French version, "le lion de Juda démeurtré en gratifiant les Romains de son spiritualisme."

² "Die übergesunden Völker des Nordens." French version, "les peuples *transmigrants* du Nord. Ces corps de barbares, trop vigoureux et trop chargés de sang," &c. The decay of the Scandinavian races as conquerors dates, however, from their conversion to Christianity.—*Translator*.

It succeeded by subduing with its great genial institutions the bestiality of Northern barbarians and mastering brutal matter.

The Art-work of the Middle Age manifests this mastery of mere material by mind, and it is very often its only mission. The epic poems of this period may be easily classed according to the degree of this subjection or influence.

There can be no discussion here of lyrical and dramatic poems, for the latter did not exist, and the former are as like in every age as are the songs of nightingales in spring.

Although the epic poetry of the Middle Age was divided into sacred and profane, both kinds were altogether Christian according to their kind; for if sacred poesy sang of the Jewish race and its history, which was regarded as the one which alone was holy, or the heroes and legends of the Old and New Testaments, its legends, and, in brief, the Church, still all the life of the time was reflected in profane poetry with its Christian views and action. The flower of the religious poetic art in the German Middle Age is perhaps "*Barlaam and Josaphat*," in which the doctrine of abnegation, of abstinence, and the denial and contempt of all worldly glory, is set forth most consistently. Next to this I would class the *Lobgesang auf den heiligen Anno*—"The Eulogium of St. Hanno"—as the best of the religious kind.

But this latter is of a far more secular character. It differs from the first as the portrait of a Byzantine saint differs from an old German one. As in those Byzantine pictures, so we see in "Barlaam and Josaphat" the utmost simplicity; there is no perspective side-work,¹ and the long lean statue-like forms and the idealistic serious faces come out strongly drawn, as if from a mellow gold ground.² But in the song of praise of St. Hanno, the side-work or accessories are almost the subject,³ and, notwithstanding the grandeur of the plan, the details are treated in the minutest manner, and we know not whether to admire in it the conception of a giant or the patience of a dwarf. But the evangel-poem of Ottfried, which is generally praised as the masterpiece of sacred poetry, is not by far so admirable as the two which I have mentioned.

In profane poetry we find, as I have already signified, first the cycle of sagas of the Nibelungen and the Heldenbuch or Book of Heroes. In them prevails all the pre-Christian manner of thought and of feeling: in them rude strength has not as yet been softened by chivalry. There the stern

¹ French version, "point d'accessoires enjolivés."

² French version, "les figures d'un sérieux idéal, ressortent vigoureusement comme s'il étaient pointés sur ces fonds d'or mat qui décoraient les églises de l'empire d'orient."

³ French version, "comme dans les tableaux gothiques."

Kempe-warriors of the North stand like stone images, and the gentle gleam and the more refined breath of Christianity has not as yet penetrated their iron armour. But little by little a light dawns in the old Teutonic forest; the ancient idolatrous oak-trees are felled, and we see a brighter field of battle where Christ wars with the heathen. This appears in the saga-cycle of Charlemagne, in which that which we really see is the Crusades reflecting themselves with their religious influences. And now from the spiritualising power of Christianity, chivalry, the most characteristic feature of the Middle Age, unfolds itself, and is at last sublimed into a spiritual knighthood. This secular knighthood appears most attractively glorified in the saga-cycle of King Arthur, in which the sweetest gallantry, the most refined courtesy, and the most adventurous passion for combat prevail. Among the charmingly eccentric arabesques and fantastic flower-pictures of this poem we are greeted by the admirable Iwain, the all-surpassing Lancelot du Lac, and the bold, gallant, and true, but somewhat tiresome, Wigalois. Nearly-allied and interwoven with this cyclus of sagas is that of the Holy Grail, in which the spiritual knighthood is glorified; and here we meet three of the grandest poems of the Middle Age, the *Titarel*, the *Parcival*, and the *Lohengrin*. Here we indeed find ourselves face

to face with Romantic Poetry. We look deeply into her great sorrowing eyes; she twines around us, unsuspecting it, her fine scholastic nets, and draws us down into the bewildering, deluding depths of mediæval mysticism.

At last, however, we come to poems of that age which are not unconditionally devoted to Christian spiritualism; nay, it is often indirectly reflected on, where the poet disentangles himself from the bonds of abstract Christian virtues, and plunges delighted into the world of pleasure and of glorified sensuality; and it is not the worst poet by any means who has left us the principal work thus inspired. This is "Tristan and Isolde;" and I must declare that Godfrey of Strasburg, the composer of this most beautiful poem of the Middle Age, is perhaps also its greatest poet, towering far above all the splendour of Wolfram von Eschilboch, whom we so admire in "Parcival," and the fragments of "Titurel." It may now be permitted to praise Master Godfrey unconditionally, though in his own time his book was certainly regarded as godless; and similar works, among them the "Lancelot," considered as dangerous. And some very serious things did indeed result. The fair Francesca da Polenta¹ and her handsome friend had to pay

¹ In the French version the usual and more beautiful name of Francesca da Rimini is retained. Francesca da Polenta, or "Fanny Mush," is as unpoetical in English as Beatrice Cenci when translated to "Betty Ragu."—*Translator*.

dearly for the pleasure of reading on a summer day in such a book ; but the trouble came not from the reading, but from their suddenly ceasing to read.

There is in all these poems of the Middle Age a marked character which distinguishes them from those of Greece and Rome. We characterise this difference by calling the first Romantic and the other Classic. Yet these appellations are only uncertain rubrics, and have led hitherto to the most discouraging, wearisome entanglements, which become worse since we call antique poetry, instead of classic, Plastic. Here was the cause of much misunderstanding ; for justly, all poets should work their material plastically, be it Christian or heathen ; they should set it forth in clear outlines ; in short, plastic form should be the main thing in modern Romantic art, quite as much as in the ancient. And are not the figures in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante or in the pictures of Raphael as plastic as those in Virgil ? The difference lies in this, that the plastic forms in ancient art are absolutely identical with the subject or the idea which the artist would set forth, as, for example, that the wanderings of Ulysses mean nothing else but the journeyings of a man named Odysseus, who was son of Laertes and husband of Penelope ; and further, that the Bacchus which we see in the Louvre is nothing else than the graceful, winsome

son of Semele, with audacious melancholy in his eyes and sacred voluptuousness on his soft and arching lips. It is all otherwise in Romantic art, in which the wild wanderings of a knight have ever an esoteric meaning, symbolising perhaps the erring course of life. The dragon whom he overcomes is sin; the almond which from afar casts comforting perfume to the traveller is the Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, which are three in one, as shell, fibre, and kernel make one nut. When Homer describes the armour of a hero, it is a good piece of work, worth so or so many oxen; but when a monk of the Middle Age describes in his poems the garments of the Mother of God, one may be sure that by this garb he means as many virtues, and a peculiar meaning lies hidden under this holy covering of the immaculate virginity of Maria, who, as her son is the almond-kernel, is naturally sung as the almond-flower. That is the character of the mediæval poetry which we call Romantic.¹

¹ This distinction and description are admirable beyond praise, and it is not to negative it, but to add as a very curious fact that I mention that among the Greeks the almond was the subject of a mass of mystical symbolism and allegorical legends even deeper and stranger than those of the Middle Age, which latter were indeed derived from them. Such was the story of the dream of Jupiter, the begetting of Agdistia, the growth of the almond, and the blessing of Atya, as given by Pausanias, (vii. 7), also the equally occult story of Phyllis and Demophoön

Classic art had only to represent the finite or determined, and its forms could be one and the same with the idea of the artist. Romantic art had to set forth, or rather signify, the infinite and purely spiritual, and it took refuge in¹ a system of traditional, or rather of parabolistic symbols, as Christ himself had sought to render clear his spiritualistic ideas by all kinds of beautiful parables. Hence the mystical, problematic, marvellous, and transcendental in the art-work of the Middle Age, in which fantasy makes her most desperate efforts to depict the purely spiritual by means of sensible images, and invents colossal follies, piling Pelion on Ossa and Parcival on Titurel to attain to heaven.

Among other races where poetry attempted to display the infinite, and where monstrous fancies

(Friedrich, *Symbolik der Natur*, Wurzburg, 1859, p. 216). From one of the most ancient German hymns, also from Conrad von Wurzburg (*Die goldene Schmiede*), it appears most manifest that the Christian symbolism of the almond came from the classic original, from the allusion to the rod. It is as follows: "Aaron laid a rod in the earth, which bore the almond-nut, noble beyond all measure: that didst thou bear, mother, without man's aid, Sancta Maria!" The almond-rod was the Greek symbol of generation (Friedrich). The truth is, that there was a much greater amount of occult, curious, and poetical symbolism (resembling that of the Middle Age) among the Romans than is generally imagined even among scholars.—*Translator*.

¹ French version, "et il était obligé de puiser ses moyens dans un système de symboles traditionels." This is preferable to the original.—*Translator*.

appeared, as, for instance, among the Scandinavians and Indians,¹ we find poems which, being romantic, are also called such.

We cannot say much as to the music of the Middle Age, for original documents as to it are wanting. It was not till late in the sixteenth century that the masterpieces of Catholic church-music, which cannot be too highly praised, appeared. These express in the most exquisite manner pure Christian spiritualism. The recitative arts, which are spiritual from their very nature, could indeed flourish fairly in Christianity, yet it was less favourable to those of design, for as these had to represent the victory of mind over matter, and yet must use matter as the means wherewith to work, they had to solve a problem against Nature. Hence we find in sculpture and painting those revolting subjects martyrdoms, crucifixions, dying saints, and the flesh crushed in every form. Such themes were martyrdom for sculpture; and when I contemplate those distorted images in which Christian asceticism and renunciation of the senses is expressed by distorted, pious heads, long thin arms, starveling legs, and awkwardly fitting garments, I feel an indescrib-

¹ This is quite as applicable to the Red Indians of America as to those of Asia, since the former also possess stupendous mythologies, in which may also be found elementary spirits and elves like those of Paracelsus, heroic sagas, and highly imaginative legends and songs.—*Translator.*

able compassion for the artists of that time. The painters were indeed more favoured, for the material for their work or colour did not in its uncontrollability,¹ in its varied play of colour, resist spiritualism so obstinately as the material of the sculptors, and yet they were obliged to load the sighing canvas with the most repulsive forms of suffering. In truth, when we regard many galleries which contain nothing but scenes of bloodshed, scourging, and beheading, one might suppose that the old masters had painted for the collection of an executioner.

But human genius can transform and glorify even the unnatural; many painters solved this problem of making what was revolting beautiful and elevating, and the Italians especially succeeded in sacrificing to beauty at the expense of spiritualism, and in rising to that ideality which attained perfection in so many pictures of the Madonna. As regards this subject the Catholic clergy always made some concession to sensuality. This image of immaculate beauty which is glorified by maternal love and suffering had the privilege of being made famous by poets and painters, and adorned with

¹ *Unerfassbarkeit*, ungraspability. In French, "jets de couleur insaisissables," the next clause being omitted. Here, as in all instances where there are any difficulties, the French translator skips or slurs them over in the most airy manner.—*Translator*.

all charms of the sense. For it was a magnet which could attract the great multitude to the lap of Christianity.¹ Madonna Maria was the beautiful *dame du comptoir* of the Catholic Church, who attracted with her beautiful eyes, and held fast its customers, especially the barbarians of the North.²

Architecture had in the Middle Age the same character as the other arts, as indeed all the manifestations of life then harmonised so marvelously with one another. The tendency to parable shows itself here as in poetry. When we now enter a Gothic cathedral, we hardly suspect the esoteric sense of its stone symbolism; only a general impression pierces our soul; we realise an elevation of feeling and mortification of the flesh. The interior is a hollow cross, and we wander among the instruments of martyrdom itself; the variegated windows cast on us red and green light, like blood and corruption; funeral songs wail around; under our feet are mortuary tablets and decay, and the soul soars with the colossal columns to a giddy height, tearing itself with pain from the body, which falls like a weary worn-out garment to the ground. But when we behold the exteriors of these Gothic cathedrals,

¹ The French version here wisely omits the word "magnet."

² French version, "la Vierge Marie était la dame châtelaine de l'église catholique, et qui attirait et retenait les chevaliers du Nord par son doux et céleste sourire."—*Translator*.

these enormous buildings which are worked so aërially, so finely, delicately, transparently, cut as it were into open work, that one might take them for Brabant lace in marble, then we feel truly the power of that age which could so master stone itself that it seems spectrally transfused with spiritual life, and thus even the hardest material declares Christian spiritualism.

But arts are only the mirror of life, and as Catholicism died away, so its sounds grew fainter and its lights dimmer in art. During the Reformation Catholic song gradually disappeared in Europe, and in its place we see the long-perished poetry of Greece coming to life. It was indeed only an artificial spring, a work of the gardener, not of the sun, and the trees and flowers were in close pots and a glass canopy protected them from cold and northern wind.¹

In the world's history every event is not the direct result of another; all events rather exert a mutual influence. It was by no means due only to the Greek scholars who emigrated to Europe after the fall of Byzantium that a love for Grecian culture and the desire to imitate it became so general among us, a similar Protestantism prevailed then in art as well as in life. Leo X., that splendid Medicis, was as zealous a Pro-

¹ *Glasshimmel*, literally a glass heaven, applied to green-houses.

testant as Luther, and as there was a Latin prose protest in Wittenberg, so they protested poetically in Rome in stone, colour, and *ottaverime*. And do not the mighty marble images of Michael Angelo, the laughing nymphs of Giulio Romano, and the joyous intoxication of life in the verses of Master Ludovico Ariosto form a protesting opposition to the old, gloomy, worn-out Catholicism? The painters of Italy waged a polemic against priesthood which was perhaps more practical than that of the Saxon theologian. The blooming rosy flesh in the pictures of Titian is all Protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are more thorough *theses* than those which the German monk pasted on the church door of Wittenberg. Then it was that men felt as if suddenly freed from force and pressure of a thousand years; most of all the artists again breathed freely as the nightmare of Christianity seemed to spin whirling from their breasts;¹ they threw themselves with enthusiasm into the sea of Greek joyousness, from whose foam rose to them goddesses of beauty. Painters once more painted the ambrosial joys of Olympus; sculptors carved with the joy of yore

¹ "Der Alp des Christenthums von der Brust gewölzt schien." The Alp, a nightmare (from *Elb*, a witch's child by an imp, or same root as *Elf*) is supposed, like the *Irrwisch*, to go spinning or waltzing away. According to Martinus, *Alp* is from the *Alba*, a dancing white spectre or white lady, the same as the *Vila* of the Slavonians.—*Translator*.

old heroes from the marble ; poets again sang the house of Atreos and Laius ; and so the age of new classic poetry began.

As modern life was most perfectly developed in France under Louis XIV., the new classic poetry also received there its most finished perfection, and in a measure an independent originality. Through the political influence of the great king this poetry spread over Europe ; in Italy, its home, it assumed a French colour ; the heroes of French tragedy went with the Anjous to Spain ; it passed with Madame Henrietta to England, and we Germans of course built our clumsy temples to the powdered Olympus of Versailles. The most famous high-priest of this religion was Gottsched, that wonderful long wig whom our dear Goethe has so admirably described in his memoirs.

Lessing was the literary Arminius who delivered our theatre from this foreign rule. He showed us the nothingness, the laughableness, the flat and faded folly of those imitations of the French theatre, which were in turn imitated from the Greek. But he became the founder of modern German literature, not only by his criticism, but by his own works of art. This man pursued with enthusiasm and sincerity art, theology, antiquity, and archæology, the art of poetry, history ; all with the same zeal and to the same purpose. There lives and breathes in all his works the

same great social idea, the same progressive humanity, the same religion of reason, whose John he was, and whose Messiah we await. This religion he always preached, but alas! too often alone and in the desert. And there was one art only of which he knew nothing—that of changing stones into bread, for he consumed the greatest part of his life in poverty and under hard pressure,—a curse which clings to nearly all great German geniuses, and will last, it may be, till ended by political freedom. Lessing was more inspired by political feelings than men supposed, a peculiarity which we do not find among his contemporaries, and we can now see for the first time what he meant in sketching the duo-despotism in *Emilia Galotti*.¹ He was regarded then as a champion of freedom of thought and against clerical intolerance; for his theological writings were better understood. The fragments “On the Education of the Human Race,” which Eugène Rodrigue has translated into French, may give an idea of the vast comprehensiveness of Lessing’s mind. The two critical works which exercised the most influence on art are his *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*—“Hamburg Dramatic Art”—and

¹ *Duodesdespotismus*. A joke fearfully and wonderfully made, to which the French translator succumbs by meekly calling it *despotisme*.—*Translator*.

his "Laocoön, or the Limits of Painting and Poetry." His most remarkable theatrical pieces are "Emilia Galotti," "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Nathan the Wise."

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born at Camenz in Lausitz, the 22nd January 1729, and died in Brunswick the 15th of February 1781. He was a man out and out, who, when he destroyed something old in a battle, at the same time always created something new and better. "He was," says a German author, "like those pious Jews, who during the second building of the Temple were often troubled by attacks of the enemy, and so fought with one hand while with the other they worked at the house of God." This is not the place where I can say more of Lessing, but I cannot refrain from remarking that he is, of all who are recorded in the whole history of literature, the writer whom I love best.

I will here mention another author who worked in the same spirit, with the same object as Lessing, and who may be regarded as his successor. It is true that his eulogy is here also out of place, since he occupies an altogether peculiar position in literature, and his relation to his time and to his contemporaries. It is Johann Gottfried Herder, born in 1744 at Morungen, in East Prussia, and who died at Weimar in the year 1803.

Literary history is the great *Morgue* where every one seeks his dead, those whom he loves or to whom he is related. When I see there, among so many dead of little interest, a Lessing or a Herder, with their noble manly countenances, my heart throbs; I cannot pass them by without hastily kissing their dead lips.

Yet if Lessing did so much to destroy the imitating of French second-hand Greekdom, he still, by calling attention to the true works of art of Greek antiquity, gave an impulse to a new kind of ridiculous imitations. By his battling with religious superstition he advanced the sober search for clearer views which spread widely in Berlin, and had in the late blessed Nicolai its chief organ, and in the General German Library its arsenal.¹ The most deplorable mediocrity began to show itself more repulsively than ever, and flatness and insipidity blew themselves up like the frog in the fable.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Goethe, who had already come before the world, was generally known then in the true sense. His *Götz von Berlichingen* and his *Werther* were received with enthusiasm; but so too were the works of common

¹ This reference to Nicolai and the Library is omitted in the French version.

bunglers,¹ and Goethe had but a small niche in the temple of literature. As I have said, *Götz* and *Werther* had a spirited reception, but more on account of the subject-matter than of their artistic merits, which very few appreciated in these master-works. *Götz* was a dramatised romance of chivalry, and such writings were then the rage. In *Werther* the world saw the reproduction of a true story, that of young Jerusalem, who shot himself dead for love, and thereby, in those dead-calm days, made a great noise. People read with tears his touching letters; some shrewdly observed that the manner in which Werther had been banished from aristocratic society had increased his weariness of life. The discussion of suicide caused the book to be still more discussed; it occurred to several fools on this occasion to shoot themselves, and the book, owing to its subject, went off like a shot.² The novels of August Lafontaine were just as much read, and as this author wrote incessantly, he was more famous than Wolfgang Goethe. Wieland was the great poet then, with whom perhaps might be classed the ode-maker, Ramler of Berlin. Wieland was honoured idolatrously, far

¹ *Stümper*. In America the same word *stumper* is sometimes used in the same sense.—*Translator*.

² "Das Buch machte durch seinen Stoff einen bedeutenden Knalleffekt." French version, "l'ouvrage fit alors un effet complet."—*Translator*.

more at that time than Goethe. Iffland ruled the theatre with his dreary bourgeois dramas, and Kotzebue with his flat and frivolously witty jests.¹

It was in opposition to this literature that there sprung up in Germany, at the end of the last century, a school which we call the Romantic, and of which Messrs. August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel have presented themselves as managing agents. Jena, where these and many other souls in like accord found themselves "off and on," was the centre from which the new æsthetic doctrine spread. I say doctrine, for this school began with judgments of the art works of the past and giving recipes for art works of the future, and in both directions the Schlegel school rendered great service to æsthetic criticism. By judging of such works of art as already existed, either their faults and failures were indicated, or their merits and beauties brought to light. In controversy and in thus indicating artistic shortcomings, the Messrs. Schlegel were entirely imitators of old Lessing; they obtained possession of his great battle-blade,

¹ In the older German version the word *bürgerlich* (*bourgeois*) is wanting, and instead of *banal* there is *trivial* (G. P.). In the French version the passage is as follows: "Cependant il faut avouer que l'auteur de l'Oberon et d'Aristippe a bien mérité ses succès; il a doté l'Allemagne de chefs-d'œuvre aussi beaux qu'utiles, c'était un géant à côté de Iffland qui dominait le théâtre avec ses drames bourgeois, et Kotzebue avec ses innombrables comédies."—*Translator*.

but the arm of August William Schlegel was too tenderly weak, and the eyes of his brother Friedrich too mystically clouded for the former to strike so strongly and the latter so keenly and accurately as Lessing. True, in descriptive criticism, where the beauties of a work of art are to be set forth—where it came to a delicate feeling out of its characteristics, and bringing them home to our intelligence—then, compared to the Schlegels, old Lessing was nowhere.¹ But what shall I say as to their recipes for preparing works of art? There we find in the Messrs. Schlegel a weakness which we think may also be detected in Lessing; for he is as weak in affirming as he is strong in denying. He rarely succeeds in laying down a fundamental principle, still more seldom a correct one. He wants the firm basis of a philosophy or of a philosophical system. And this is still more sadly the case with the brothers Schlegel.

Much is fabled as to the influence of Fichtean Idealism and Schelling's philosophy of Nature on the Romantic school, which is even declared to have sprung from it. But I see here at the most only the influence of certain fragments of thoughts from Fichte and Schelling, but not

¹ "Da sind die Herrn Schlegel dem alten Lessing ganz überlegen." Quite as familiar a phrase as the one which I have employed. In American parlance it would be literally translated as "old Lessing is laid out flat."—*Translator*.

at all that of a philosophy; and this may be explained on the simple ground that Fichte's philosophy had lost its hold, and Fichte himself had made it lose its interest by a mingling of tenets and ideas from Schelling; and because, on the other hand, Schelling had never set forth a philosophy, but only a vague philosophising, an unsteady vacillating improvisation of poetical philosophemes. It may be that it was from the Fichtean Idealism—that deeply ironical system, where the I is opposed to the not-I and annihilates it—that the Romantic school took the doctrine of irony which the late Solger especially developed, and which the Schlegels at first regarded as the soul of art, but which they subsequently found to be fruitless, and exchanged for the more positive axioms of the Theory of Identity of Schelling. Schelling, who then taught in Jena, had indeed a great personal influence on the Romantic school: he is, what is not generally known in France, also a bit of a poet; and it is said that he was in doubt whether he should not deliver all his philosophical doctrines in a poetic or even metrical form. This doubt characterises the man.¹

But if the Messrs. Schlegel could not lay

¹ All of the preceding paragraph, from the words "much is fabled," are omitted in the French version, and the greater part is only to be found in the first German edition.—*Translator.*

down any definite system for the great works which they prescribed to the poets of their school, they made up the defect by recommending the best productions of the past as patterns, and by making them accessible to their scholars. These were chiefly the works of the Christian-Catholic school of the Middle Age. The translation of Shakespeare, who stands on the border of this art, and smiles with Protestant clearness into our modern time, was intended for controversial purposes, which it would require too much space to explain here;¹ and this translation was undertaken by August Wilhelm von Schlegel at a time before people had quite enthused themselves back into the Middle Age. Later, when this came to pass, Calderon was translated and exalted far above Shakespeare, because it was found that in him the piety of the Middle Age was most clearly and purely impressed, and that in its two leading motives, chivalry and monachism. The pious comedies of the Castilian priestly poet, whose flowers of fable are sprinkled with holy water and ecclesiastically incensed, were imitated with all their holy *grandeza*, all their sacerdotal luxury, all their consecrated conceits and craziness, and we saw flourishing in Germany those chequered-

¹ Vide "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" for this explanation.—*Translator*.

faithed, insanely profound poems in which hearts were mystically enamoured, as in the *Andacht zum Kreutz*—"Adoration of the Cross"—or beat in honour of the Virgin Mary, as in *Der standhafte Prinz*—"The Constant Prince"—and Zacharias Werner carried matters in this direction as far as they could well go without being shut up by the proper authority in a madhouse.

"Our poetry," said the brothers Schlegel, "is old; our Muse is an old wife with a distaff; our Cupid is not a blonde boy, but a shrunk and shrivelled dwarf with grey hair; our feelings are faded, our imagination is dry; we must re-freshen ourselves, we must seek again the filled-up fountains of naïve, simple poesy of the Middle Age, and then there will sparkle up again for us the waters of youth."¹ It was not necessary to speak thus twice to a dried-up, arid people, especially to those poor souls with thirsty throats who dwelt in the Prussian sands, who longed to become youthful and blooming, and they rushed to the wondrous springs, and swilled, swallowed, and swigged with immoderate desire. But it happened to them as it did to the old lady's-maid of whom this tale is told. She had observed that

¹ Here the French version has a better word than the original, "*la ruisseller a pour nous l'eau de Jouvence*," in reference to a *Trouveur lai* by that name.—*Translator*.

her mistress had a magic elixir which restored youth, and one day when her dame had departed, she took the vial of the elixir from her toilette table, but instead of sipping a few drops, she took such a tremendous pull, that owing to the greatly concentrated marvellous strength of the rejuvenating reviver, she became not merely young, but a very little child. And so indeed it happened to our admirable Tieck, one of the best poets of the school, that he became almost a babe, and bloomed into that babbling simplicity which Madame de Staël had so much trouble to admire. She herself admits that it seemed very singular to her when a character came forth in a drama making his debut with the words, "I am the bold Bonifacius, and I come to let you know," *et cætera*.

Ludwig Tieck had in his novel *Steinbald's Wanderungen*—"The Travels of Steinbald"—and in "The Outpourings of the Heart by an art-loving Monk," by a certain Wackenroder, which he published, commended to artists the naïve rude beginnings of art as models. The pious and childlike feeling which appears even in their unskilfulness was advised for imitation. Of Raphael they would not hear a word, and indeed cared little for Perugino, his teacher, who was, however, far more prized, and in whom they discovered remains of those excellences whose entire perfection they so piously admired

in the immortal master-works of Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole. To form a conception of the taste of the art-enthusiasts of those times, one should go to the Louvre, where the best pictures which were so absolutely admired are to be seen. To get an idea of the mob of poets who imitated the bards of the Middle Age in all possible metres, he should visit the madhouse of Charenton.

And yet I think that those pictures in the first hall of the Louvre are far too graceful to give an idea of the taste of those days in art in Germany. One should think of these old Italian pictures as translated into old German; for they regarded the works of the old German painters as far more simple and childlike, therefore more worthy of imitation, than the old Italian. It was declared that the Germans with their *Gemüth* (a word for which there is no equivalent in French¹) could feel Christianity more deeply than other nations; and Friedrich Schlegel and his friend Joseph Görres rooted and rummaged in all the old towns on the Rhine for the remains of old German pictures and carvings, which were adored with blind faith as holy relics.

I have compared the German Parnassus of those

¹ *Gemüth*, defined as soul, spirit, state of mind, disposition, mood. *Gemüthvoll*, full of cheerful or kindly feeling, genial. It may generally be rendered in English by "feeling," if we allow to our word all its true meanings.—*Translator*.

days with Charenton, but I believe it is too little said. A French lunacy is far behind a German one, for in this latter madness, as Polonius said, there is method; and that German lunacy was carried out with a pedantry surpassing all belief, with a terrible conscientious scrupulousness, with a thoroughness of which a superficial French madman cannot even form an idea.

The political condition of Germany was then peculiarly favourable to a Christian Old-German movement. "Poverty teaches prayer," says the proverb,¹ and truly poverty or dire need was never greater in Germany, and therefore the people were specially inclined to prayer, piety, and Christianity. There is no race more devoted to its princes than ours; and what grieved them more than the mournful condition to which their country had been reduced by war and foreign rule was the melancholy sight of their conquered rulers creeping to the feet of Napoleon. The whole nation were like those true-hearted old servants whom we pity in plays, the retainers in great families, who feel the humiliations which their masters suffer more than the masters themselves; who weep their bitterest tears in secret when the

¹ "Noth lehrt beten," also "Noth lehrt rufen," "Noth bricht eisen," "Noth ist Meister," &c. There are nearly thirty German proverbs on the word "Noth," all to the same effect.—*Translator.*

family plate must be sold, and even apply their own poor savings that noble wax-tapers, and not plain tallow-candles, may appear on the gentle-folk's table. The universal unrest and depression found relief in religion, and there sprung up a pietistic yielding to the will of God, from whom alone help was hoped for. And indeed none other save God could help against Napoleon. There could be no more reliance on earthly armies, and eyes must be raised in hope only to Heaven.

And so we could also have borne peacefully enough with Napoleon. But our princes, while they hoped that God would free them from him, also indulged the thought that the united forces of their people might also be of great assistance, and they sought with this intention to awaken a common feeling among the Germans; and even the most eminent personages now spoke of German nationality, of a common German Fatherland, of the union of the Christian-German races, and of the unity of Germany. We were ordered to become patriots, and patriots we became; for we do everything which our princes command.

But one should not here understand by patriotism quite the same feeling which the word implies in France. The patriotism of the Frenchman consists in this, that his heart is thereby warmed; by this warmth it expands, spreads, and no longer embraces his nearest emotions, but all France and

all the realm of civilisation. The patriotism of the German, however, is shown by his heart becoming narrower and shrinking up and drawing in like leather in a frost; by hating everything foreign, and being no longer European or cosmopolite, but only a closely-cramped *Deutscher*. So we saw the ideal churl and clownishness reduced to system by Jahn, the beginning of a shabby, clumsy, unwashed opposition to the sentiment which is the very highest and holiest which Germany ever brought forth, namely, that humanity, that universal fraternisation of mankind, that cosmopolitanism to which our great minds, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, and Jean Paul, were ever devoted.

What happened soon after in Germany is too well known to you all. When God, the snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed the better portion of Napoleon's forces, we Germans received the all-superior command to free ourselves from foreign yoke, and we flamed up in manly rage at the slavery too long endured, and we inspired ourselves with the good tunes and bad verses of Körner's songs, and we conquered our freedom; for we do everything which our princes command.

During a time when men were arming for such a strife, a school most unfriendly to all that was French, and which exalted with enthusiasm every-

thing which was German in life, art, and letters, naturally found vigorous support. The Romantic school then went hand in hand with the efforts of our Governments and the secret societies, and August Wilhelm Schlegel conspired against Racine with the same object as that with which Minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam with the stream of the time, which was a stream running back to its source. When at last German patriotism and German nationality thoroughly triumphed, there triumphed too as decidedly with it the popular German-Christian Romantic school, and the "New German Religious-Patriotic Art." Napoleon, the great classic—even as classic as Alexander and Cæsar—fell, and Messrs. August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel, who were quite as romantic as Tom Thumb and Puss-in-Boots, arose—rose as victors.

But here too came the reaction which follows on the heels of every excess. As spiritualistic Christendom was a reaction against the brutal rule of Imperial Roman materialism; as the renewed love for joyous Greek art and learning was the same against the Christian spiritualism, deteriorated to imbecile asceticism; as the awakening of mediæval romance was a counter-action against the prosaic imitation of old classic art; so we now see also a recoil against the restoration of that Catholic-feudal thought, and that knighthood and priest-

hood which had been preached in form and language under the greatest contrarieties.

When these highly-praised models, the art-masters of the Middle Age, were so extolled and exalted, their excellence was explained by the fact that those men believed in the subjects which they set forth, and that they in their artless simplicity could do more than the later artists without faith, who had advanced so much further in *technique* or practical execution, and that this faith had wrought miracles in them. And, in faith, how could one otherwise explain the glories of a Fra Angelica da Fiesole or the poem of Brother Ottfried? Therefore, the artists who were in earnest, and would fain reproduce the divine distortions of those marvellous pictures and the holy awkwardness of those marvellous poems, and, in short, the ineffable mysticism of all the old works, made up their minds to repair to the same Hippocrene where the old masters had imbibed their miraculous inspiration. They pilgrimed to Rome, where the Vicegerent of Christ could revive and strengthen consumptive German art with the milk of his she-ass; they went to the bosom of the only beatifying Roman Catholic Apostolic Church.¹ No formal transition was

¹ French version, "ils se dirigèrent vers le bénitier de l'église qui seule béatifie." This is better than the German, as affording a fit antithesis to Hippocrene, or the fountain of youth.—*Translator*.

needed for many hangers-on of the Romantic school; they were—as for example—Görres and Clemens Brentano, born Catholics, and they only renounced the free-thinking views which they had formed. But others were born and brought up as Protestants—for instance, Friedrich Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Novalis, Werrerr, Schütz, Carové, and Adam Müller, and their conversion required a public confirmation. Here I have only mentioned writers—the number of painters who abjured in shoals the evangelical faith, and with it reason and common-sense, was much greater.¹

When the world saw how these young people stood in a queue pressing for tickets of admission to the Roman Catholic Church, and crowded again into the old prison-house of the soul, from which their fathers had with such might and pain delivered themselves, it shook its head, in Germany, very significantly. But when it was found that a propaganda of priests and gentlemen who had conspired against the religion and political freedom of Europe had a hand in the game, and that it was really Jesuitism which was enticing German youth to ruin with the soft melodies of romance, as did the rat-

¹ It is simple truth, that the Catholic Church owed its practical morality after the Reformation, and its revival of mediæval art in later times, almost entirely to Protestant influence and action. The word *Vernunft*, here implying both reason and sense, is omitted in the French version.—*Translator*.

catcher the children of Hameln, great displeasure and flaming rage burst up among the friends of intellectual freedom and of Protestantism.¹

I have classed freedom of thought and Protestantism together, but I hope that though I belong in Germany to the Protestant Church, I shall not be accused of partisan feeling for it. I have truly classed freedom of thought and Protestantism together without partisan feeling,² and indeed there is in Germany a friendly relation between them. In any case they are closely connected; in fact, like mother and daughter. And if we can reproach the Protestant Church with many fearful instances of narrow-mindedness, it must be admitted, to its immortal credit, that it permitted free inquiry into Christianity, and freed minds from the yoke of authority, so that bold research could strike forth roots, especially in Germany, and

¹ The allusion to the rat-catcher of Hameln is omitted in the French version, probably because it would not have been generally understood. The poem by Browning on the subject is known to all my readers. I can remember once asking the late Mr. Browning if he had ever read the old Latin or old German poems on the subject, when he informed me he had never heard of them. It was from these poems, as well as what else is given by Kornmann (*Curiosa*), that Heine learned the story.—*Translator*.

² One of Heine's very frequent instances of mere repetition without point, such as, when indulged in by an orator before an American audience, once elicited the remark, "Sit down; you're going back into the same hole you came out of."—*Translator*.

learning and science develop themselves independently. German philosophy, though it now ranks itself equal with the Protestant Church, and will even take precedence of it, is always its daughter; as such, it always owes it respect and regard, and the interests of affinity demand alliance between them when both are threatened by their common enemy, Jesuitism. All the friends of freedom of thought, sceptics as well as orthodox, rose simultaneously against the restorers of Catholicism, and, as may be understood, the Liberals, who were not interested either in philosophy or the Protestant Church, but for the cause of municipal freedom, also joined the opposition. But in Germany the Liberals were, and still are, at once professors of philosophy and theologians, and it is always for the idea of freedom which they fight, whether they treat of a subject which is purely political or a philosophical or theological theme. This is shown most plainly in the life of a man who undermined the Romantic school in Germany from its very beginning, and who did most to overthrow it. I mean Johann Heinrich Voss.

This man is quite unknown in France, and yet there are few to whom the Germans are so deeply indebted as regards intellectual progress. He is, perhaps, after Lessing, the greatest citizen of German literature. In any case, he was a great

man, and deserves that I do not speak too scantily of him.

His biography is that of almost all German writers of the old school. He was born in Mecklenburg territory in 1751, of poor parents, studied theology, neglected it for poetry and Greek letters, occupied himself very earnestly with both, became a teacher that he might not die of hunger, was schoolmaster at Otterndorf in Hadeln, translated the ancients, and lived poor, frugally, and industriously till his seventy-fifth year. He had a great name among the poets of the old school, but the new Romantic singers continually plucked and pulled at his laurels, and mocked the old-fashioned, honest Voss, who, in true-hearted, and often almost Platt-Deutsch dialect, sung the small middle-class life on the Lower Elbe—a poet who selected as his subject, not mediæval knights and Madonnas, but a plain Protestant parson and his virtuous family,—all of which was sound to the core, citizen-like, and natural, while the new Troubadours were as somnambulistick-sickly, chivalrously-aristocratic, and genially unnatural. To Friedrich Schlegel, the intoxicated singer of the loosely-lascivious romantic Lucinda, how exasperating must the moral John Voss have seemed with his “chaste Louisa” and his “old and venerable pastor of Grünan”? August Wilhelm, who had never given himself

over so utterly heart and soul, in all faith, to licentiousness and Catholicism as his brother,¹ could harmonise with Voss much better, and the only rivalry which rose between them was one of translatorship, which was of great advantage to the German language. Voss had, before the rise of the new school, published a version of Homer; he now, with unparalleled industry, did the same for all the heathen poets of antiquity, while August Wilhelm Schlegel translated the Christian poets of the Romantic Catholic time. Both labours were inspired by a secret controversial aim; Voss would advance classic poetry and manner of thought by these works, while August Wilhelm von Schlegel would make the Christian Romantic poets accessible to the public in good translations for imitation and culture. And this antagonism showed itself even in the forms of speech employed by the rivals; for while Schlegel polished his words more sweetly, primly, and prettily, Voss became in his versions ruder and cruder, till at last, from his rough rasping, they were almost unpronounceable; so that, if one slipped on the shining, polished mahogany floor of the Schlegel verses, he stumbled as badly over the metric marble

¹ "Herr August Wilhelm von Schlegel, der es mit der Liederlichkeit und dem Catholicismus nie so ehrlich gemeint hat wie sein Bruder." In the French version softened to "lui n'avait poussé les chases aussi loin que son frère."—*Translator*.

blocks of old Voss. At last, the latter, out of rivalry, translated Shakespeare, which Schlegel had during his first period rendered so admirably into German; but this turned out badly for old Voss, and worse for his publisher; the translation failed out and out.¹ Where Schlegel translates too weakly and softly, as it were, into whipped cream, which people are in doubt whether they should eat or drink, there Voss is as hard as stone, so that one is in fear of breaking the jawbone in pronouncing his verses. But what distinguishes old Voss is the strength and pluck² with which he overcame all obstacles; and he fought not only with the German language, but also with the Jesuitical-aristocratic monster who in those days stretched out his misshapen head from the forest-darkness of German literature; and Voss struck him hard and wounded him sore.

Wolfgang Menzel, a German writer, who is known as one of the bitterest foes of Voss, calls him a Low-Saxon peasant; and, in spite of the abusive meaning, the appellation is very appropriate, for Voss is really a Low-Saxon peasant,

¹ *Ganz und gar.*

² *Kraft.* Germans boast a great deal of their word *Gemüth*, but say nothing at all of *Kraft*, out of which, however, they get, now and then, much more than we do out of "strength," which is our own fault. Herein we owe a great debt of gratitude to Carlyle, who taught us to make the most of what we have in Saxon-German words.—*Translator.*

as was Luther. He was wanting in all that was chivalric, courteous, or graceful; he belonged altogether to that hard and strong, vigorous and manly race to whom Christianity had to be preached with fire and sword, who did not submit to it till they had been beaten in three battles, yet who always kept in manners and customs much Northern heathen stubbornness, and showed themselves in matter-of-fact or moral conflicts as brave and obstinate as their own old gods. And when I consider Johann Heinrich Voss in his controversies and in all his reality, it seems to me as if I saw old one-eyed Odin himself who left Asgard to become a school-master in Otterndorf in the land of Hadeln, to teach the blonde Holsteiners Latin declension and the Christian catechism, and who in his leisure hours translated Greek poets into German, and borrowed the hammer of Thor to beat their verses into shape, and who at last, weary of the tiresome work, hit poor Fritz Stolberg a finishing blow on the head.

And that was a fine story. Friedrich Count of Stolberg was a poet of the old school, very famous indeed in Germany, perhaps less for his poetic talents than from his title of Count, which went for more in those days in German literature than it would now. But Fritz Stolberg was a liberal man of noble heart, and he was a friend

of the citizen-youth who had formed a poetic school in Göttingen. I recommend French literary men to read the preface to the poems of Hölty in which Johann Heinrich Voss sketches the idyllic life in common of that band of poets to which he and Fritz Stolberg had belonged. At last these two were all that remained of the old company; and when Fritz Stolberg went over with *éclat* to the Catholic Church, and abjured reason and the love of freedom, and became an ally to obscurantism, and by his illustrious example enticed many weaklings to follow, Johann Friedrich Voss, the old man of seventy years, publicly opposed the friend of his youth and wrote the little work *Wie ward Fritz Stolberg ein Unfreier*—"How it was that Fritz Stolberg became a serf." In it he analysed all the life of his subject; how the aristocratic nature had always lurked in the fraternised Count; how it came out more and more after the events of the French Revolution; how Stolberg secretly allied himself to the so-called *Adelskette*, or chain of nobles who worked against the French principles of freedom; how these nobles combined with the Jesuits; how it was hoped that by restoring Catholicism the interests of the nobility would be advanced, and how, principally, the restoration of the Christian-Catholic Middle Age, and the destruction of Protestant freedom of thought and political middle-

class privileges, could be brought about. So German democracy and German aristocracy, which had fraternised so unthinkingly before the Revolution, when the former hoped, and the latter feared nothing, now stood, as old men, face to face in mortal combat.

That portion of the German public who did not understand the terrible necessity of this combat, blamed poor Voss for his merciless exposure of domestic events and little incidents of life, which formed, however, in their connection, a series of proofs. There were, of course, so-called noble souls, who, in all sublimity, above such small-minded raking into rubbish, accused poor Voss of vulgar gossiping. Others, small citizen-folk, who feared lest the curtain might be drawn from before their own miserable affairs, manifested indignation at this violation of literary custom, according to which all personalities and all revelations of private life should be strictly forbidden. And as Fritz Stolberg died just at this time, and as his death was attributed to grief and trouble, and as after his death there appeared the *Liebesbüchlein* or "Little Book of Love," in which he with piously-affected, forgiving, true Jesuitical tones spoke of his poor deluded friend, then the tears of German pity flowed fast; German Michel wept his biggest drops; much soft-hearted wrath rose in a storm against old Voss, and the bitterest

curse which he had to endure came from the very men for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he had most bravely combated.

One may hopefully rely in Germany on the sympathy and rising tears of the multitude when one is hardly handled in a debate. The Germans are like old women, who never neglect to attend an execution, where, crowding in as the most eager spectators, seeing the poor sinner, they bewail most bitterly his sufferings, and even defend him. But these female mourners, who wail so vigorously at literary hangings and decapitations, would be direly disappointed if the poor sinner whose chastisement they await should be suddenly reprieved, and they be obliged to trot home without having seen anything; in such a case their increased wrath falls on the one who deceived their hopes.¹

But altogether the Voss trouble had a great effect, and checked in public opinion the epidemic of passion for the Middle Age. For the controversy had excited all Germany; a great part of the public decidedly approved of Voss, a greater portion only of his principles. So there were writings and refutations, and the last days of the life of the old man were not a little embittered by the business. He had to deal with the very worst of foes, with

¹ All of the preceding, from the words "The Germans are like old women," is omitted in the French version.

priests, who attacked him in every guise ; and not only the crypto-Catholics, but also the pietists, the quietists, the Lutheran mystics, and all the supernaturalistics of the Protestant Church, who have so many differences among themselves, all united with great common hatred against Johann Heinrich Voss the Rationalist. This is a term applied in Germany to those who give to reason a place even in religion, in opposition to the Spiritualists, who have to a greater or lesser degree renounced all recognition of it. The latter, in their hatred of the poor Rationalists, being not unlike the lunatics of an asylum, who, though afflicted by the most contrary or conflicting follies, get on tolerably well together, but who are inspired with bitterest hatred against the man whom they regard as their common enemy, and who is no other than the hospital doctor, who would gladly give them all their senses.

But if the Romantic school found itself utterly condemned in public opinion by the revelation of its intrigues with the Papacy, it suffered at the same time in its own temple an annihilating condemnation, and that too from the mouth of one of the gods whom its leaders themselves had set up. For Wolfgang Goethe came down from his pedestal, and uttered sentence of condemnation of the Schlegels, of the same high-priests who had perfumed him with their incense. This voice dispersed the whole spectral apparition ; the ghosts of the

Middle Age fled, the owls retreated into their dusky ruined castles, the ravens fluttered back to the ancient belfries. Friedrich Schlegel went to Vienna, where he heard mass every day and ate roasted chickens, while August Wilhelm Schlegel retired into the pagoda of Brahma.

But, to speak plainly, Goethe played in all this a very equivocal part, and one by no means deserving unequivocal praise. It may be true that the Schlegels did *not* act altogether in a straightforward way with him, perhaps because in their warfare with the old school they found it expedient to set up a living poet as an example, and found none better fitted for it than Goethe, and, hoping that he would help them on, built him an altar, and burnt incense before him, and made the multitude kneel to him. And they had him just at hand. There is an avenue of beautiful plum-trees which leads from Jena to Weimar—those plums taste deliciously when one is thirsty in the summer heat—and the Schlegels often walked that way, and had many an interview with Goethe the Privy Councillor, who was always a great diplomatist, and who calmly listened to the Schlegels and incidentally smiled at their discourse, and invited them to his table, and otherwise made himself agreeable, and so on. And they made overtures to Schiller; but he was a straightforward man, and would have nothing to do with them. The correspondence

between him and Goethe, which was published three years ago, throws much light on the relations between these two poets and the Schlegels. Goethe smiles them away with an air of superiority; Schiller is vexed at their impertinent craving for scandal and calls them puppy-dandies.¹

But however grandly Goethe bore it off, he all the same owed the greater part of his renown to the Schlegels. They had introduced and advanced the study of his works, and the despicable, abusive manner in which he finally cast them off smells of ingratitude. Perhaps the very sagacious Goethe was vexed that the Schlegels only wished to use him as a means for their own ends; perhaps these ends threatened to compromise him as Minister of a Protestant state; perhaps it was the old heathen wrath of the gods which awoke in him when he understood their dull Catholic impulses; for just as Voss resembled the hard, grim, one-eyed Odin, so Goethe was like Jupiter in thought and form. The one struck mightily with Thor's hammer; Goethe had only to shake indignantly his ambrosial locks, and the Schlegels trembled and slunk away.

A public document embodying this judgment of Goethe's appeared in the second number of his jour-

¹ *Laffen*, French version *étourneaux*. In modern English, "dudes," dandies, puppies, silly fellows. "Dudes" is from *duds*, clothes. Provincial English, scarecrows.—*Translator*.

nal, *Kunst und Alterthum*—"Art and Antiquity"—bearing the title "On the Christian Patriotic New German Art." With this article Goethe caused an Eighteenth of Brumaire in German literature, for while he in it so roughly drove the Schlegels out of the temple, and attracted so many of their most zealous youthful followers to himself, and was applauded by the public, to whom the Schlegel Directory had become a curse, he founded his own autocracy in German literature. From that time the Schlegels were no longer thought of; people spoke of them only now and then, as they speak now of Barras or Gohier; nothing was heard of Romantic and Classic poetry; all was Goethe and nothing but Goethe. It is true that certain poets came meanwhile on the stage, who were little inferior to him in power and imagination, but from courtesy they recognised him as their chief; they surrounded him in homage, they kissed his hands and knelt before him; but these grandees of Parnassus differed from the common crowd in this, that they kept their laurel crowns on their heads in his presence. Sometimes they found fault with him, but were always vexed when a lesser light presumed to do so. However irritated the aristocracy may be with their monarch, they are still more angered when the plebs rise against him; and the intellectual aristocrats in Germany had during the last twenty years good cause to

be out of temper with Goethe. As I myself said many a time in those days with abundant bitterness: "Goethe was like Louis XI., who suppressed the nobility and raised the *tiers état*."

This was repulsive. Goethe was afraid of every independent and original writer, and lauded and extolled every insignificant intellect, and carried it so far that it at last came to be a patent of mediocrity to be praised by him.

I shall speak in another place of the recent poets who appeared during the empire of Goethe. It is a new forest, whose trees are only now showing full growth since the fall of the century oak which so widely grew beyond and overshadowed them.

As I have said, there was not wanting an opposition to this great tree, or Goethe, and it raged against him bitterly. Men of the most varied views united in this opposition. The Old Believers and the Orthodox took it ill that in the trunk of the great tree was no niche with a holy image to be found, and that, in fact, the naked Dryads of old heathen days worked evil or witchcraft round it, and they would gladly, like St. Bonifacius, have laid a consecrated axe to the roots of the magic oak. The New Believers, the professors of Liberalism, were, on the contrary, ill-tempered because it could not be turned to a Tree of Liberty, or, least of all, be made into a

barricade. In fact, the tree was too high for this, no one could stick a red flag on its summit. But the great public honoured this tree because it was so independent and grand, because it filled the world so sweetly with perfume, because its branches rose so broadly and boldly to heaven, so that it seemed as if the stars were its golden fruit.

The opposition to Goethe began with the publication in the year 1821 of the so-called false *Wanderjahre*, which appeared under the title of *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* (the years of wandering or of travelling apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister), that is, soon after the fall of the Schlegels. It was printed by Gottfried Basse in Quedlinberg. Goethe had previously announced that he would publish under this title a continuation of *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*—"Wilhelm Meister's Years of Apprenticeship"—and singularly enough this continuation appeared at the same time as its literary wraith.¹ In it not only was Goethe's style imitated, but the hero of the original romance set forth as main actor. This aping did not so much indicate great wit as great tact, and as the author kept himself anonymous for some time, and was sought for in vain, the interest of the public was artificially kept up. It

¹ *Doppelgänger*, wraith, fetch, *alter-ego*, double, double-goer. One's own ghost, or second apparition. French version, "parodie littéraire."—*Translator*.

appeared at last that the author was a country clergyman, who had been before utterly unknown. His name was Pustkuchen, which in French means *omelette soufflée*,¹ a name which exactly indicates the character of the man. It was only the old pietistic leaven which had puffed itself up æsthetically. Goethe was reproached in this book because his poems had no moral aim; that he could shape no noble forms, but only vulgar figures, while Schiller, having set forth the noblest ideal characters, was therefore a greater poet.

This last point, that Schiller was greater than Goethe, was the great subject of controversy which called forth this book. People fell into a fashion of comparing the productions of both poets, and opinions were divided. The Schillerites vaunted the moral grandeur of a Max Piccolomini, a Thecla, a Marquis of Posa, and other characters in their repertoire, declaring that Goethe's Philina, Kätchen, Clarchen, and other beautiful creatures were immoral wretches. The Goetheans admitted, smiling, that these personages, and perhaps others, did not appear to be "moral," but that the propagation of morality—as required of these poems—was not at all the aim of art, because in art there are *no* aims, as in the construction of the universe, into

¹ Rather dough-nuts or pancakes than an omelette, as Heine indicates in the next sentence, by using the word *Sauerteig*.—*Translator*.

which man has forced his ideas of end and aim. Art, like the world, exists for itself alone. So, they argued, as the world must ever be the same, though men incessantly vary in their opinions, so art should be quite independent of the temporal views of humanity. Art should therefore be free from morality, which is ever changing in the world, so often as a new religion displaces an old one. In fact, since after a few centuries have flown, a new religion always appears in the world, and passing into its manners, assumes power as a new system of morality; so in every corresponding age the art-works of the past are declared to be immoral and heretical, if they are judged according to the current standard of morals. As we ourselves have seen, good Christians, who condemn the flesh as diabolical, suffer pangs at seeing Greek statues of the gods; chaste monks have tied napkins round an antique Venus; we have beheld very recently, ridiculous fig-leaves stuck to naked statues, and a pious Quaker sacrificed all his wealth to buying up and burning the most beautiful pictures of Giulio Romano; truly he deserved to go to heaven for it, and there be thrashed every day with rods! A religion which placed God in the material, and which consequently regarded only the flesh as divine, must, when it passed into manners, develop a morality according to which only those works of art are to be prized which

exalt the flesh, and according to which, on the contrary, Christian works of art, which only set forth the nothingness of the flesh, should be rejected as immoral. Indeed, the works of art which are perfectly moral in one country are regarded as the contrary in another, where another religion has passed into manners and customs. Thus, for example, our plastic arts excite the horror of a pious Mahometan, while, on the other hand, many things which are extremely innocent in an Eastern harem are disgusting to a Christian. In India, where the profession of a bayadere is not offensive to morals, the drama of Vasantasena, whose heroine is a venal prostitute, is not regarded as immoral, but should one dare to give it in the Théâtre Française, all the parterre would scream out "Immorality!" the same parterre which sees daily with delight dramas of intrigue, in which the heroines are young widows, who end by gaily marrying, instead of burning themselves with their deceased husbands, as Indian morals require.¹

Therefore the Goetheans, from this point of view, regard art as an independent second world, which they place so high that all efforts or works

¹ All of which did not prevent *Le Dicu et la Bayadère*, which sets forth the plot of Vasantasena, from becoming a very popular ballet in Paris and all over the world in the Thirties. Goethe has embodied it in a poem.—*Translator*.

of mankind, their religion and morals, move and pass far below it, shifting and changing. But I cannot unconditionally worship it. The Goetheans let themselves be led by it to proclaim art itself as the highest, and turn aside from the requirements of the real world, to which precedence is due.

Schiller attached himself much more closely than Goethe to this world, and for this he deserves praise. The spirit of his age took firm and fast hold of Friedrich Schiller; it struggled with him, was conquered by him, followed him to the field, bore his banner; and it was the same banner under which they fought so enthusiastically in those days yon side the Rhine, and for which we are always ready to shed our best blood. Schiller wrote for the great ideas of the Revolution; he destroyed the intellectual Bastiles; he built at the Temple of Liberty, and indeed at that great temple which should enclose all races like a brotherly community, for he was cosmopolite. He began with that hatred of the past which we see in his "Robbers," where he is like a little Titan who has played truant from school, and drunk schnapps, and smashed in Jupiter's windows, and ended with that love for the future which we already see blooming in "Don Carlos" like a forest of flowers, he himself being the Marquis of Posa, who is at once prophet and soldier, and who under

a Spanish cloak bears the noblest heart which ever loved and suffered in all Germany.

The poet, the lesser after-creator, is like our dear Lord in this, that he makes his men after his own image. If Karl Moor and the Marquis Posa are all Schiller himself, so Goethe resembles his own Werther, Wilhelm Meister, and Faust, in whom we can study all the phases of his life. If Schiller throws himself headlong into history, becomes enthusiastic for the social progress of mankind, and sings universal history, Goethe plunges into individual feelings, art or nature. Goethe the Pantheist finally took up the history of Nature as his chief occupation, and gave us the results of his researches, not only in poems, but in scientific works. His indifferentism was likewise a result of his Pantheism.

It is—more's the pity!—true, that Pantheism has not unfrequently made men into indifferentists. "If everything is God," they said, "it is all one whether a man busies himself with clouds or with antique gems, popular ballads or monkeys' bones, mankind or comedians." But just there lies the error: all is not God, but God is all. God does not manifest himself in equal measure in everything; he manifests himself far more in different degrees in different things, and everything feels in itself the impulse to attain a higher grade of divinity; and that is the great law of progress in

Nature. The knowledge of this law, which was most profoundly set forth by the Saint-Simonists, elevates Pantheism to a view of the universe which does not at all conduce to indifferentism, but to the most self-sacrificing effort. No, God did not manifest himself equally in all things, as Wolfgang Goethe believed, who thereby became an indifferentist, and instead of occupying himself with the highest interests of mankind, devoted life to artistic play, anatomy, theory of colours, botany, and meteorology. God manifests himself more or less in things; he lives in this constant manifestation. He is in movement, action, in time. His holy breath inspires and waves the leaves of history; this is the real Book of God, and that Friedrich Schiller divined and felt, and he became a "retrospective prophet," and he wrote the "Fall of the Netherlands," the "Thirty Years' War," and the "Maid of Orleans" and "Tell."¹

It is true that Goethe also sang of several great

¹ There are here important omissions and a transposition in the French text, as also a variation. The following material alteration is to be found in the first German edition.

"If God is contained in all things, it is indifferent wherewith man busies himself, be it with clouds or antique gems, or popular ballads or monkeys' bones, or mankind or comedians. But God is not only in the "Substance," as the ancients understood him, but also in the "Process," as Hegel expresses it, and as he is also conceived by the Saint-Simonists. This God of the Saint-Simonists, who not only directs progress, but is progress itself

histories of emancipation, but he sang them as an artist. As he discontentedly rejected Christian enthusiasm, which was contrary to his whole nature, and did not, or did not wish, to understand the philosophic enthusiasm of our time, because he feared lest he should be thereby disturbed in his serene tranquillity of soul, he handled enthusiasm historically as something given, as stuff to be worked up. So spirit was treated as if it were matter, and he gave it a beautiful and pleasing form. And so he became the greatest artist in our literature, and everything which he wrote was a gracefully turned work of art.

The model of the master makes the man, and so there sprung up in Germany that literary epoch which I once designated as the *Kunst-periode* or period of art, and to which I attributed the most deplorable influence on the political development of the German people. But in this relation I never denied the intrinsic value of the works of Goethe. They adorn our dear Fatherland as beautiful statues adorn a garden, but they are statues. One may fall in love with them, but

and differs from the old heathen god imprisoned in substance just as much as from the Christian *Dieu pur-esprit*, who from heaven governs the world with a loving, flute-like voice; this *Dieu-progrès* gives to Pantheism a view of the universe which by no means conduces to indifferentism, but to the most self-sacrificing efforts to advance.—*Translator*.

they are sterile. The Goethean poems do not develop action, like those of Schiller. The deed is the child of the word, and the beautiful words of Goethe are childless, which is the curse of all which is born only of art. The statue which Pygmalion made was of a beautiful woman; even the master fell in love with her, and she was inspired with life by his kisses; but, so far as I know, she never had any children.¹ I believe that Charles Nodier has said something of the kind in the same relation, and it occurred to me yesterday, while wandering through the lower halls of the Louvre, I looked at the ancient statues of the gods. There they stood with their silent white eyes, a mysterious melancholy in them, perhaps a mournful memory of Egypt, that land of the dead whence they took origin, or sadly yearning for the life of yore whence other deities have driven them, or pain for perished immortality; they seemed to await the word which should restore them to life, and stir them from their cold stiff immovability. Strange these antiques reminded me of Goethe's poems, which are quite as gracefully modelled, as grand and as tranquil, and which seemed also to feel with sorrow that their stiffness and cold kept them from our warm life;

¹ For a note on this favourite subject of reference with Heine, see the translation of the "Florentine Nights."—*Translator*.

that they do not suffer and rejoice with us, and that they are no human beings, but unfortunate mixtures of divinity and stone.

These few hints which I have given explain the ill-feeling of the different parties which spoke out in Germany against Goethe. The orthodox were indignant at the Great Heathen, as he was generally termed, for they feared his influence on the people, in whom he inspired his views of the world and all things by his laughing poems, and even in the most apparently light and airy songs. They saw in him a dangerous foe to the Cross, which he confessed was to him as antipathetic as bugs, garlic, and tobacco; at least, that is pretty nearly as he expresses it in the *Xenia*, which he did not fear to publish in Germany, where such vermin, garlic, tobacco, and the Cross rule everywhere in a holy alliance. Yet it was not exactly this in Goethe which displeased us, the men of agitation. What we did not like and blamed was the barrenness of his works, and that art-spirit which was through him disseminated through Germany, exercising a quietising influence on German youth which worked in opposition to a political regeneration of our native land. So the indifferent Pantheist was attacked by the most opposing factions. To speak French, the extreme Right and Left united against Goethe, allied themselves against him, and, while the black priest

beat him with the crucifix, an enraged sans-culottist attacked him with a pike.

Wolfgang Menzel, who led the attack against Goethe with a display of cleverness and wit which was worthy of a better cause,¹ did not oppose him as spiritual Christian or discontented patriot; he rather based his battling partially on the last utterance of Friedrich Schlegel, who, after his fall, wailed over Goethe with the words, "He has no central point." Menzel went still further, and explained that Goethe was no genius, only a talent, and praised Schiller for opposition. This was some time before the Revolution of July. Menzel was then the greatest devotee of the Middle Age in art as well as institutions; he scorned with ceaseless wrath Johann Heinrich Voss, and praised with unheard-of zeal Joseph Görres. Therefore, his hatred of Goethe was sincere, and he wrote against him from conviction, and not, as many thought, to make himself known. And though I myself was then an opponent of Goethe, I was displeased with the

¹ In the French version we have, "Un écrivain Allemand, qui avait publié une collection de bons-mots intitulée *Streckerse*, et qu'on nommait le Saphir chrétien pour le distinguer de M. Saphir, le spirituel bon-motiste de Vienne, M. Wolfgang Menzel." The allusion here is to the fact that Saphir was a Jew. I once was his *vis-à-vis* every day for a week at a table-d'hôte in Munich. I thought him clever, but rather coarse. But that was in 1847. *Tempora mutantur.*—*Translator.*

bitterness with which Menzel criticised him, and I regretted this want of respect and regard.¹ I remarked that Goethe was always the king of our literature, and that when the critical scalpel was applied to such a subject, one should never fail to do so with proper respect and courtesy, like the executioner, who, when about to decapitate Charles I., knelt before the king and begged his sovereign pardon.

Among the foes of Goethe we must class the Court-Councillor Müllner, and the one friend who remained true to him, Professor Schütz, son of the elder Schütz; and certain others who were less distinguished; as, for instance, Spaun, who was long imprisoned for political offences; belonged to these publicly declared enemies. Among us, in confidence, it was a very mixed society. What was done among them I have declared in detail; it is much harder to indicate the particular motive which inspired every one to publish his anti-Goethean feelings. I only know the real impulse of one person accurately, and as that one is I myself, I will candidly confess that it was envy.² But to my credit be it said, that in Goethe I never

¹ In the French version, "Quoique j'eusse puis rang parmi les adversaires de Goëthe, je n'étais pas moins mécontent de la rudesse de pareilles diatribes, et dans une critique que je fis de leurs auteurs, je me plaignis de leur manque de pitié."—*Translator.*

² This is a very ingenious *tour de force*. Heine might as well

attacked the poet, but the man. I have never been able to see faults in his poems like those critics who, with their finely polished glasses, have detected spots in the moon. Sharp and clever folk! what they took for blemishes were blooming forests, silver streams, sublime mountains, and smiling valleys.

Nothing is more absurd than the depreciation of Goethe in favour of Schiller, which was not honourably meant as to the latter, because he was praised only in order to degrade Goethe. Did not people know that those highly-lauded, high-ideal forms, those altar-pictures of virtue and morality which Schiller produced, were far easier to make than those sinful, petty-worldly, soiled doves whom Goethe gives us in his works? Do they not know that mediocre painters generally depict saints the size of life on their canvases, but that it requires a great master to paint a Spanish beggar-boy hunting vermin, a drunken Dutch boor or one whose tooth is being drawn, and ugly old women true to life and technically perfect, as we see them in small Dutch cabinet pictures? The great and terrible is much easier to set forth in art than the little

have declared that he was envious of Napoleon as Goethe, but by so doing he directs suspicion from the envy which he really felt as to Madame de Staël, the Schlegels, Cousin, and others.
—*Translator.*

and neat.¹ The Egyptian sorcerers could imitate many of the feats of Moses, such as the miracle of the snakes, the blood, and even the frogs, but when he produced what seemed to be much easier magic-work, that is, vermin, they confessed their weakness, saying, "It is the finger of God." Rail if you will at the vulgarities in *Faust*, at the scene on the Brocken, in the Auerbach-cellar, scold at the looseness of Wilhelm Meister, but you cannot imitate them—it is the finger of Goethe. But you would not imitate them if you could, and I hear you say with disgust, "We are not conjurors, but good Christians." And that you are no conjurors I well know.

Goethe's greatest merit is the perfection of all which he sets forth; in it one part is never weak and another strong, one portion well painted while others are only sketched, no entanglements or inequalities, no preference for details. Every character in his romances and dramas is treated as thoroughly as a leading personage. So it is with Homer and Shakespeare. And in the works of all great poets there are really no secondary characters; every one is leader for the time in his part. Such poets are like absolute princes, who

¹ This is ingenious, but untrue. According to it, Teniers is a greater artist than Michael Angelo. Very few artists have ever succeeded in the great and terrible, while the number of very clever *petits-maitres* is very great.—*Translator*.

do not allot to men any independent value, but esteem them according to their own will, or their sovereign approval.¹ Once, when a French ambassador remarked to the Czar Paul of Russia that a very influential Prussian statesman was interested in a certain affair, the Emperor interrupted him by saying with emphasis, "There is in this country no man of importance save the one to whom I speak, and so long as I converse with him he is important." An absolute poet, who had also received his power by divine grace, regards in the same manner as the one of greatest weight any one whom he for the time causes to speak or who exists from his pen, and from such art-despotism resulted the wondrous perfection of the most insignificant characters in the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

But if I have spoken rather hardly of Goethe's enemies, I should treat even more harshly his apologists, for most of them have been guilty of even greater follies. One of them, Eckermann, who is really not wanting in cleverness, approaches in this respect the ridiculous. In the war against Pustkuchen, Karl Immermann, who is now really our first dramatic poet, won his spurs as a critic by publishing an admirable little work. The men

¹ The conclusion of this passage is omitted in the French version.

of Berlin distinguished themselves mostly on this occasion. Goethe's boldest champion was Varnhagen von Ense, a man who has in his heart thoughts as great as the world, and who expresses them in words which are as precious as finely-cut gems. His was a great mind, to whose opinion Goethe ever attached the greatest value. And I may here mention that Wilhelm von Humboldt had, some time before, written a very admirable work on Goethe.

Within the last ten years every book-fair at Leipzig has produced works on Goethe. The researches of Schubart on this subject belong to the best works of higher criticism, and what Häring, who writes under the name of Willibald Alexis, in several publications, has said of Goethe was as valuable as intelligent. Professor Zimmermann of Hamburg has in oral lectures uttered the most admirable criticisms of the great poet, the best of which appear, scantily, yet all the more earnest and profound in his "Dramaturgic Leaves." In several German universities courses of lectures on Goethe are read, and it was *Faust* with which the public chiefly busied itself. It was in many ways continued and commented on; it became the secular Bible of the Germans.¹

¹ There are men who collect every work on *Faust*, or in which there is any reference to it. I have a catalogue of books on this subject alone.—*Translator*.

I should not be a German if I did not here offer some elucidations of *Faust*, since from the greatest thinker down to the smallest tinker in literature, from the philosopher to the doctor of philosophy, every one tries his talents on this book. But it is really as vast as the Bible, and, like it, embraces heaven and earth with man and his exegesis. The subject is here again the reason why *Faust* is so popular, because the author drew his material from popular legend, which testifies to the unconscious depth of perception of his genius, since he always grasped what was nearest and fittest. I may assume that *Faust* is known to the reader, for the work has become celebrated in France of late years; but I do not know whether the old popular tradition itself is as familiar, and whether there is sold at your country fairs or markets a book of grey blotting-paper, badly printed, and adorned with coarse woodcuts, in which may be read in detail how the arch-sorcerer Johannes Faustus, a learned doctor, who had mastered all the sciences, at last threw away his books and made a compact with the devil, by which he was to enjoy all the pleasures of earth, but give in return his soul to infernal ruin. The men of the Middle Age, whenever they perceived in any man great intellectual power, at once ascribed it to a compact with the devil; and Albertus Magnus, Raimond Lullius, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Agrippa

von Nettesheim, and in England, Roger Bacon, all passed for magicians, black-artists, and invokers of demons. But far stranger things were said and sung of Doctor Faustus, who demanded of the devil not only knowledge but substantial enjoyments. This is also the Faust who invented printing, and lived at a time when people began to preach against power and Church authority and seek into all things with freedom, so that with Faust the mediæval period of faith ends, and the modern critical era of science begins. It is, in fact, deeply significant that when, according to popular opinion, Faust lived, the Reformation began, and that he discovered the art which gave knowledge the victory over faith—I mean printing—an art, however, which took from us our Roman Catholic peace of mind, and cast us into doubts and revolutions, or, as some others would say, handed us over to the devil. But no! knowledge, the true understanding of things by means of reason, will at last give us those pleasures which Catholic Christianity has so long cheated us out of. We recognise that men are destined not only to a heavenly, but also to an earthly equality. The political brotherhood which is preached to us by philosophy is more beneficent than the purely spiritual fraternity to which Christianity has called us, and knowledge will become the word, and the word deed, so that we

may, during our lives, be happy here on earth; and if, over and above this, we are also to have heavenly happiness after death, as Christianity expressly declares, it will certainly be very acceptable and agreeable.

All of this the German people had long surmised, for it is itself that learned Dr. Faust; it is that same spiritualist who by the spirit perceived the insufficiency of the spirit, and longed for material pleasures and rehabilitation of the flesh. But, bound as we still were in the symbolism of Catholic poetry, where God was regarded as representing the spirit and the devil the flesh, that rehabilitation was regarded as a falling from God and an alliance with Satan.

Yet it will be some time before that will be fulfilled in Germany which is prophesied so significantly in this poem, ere we perceive the usurpations of the spirit, and vindicate the rights of the flesh. That will be the Revolution—the great daughter of the Reformation.

Less known in France than *Faust* is the *West-Oestlicher Divan*—"The Divan of the Western Orient"—a later work, unknown to Madame de Staël, and which we must here especially mention. It contains the manners of thought and feeling of the East, expressed in flower-like songs and sententious sayings, in which all is perfumed, and glows like a harem full of amorous odalisques with

gazelle-like eyes darkened with *kohl*, and yearning snow-white arms. Over it the reader trembles with desire, as did the happy Gaspar Debureau, when he in Constantinople stood on the ladder and saw *de haut en bas* what the Commander of the Faithful only saw *de bas en haut*. At times the reader feels as if he lay comfortably stretched out on a Persian carpet, smoking from a long-tubed *narghileh* the yellow tobacco of Turkistan, while a black slave-girl cools him with a fan of peacock-feathers, and a beautiful boy holds out to him a cup of Mocha coffee; for Goethe has here put into verse the most intoxicating joys of life, and these are so light, so charming, so softly inspired, so etherial, that we wonder that it could be done in German. Withal he gives in prose the most delightful explanations of manners and life in the East, as of the patriarchal life of the Arabs; and there Goethe is ever smiling and innocent as a child, yet wise as a grey old man. This prose is as transparent as the green sea in a summer noon, and calm, when one can see far down into the deep, and perceive sunken cities with their long-perished magnificence; and again it is often as magical, as mysteriously full of meaning as the heavens, when twilight gathers o'er them, and the great thoughts of Goethe come forth one by one, pure and golden as the stars. The enchantment of this book is indescribable; it is a

salaam which the East sends to the West; there are in it fantastic flowers, sensuous red roses, hortensias like the bare white breasts of beautiful girls, delightful, merry dandelions, purple digitalis like long fingers, curling crocuses, and hiding among them quiet German violets.¹ But this *salaam* signifies that the West, weary of its meagre, freezing Spiritualism, would fain refresh itself from the sound bodily world of the East. Goethe, after expressing in *Faust* his discontent with the abstractly spiritual and his longing for real pleasures, threw himself with all his soul into the arms of sensuality when he wrote the "Western Oriental Divan."

It is, therefore, a significant fact that this book appeared soon after *Faust*. It was Goethe's last phase, and his example had a great effect on our literature. Our lyric poets now sang the East. And it may be remarked that while Goethe sang so joyously of Persia and Arabia, he always manifested the most decided dislike of India. The bizarre, bewildered, and obscure elements of this country repelled him, and it may be that his aversion was partly due to his suspecting that the Sanskrit studies of the Schlegels and their friends had a Roman Catholic hidden meaning. These

¹ "Puritan pansies," as Edgar A. Poe expressed it. In connection with the "Western Oriental Divan" I would mention a modest but most agreeable little work—"Poets and Poetry of the East," by William Rounseville Alger of Boston.—*Translator*.

gentlemen indeed regarded Hindostan as the cradle of the Catholic organisation of the universe ; they saw in it the pattern of their hierarchy ; they found in it their trinity, their penances, their expiations, and all their favourite hobbies. Goethe's repugnance for India annoyed these people not a little, and for this reason Wilhelm Schlegel called him "a heathen converted to Islam."

Among the books on Goethe which appeared during the past year, there is a posthumous work by Johannes Falk—*Goethe aus näherem persönlichen Umgange dargestellt* (Goethe Depicted from Personal Intimacy)—which deserves the best mention. In it the author has, in addition to a detailed analysis of *Faust* (which of course could not be wanting), given us the most admirable views as to Goethe, and has shown him in all the phases of life, truly and impartially, with all his virtues and failings. Here we see Goethe in relation to his mother, whose nature was so wonderfully reflected in her son ; then as the natural historian studying a caterpillar which has spun itself into a cocoon and will reappear as a butterfly ; again conversing with the great Herder, who seriously reproves him for the indifferentism with which he regards the rising of the human race from its chrysalis ; or we behold him at the court of the Grand Duke of Weimar, merrily improvising among blonde maids of honour, like Apollo amid the

sheep of King Admetus, or yet again refusing, with the pride of a Dalai-Lama, to recognise Kotzebue, and how the latter, to take him down, institutes a public festival in honour of Schiller—and everywhere the same clever, handsome, amiable, charmingly refreshing form like that of an ancient god.

And in truth one finds to perfection in Goethe that union of personality with genius such as we wish to have in remarkable men. His exterior was as deeply impressive and significant as the word which lived in his works, and his form was harmonious, clear, cheerful, nobly proportioned, and one could study Greek art in him as in an antique. This dignified body was never bent by Christian worm-like humility, the features of his face never distorted by Christian wretchedness, his eyes were never shy, like those of a Christian sinner, never inspired cantingly, rantingly, or with celestial gleams. No; his eyes were calm as those of a god; and it is the sign by which the gods are known that their glance is steady and that their eyes never vacillate. Therefore, when Agni, Varuna, Yama, and Indra assume the form of Nala at the wedding of Damayanti, the bride recognises her beloved by the winking of his eyes, since, as I have said, the eyes of the gods are always immovable. The eyes of Napoleon had this peculiarity; therefore I am persuaded that he was a god. Goethe's eyes were as divine in

old age as in his youth.¹ Time could cover his head with snow, but never bend it. He also held it proudly and highly; and when he spoke, he became greater, and when he put forth his hand, it was as though he would show unto the stars in heaven their appointed course. It was thought that there played about his mouth a cold expression of egoism, but this trait is peculiar to the eternal gods,² and even to the great Jupiter, the father of the gods, with whom I have before compared Goethe. In truth, when I visited him at Weimar and stood before him, I glanced involuntarily to one side to see whether there was not the eagle holding the lightning in his beak. I was about to address him in Greek, but observing that he understood German, I remarked to him in the latter that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar tasted deliciously. During many a winter night had I reflected what sublime and profound things I would say to Goethe, should I ever meet him; and when I at last saw him, I told him that the Saxon plums were good. And Goethe smiled—smiled with the same lips which

¹ It is worth observing that W. von Humboldt, Von Brüsch, the great egyptologist of Berlin, and to a certain degree Bismarck, had or have an expression like that of Goethe.—*Translator.*

² Lactantius (*Div. Instit. de Falsa Religione*, lib. i. c. 9) goes further than Heine, for he adds to this trait all the other vices as constituting the character of a classic deity.—*Translator.*

had kissed the beautiful Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and so many other princesses, or even common nymphs.¹

Les dieux s'en vont. Goethe is dead. He died on the 22nd of March 1832, that significant year in which our world lost its greatest celebrities. It seems as if in that year Death had suddenly become aristocratic, and would distinguish the notable men of earth by sweeping them into the grave. Perhaps he wished to found there in the realm of shadows a house of peers, and in this case the *fournée* (batch) was very well selected. Or did Death desire, on the contrary, to favour the Democrats, by destroying with the men of renown also their authority, and thereby aid intellectual equality? Was it respect or insolence which made him spare our kings? In a moment of forgetfulness he raised his scythe once over the king of Spain, but he recalled himself betimes and let him live.² Not a single king died in that year. *Les dieux s'en vont*—but we keep the kings.

¹ "Boy," said a Western senator to an urchin, "do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy; "you are the great senator from Illinois." "True," replied the dignitary, "but remember that, great as I am, there is ONE still greater." As Goethe thought very little of the One, and as he was overwhelmed with such inordinate flatteries as this of Heine, it is not remarkable that there should have played about his mouth an expression of egoism.—*Translator*.

² This sentence is omitted in the French version.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.¹

IN accordance with the conscientiousness to which I have strictly adhered, I must mention that many French persons have complained that I

¹ It is as well to forewarn the reader that all which Heine has written in this book in reference to the brothers Schegel, and especially August Wilhelm, must be taken with every allowance of distrust. Heine wished to appear as the first person who had made Germany known to France or the world; therefore he did all he could to discredit the work of Madame de Staël, of which Schlegel had been, so to speak, the engineer. But what was bitterest to Heine was the aristocratic position, the worldly success, the elegance of the Schlegels, matters which, as we see through all his works, were far dearer to him than to most men of letters: and believing himself to be intellectually their superior, it aroused all the envy of his nature to think of them. As it was patent to the world that the Schlegels had rendered immense service to scholarship and literature in many ways—services which could by no possibility be belittled or denied without injury to the critic—our author, not very willingly, admits them as if it were very generous to do so; but, on the other hand, he rakes up all the petty, personal, chamber-maid gossip which he can think of relative to August W. von

spoke too severely of the Schlegels, especially of August Wilhelm. But I do not think that such reproaches would have been uttered if the literary history of Germany were better known here. Many people are only familiar with the name as they find it in the works of Madame de Staël, his noble protectress. But the greater portion know nothing of him but the name, which rings in their memories as something honourable, or venerable, or admirable, like that of Osiris, of whom all that we can say is, that he was a queer old fellow of a god who was worshipped in Egypt.¹ What other likeness there may be between August Wilhelm Schlegel and Osiris is best known to them.²

Schlegel, as if this were a complete negative to his rank as scholar. Fortunately for Heine, his own enemies have not treated him in this manner. His reproach of "Lucinda" for indecency, when compared to much of his own "free-flying," is a miracle of audacity. And it may be said truly that Heine, in the hands of a Heine, treated as he treated the Schlegels, Cousin, and others whom he envied, might have been made to appear to many to be the most worthless, abject, or contemptible figure in German literature. Yet for those who can make these allowances, this chapter will still remain an admirable contribution to literature; and, apart from its unfairness, brilliant, ingenious, and erudite.—*Translator*.

¹ "Wovon sie nur wissen das es ein wunderlicher Kauz von Gott ist." *Kauz*, as an odd fellow and a screech-owl, may be very accurately though vulgarly rendered as "a rum old boy." Among American slangists, "one of the owls" has all the expressiveness of the German word.—*Translator*.

² The following passage is omitted in the German version, and it would have been more to Heine's credit if it had been

As I was once one of the university pupils of the elder Schlegel, it is possible that some clemency was due from me to him. But did August Wilhelm Schlegel spare his literary father, old Bürger? No! and in this he acted according to custom and descent; for in literature, as in the forests of the North American Indians, the fathers are killed by the sons when they become old and weak.

I have already remarked that Friedrich Schlegel was of more importance than August Wilhelm, and in fact the latter only lived upon the ideas of his brother, and knew no art save that of working them up.¹ Friedrich Schlegel was a

spared from the French. After speaking of Osiris and Schlegel, he remarks that "the French know as much of the one as of the other, and little suspect the great resemblance which there is between them," adding: "Bien qu'il existe aujourd'hui un grand nombre d'écrivains allemands qui méritent bien plus que les Schlegels une mention étendue, je me vois obligé de consacrer encore quelques lignes à ces derniers pour répondre au reproche de dureté qui m'a été adressé. Malheureusement, ces nouvelles réflexions ne ressembleront plus à un panégyrique."—*Translator.*

¹ "Und Verstand *nur* die Kunst sie auszuarbeiten." In the French version, "qu'il s'entendait à élaborer artistement." Here the insult in German is turned to a compliment in French. But these petty differences of only a few words in the French work are too numerous to notice. That August Wilhelm von Schlegel "only lived upon the ideas of his brother" is a reckless slander, as will appear plainly enough from Heine's own admission in several places of the different directions of the two brothers.—*Translator.*

profound thinker; he knew the glories of the past ages and felt the pains of the present, but he did not understand the sanctity of these sorrows, and that they were needed for the future well-being of the world. He saw the sun set, and gazed sadly at the place where it had vanished, and wailed over the darkness as it drew over the heaven, and never noticed that Aurora was dawning on the other side. Friedrich Schlegel once called the investigator into history "a prophet reversed." This remark perfectly characterises himself. He hated the present, he was terrified by the future, and it was only into the beloved past that the revealing glances of the seer penetrated.

In the agonies of our age poor Friedrich Schlegel did not see the pangs of a new birth, but only the agony of death; he had no idea why the curtain of the temple was rent in twain, and the earth did quake, and the rocks shivered, and in deadly fear he fled into the trembling ruins of the Roman Church. This was certainly the fittest refuge for one in his state of mind.¹ He had during his life indulged in much gaiety and pride, now he regarded it all as sinfulness, deserving the long-delayed penitence; therefore

¹ French version, "l'auteur de Lucinda trouva ce lieu approprié à la disposition de son âme." — *Translator*.

the author of "Lucinda" must necessarily become Catholic.

Lucinda is a novel, and, with the exception of his poems and a drama entitled "Alarcos," which is imitated from the Spanish, that novel is the only original composition which Friedrich Schlegel left. There was in his time no lack of admirers of this romance. The now highly honourable and reverend Schleiermacher once published enthusiastic letters on it. There were even critics who extolled it as a master-piece, and who absolutely prophesied that it would be regarded as the best book in German literature. They should have been imprisoned by the authorities, as prophets in Russia who foretell great public disasters are confined in jail till their predictions are fulfilled. No; the gods have preserved our literature from such a misfortune; the romance of Schlegel was soon rejected on account of its indecent worthlessness, and it is now forgotten. Lucinda is the name of its heroine, and she is a sensually witty woman, or rather a mixture of sensuality and wit. Her fault is that she is not a woman, but a dull unedifying compound of the two abstractions. The Holy Virgin may forgive him for having written this book, but the Muses never.

A similar novel, called "Florentin," has been wrongly attributed to the late Schlegel. This book, people say, was written by his wife, a

daughter of the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn, whom he had abducted from her first husband, and who went over with him to the Roman Catholic Church.

I believe that Friedrich Schlegel was sincere in his Catholicism, but I do not believe it of many of his friends. Here, however, it is very difficult to get at the truth. Religion and hypocrisy are twin sisters, and are so much alike that they often cannot be distinguished from one another. They have the same form, dress, and language. Only that the latter sister drawls a little more, and repeats oftener the word "love." I speak of Germany. In France one of the sisters is dead, and we see the other still in deepest mourning.

Since the appearance of the work *De l'Allemagne* by Madame de Staël, Friedrich Schlegel has presented the public with two great works, which are perhaps his best, and which merit at all events the most favourable mention.¹ These are his *Weisheit und Sprache der Indier*—"Wisdom

¹ Heine did not previously include these in his very brief summary of all that was "original" by Schlegel. The "Lectures on the Philosophy of History" form, in the highest and best sense of the word, an original work, nor is the "Wisdom and Language of the Indians," inferior to it. According to Heine's use of the word, limiting it to works of the imagination, there is nothing *original* in most of his own writings, any more than in those of Carlyle or Darwin.—*Translator*.

and Language of the Indians"—and his *Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der Literatur*—"Lectures on the History of Literature." By this first work he not only introduced the study of the Sanskrit into Germany, but really founded it. He became for our country what Sir William Jones had been for England. He had learned Sanskrit in the most genial manner,¹ and the few fragments which he has given in the "Wisdom" are admirably translated. By his profound perceptive faculty he grasped all the meaning of the epic metre, the *sloka*, which flows as widely in their poetry as that divinely clear flood the Ganges. How petty and poor in comparison appears August Wilhelm Schlegel, who translated some fragments from the Sanskrit into hexameters, and could not while so doing boast sufficiently that he had not let any trochees slip in, and had so neatly cut and copied so many material art-bits of the Alexandrines.² As Friedrich Schlegel's work on India is certainly translated into French, I can spare further praise. What I have to blame is the *arrière pensée* or hidden meaning of the book. It is written in

¹ "In der genialsten Weise," French version, "de la manière la plus originale."—*Translator*.

² A double allusion to Alexandrine work and the measure. This passage in reference to A. W. Schlegel is omitted in the French version, as it might very well have been from the German.—*Translator*.



the interests of Catholicism. These Schlegels had found not only its mysteries, but also the whole Catholic hierarchy and its battle with the secular power in the Indian poems.¹ In the Mahabharata and in the Ramayana they also discovered an elephantine Middle Age. In fact, when in the last epos King Wiswamitra quarrels with the priest Wasischta, the same interests are at stake as when the son of Barbarossa strove with Pope Hildebrand, though the cause of difference is here called in Europe the investiture, and there in India the cow Sabala.

The same fault may be found as regards Schlegel's "Lectures on Literature." Friedrich Schlegel here regards all literature from one elevated point of view, and this is always the bell-tower of a Catholic church.² And in all the author says we hear the bells ringing and the croaking of the ravens of the tower as they fly about. I seem to scent the incense of the high

¹ A discovery for which, strange as it may seem, the Catholics have been far from being grateful or gratified; Cardinal Newman having been one of the many to earnestly deny that these remarkable resemblances existed, or that they originated in India.—*Translator*.

² French version, "d'une église gothique." It is remarkable that this association of bells with monotony, repetition, and annoyance is found through the Middle Ages (*vide* an article in *The Author*, 1890), and received its fullest development in the famous chestnut-bell of America.

mass when I read in this book and see tonsured thoughts peeping out from its most beautiful passages. Despite these defects, I know of no better book of the kind; it is only by considering all the works of Herder that one can get a better general view of the literature of all countries; for Herder did not sit like a literary grand inquisitor in judgment over the nations, condemning or absolving them according to the measure of their faith. No; Herder regarded all mankind as a great harp in the hands of the Great Master; every race seemed to him to be a properly tuned string of this giant instrument, and he understood the universal harmony of its varied chords.

Friedrich Schlegel died in the summer of 1829, in consequence, it is said, of excess in eating.¹ He was fifty-seven years of age. His death caused a very repulsive literary scandal. His friends of the priestly party, whose head-quarters were in Munich, were enraged at the manner in which the Liberal press commented on his death, and they vilified, cursed, and calumniated the German Liberals. Yet it could not be said of any one of them "that he had run away with the wife of his host, and afterwards lived on the alms of the injured husband!"

I must now, since it is required of me, speak of

¹ These petty scandals, based on "*wie man sagt*" or "*it is said*," sufficiently indicate the real feeling of Heine towards the Schlegels, and his unfitness to criticise them fairly. — *Translator*.

the elder brother, August Wilhelm von Schlegel. Should I do so in Germany, they would stare at me in amazement.

Who talks about the giraffe now in Paris?

Wilhelm August Schlegel was born in Hanover, September 5, 1767. I do not know this from himself personally. I was never so impolite as to ask him his age. I found that date, if I am not mistaken, in Spindler's "Lexicon of Learned German Women." August Wilhelm von Schlegel is, therefore, sixty-four years of age. Alexander von Humboldt and other investigators into natural history declare that he is older. Champollion was also of this opinion. To describe his literary merits, I must again praise him as a translator. As such he has done work which is really extraordinary. His translation of Shakespeare into German is masterly and unsurpassable. August Wilhelm Schlegel is, with the exception perhaps of Gries and Count Platen, the greatest master of metre in Germany. In all other capacities or works he is entitled to only a second or third place. In æsthetic criticism he lacks the basis of a philosophy, and in this branch he is far surpassed by other critics, such as Solger. In old German studies Jacob Grimm towers far above him—Grimm, whose German grammar freed us from the superficiality with which old German monuments of our language were once explained by the Schlegels. Schlegel could perhaps have

gone far in the study of old German had he not thrown himself into Sanskrit; but old German had gone out of fashion, and with Sanskrit there might be a new sensation. But even in this study he remained to a degree an amateur; he owed the beginning of his ideas to his brother Friedrich, and what is scientific and real in his Sans-critical contributions he owes, as every one knows, to his learned collaborator, Lassen. Franz Bopp of Berlin is, in Germany, the true Sanskrit scholar, and the first in his specialty. He once wished to bring himself into notice by attacking the fame of Niebuhr, but when he is compared to this great investigator, or to a Johannes von Müller, a Heeren, a Schlosser, and similar historians, we can only shrug our shoulders. But what are his merits as a poet? This is hard to decide.

The violin-player Solomons, who gave instruction in his art to King George IV. of England, said once to his august pupil, "Players on the violin are divided into three classes; to the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second, those who play very badly; and to the third, those who play well. Your Majesty has got so far as the second class."

Does August Wilhelm Schlegel belong to the first or second class? Some declare that he is no poet; others, that he is a very bad one. So far as I know, he is no Paganini.

August Wilhelm von Schlegel gained his celebrity chiefly by the unparalleled audacity or impudence, with which he assailed preceding literary authorities.¹ He tore the laurels from the old wigs, and thereby set flying much dust into the eyes of the public.² His fame is a natural daughter of scandal.

As I have several times observed, the criticism with which Schlegel attacked the literary authorities of his time is by no means based on any philosophy. When we have recovered from the amazement into which his audacity has thrown us, we perceive the utter and entire emptiness of the so-called Schlegelian criticism. For example, when he wishes to depreciate the poet Bürger, he compares his songs with the old English ballads which Percy collected, and shows that the latter were more naïve, more in the ancient spirit, and consequently more poetically conceived. Schlegel had fairly well appreciated the spirit of the past,

¹ This accusation is an exceedingly ingenious device to turn attention from the fact that Heine himself is here treating Schlegel in precisely the same manner as that of which he accuses the latter—that is, by means of “scandal” and mere abuse. At present, we have but few critics left who speak of the manner of writing of an opponent, *à la* Heine, as “rigmarole,” and who abuse books without honestly explaining what is in them.—*Translator.*

² This expression is given in full only in the French version, “Il fit voler beaucoup de poudre aux yeux de son public.”

especially of the Middle Age, and he therefore succeeded in pointing out this spirit in its works of art, and in demonstrating their beauties from this historical point of view. But he understood nothing of the present time; at best, he only caught something of the physiognomy or a few external traits of our time, and these were by far not the best or most beautiful; and as he did not comprehend the spirit which inspired them, so he saw in all our modern life only a prosaic absurdity. On the whole, only a great poet can seize the full meaning of the poetry of his own time; that of the past reveals itself much more readily, and it is easier to impart to others.¹ Therefore Schlegel succeeded in exalting in great numbers, poems in which the past lies confined, at the expense of those in which our modern present breathes and lives. But death is not more poetic than life.² The relics of ancient poetry collected by Percy set forth the spirit of their own time, and Bürger's that of ours. Schlegel did not understand this spirit, else he would have heard in the vehemence with which it sometimes breaks out in Bürger's poems, not the rude cry of an untrained

¹ A great truth well expressed, but it should be remembered that, as Heine has shown, the spirit of the present in Schlegel's time consisted of revivals of the past.—*Translator*.

² This line is wanting in the French version.

tutor,¹ but rather the powerful cry of pain of a Titan who was goaded to death by an aristocracy of Hanoverian nobles and school pedants. Such was the case with the author of "Lenore," as well as that of many other men of genius, who as poor petty professors starved in Göttingen, lived wretchedly, and died in misery. How could the aristocratic chevalier, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, protected by aristocratic patrons, appointed, revived, baronised, and ribboned, understand those verses in which Bürger cried aloud, that an honourable man, sooner than beg favours from the great, should die of hunger?

The name Bürger means in German *citoyen*—citizen—a man of the middle class.

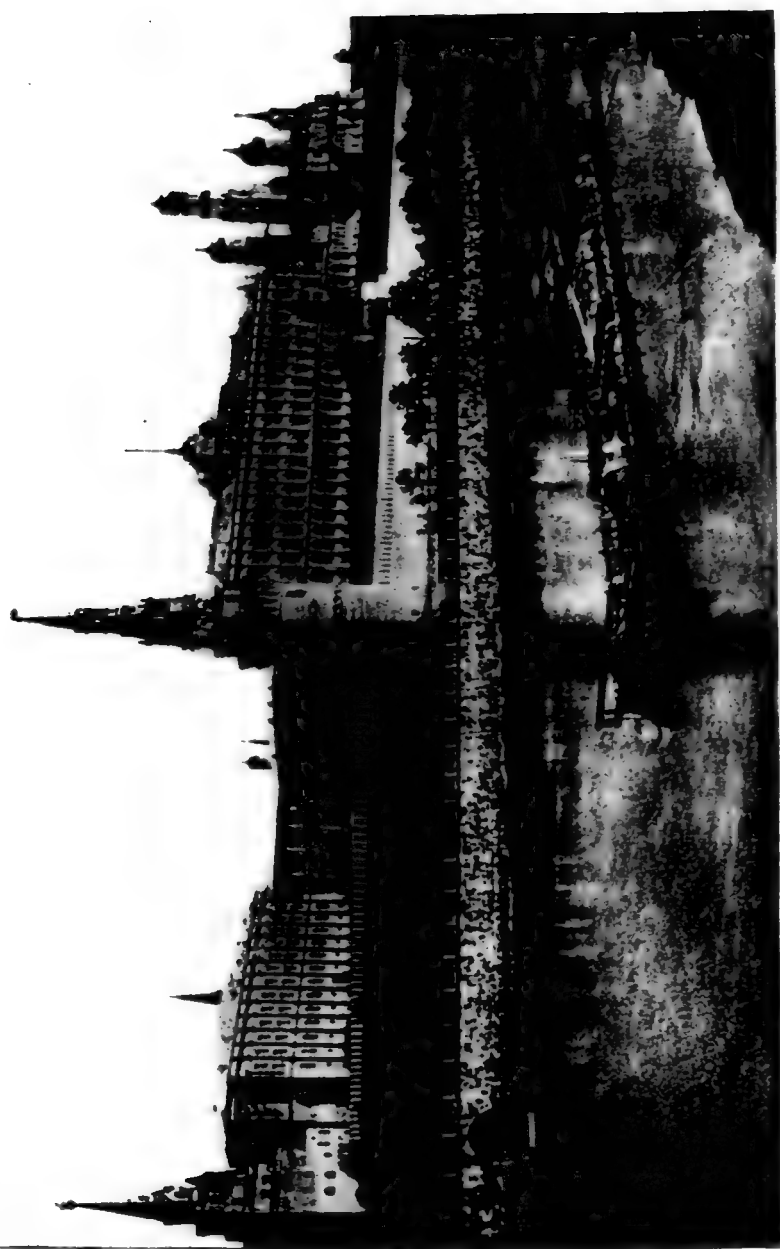
The fame of Schlegel was greatly increased by the attention which he attracted when he, somewhat later here in France, attacked the literary authorities of the French. We saw with joy and pride how our fellow-countryman, yearning for the prey, showed the French that all their classic literature was naught, that Molière was a buffoon and not a poet, that Racine was equally worthless, and that, on the other hand, we Germans must be regarded as the kings of Parnassus. His refrain ever was that the French were the most prosaic people in the world, and that there was no poetry

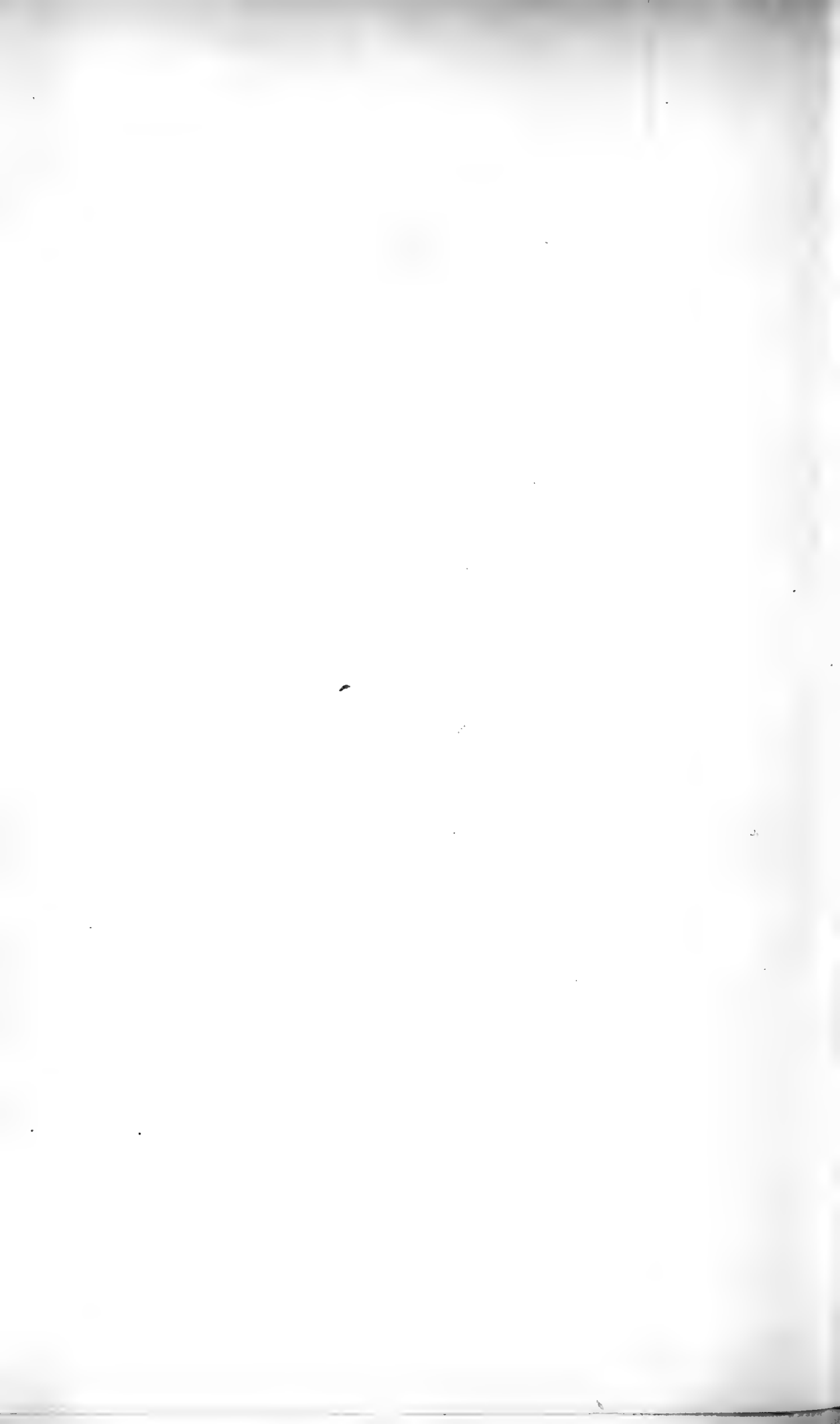
¹ Magister, a mere Master of Arts, an ordinary teacher.

in France. The man said this at a time when he had passing before his very eyes and in the body, so many chiefs of the Convention of that great titanic tragedy; at a time when Napoleon improvised a good epic every day,¹ when Paris swarmed with gods, heroes, and kings. But Schlegel saw nothing of all this; while he was here he was contemplating himself continually in a mirror, for which reason it is easy to understand why he saw no poetry in France.

But Schlegel, as I have said, never understood any poetry save that of the past; the present escaped him. Everything in modern life seemed to him prosaic, and that of France, the maternal soil of modern life, was out of his sphere of vision. Racine was accordingly the first whom he could not comprehend; for this great poet appears as herald of the modern age, with the great king with whom it begins. Racine was the first modern poet, as Louis XIV. was the first modern king. In Corneille there is still the inspiration of the Middle Age. In him and in the Fronde we still hear the death-rattle of ancient chivalry; therefore he is often called Romantic. But in Racine the mediæval manner of thinking is utterly extinguished; new feelings awake in him; he is

¹ In the French version, "improvisait chaque jour une sublime épopée."





the organ of a new society; in his breast the first violet of our modern life breathes its perfume; we see therein the first buds of the laurels which bloomed so fully in the later age. Who knows how many deeds grew from the tender verses of Racine? The French heroes who now lie buried by the Pyramids, by Moscow and Waterloo, had all heard Racine's poems of Racine, as their Emperor had done, from Talma. Who knows how many hundredweights of fame in the column of the Place Vendôme belong by right to Racine? Is Euripides a greater poet than Racine? Truly I do not know; but this I know, that the latter was a living fountain of love and a sense of honour, and that with his draughts he intoxicated, enraptured, and inspired an entire race. What more could you ask from a poet? We are all mortal; we go down into the grave and leave behind us our word, and when this has fulfilled its mission, it returns to God, the meeting-place of all poets' words, the home of all harmonies.

If Schlegel had confined himself to saying that the mission of the word of Racine was completed, and that the advanced age needed new poets, his attacks would not have been baseless. But baseless they were when he sought to show the weakness of Racine by comparing his works with those of older poets. Not only was he blind to the infinite grace and charm, the delightful gaiety,

the deep fascination which was in them, or to the truth that Racine costumed his new French heroes with antique garments, combining the interest of modern passion with the deeper interest of a brilliant masquerade. No; Schlegel was stupid enough to take the masking for reality, to judge of the Greeks of Versailles by those of Athens, and to compare the *Phædra* of Racine with the *Phædra* of Euripides! This habit of measuring the present with the meter of the past was so deeply rooted in Schlegel, that he always lashed the back of a later poet with the laurels of one of olden time; so that when he in turn would degrade Euripides, he could do no better than to compare him with the more ancient Sophocles or Æschylus.

It would take me too far to show how Schlegel wrought great mischief by attempting in this manner to depreciate Euripides, as did once Aristophanes. The latter was in this respect on a point of view which had much in common with that of the Romantic school; there are similar feelings and tendencies in his warfare, and if Tieck has been called a Romantic Aristophanes, so we may rightly call the parodist of Euripides and Socrates a Classic Tieck. For as Tieck and the Schlegels, despite their own unbelief, bewailed the decay of Catholicism, as they desired to restore this faith among the

multitude, as they with these views made war with scorn and slander on the Protestant Rationalists, the enlightened ones, and on the true rather than the false; as they cherished the grimmest antipathy for men who required an honest citizen-like equality in literature; as they ridiculed this spirit of equality as a Philistine-like petty vexation, and, on the other hand, exalted and extolled the great chivalric life of the feudal Middle Age; so also Aristophanes, who mocked the gods themselves, still hated the philosophers who prepared the road to ruin for all Olympus. So too he hated the rationalistic Socrates, who preached a higher morality; he hated the poets, who had likewise begun to announce a more modern life, which differed from the earlier period of Greek gods and heroes and kings just as our own age differs from that of feudal times; and finally he hated Euripides, who was no longer intoxicated, as *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* had been, with the Greek Middle Age, but had begun to approach the tragedy of middle-class life. I doubt whether Schlegel himself knew the real motives which inspired him to so decry and degrade Euripides in comparison with *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. I believe that he was guided by an unconscious instinct to scent in the old tragedian that modern democratic and Protestant element which was already so deeply

hated by the chivalric and Olympic Catholic Aristophanes.¹

Yet it may be that I do August Wilhelm Schlegel an undeserved honour in attributing to him any decided sympathies and antipathies. It is possible that he had none. In his youth he was a Hellenist, and later a Romanticist. He became the choir-leader of the new school; it was named after him and his brother; and of all who were in the school, he perhaps was the one who was least in earnest as regarded it. He upheld it with his talents, he studied himself into it, he enjoyed it while it was a success, and when it came to a bad end he worked himself into new literary pursuits.

But though the school came to grief, the efforts of August Wilhelm Schlegel bore good fruit for our literature; for he showed how scientific or learned subjects can be treated in elegant language. Before his time few German authors dared to write a learned book in a clear and attractive style.² They wrote a confused dry

¹ It is amusing, in reading this, to recall the fact that Heine himself is now so generally known as the modern Aristophanes. Their political motives may have differed, but their method of dealing with characters was identical.—*Translator*.

² If Heine reached the acme of unjust sarcasm in the previous sentence by denying to August Wilhelm Schlegel any sincerity, he atones for it in this admission that he improved German literary style. As he well might, for it was in a very great measure the influence of Schlegel which led him to write

German, which smelt of tallow-candles and tobacco. Schlegel himself was one of the few Germans who never smoked tobacco, a virtue which he owed to the society of Madame de Staël; and he owed, in fact, to this lady that external polish which he turned to such good account in Germany. In this respect the death of the admirable Madame de Staël was a great loss for this German *savant*, who found in her salon so many opportunities to become familiar with the latest fashions, and who, as her companion in all the chief cities of Europe, could see the world and acquire the most elegant manners. Such refining influences had become such a delightful necessity to him, that after the death of his noble protectress he was not disinclined to offer to accompany the celebrated Catalani in her travels.

As I have said, the promotion of elegance is the principal merit of Schlegel, and thanks to him there came more civilisation into the lives of German poets.¹ Goethe had already given the most influential example that a man could be a

German clearly, concisely, and brilliantly, as no one had ever done before him. There is an allusion to "tallow-candles" in the next sentence, which was probably suggested by remembering what he has elsewhere told us, that Schlegel had at his lectures *wax tapers*, which were snuffed by a servant in elegant livery.

¹ In the French version, "grâce à lui, il se glisse un peu de civilisation dans la vie des poètes de l'Allemagne."

German poet and yet show something of external decency. In earlier times German poets despised all conventional forms, and the very name, or even that of "poetic genius," awoke most disagreeable associations. A German poet was a man who wore a shabby ragged coat, who wrote christening and wedding odes for a thaler a piece, who, instead of good society, enjoyed far more good liquor, and often lay of nights drunk in the gutter, tenderly kissed by Luna's gentle rays. When such men grew old, they generally plunged still deeper into misery. True it was a misery without much affliction or care, since all they cared for was to know where they could get the most schnapps for the least money.

Like this I had always conceived a German poet. How delighted and astonished was I when, as a youth, I studied at the University of Bonn, and there had the honour to see face to face August Wilhelm Schlegel, the poetic genius. He was, with the exception of Napoleon, the first great man whom I had ever beheld, and I shall never forget the sublime sight. To this very day I feel the holy shuddering awe which crept over my soul when I stood before his chair and heard him speak. In those days I wore a coarse white cut-a-way coat,¹ a scarlet cap, long blonde locks,

¹ *Flauschrock*, a short coat once peculiar to German students ; also *Flaus*, a thick shaggy coat.—*Translator*.

and no gloves. But Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel had *gants glacés*, fine kid-gloves, and was dressed in the last Paris fashion; perfectly perfumed with good society and *eau de mille fleurs*, he was neatness and refinement itself, and when he spoke of "the Lord Chancellor of England," he added "my friend," while by him stood a lackey in the most baronial livery of the house of Schlegel, who snuffed the tapers in the silver candelabras, while on the desk before the marvellous man was a glass of *eau sucré*. Wax tapers! silver candelabras! servants in livery! my friend the Lord Chancellor of England! kid gloves! *eau sucré*!—what unheard of things in the lecture-room of a German professor! This splendour dazzled us young folks not a little—me especially—and I composed three odes to Herr Schlegel all beginning with—

"O thou, thou—who"—

and so on—*et cetera*. But it was only in poetry that I dared to *thou* so distinguished a man.¹ His external appearance was really imposing. On his small head shone a few silver hairs, and his form was so slender, so wasted and transparent, that he seemed to be all soul and almost a symbol of spiritualism.

However, he had married, and though the chief

¹ *Duisen*; French, *tutoyer*.

of the Romanticists, had wedded the daughter of the church councillor, Paulus of Heidelberg, the leader of the German Rationalists. It was a symbolical espousal; Romanticism indeed allied itself to Rationalism, but the union was barren.¹ On the contrary, the separation between Romance and Rationalism became all the greater, and the very next morning after the nuptials Rationalism returned to its home, and would have nothing more to do with Romance; for Rationalism being always reasonable, did not wish to be merely symbolically married, and as soon as it recognised the wooden nothingness of Romantic art, ran away. I know that I here speak enigmatically, and will try to explain myself as clearly as possible. Typhon, the Evil, hated Osiris, (who, as you know, is an Egyptian god), and when he had him in his power, tore him to pieces. Isis, the poor wife of Osiris, sought with pain and fatigue the fragments, and succeeded in putting them together again. But one important part was wanting, and this was replaced with a substitute of wood. But alas! poor Isis; wood is only wood. Hence arose

¹ When I was a student in Heidelberg, 1846-7, I lived for six months next door to Paulus, who was then ninety-four years of age. He remained in a comatose condition every day until about noon, when he became intelligent and lively, and conversed well, and then relapsed into drowsiness. The winter of his age had arctic days.—*Translator*.

in Egypt a scandalous myth, and in Heidelberg a mysterious scandal.¹

From that time August Wilhelm Schlegel passed quite out of sight. He had vanished. Discontent at being so forgotten drove him, after long years of absence, again to Berlin, once the capital of his literary renown, and there he delivered some public lectures on æsthetics. But he had meanwhile learned nothing new, and he now addressed a public which had gained from Hegel a philosophy of art and a science of æsthetics. His hearers jested and shrugged their shoulders. It was with him as with some old actor, who, after twenty years of retirement, visits the scene of his early success, and does not understand why the public laugh instead of applauding. The man had changed terribly, and he delighted Berlin for four full weeks by the display of his absurdities. He had become an old coxcomb, who made of himself everywhere a fool of which the most incredible things are narrated.

¹ "A mythical scandal" would perhaps come nearer to the truth of a story which is most discreditable to Heine. French version, "De là vint une grande culte en Egypte et à Heidelberg un grand scandale. C'est un vieux mythe qui, dans son temps, a produit une joyeuse sensation." And even more discreditable is the manner in which he mercilessly drags to light and publishes the details of the old age of one who had done great work in his day, and to whom he owed at least the gratitude due to all early teachers.—*Translator*.

I had the sorrow to see August Wilhelm Schlegel again in person here in Paris. I truly had no idea of this change till I was convinced by my own eyes. It was little more than a year ago, just before my arrival in the capital. I was going to see the house in which Molière had dwelt, for I honour great poets, and seek everywhere for traces of their earthly career: it is a *cultus*—a religion. On my way, not far from that sacred dwelling, I saw a being in whose played-out and worn-away¹ features I saw some likeness to the former August Wilhelm Schlegel. I thought I saw his spirit, but it was only his body. The soul is long dead, and his body ghosts about and haunts the earth, and has meantime grown plump; flesh had attached itself to those slender spiritual legs; there was even a stomach visible, over which hung a number of ribbons of orders. The little head, once so grey, now bore a golden yellow wig. He was clad in the latest fashion of the year in which Madame de Staël died (1818); and he smiled in a manner so sweetly superannuated, like an old lady with a piece of sugar in her mouth, and moved as youthfully as a coquettish child. A strange rejuvenation had actually come over him, as if he had got into a comic second edition of his

¹ *Verwebten Zügen.*

youth; he seemed to be in full bloom once more, and I even suspected that the red of his cheeks was not due to rouge, but to a healthy irony of Nature.

At that instant it seemed to me as if I saw the late Molière¹ standing at the window, and as if he smiled down at me, indicating the melancholy dull apparition. All that was ridiculous in it flashed upon me all at once. I understood all the depth and fulness of the joke in it; I comprehended the farcical character of that fabulously ridiculous man, who—more's the pity!—has never found any great comedian to put him properly upon the stage. Molière himself was the man who could work up such a figure for the Théâtre Français; he only had the talent needed; and that August Wilhelm von Schlegel felt, and so hated Molière for the same reason which made Napoleon hate Tacitus; for as he, the French Cæsar, well knew that the Republican writer of history would not have painted him with rosy hues, so August Wilhelm Schlegel, the German Osiris, had long felt that he would never have escaped Molière, the great comic writer, had the latter lived. Napoleon said of Tacitus that he was the slanderer of Tiberius, and August Wilhelm Schlegel said of Molière that he was no poet, but only a buffoon.

¹ French version, *Poquelin*.

August Wilhelm Schlegel soon after this left Paris, having received from His Majesty Louis Philippe I., King of the French, the decoration of the legion of honour. The *Moniteur* has to this day hesitated to properly announce this fact; but Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, hurriedly jotted it down in her notebook of jests.¹

¹ The words "from His Majesty Louis Philippe I., King of the French," are judiciously omitted from the French version. Heine was at this time working for a pension from His Majesty, and doing all in his power to please his French public, which partially accounts for the bitterness of his remarks on Schlegel, whom he puts forth as the foe of France.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the Schlegels, Ludwig Tieck was the most effective author of the Romantic school. For it he fought, thought, and sang. He was a poet, a name which neither of the Schlegels deserved; for he was a true son of Phœbus Apollo, and, like his ever-youthful father, he bore not only the lyre but the bow, with a quiver full of rattling, ringing arrows. He was, like the Delphian god, intoxicated with lyrical fire and critical cruelty. And when, like him too, he had pitilessly flayed alive some literary Marsyas he merrily grasped with bloody fingers the golden chords of his lyre and sang a sweet song of love.

The poetical polemic which Tieck waged in dramatic form against the adversaries of the school belongs to the most remarkable curiosities of our literature. They are satirical plays, which are generally compared with the comedies of Aristophanes. Yet they differ from the latter almost as much as a tragedy by Sophocles differs from one by Shakespeare. If the ancient comedies

had the same cut and style,¹ the strictly drilled step, and the exquisitely metrical language of ancient tragedies, so that they might pass for parodies, so are the dramatic satires of Tieck cut in as original and strange a manner, just as Anglicanly irregular and as metrically capricious as the tragedies of Shakespeare. Was this form invented by Tieck? No; for it existed already among the people in Italy. He who understands Italian may get a tolerably correct idea² of the dramas of Tieck if he will dream himself into the chequered-bizarre, Venetian-fantastic fairy-tale comedies of Gozzi, mixed with a little German moonshine. In fact, Tieck took most of his masks from this merry child of the Lagunes. Following his example, many German poets have mastered the same form; hence we have had comedies whose comic effects were not produced by a single fanciful character or a gay intrigue, but where we are transported at once into a wild and merry world, where

¹ *Einheitlichen Zuschnitt*, as of the uniforms of soldiers. French version, *toute l'unité d'action*. In the same, the words *englisch unregelmässig*, which I render Anglicanly or Englishly-irregular, are not translated.—*Translator*.

² "Kann sich einen ziemlich richtigen Begriff verschaffen." In the French version, *une juste idée*, which implies a perfect intelligence. These differences, though trifling, indicate carelessness, and they often occur several times in a page.—*Translator*.

animals talk and act like men, and where chance and caprice take its place in the natural order of things. This we also find in Aristophanes. But the latter chose this form to reveal to us his profoundest views of the world,¹ as, for instance, in the "Birds," where the maddest efforts of mankind, their desire to build the grandest castles in the air, their defiance of the eternal gods, and the vain joy of their triumphs, are set forth in the most ludicrous caricatures. And it was that which made Aristophanes so great, because his views of the world were so great, because they were grander and more tragic than the tragedian himself, because his comedies were really jesting tragedies. Take, for example, his Paisteteros, who is not shown up in his ridiculous worthlessness at the end of the play, as a modern poet would have planned it. On the contrary, he woos and wins the beautiful, marvellously mighty Basilea; he soars with this heavenly bride to his city in the air; the gods are compelled to obey him, folly celebrates its marriage with power, and the play ends with joyous marriage-hymns. Can there be, for a reasonable man, anything more cruelly tragic than this victory and triumph of folly? Our German Aristophanes do not rise

¹ *Weltanschauungen*. French version, *ses vues sur la société*. *Welt* implies here rather the universe or all things.

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so high; they refrain from such lofty views of life; they manifest the utmost modesty as regards discussing those very important relations of man, politics, and religion; they only venture on the theme which Aristophanes himself has treated in the "Frogs" as a subject of satire—the stage itself—and they have mocked with more or less cleverness its failings.

Still we must consider the politically enslaved condition of Germany. Our wits, restrained from ridiculing real princes, made up for it by attacking kings of the theatre and queens of the coulisses. We, who were almost destitute of political journals which discussed public affairs, were all the more blessed with countless æsthetic journals, containing nothing but idle tales and theatrical criticisms, so that any one who saw our newspapers might well suppose that the whole German race consisted of chattering nursery-maids and theatrical critics. And yet it would have been unjust. How little content we were with such miserable scribbling appeared immediately after the Revolution of July, when it seemed as if free and bold words might be uttered in our own dear native land. There sprung up all at once newspapers which criticised the good or bad acting of real kings, and many of them who had forgotten their parts were hissed in their own capitals. Our literary Scheherazades, who had hitherto put the public, that plump

Sultan, to sleep with their little tales, were now silent; the actors saw with amazement the pit empty, however divinely they played, and even the reserved seats of the terrible town-critics were very often vacant. Once the good heroes of the boards always complained that they were continually subjects of public conversation, and that even their domestic affairs were discussed in the journals. But what was their horror when the awful truth flashed upon them that nobody now cared what they did!

In fact, when the Revolution broke out in Germany,¹ there was an end of theatres and dramatic criticism, and the terrified feuilletonists, actors, and critics apprehended—and justly—that “Art was going to the dogs.” But this great calamity was fortunately averted from our native land by the wisdom and power of the Frankfort Diet. There will be, let us hope, no revolution in Germany. We are protected from the guillotine and all the terrors of freedom of the press, even the Chamber of Deputies, whose competition so greatly injured the regularly licensed theatres, is done away with, and art is saved! Just now they are doing all they can for art, especially in Prussia. The museums gleam with all the splendours of colour,

¹ French version, “En effet, quand le soleil de juillet nous éclaire.”—*Translator*.

the orchestras sound, the ballet-girls leap their loveliest and liveliest *entrechats*, and a thousand and one novels enrapture the public, and theatrical criticism blooms again.

Justinus relates in his "Histories," that when Cyrus had quieted the revolt of the Lydians, he succeeded in taming their stubborn, liberty-loving spirit by inducing in them an interest in the fine arts and other pleasant things. So there was nothing more heard of Lydian liberty or rebellion, but all the more famously did the Lydian restaurant-keepers, panders, and artists flourish.

Now there is in Germany rest and repose. Theatrical criticism and novels are to the fore, and as Tieck excels in both, all friends of art pay him the tribute due. He is, in fact, the best novelist in Germany. Yet all his works are not of equal worth or of the same kind. We can distinguish in him, as in painters, many manners. His first was altogether that of the old school. Then he wrote to order, and by command of a bookseller, who was no other than the late Nicolai himself, the most self-willed of champions of enlightenment and humanity, the greatest enemy of superstition, mysticism, and romance. Nicolai was an indifferent writer, a prosaic old wig, who often made himself ridiculous by scenting Jesuitism. But we, the later born, must admit that old Nicolai was a thoroughly honest man, who meant

well for the German race, and who in the holy cause of liberty did not dread that cruellest of all martyrdoms, ridicule. I was told in Berlin that Tieck once lived in Nicolai's house, one storey above the latter, and so the modern time walked over the head of the old.

The works which Tieck wrote in his first style, mostly tales and long novels, among which "William Lovell" is the best, are very insignificant and without poetry. It would seem as if the rich poetic nature of this man was frugal or stinted in his youth, and that he saved up all his spiritual wealth for a later time. Or was Tieck himself ignorant of the treasure which was in him, and were the Schlegels needed to discover it with their divining-rod? For as soon as he came into touch with them, all the riches of his imagination, his deep feeling and his wit, at once showed themselves. Diamonds gleamed, the purest pearls rolled out in streams, and over all flashed the ruby, the fabulous carbuncle gem of which romantic poets have often said and sung. This rich breast was the real treasury whence the Schlegels drew the funds for their literary campaigns. Tieck had to write for the school the satirical comedies which I have mentioned, and prepare according to the new æsthetic recipes many poems of every kind. This is his second style. His best productions in it are "The Emperor Octavian," "The Holy Genofeva,"

and "Fortunatus," three dramas which take their names from popular chapbooks. The poet has given to these old tales, which have ever been dear to the German world, new and costly clothing. Honestly speaking, I prefer them in their old naïve, true-hearted form. Beautiful as Tieck's "Genofeva" may be, I love far better the old *Volksbuch*, very badly printed at Cologne on the Rhine, with its rude woodcuts, in which it is touching to see the poor naked Countess Palatine, with only her long hair for chaste clothing, while her little Schmerzenreich is nursed at the teats of a pitying doe.¹

Far more precious than those dramas are the novels which Tieck wrote in this, his second manner. These too are mostly taken from old popular legends. The best are "The Blonde Eckbert" and "The Runenberg." In these compositions² we feel a mysterious depth of meaning, a marvellous union with Nature, especially with the realm of plants and stones. The reader seems to be in an enchanted forest; he hears subterranean springs and streams rustling melodiously, and his

¹ In the French version the Pfalzgräfin is promoted to a *princesse*, while the name of Schmerzenreich, "full of sorrow," is omitted.—*Translator*.

² In *diesen Dichtungen*, carelessly rendered in the French version as *dans ses poésies*, in which we have two errors in three words.—*Translator*.

own name whispered by the trees. Broad-leaved clinging plants wind vexingly about his feet, wild and strange wonder-flowers look at him with varicoloured longing eyes, invisible lips kiss his cheeks with mocking tenderness, tall mushrooms like golden bells grow singing about the roots of trees, great silent birds cradle themselves on the boughs, and nod adown with their cunning¹ long bills. All breathes—lurks—is thrilling with expectation, when suddenly the soft tune of a hunter's horn is heard, and a beautiful lady with waving plumes on her cap, a falcon on her wrist, rides past on a white palfrey. And this fair dame is as bright and blonde and violet-eyed, as smiling and yet serene, as true and yet as ironic, as chaste and yet as passionate, as the imagination of our glorious Ludwig Tieck. Yes! his fantasie is a wondrous winsome damoiselle of high degree, who in an enchanted forest hunts fabulous creatures—perhaps the rare unicorn which can be caught only by a pure maid.

But now a strange change takes place in Tieck, which is shown in his third manner. Having been silent for a long time after the fall of the

¹ "M ihren klugen langen Schnäbeln." I translate this by the American word "cunning," which is used in the same sense in Kent, implying, as in the German, that which is dainty, or *mignonne* with a shade of cleverness. The French version gives it as "leurs longs becs pensifs"!


Schlegels, he again appeared in public, and that in a manner which was little expected of him. The former enthusiast, who had once in visionary zeal thrown himself on the breast of the Roman Catholic Church, who had fought enlightenment and Protestantism with such power, who breathed nothing but feudality and the Middle Age, and who only loved art in naïve outpourings of the heart, now appeared as the foe of what was visionary, as a depicter of modern middle-class life, as an artist who required in art the clearest self-consciousness—in short, as a reasonable man. Thus has he shown himself in a series of recent novels, some of which are known in France. A deep study of Goethe is visible in them, and it is specially this Goetheism which characterises his third style. There is the same artistic clearness, cheerfulness, repose, and irony. As the school of the Schlegels did not succeed in drawing Goethe into it, now we see how it, represented by Tieck, went over to him. This reminds us of a Mahometan tale. The Prophet had said to the mountain, "Come to me!" but it did not; and lo! the great miracle was worked, for the Prophet went unto it!

Tieck was born in Berlin, the 31st May 1773. For many years he has lived in Dresden, where he is chiefly busied with the theatre, and he who in his earlier writings always ridiculed the

court-councillor as a type of the ridiculous, has himself been made such a Royal Saxon dignitary. God is sometimes a greater satirist than Tieck.

And now a strange misunderstanding has come between the reason and the imagination of this author. The former, or the reason of Tieck, is an honest, sober, plain citizen, who worships practical economy and abhors the visionary. The other, that is, the Tieck imagination, is still, as of yore, the chevalresque lady with the flowing feather on her cap, the falcon on her fist. The pair lead a curious wedded life, and it is often sad to see how the poor dame of high nobility must help the sober citizen spouse in his household or in his cheese-shop. But often in the night, when the good man, with his cotton night-cap on, snores peacefully, the noble lady rises from the matrimonial bed of durance vile, and mounts her white horse and hunts away as merrily as of yore into the enchanted forest of romance.

But I cannot refrain from remarking that of late the Tieckian reason in romance has become sterner than ever, and that at the same time his imagination pays penance more and more for her romantic nature, so that when the nights are cold she lies comfortably yawning in the marriage-bed, and hugs up to her meagre husband almost lovingly.



And yet Tieck is always a great poet, for he can create living forms, and words burst from his heart which move our own. But a faint-heartedness, something undecided and uncertain, or a certain feeble-mindedness, is, and ever was, to be observed in him. This want of decision is only too perceptible in all that he did or wrote. Certainly there is no independent character in his works. His first manner shows him as a mere nothing, his second as a true and trusty squire of the Schlegels, his third as an imitator of Goethe. His theatrical criticisms, which he published under the title of "Dramaturgic Pages," constitute his most original work; but they are theatrical criticisms.

In order to represent Hamlet as an altogether weak-minded man, Shakespeare makes him, in his conversation with the comedians, appear as an admirable theatrical critic.¹

¹ Of which it may be well said that it is a very weak-minded remark, "manufactured to point." Hamlet is not weak; he is crushed by the force of circumstance, and resists to the last with strange reflective philosophy, but without the howling and "acting" which are in certain minds—*e.g.* Carlyle's and Heine's—inseparable from "heroism," and even from strength of mind. The problem which Shakespeare proposed to set forth in Hamlet was this apparent paradox, which was, however, far beyond Heine's comprehension. Shakespeare's object in making Hamlet give wise counsel to the players was the very reverse of what Heine declares it to have been, for it indicates very great strength of character and culture that a man under such terrible suffering could control himself so as to converse as

Tieck never troubled himself with serious studies; his work of this kind was limited to modern languages and the older documents of German poetry. As a true Romanticist he was always a stranger to classic studies; nor did he ever busy himself with philosophy, which seems to have been altogether repugnant to him. From the fields of philosophy Tieck gathered only flowers and switches—the first for the noses of his friends, and the latter for the backs of his foes. With serious culture or scientific agriculture he had naught to do. His writings are bouquets and bundles of rods, but never a sheaf with ears of corn.¹

Next to Goethe, Tieck chiefly imitated Cervantes. The humoristic irony, or, as I may say, the ironic humour, of these two modern poets spreads its perfume in the novels written in Tieck's third style. Irony and humour are therein so blended as to seem but one. There is much said now among us as to this humorous irony; the men of the Goethean school of art praise it as a special glory of their master, and it plays a great part in German literature. But it is only a sign of

Hamlet does. Refined self-control is the acme of cultured strength. The idea that all life is a play and a dream inspires the whole of "Hamlet," and it was dear to Shakespeare himself, as many passages prove.—*Translator*.

¹ The moral of which is that all men should be farmers. But poets rather rank as gatherers of flowers or gardeners. Tieck is here hunted down because he had hunted with the Schlegels.

political servitude, and as Cervantes in the days of the Inquisition took refuge in humorous irony to set forth his thoughts without giving a chance to catch hold to the familiars of the Holy Office, so Goethe expressed with it that which he, as Minister of State and a courtier, could not directly utter. Goethe never suppressed truth, but where he could not show her naked, he clad her lightly in humour and irony. The honest Germans,¹ who pine under censorship and spiritual oppression of every kind, and yet never can suppress what the heart inspires, have specially taken to the ironic and humorous form. It was the only means of exit which was left to their nobler feelings, and in this form German honourableness is most touchingly shown. This again reminds me of the marvellous Prince of Denmark. Hamlet is the most honourable fellow who ever wore a skin. His dissimulation only serves as an offset to what oppresses from without; he is peculiar and odd because such conduct is less offensive to court etiquette than open breach of it. But in all his humorous ironical jests he lets it be distinctly perceived that he is *acting*; in all he does and says his real meaning is visible for all who can see, even to the king, to whom he cannot speak the plain truth (for that

¹ *Schriftsteller*, or writers, in the last German edition; *die ehrlichen Deutschen* in the first. French version, *les honnêtes allemands*.—Translator.

he is too weak), and yet from whom he will by no means hide it. Hamlet is through and through honourable; only the most honourable man could say, "We are arrant knaves all;" and while he plays the lunatic he will not deceive us, and is in his heart conscious that he is really mad.

I have still to praise two works by Tieck, for which he specially deserved the commendation of the German public. One of these is a translation of a series of English dramatists anterior to Shakespeare, and his version of "Don Quixote." Among the former are several which bear the same names and treat of the same subjects as the Shakespeare plays. We find in them the same intrigues and scenic development; in a word, all the Shakespearean tragedy except the poetry. Some commentators have expressed it as their opinion that these are the first sketches of the great poet, as it were his dramatic cartoons, and if I err not, Tieck himself has declared that "King John," one of these old plays, is a work by Shakespeare, or, so to speak, a prelude of the great masterpiece known to us by this name. But that is an error. These tragedies are nothing more than old plays on hand, which Shakespeare, as we know, worked over again, partly or wholly, as they were required by the managers, who paid him for such work from twelve to sixteen shillings each. And so a poor hack of an adapter of other

men's plays outweighs the proudest literary kings of our time.

The other great poet, Miguel de Cervantes, played as modest a part in the real world. These two men, the composer of "Hamlet" and that of "Don Quixote," are the greatest poets of modern times.¹

The translation of "Don Quixote" is a special success. No one has so exquisitely hit off the insane dignity of the ingenious hidalgo of La Mancha, and set it forth so accurately, as our admirable Tieck.² The book reads almost like a German

¹ In the French version the following words are here added : "Mais Cervantes encore plus que le doux William, exerce sur moi un charme indéfinissable. Je l'aime jusqu'aux larmes. Cet amour date de très-long temps." After this follows the sixteenth chapter from the *Reisebilder*, or "The City of Lucca," and the preface to the first volume, p. 36 (German edition of 1876). When we consider the remarkable amount of prefacing and comment by Heine as regards his care in compiling and editing this work, the extraordinarily careless manner in which it was pitchforked together seems like a mad joke. *Et plus ultra*. . . .

² The German editor (ed. 1876) here remarks :—

"I found in the earlier German editions the following passage, which I, according to the French edition, must place at the end of this section, in order to bring the previous supplement into its proper place :—

"It is droll enough that the Romantic school has given us the best translation of a work in which its own folly is most amusingly ridiculed. For this school was bitten by the same madness which inspired the noble knight of La Mancha to all his follies ; like him, it would fain restore mediæval chivalry, and call a perished past into the present. O did Miguel de



SHAKESPEARE

From the Bust at Stratford-on-Avon

original, and forms next after "Hamlet" and "Faust" the favourite reading of Germans. The cause of this is, that in these two astonishing and profound works we have found, as in "Don Quixote," the tragedy of our own nothingness. German youth love "Hamlet" because they feel with him that "the time is out of joint." They sigh in the same way to think that they are called to set it right, feel also their own incredible weakness, and declaim, "To be or not to be." Men of mature age, on the contrary, prefer "Faust." Their mental condition attracts them to the bold investigator who makes a compact with the invisible world and who fears not the devil. But those who have seen that all is vain, and that all human efforts are useless, prefer the romance of Cervantes, for they see all inspiration satirised in it, and all of our knights of the present who fight and suffer for ideas appear to them as so many Don Quixotes.

Did Miguel de Cervantes suspect what application a later age would make of his work? Did he really parody idealistic inspiration in his tall lean knight, and common sense in his fat squire? Anyhow, the latter is always the most ridiculous, for plain common sense, with all its trite and everyday proverbs, must all the same trot along after

Cervantes Saavedra wish to ridicule other knights in his wild heroic poem, that is to say, all men who fight and suffer for an idea."—*Translator.*

Inspiration on its easy-paced donkey; in despite of his clearer insight, he and his ass must suffer all discomfort, such as befalls the knight himself—yea, the ideal inspiration is of such powerfully attractive nature that common sense with the donkey must follow whether he will or not.

Or did this man of deep and subtle wit mean to mock mankind still more shrewdly? Did he allegorise the soul in the form of Don Quixote and the body in that of Sancho Panza? And is the whole poem a great mystery, in which the question of spirit and matter is discussed with terrible truthfulness? This much I see in the book, that the poor material Sancho must suffer much for the spiritual Don Quixote, that he gets for the noble views of his master the most ignoble stripes, and that he is always more sensible than his high-trotting master, for he knows that lashes and cuffs have evil taste, but the little sausages in an *olla podrida* a very good one. Indeed, the body often seems to have more insight than the soul, and man thinks frequently far better with his back and belly than with his head.

But if old Cervantes only meant to depict in "Don Quixote" the fools who wished to restore mediæval chivalry and call again to life a perished past, it is a merry irony of chance that it was just the Romantic school itself which gave us the best translation of a book in which its own folly is most delightfully satirised.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG the lunacies of the Romantic school in Germany must be specially mentioned the incessant upraising and praising of Jacob Böhme. This name was, so to speak, the shibboleth of such people. When they pronounced it they made their most deeply, spiritually-expressive faces. Was it in earnest or in jest?

This Jacob Böhme was a shoemaker, who first saw the light of day in the year 1575 at Görlitz, in the Oberlausitz, and who left behind him many theosophical writings. These being written in German, were consequently the more accessible to our Romanticists. Whether that wonderful shoemaker was so distinguished a philosopher as many German mystics declare, I really cannot accurately say, never having read him; but I am convinced that he did not make such good boots as M. Sakoski.¹ Shoemakers, by the

¹ Three sentences of the foregoing passage are wanting in the French version. These remarks as to Böhme, and the declaration by Heine that he had never read his works, are very flippant and discreditable. One need not be a mystic nor

way, play an important part in our literature; and Hans Sachs, a shoemaker, who was born in the year 1454 in Nuremberg, and who there passed his life, was praised by the Romantic school as one of our best poets. I have read him, and I must confess that I doubt whether M. Sakoski ever made such excellent verse as our old and admirable Hans Sachs.¹

a theosophist to recognise in Böhme a grand genius struggling to find truth, and overcome the obstacles caused by want of education. The influence which he has had on many great minds in all countries, and in the development of several sects, and on the German language, deserves more important mention in a work which, its author declares, is far superior to any other as a clear and intelligible exposition of German literature, and especially of its philosophy and motives. He remarks that those who had read Böhme always made up their most serious grimaces when his name is mentioned. He might have added, with equal truth, that it is usual among those who know nothing about him to grin on such occasions and make small jokes, as may be seen from Butler to Byron, and so on to Heine himself. The Rev. Mr. Boardman, an American writer, derives Quakerism entirely from the influence of Böhme on George Fox: and the results of the style and manner of thought of the "inspired shoemaker of Görlitz" may be found "broad and deep" in German literature.—*Translator.*

¹ By comparing this sentence with what Heine says of Hans Sachs at the end of the first part, it will be very apparent that this perusal of the poems of the latter must have taken place subsequently to the earlier comment. It is probable that after the remarkable abuse of the shoemaker of Nuremberg had been published, some German remonstrated with Heine, and induced him to look over some works of Sachs. This is the only explanation which occurs for such a singular contradiction. It

I have already mentioned Schelling's influence on the Romantic school.¹ As I intend to speak of him in another place, I may here be spared from a detailed comment on him. In any case, he deserves our marked attention, for at an

may be observed that in the French version the compliment is limited to "notre vieux et laborieux Hans Sachs." But as Sachs is very popular in Germany, the German edition has "unser alter, vortrefflicher Hans Sachs." The *vrai esprit de Heine* is here "double distilled." The allusion to M. Saksaki here turns upon the resemblance of *Versac*, or verses, to *Ferse*—heels.

¹ The following is here given in the French version :—

"Il residait alors à Jéna, qui était le quartier général de l'école. M. J. Schelling, ce que le public ignore, a aussi écrit des poésies sous le nom de Bonaventura ; entre autres, une pièce intitulée Les Dernières Paroles du pasteur de Drontheim. Cette pièce n'est pas mal ; elle est mystérieuse, sinistre et saisissant. C'est l'histoire d'un ministre protestante qui est enlevé à minuit de chez lui par des cavaliers masqués ; il est conduit, les yeux bandés, dans une ville église, où on lui commande de donner la bénédiction nuptiale à deux jeunes gens qui sont agnouillés devant l'autel. La fiancée est d'une rare beauté mais triste et pâle comme la mort. Aussi à peine la cérémonie est elle finie que les cavaliers masqués lui tranchent la tête. Le pasteur est reconduit chez lui, après avoir prêté serment de ne jamais dévoiler ce qu'il a vu ; aussi n'a-t-il divulgué ce secret qu'à son lit de mort. . . . J'ai déjà parlé de l'importance philosophique de M. Schelling ; j'ai montré sa splendeur d'autre fois, et j'avais, hélas ! à rapporter aussi son état actuel, sa déplorable alliance avec le parti du passé, la déchéance de cette royauté philosophique."

From this point there are given in the German edition three and a half pages on Schelling, which are omitted from the French version—that is to say, all which I have translated, to the words "hatred and envy."—*Translator*.

earlier time he caused a great revolution in the German intellectual world; and in later times he changed so much, that the inexperienced fall into the greatest errors when they compare the earlier Schelling with the one of to-day. The former was a bold Protestant who protested against Fichtean Idealism. This Idealism was a strange system, which must be extremely foreign to a Frenchman. For while there rose in France a philosophy which embodied the spirit or recognised spirit as only a form of matter—in short, while Materialism here took the upper hand, there sprung up in Germany a philosophy which, to the contrary, explained all matter as a modification of spirit, and which even denied the existence of matter. It would seem as if the spirit sought beyond the Rhine revenge for the injuries which it had here endured. When men repudiated spirit in France, it emigrated at once to Germany, and there repudiated matter. Fichte may be regarded in this relation as the Duke of Brunswick of Spiritualism, and his ideal philosophy was nothing but a protest against French Materialism. But this philosophy, which really forms the highest pinnacle of Spiritualism, could not endure, any more than did the coarse Materialism of the French; and Schelling was the man who announced the doctrine that matter, or, as he

called it, Nature, might exist not only in our soul but in reality, and that our perception of things is identical with the things themselves. This is the Schelling doctrine of the identity, or, as it is also called, the philosophy of Nature (*Naturphilosophie*).

All of this took place in the beginning of this century. Schelling was then a great man. Meanwhile Hegel appeared on the philosophic stage, and Schelling, who in later times wrote almost nothing, was overshadowed ; in fact, he lapsed into oblivion, or only retained a name in the history of literature. Hegel became sovereign in the realm of spirit, and poor Schelling, a decayed mediatised philosopher, wandered sadly about among the mediatised gentlemen of Munich. There I saw him once, and could have almost wept over the wretched sight. And what he uttered was utterly rubbishy and wretched, or the envious abuse of Hegel, who had supplanted him. As one shoemaker speaks of another whom he accuses of having stolen his leather and made shoes of them, so I heard Schelling, when I saw him by chance, speak of Hegel, who had taken "his ideas," and "They were my ideas which he took," and yet again "My ideas" was the running refrain of the poor man. Indeed, if the shoemaker Jacob Böhme once spoke like a philosopher, the philosopher Schelling now speaks like a shoemaker.

Nothing is more ridiculous than reclaiming property in stolen ideas. Hegel did indeed use very many of Schelling's in his philosophy, but the latter never knew what to do with them. He always philosophised, but could never make a philosophy. And again, it might be said that Schelling took more from Spinoza than Hegel took from him. Could Spinoza be freed from his stiff old Cartesian mathematical form and made more accessible to the public, it will perhaps come to light that he, above all others, has cause to complain of robbery of ideas. All of our modern philosophers, perhaps unconsciously, see through the glasses which Baruch [Benedict] Spinoza ground.¹

Hatred and envy caused the fall of angels, and it is, alas! too true that anger at Hegel's ever-rising greatness drove poor Schelling to where we now see him, into the snares of the Catholic Propaganda,² whose headquarters is in Munich.

¹ In allusion to the fact that Spinoza gained his living by polishing optical glasses, spectacles, telescopes, &c., thereby enabling mankind to see further to heaven, and indeed around them here on earth, as well as to get clearer insight into books, as he also did by his writings. These last three paragraphs are condensed into five lines in the French version, of which version I have been told that it is the most perfect and admirable translation of any modern work.—*Translator*.

² "Dans les rets de cette triste propagande" (French version). Schelling was succeeded at Munich by Prof. Bechers, whose lectures on Schelling I attended. Schelling himself was then (1847) in Berlin.—*Translator*.

Schelling betrayed philosophy to the Catholic religion. All witnesses agree therein, and it was evident long before that it must come to this. I had often heard from the mouths of certain magnates in Munich, "We must combine faith with knowledge." This phrase was as innocent as a bed of flowers, and under it lurked a serpent. Now we know what ye would have! Schelling must now employ all his abilities to justify the Catholic religion,¹ and all that which he teaches as philosophy is nothing but a defence of Catholicism. At the same time it was speculated as an extra advantage that the celebrated name of Schelling would attract German youth thirsting for wisdom to Munich, and that they might be the more easily imposed on by Jesuitical lies in the garb of philosophy. And the youth knelt piously before the man whom they esteemed as the high-priest of truth, and without suspicion took from his hands the poisoned sacramental wafer.²

Among the pupils of Schelling Germany greatly

¹ The word Catholic is here again omitted from the French version, as it was in the last sentence save one; also in the next, where it appears as *la foi*. *Sic semper*. —*Translator*.

² It is most improbable that Schelling's teaching ever converted a single Protestant to Catholicism. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that familiarity with speculation in the New Philosophy created among German Catholics a spirit of independence which has troubled the Vatican of late far more than Protestantism. —*Translator*.

extols Steffens, who is now professor of philosophy in Berlin. He lived in Jena when the Schlegels were most busy there, and his name often occurs in the annals of the Romantic school. At a later period he wrote several novels, in which there is much shrewdness, and very little poetry. More important are his scientific works, especially his "Anthropology," which is full of original ideas. Yet as regards this he has not received the recognition which his merits deserved. Others have learned the art of appropriating and making them pass current as their own. Steffens has more right than his teacher had to complain that men stole his ideas. But among these ideas there was one which no one ever had save he himself, and it is his own predominant and sublime idea that Henrik Steffens, who was born the 2nd of May 1773, at Stavanger, near Drontheim, in Norway, is the greatest man of his century.

Of late years he has fallen into the hands of the Pietists, and his philosophy is nothing but a mournful, lukewarm Christian orthodoxy.

Such another is Joseph Görres, whom I have already mentioned, and who likewise belongs to the school of Schelling. He is known in Germany as *the fourth ally*. This name was given to him by a French journalist in 1814, when he, by order of the Holy Alliance, preached hatred to France. He has lived on this compliment till

to-day. Yet it is true that no one did so much as he to inflame the Germans against the French by stirring up national memories, and the journal which he edited with this intent—the *Rheinische Mercur* (the *Rhenish Mercury*)—is full of formulas of imprecation which, should a war ever break out, might again exercise a great influence.¹ The princely potentates, having no further use for him, let him run; and when he began to growl, they even persecuted him. So the Spaniards in Cuba trained bloodhounds to hunt the naked savages, but when the war was ended, the dogs, who had learned to like human blood, bit occasionally the calves of their masters, who were therefore obliged to get rid of them. When Görres, by force cast off by the princes and by them persecuted, had nothing better to snap at, he threw himself into the arms of the Jesuits, whom he served to the last, and he is now one of the great supports of the Catholic² Propaganda of Munich. There I saw him a few years ago in the full bloom of degradation. He delivered lectures on the history of the world to an audience which consisted chiefly of Catholic students of divinity, and had got so far as the Fall! What a terrible end

A prediction which was really fulfilled in the Franco-German war.

² "Catholic" is again omitted in the French version.

overtakes all the foes of France! "The fourth ally" is now condemned to narrate to Catholic *seminarists* of the *École Polytechnique* of obscurantism,¹ year in, year out, and daily, the story of the Fall of man!

In the man's delivery of his lectures, there prevailed, as in his writings, the greatest confusion, so that it was not without reason that he has often been compared to the Tower of Babel. He is indeed like a great tower in which a hundred thousand thoughts work discordantly, and issue orders, and call out, and quarrel without understanding one another. Ever and anon the confusion in his head seemed to moderate a little, and then he spoke wearily, weakly, and wordily, and the monotonous phrases dropped from his sad lips like dreary rain-drops from a leaden spout. But sometimes, when the old demagogic wildness awoke in him once more, contrasting repulsively with his monkish, humbly pious words, and when he wailed with Christian love while raging for blood, and he sprang here and there, one was reminded of a tonsured hyæna.

Görres was born in Coblenz, January 25, 1776. I beg leave to omit further details of his life, and those of the greater portion of his contemporaries. I have perhaps, as it is, in judging his friends the two Schlegels, gone beyond the bounds of

¹ Omitted in the French version.

criticism, as one should describe the lives of such men.¹ Ah, how painful it is when we behold too closely, not only the Castor and Pollux, but also the other planets of our literature! The stars of heaven seem so bright and pure because we see them from afar and know nothing of their private life. Doubtless there is among them many who lie and beg, deceive, are compelled to do all kinds of mean actions, kiss one another and betray, flatter their enemies, and, what is worse, their friends, just as we do here below. Those comets which we see sweeping wildly about with flowing hair, like Mænads of heaven, are perhaps libertines who in the end creep repentantly and piously into some obscure corner of heaven and hate the sun.

I have thus far only mentioned two of the pupils of Schelling who were prominent in Romanticism, and yet they were by no means the most eminent of the school. To avoid all error, I will incidentally mention that Oken and Frans Baader surpass all their contemporary colleagues. The first, the admirable Oken, has re-

¹ " 'Father, I have robbed many, and I fear
That I for that sad crime deserve damnation ;'
'My son, if your repentance is sincere,
You can best prove it by a reparation.' "

It does not seem to have occurred to Heine that he could have shown the sincerity of this tardy repentance by cancelling a few pages.—*Translator*.

mained true to the original teaching of his master. Baader has, unfortunately, devoted himself too much to mysticism ; but I do not believe that, as is rumoured, he has deeply involved himself in Jesuitical intrigues. He still keeps himself fairly afar from the pious coterie of Munich, which hopes to save religion by means of philosophy.¹

And since I have spoken of German philosophy, I cannot avoid correcting an error which I find widely current in France as regards it. Since certain Frenchmen after having studied Schelling and Hegel, gave the results to their countrymen in translation, and made application of it to French affairs, the friends of clear thought and of freedom complain that people draw from Germany crazy dreams and sophistries which bewilder men's minds, and disguise falsehood and despotism with a skin of truth and of justice. In brief, these noble minds, anxious for the interests of Liberalism, wail over the evil influence of German philosophy in France. But hereby great injustice is done to our poor German philosophy.² This name belongs by right only to the

¹ From the end of this sentence, that is, to the reference to the philosophers of Alexandria, three pages are omitted in the French version. The omission is not noticed by the German editor.—*Translator*.

² The following sentence is only to be found in the first German edition.—*Translator*.

investigations into the final grounds of all knowledge and being, such having been the only theme of German philosophers before the advent of Schelling. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" was the flower of this German philosophy.

For, firstly, that is not German philosophy at all which has been brought before the French hitherto by this title by Victor Cousin. Cousin has given the world a great deal of clever wish-wash, but no German philosophy. Secondly, the real German philosophy is that which proceeded directly from Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and which, troubling itself little with political or religious affairs, occupied itself all the more with the final grounds of all knowledge.

It is true that the metaphysical systems of most of the German philosophers before Schelling were too like mere cobwebs. And what harm was there in that? Jesuitism could not spin decoy-nets of lies from it, nor despotism weave with it halters to lead mankind. Since Schelling it lost this light but harmless character. It is now essentially changed, and is altogether another than a German philosophy. From that time our philosophers did not discuss the ultimate basis of knowledge and being; they soared no longer in ideal abstractions, but sought grounds on which to justify what exists. While our earlier philosophers cowered poor and abstemious in miserable garrets,

those of our time are clad in the brilliant liveries of power; they have become state-philosophers, that is, they continue philosophical justifications of all the state-interests of the land wherein they dwell. Thus Hegel, in the Protestant Berlin, embraced in his system the whole Evangelic-Protestant dogmatic; and Schelling, professor in Catholic Munich, now justifies in his lectures the most extravagant dogmas of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church.

Yes, just as the philosophers of Alexandria¹ summoned up all their genius to sustain by allegoric explanations the decaying faith of Jupiter from inevitable destruction, so our German philosophers are attempting something like it for the religion of Christ.² It is not worth our while to investigate whether these modern philosophers have an unselfish aim in all this, but as we see them in union with the priestly party, whose material interests are the same with those of Catholicism,³ we call them Jesuits. Let them, however, not imagine that we confound them with the old Jesuits. Those were great and powerful men, inspired with

¹ It is interesting to trace the association of ideas in a mind which was so remarkably quick as that of Heine, and so well stored. Cousin undoubtedly suggested to him Ammonius Saccas, the Eclectic of Alexandria; hence "the philosophers of Alexandria."

² French version, "pour notre religion moderne."

³ French version, "la religion."

wisdom and the power of will. Oh, the weak dwarfs who suppose that they will conquer the obstacles on which those black giants were wrecked! Mortal mind never conceived greater combinations than those by means of which the old Jesuits attempted to maintain Catholicism.¹ But they did not succeed, because they were inspired with the idea of maintaining Catholicism, and not for Catholicism itself.² For the latter in itself they cared little, therefore they often profaned it for the sake of power; they made arrangements and modifications with heathenism, with the potentates of this world, pandered to their vices, became murderers or merchants, and when necessary even atheists. Yet all in vain did their confessors grant the most agreeable absolution, and their casuists woo with every sin and crime. In vain did they strive with the laity in art and science, to use both for their aims. Here their want of power became manifest. They envied all great scholars and artists, but could never discover nor create anything remarkable. They composed pious hymns and built cathedrals; but in their poetry there is no free original inspiration, only a trembling

¹ There is a very rare and strange old German work entitled "Conversations of the Ghosts of a Jesuit and of a Knight Templar in Hell," in which this idea is fully developed.

² French version, "non pas pour le catholicisme lui-même mais pour sa conservation."—*Translator*.

servility to the master of the Order; and even in their building there is only an anxious servility, a stony docility, or inspiration to order. Therefore Barrault said once and wisely, "The Jesuits could not raise earth to heaven, so they abased heaven to earth." In vain were all their efforts and their works. From the lie there comes no life, and God can never be saved by the devil.

Let us leave the Jesuits in their graves, and shrug our shoulders pityingly when we behold their successors! They are dead, and *those* are only the worms which creep from their corpses. They are as little like their predecessors as the Schelling of to-day is like the Schelling of the olden time.¹

¹ The German edition adds that Schelling was born the 27th January 1775 in Wurtemberg. This is omitted in the French version.

It may here be noted that Heine's concluding remarks as to the Jesuits form one of the shrewdest, truest, and most *multum in parvo* passages in modern literature.—*Translator*.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE little to say regarding Schelling's relations to the Romantic school. His influence was mostly personal, but since the Philosophy of Nature through him has sprung into life and vogue, Nature has been much more intelligently grasped by poets. Some are absorbed with all their human feelings into Nature; others have noted certain magic forms by means of which something human can be made to look forth and speak from it. The former are the true mystics, and resemble in many respects the Indian devotees who sink into Nature, and at last begin to feel in common with it. The others are more like enchanters, who, by their own power of will, evoked even fiends;¹ they are like the Arabian sorcerers, who could animate every stone, or petrify, as they pleased, every living being.

To the first of these belonged Novalis, to the second Hoffmann. Novalis saw everywhere the

¹ *Feindliche Geister*. *Fiend*, however, really means an inimical spirit, and in Icelandic or old Norse any enemy whatever. —*Translator*.

marvellous, and, in its loveliness and beauty, he listened to the language of plants; he knew the secret of every young rose, he identified himself at last with all Nature; and when autumn came and the leaves fell, he died. Hoffmann, on the contrary, saw spectres everywhere; they nodded to him from every Chinese teapot and every Berlin wig; he was a magician who changed men into brutes, and these again into Royal Prussian court-councillors; he could call the dead from their graves, but he repulsed life itself from him as if it were a dismal ghost. And thus he felt that he had himself become a spectre; all Nature was to him like a badly-ground mirror, in which he, distorted in a thousand ways, saw only his own death-mask, and his works are one terrible cry of agony in twenty volumes.¹

Hoffmann did not belong to the Romantic

¹ An *ensetzlicher Augtschrei*, in which there are many long and peaceful pauses, soft and sweet melodies, as in the "Golden Jar," children's songs and much merry laughter. Hoffmann was a man grotesque by nature, who affected the grotesque, and therefore, if not positively a mediæval Romanticist, was very nearly one. He was to the Romantic school what the grinning goblins and gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral are to its saints, of which latter Novalis is the type. Some writers maintain that these goblins are devils or damned souls keeping up "a terrible cry of agony;" but as they generally appear, like Hoffmann's characters, to be occupied in all kinds of jovial sport and boyish mischief, it would seem as if their agony sat very lightly on them.—*Translator*.

school. He was in no way allied to the Schlegels, and still less to their tendencies. I only mention him here in opposition to Novalis, who was really a poet of that kind. Novalis is less known in France than Hoffmann, whom Loeve-Weimars has placed before the public in such admirable form, and thereby attained such a reputation. By us in Germany, Hoffmann is no longer in fashion, but once it was otherwise. Once he was very much read, but only by men whose nerves were too strong or too weak to be affected by soft accords. Men of true genius and poetic natures would hear nothing of him; they by far preferred Novalis. But, honestly speaking, Hoffmann was, as a poet, far superior to Novalis, for the latter always sweeps in the air with his ideal forms, while Hoffmann, with all his odd imps, sticks to earthly reality. But as the giant Antæus remained invincibly strong while his feet touched his mother-earth, and lost his strength when Hercules raised him in the air, so is the poet strong and powerful so long as he does not leave the basis of reality, but becomes weak when whirling about in the blue air.

The great resemblance between these poets lies in this, that in both their poetry is really a malady, and in this relation it has been declared that judgment as to their works was rather the business of a physician than of a critic. The

rosy gleam in the writings of Novalis is not the glow of health, and the purple heat in Hoffmann's *Phantasiestücken* is not the flame of genius but of fever.¹

But have *we* a right to make such remarks, we who are not blessed with excess of health, above all at present, when literature resembles a vast lazaret-house? Or is perhaps poetry itself a disease of mankind, just as the pearl is only the material of a disease from which the poor oyster suffers?

Novalis was born May 2, 1772. His real name was Hardenberg. He loved a young lady who suffered from and died of consumption. This sad story inspires all his writings; his life was a dreamy dying in consequence, and he himself died of consumption in 1801, before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, or his novel. This work as it exists is only the fragment of a great allegorical poem, which, like the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, was to treat earnestly all things of earth and heaven. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the famous poet, is the hero.² We see him as a youth in

¹ All the best pieces in the *Fantastic Sketches* have long ago passed into juvenile literature, and are, in fact, now published as such. Time has shown that Heine and all earlier writers made far too much of Hoffmann, and treating as a great sorcerer, in him, one who was only a clever and, at times, poetic juggler.—*Translator*.

² This work was very well translated into English, I believe, by a student at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and published about

Eisenach, the charming town which lies at the foot of the old Wartburg, where the greatest and also the stupidest things have been done; that is, where Luther translated the Bible, and certain idiotic Teutomaniacs burned the Gendarme Code of Herr Kamptz. There, too, in that castle, was held the great contest of minstrels, where, among other poets, Heinrich von Ofterdingen sang in the dangerous contest with Klingsohr of Hungary, an account of which has been preserved in the Manesse collection. He who was vanquished was to lose his head, and the Landgrave of Thuringia was to be the judge. The Wartburg rises as with mysterious signification over the cradle of the hero, and the beginning of the novel shows him in the paternal home of Eisenach.

The parents are still sleeping, the hanging clock beats time monotonously, the wind blows against the rattling windows; now and then the room is lighted by the rays of the moon.

The youth lay restlessly on his couch, thinking of the stranger and of his tales. "It was not the treasure," he said to himself, "which awoke in me such unutterable desire; all covetousness is far from me; but I long to see the blue flower. It haunts me all the time, and I can think and fancy

1841, when I read it. I regret that I cannot recall the name of the translator.—*Translator*.

nothing else. I never felt like this before; it seems to me as if life had been hitherto a dream, or as if I had dreamed over into another world, and now awoke. For who ever troubled himself so in the world in which I once lived about flowers? and of such a strange passion for a flower I have never heard."

Heinrich von Ofterdingen begins with such words, and the blue flower sheds its light and breathes its perfume through the whole romance. It is marvellous and full of meaning that the most imaginary characters of this book seem to us as real as if we had known them familiarly long ago. Old memories awaken, even Sophia has well-known features, and we recall perfectly the beech-tree avenues where we wandered with her, sweetly wooing; and yet it all lies in twilight, like a half-forgotten dream.

The Muse of Novalis was a slender snow-white maid with serious blue eyes, golden hyacinthine locks, smiling lips, and a little red birth-mark on the left side of the chin¹—that is, I imagine as the Muse of Novalis the same damsel who made me acquainted with him, when I saw the red morocco bound gilt-edged copy of Henry von Ofterdingen in her beautiful hands. She always

¹ Heine has described one who was apparently one of his own Muses in "The Memoirs of Count Schnabelewopski" as having a brown birth-mark on the left side of hip.—*Translator*.

wore a blue dress, and was called Sophia. She lived a few leagues from Göttingen with her sister, who was a post-mistress. This latter was a jovial, plump, red-cheeked dame, with a mighty bosom garnished with stiff lace, which made it look like a fortress. And an impregnable fortress it was, for the dame was a Gibraltar of virtue. She was a busy, housewifely, practical woman, and yet her one great pleasure was to read the novels of Hoffmann. In Hoffmann she found the man who alone could shake her solid nature and give it agreeable thrills. But the very sight of a book by Hoffmann inspired in her pale, delicate sister a disagreeable sensation, and she shrunk up when she only touched one by chance. She was refined as a sensitive plant, even so were her words perfumed and gently sounding, and when she put them together they were verses. I wrote down many which she uttered, and they were strange poems, quite in the manner of Novalis, but more spiritualised and echoing. One which she spoke to me when I, about to depart for Italy, bade her adieu, is very dear to me. On a night in autumn, in a garden where there has been an illumination, there is heard a dialogue between the last lamp, the last rose, and a wild swan. The morning mists rise, the last lamp is extinguished, the last leaves of the rose fall, and the swan, spreading his white wings, flies to the south.

There are indeed in Hanover many wild swans, which in the autumn fly to warmer lands, and in the summer come to us again. They probably pass the winter in Africa, because we once found in the breast of a dead swan an arrow which Professor Blumenbach recognised as having come from that country. Poor bird! It had returned with the arrow in its breast to its Northern home to die. But there may have been many another swan thus wounded who could not make the journey, and so remains without power to fly in the burning sands of the desert, or sits with wearied wings on some Egyptian pyramid and looks with longing to the North—to the cool summer nest in the land of Hanover.

When I, towards the end of the autumn in 1828, returned—and not without the burning arrow in my breast—my way took me near Göttingen, and I stopped to change horses by my plump friend the post-mistress. I had not seen her for a year and a day, and the good woman seemed to be sadly changed. Her bosom still resembled a fortress, but one which had been sacked, the bastions levelled, the two main towers were only hanging ruins; no sentinel now watched the gate, and the heart, the citadel, was broken. As I learned from the postillion, Pieper, she had even lost her liking for Hoffmann's novels, but drank all the more gin in its place before going to bed,

which was perfectly intelligible, because they had gin in the house, but had to go a four-hours' journey to get the books from Duerlich's circulating library in Göttingen. Pieper was a small man, of as sour an expression as if he had lived on vinegar and it had drawn him all up. When I asked him as to the sister of the post-mistress, he replied that Mademoiselle Sophia would soon die, and was already an angel. It must be indeed an admirable person whom Pieper would call an angel ! He said this while kicking away the clattering and fluttering poultry with his high boots. The post-house, which was once so smiling white, had changed like its landlady ; it had a sickly yellowish colour, and the walls were deeply wrinkled. Broken vehicles were in the courtyard, and by the dunghill hung on a pole, drying, a completely wet scarlet postillion's coat. Mademoiselle Sophia sat at an upper window reading, and when I came upstairs to her, I saw that she had in her hands a book gilt-edged and bound in red morocco, and it was the same copy of the *Ofterdingen* of Novalis. So she had read incessantly this book, till its consumption had passed into her, and she looked like a shining shadow. But she was of spiritual beauty, which deeply pained me.¹ I took her two pale thin hands and looked

¹ "Deren Anblick mich aufs schmerzlichste bewegte." French version, "Sa vue excitait une douce douleur." There

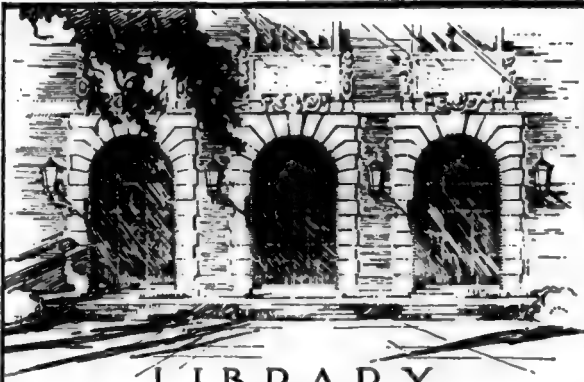
deeply into the blue eyes and said, "Mademoiselle Sophia, how do you do?" "Well," she replied, "and I shall soon be better!" and saying this, she pointed from the window to a new church-yard on a little hill near the house. On this bare hill stood a slender dry poplar, on which there still hung a few dry leaves, moving in the autumn wind, not as if it were a living tree, but the ghost of one.

Mademoiselle Sophia now lies under that tree, and the souvenir which she left me, the gilt-edged book bound in red morocco, the Heinrich von Ofterdingen of Novalis, now lies before me on my writing-table, and I have used it while composing this chapter.

are here pages together of the French translation, in almost every sentence of which there is some such variation from the German text.—*Translator.*

END OF VOL. I.

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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS
OF
HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

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THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



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The Works of
Heinrich Heine

Translated by
Charles Godfrey Leland

GERMANY

II

VOLUME ELEVEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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GERMANY.

SECOND PART.—BOOK THE THIRD.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

Do you know China, the native land of the winged dragon and of porcelain tea-pots? All the country is a cabinet of curiosities, surrounded by an inhumanly long wall and one hundred thousand Tartar sentinels. But the birds and thoughts of European scholars fly over it, and when they have seen till they are satisfied, returning home, they tell most charming things of the strange land and its more curious folk. There Nature, with its glaring contrasts and entangled flourishes, eccentric giant flowers, dwarfed trees, voluptuously baroque fruits,¹ and absurdly deco-

¹ "Barock wollüstigen Früchten." In reference to the fre-
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rated birds, is as fable-like a caricature as man himself, with his pointed pig-tailed pate, his reverences, long-nails, antique-crafty nature, and child-like tongue of monosyllables.¹ Man and Nature cannot there look at one another without suppressing a laugh. They do not laugh aloud, being by far too high-politely civilised; so, to repress it, they make the most seriously comic faces. In that land is neither shadow nor perspective. Over houses which are like patchwork of many colours, rise rows on rows of roofs which look like outspread umbrellas on which hang many metal bells, so that even the wind when sweeping by makes itself droll by singing comic sounds.

In such a house with bells dwelt a princess whose feet were smaller than those of any other Chinese girl, whose obliquely slit little eyes blinked and winked more sweet-dreamily than

quent representations of fruits grouped together as for dessert, which are so common in the baroque or degraded rococo style of decoration of the Regency, and which are still to be seen in many hotel dining-rooms. From their almost invariably exaggerated size and high colour, such pomological displays in art were jokingly described by an American critic in a burlesque catalogue as "some pumpkins," which became a popular saying for anything very remarkable of its kind. It is curious, as exactly conveying the sense of Heine's singular expression.—*Translator.*

¹ "With ways which were dark

And tricks which were vain, . . .

But his smile it was gentle and child-like."

—*The Heathen Chinee*, by Bret Harto.

—*Translator.*

those of any dame of the Celestial realm, and in whose giggling, tittering heart the craziest caprices made their nests. For it was her chief delight to tear to rags the costliest silks and cloths of gold. When they r-r-ripped and cracked sharply between her destroying fingers, she shouted for joy. But at last, when she had spent all her fortune on such a fancy, and had torn up all her properties and possessions, she was, by advice and opinion of all her mandarins, declared to be an incurable lunatic, and was confined in a round tower.

This Chinese princess or caprice personified is like the personified Muse of a German poet, who cannot be passed without mention in a history of Romantic poetry. This is the Muse who smiles at us so madly from the poems of Clemens Brentano. There she sits, tearing the most lustrous satin trains and the most brilliant gold lace, and her wild and merrily laughing madness fills our souls with uncanny rapture and voluptuous pain. But now for fifteen years Brentano has lived secluded from the world, or walled up in his Catholicism; for now there remains to him nothing more that is precious to tear up. For he has torn, as it was said, the hearts which loved him, and every one who was his friend has some capricious injury, by him inflicted, to complain of; but it was most and worst of all on himself, and on his own poetic power, that he practised his mania for destruction

I especially call attention to a comedy by this poet called *Pome de Léon*. Nothing can be more disjointed and fragmentary than this composition, both as regards thoughts and languages. Yet all these shreds and tatters live and whirl round so merrily that in reading it one fancies himself in a masqued ball of words, and thoughts, and witticisms. There everything rushes and riots and rolls together in delightful confusion, and it is only the generally prevailing madness which makes a kind of harmony. The most preposterous puns run like harlequins through all the piece, and slap everybody with their wooden swords. Sometimes a serious idea addresses us, but it stutters like the Doctor of Bologna. There a phrase lounges and strolls like a Pierrot with far too loose hanging sleeves and far too large waistcoat buttons, and there again humpy dwarfy witticisms, with little legs, leap like Punches, while words of love flutter about with sorrow in their hearts. So all dances, and leaps, and whirls, and rattles, and drones, while ever and anon blare out the trumpets of a Bacchantic rage for ruin and destruction.

A great tragedy by this poet, called "The Founding of Prague," is also very remarkable. There are scenes in it where we are inspired by the most mysterious thrills or chills of primevally ancient legends. In it rustle the dark Bohemian

guests, there too wander the grim Slavonian gods, heathen nightingales trill as of yore, but the soft Aurora of Christianity is beginning to shine on the summits of the trees. Brentano has also written some good stories, such, for instance, as "The History of Brave Caspar and Pretty Annie" (*Die Geschichte vom braven Kasperl und dem schönen Annerl*). While fair Annie was still a child, and went with her grandmother to the public executioner's, to there purchase, as common people in Germany are accustomed to do, certain remedies,¹ something suddenly rattled in the great cabinet by which Annie stood, and the child

¹ It is mentioned by many writers, but especially by Michelet (*La Sorcière*, vol. I, Intro.), that during the Middle Ages the executioner was generally the most skilful surgeon in every community, the study of practical anatomy being forbidden to all (even to professional surgeons), save him. "And his experiments were sacrilegious." Hence he became a kind of physician generally. When Paracelsus at Basle in 1527 burned the books of his predecessors, he declared that all he knew of medicine and surgery he had learned from witches and executioners. As regards this story of Caspar and Annie, Heine seems to have been haunted all his life, very strangely, by the mystery of the headsman's sword; nor have I myself quite escaped it, as the reader may see in my "Gypsy Sorcery." In the remarkable series of laws against superstitions and sorceries published by the Pfalzgraf Maximilian in 1611 (vide *Bayerische Sagen*, von Friedrich Panzer, 1848), there is one which decrees punishment to any person who, believing that an executioner's sword which has taken life is of special virtue and effect (in combat), shall obtain or buy such a sword for such a purpose.—*Translator.*

cried in fright, "A mouse! a mouse!" But the executioner was still more frightened, and said, "Dear woman, in this cabinet hangs my headsmen's sword, and it always moves of itself when any one comes near whom it is destined to decapitate. My sword thirsts for the blood of this child. Let me just scratch her a little with it on the neck. Then it will be satisfied with a drop of blood, and have no further longing." But the grandmother would not listen to this advice, and had at last to deeply regret her incredulity when fair Annie was really beheaded with the same sword.

Clemens Brentano is now perhaps fifty years of age,¹ and he lives a hermit life in Frankfort, as corresponding member of the Catholic Propaganda. His name has almost passed away of later years, and he is only mentioned now and then when people speak of the popular songs which he published with his friend Achim von Arnim. For he compiled with the latter, under the title of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ("The Wondrous Horn of the Boy"), a collection of songs which were gathered partly from the people, partly from old broadsides and rare works. I cannot praise this work enough; it contains the fairest flowers of German

¹ French version, "M. Clément Brentano peut avoir aujourd'hui cinquante sept ans."

spirit and feeling, and he who would know the people from their best side should know these songs. As I write, the book lies before me, and it seems as if I smelt the perfume of German lime-trees.¹ The lime-tree plays a leading part in these songs. Lovers woo of evenings in its shade; it is their favourite tree, probably because the lime-tree leaf is in the form of a heart. This remark was made to me by a German poet whom I prefer to all others—namely, myself.² On the title-page of that book is a boy blowing a horn, and when a poet in another land looks at that picture, he thinks he hears the notes best known to him, and then he may feel home-sickness, as happened to the Swiss *landsknecht* (or mercenary soldier), who, when standing sentinel on the bastion at Strasburg, hearing the call to the cows afar, threw away his pike and swam over the Rhine, but was soon after arrested and shot as a

¹ *Linden*. It is known by the name of "lime" in New England, and of "linden" in Pennsylvania.

² Heine's memory here deceived him. It was probably a very much older poet who gave him the simile. "The linden leaf," remarks Friedrich (*Symbolik der Natur*, p. 245), "on account of its being shaped like a heart, was a symbol. The greatest of our old poets, such as Walter von der Vogelweide, Godfrey of Strasburg, and the Minnesinger, often speak of the linden and its leaf." Fortunately for Heine, this poet whom he preferred to all others had some images which were more original.—*Translator*.

deserter. On which subject there is a touching song in "The Boy's Wonder-Horn :"—

"In Strasburg on the fort
My trouble all begun.
I heard an Alpine horn blow far away ;
I tried to swim back to my home that day ;
It was not done.

At one o'clock that night
They caught and held me tight,
And took me to the captain, as ye see.
Ah, God ! they caught me swimming in the stream ;
All's up with me !

To-morrow morn at ten
Before the regiment I have to go ;
No pardon can I gain,
That hope is all in vain,
That I well know.

Ye brothers of my corps,
After to-day you'll see me never more.
Upon the shepherd all the blame should fall ;
It was the Alpine horn which did it all ;
That I deplore !"

What a beautiful poem ! There is a deep charm in these popular songs. Artistic poets try to imitate these productions of Nature just as men make artificial mineral waters. But when they are chemically analysed the main thing is wanting ; that is, the non-analysable sympathetic power

of Nature.¹ In these songs we feel the heart-beat of the German people. Here all its sad gaiety, all its foolish reason reveals itself. Here German anger drums, German mockery fifes, German love kisses. German wine and German tears drop in pearls, and the last are often better than the first, for there are therein both iron and salt. What naïveté in the truth! what honesty in the untruth! What an honest soul is "the poor black-necked rough," although he practises highway robbery! Listen to the phlegmatic touching tale as he himself tells it—

"I came unto a landlady ;
They asked me who was I ?
I'm a poor black-neck ruffian,
I eat when I am hungry,
And I drink when I am dry.

They took me in the dining-hall ;
They gave me wine to drink :
I let my eyes stray round the room,
And let the wine glass sink.

They sat me at the table,
Like a gentleman so high ;
But when it came to pay the bill,
The devil a coin had I.

¹ Perhaps the truth is that they have not run through the soil, nor been kept long enough.—*Translator.*

And when I asked them for a bed,
They put me in the hay ;
So I, poor black-neck ruffian,
For my joke must dearly pay.

And when I nestled in the hay,
Oh, then I felt forlorn,
For I was pricked with thistles dry,
And stuck with many a thorn.

And in the morning when I rose,
The roofs were white with frost ;
Then I, poor black-neck ruffian,
Must laugh at mine own cost.

I took my sword well in my hand,
I bound it to my side ;
Poor devil, I must go a-foot
For lack of a horse to ride.

And rising up, I ranged about
The roads as it might be ;
I met a wealthy merchant's son,
And he left his purse with me."

This *arme Schwartenhals*, or black-neck ruffian, is the most German character whom I know. What repose, what conscious power prevails in this poem ! But you shall also learn to know our Gretel. She is a straightforward maiden, and I love her dearly. Hans said to her—

" ' Gird up your garments, Margaret,
And come with me away,
For all the corn is garnered
And the wine is stowed away.' "

She answers, pleased—

“ ‘ O Hänslein, dear Hänslein !
I'll be true mate of thine ;
The week-days in the meadows,
And on Sunday by the wine.’

He led her through the byways
All by her snow-white hand,
He took her on the highways
To a tavern far inland.

‘ Landlady, hey, good landlady,
Bring out your wine, I say !
Because the clothes this Margaret wears
Must all be drunk to-day.’

Then Margaret fell to weeping,
And so her grief began ;
Adown her cheeks in sorrow
The light-bright teardrops ran.

‘ O Hänslein, dear Hänslein !
Such language did not come
From thee when thou didst take me
From my dear father's home.’

He took her by the fingers,
His hand in hers was bound ;
He led her by the byways
Till they a garden found. . . .

‘ O Margaret, dear Margaret !
What is it grieves thee most ?
And is it for thy cheerfulness,
Or honour which is lost ?’

'I weep not for my cheerfulness,
Or honour which is lost ;
I'm sorry for my garments,
And to think how much they cost.'

That is not the Margaret of Goethe, and her repentance would not be a subject for Ary Scheffer. There is no German moonlight in it. There is as little sentimentality in this song as when a young fellow begs his sweetheart by night to let him in, and she sends him away with the words—

" Ride thou along the highway,
Ride to yon heath alone,
Ride back as thou cam'st hither ;
There is a good broad stone ;
On it thou thy head may'st lay,
And no feathers take away ! "

But moonlight full and fair pouring through all the soul shines in this song—

" Were I a little bird
With two small wings, my dear,
I'd fly to thee ;
But that can't be,
And so I must stay here.

But though afar from thee,
In sleep I'm still by thee,
Talking with thee, mine own ;
But when I'm wide awake,
Then I'm alone.

Every hour for thy sake
In the night I awake,
From sleep I start,
Thinking of the thousand times
Thou gav'st me thy heart."

But if any one, charmed, asks who composed such songs, he is answered with such concluding lines as these—

"Who was it made you this pretty song?
Over the water three geese came along,
And brought it—two grey and one white."

It is generally wandering folk, vagabonds, soldiers, travelling students, or trade-apprentices who make such a song, but specially the latter, or the so-called *Handwerksburschen*. I very often in my foot-excursions kept company with them, and observed how they now and then, inspired by some out-of-the-way incident, improvised a bit of ballad, or whistled it in the open air. Birds on the branches listened to the lay, and when another boy with staff and scrip came trudging by, they chirped the song to him, and what was wanting to the words he made, and so the song and melody were done. Words fall in this way as it were from heaven on the lips of such youths, and they have only to utter them, and they are more poetical than all the refined phrases which we mine out of the depths of our hearts. The character of these

German *Handwerksburschen* lives and thrives in and through such popular ballads. They are an odd race, who, without a sou in their pockets, wander all over Germany, harmless, merry, and free. I generally found three of them in company.¹ Of these three, one was always the talker; he talked with droll whims of every casual subject, of every bird which flew in the air, of every commercial traveller who rode by, and when they came into some wretched place with poor huts and beggarly people, he observed ironically, "God made the world in six days, but this was a bit of after-work."² The second of the trio only broke in occasionally with some angry remark; he could not converse without cursing; he swore at every boss with whom he had worked, and his endless refrain was his regret that before leaving

¹ *Tres faciunt collegium*. That which Heine here mentions is specially set forth in a farce entitled *Lumpacivagabundus*, or *the Jolly Clover-Leaf*, the latter word (*trifolium*) being applied to a company of three *Handwerksburschen*. As regards the one of three pilgrims or apprentices who always does the talking, there is a proverb, "Wo Drey sind, muss einer allweg der Narr seyn"—"Where there are three, one is always the fool."
—*Translator*.

² So it is said in America, that on Saturday night, when God had made the world, some sand still stuck to his hands. He brushed it off, threw it down, and lo! it became the State of New Jersey! In the French version, "Le bon Dieu a fait le monde en six jours; mais il y parait, car il reste encore beaucoup à faire."

Halberstadt he had not slapped the face of the mistress who gave him every day only cabbage and watery turnips to eat. But at the word "Halberstadt," the third, who was the youngest, sighed from his very heart. He was on his first journey, and thought of the black-brown eyes of a sweetheart, hung his head, and never a word spake he.¹

Des Knaben Wunderhorn is by far too remarkable a monument of our literature, and has exercised by far too great an influence on the lyrical poets of the Romantic school, and especially on our admirable Uhland, to be passed unnoticed. This book and the *Nibelungenlied* played a leading part at that time, of which latter there must be a special mention. For a long time, indeed, we spoke of nothing but the *Nibelungenlied*, and classical philologists were not a little vexed when one compared this epic with the *Iliad*, or when

¹ I trust that it is not out of place to mention that I recently, near Florence, accompanied during a long walk three young Germans of this humble class. One did all the talking and, *in cinem fort*, without cessation commented on what he saw, or repeated ballads one after the other, and the second argued, while the third was silent. During a long illness in the same city, our German head-waiter came in at times to converse with me. I questioned him on this subject, and he narrated much which was very curious, as, for instance, how he and another waiter, after saving up a little money, had made very long pedestrian journeys in Eastern Europe, and into Turkey, suffering much, in order to see the world.—*Translator*.

people debated as to which of these poems precedence was due. And the public, when questioned on it, looked like a child of whom one should ask, "Would you rather have a horse or a hard-bake?" But in any case, this *Nibelungenlied* is of great, tremendous strength. A Frenchman can hardly form an idea of it, or even of the language in which it is composed. It is a language of stone, and its verses are blocks in rhyme. Here and there, between the clefts, red flowers stream forth like drops of blood, or long ivies trail like green floods of tears. And you—nice little people that you are¹—can hardly form a conception of the giant-like passions which inspire this poem! Imagine a clear summer night, the stars bright as silver, yet large as suns, come forth in the blue heaven, and that all the Gothic cathedrals in Europe are met in rendezvous on a vast plain. First comes calmly advancing the Strasburg Minster, the Dom of Cologne, the Campanile of Florence, the grand Church of Rouen, and that these gallantly wooed the fair Notre Dame de Paris. It is true that their gait is a little unsteady, that some of them act very clumsily, and that one is tempted to

¹ French version, "bonnes gens civilisés et polis que vous êtes." *German*, "Ihr kleinen artigen Leutchen."

laugh at their amorous awkward staggering.¹ But this laughter soon ends when we see them in fury striving to strangle one another; how Notre Dame in despair throws her two arms of stone up to heaven, and then suddenly seizing a sword, decapitates the grandest cathedral. But no; you could even then form no idea of the leading figures of the *Nibelungenlied*; no tower is so high, and no stone so hard, as the grim Hagen and the vindictive Chriemhilde.

But who composed this poem? We know as little as we do the names of the authors of the popular songs. It is indeed strange that we so seldom know the originator of the most admirable books, poems, architectural works, and similar monuments of art. Who was the builder of the Cathedral of Cologne? Who painted the altar-piece on which the beautiful Mother of God and the Holy Three Kings are so delightfully depicted? Who composed the Book of Job, which has been a consolation to so many suffering generations of humanity? Man soon forgets the names of his benefactors; those of the noble and the good who have toiled for the benefit of their fellow-beings are seldom in the mouths of the people, whose

¹ Here Heine falls into his very common failing of very needlessly repeating one idea or simile three times within the limits of a single sentence. The French version briefly gives the conclusion as "*leur transports amoureux.*"

blunt coarse memories retain only the names of their oppressors and cruel heroes of wars. The tree of knowledge forgets the silent gardener who protected it from cold, watered it in sultry drought, and freed it from noxious creatures, but it faithfully preserves the names which have been unmercifully cut into its bark with sharp steel, and hands them over—always growing larger—to succeeding generations.

CHAPTER II.

OWING to their joint publication of the "Wonderhorn," the names of Brentano and Von Arnim are usually associated; and having mentioned the one, I cannot omit the other, all the more because he is much more deserving our attention. Ludwig Achim von Arnim is a great poet, and was one of the most original minds of the Romantic school. The lovers of the fantastic will relish his works far more than those of any other German writer. Herein he far outdoes Hoffmann and Novalis. He lived more deeply into Nature than the latter, and could conjure up far more ghastly and grotesque images than those of the former; indeed, when I look at Hoffmann it seems to me as if Von Arnim had created him. Von Arnim has remained utterly unknown to the multitude, having a name only among literary men, who have, however, while fully recognising his merits, never spoken of them openly; indeed, there were some who spoke contemptuously of him, and these were the very ones who imitated his method.

One would apply to them that which Stevens wrote of Voltaire when the latter spoke contemptuously of Shakespeare after plundering "Othello" for his "Orosman." "Such men are like thieves, who, after plundering a house, set fire to it." Why did Tieck never speak befittingly of Arnim, he who said so much that was clever over such piles of second-hand trash? And the Schlegels also ignored him. It was not till after his death that he obtained a kind of obituary notice from a member of the school.

I believe that Von Arnim could not become famous because he was by far too Protestant for his friends of the Catholic party, while the Protestants, on the other hand, regarded him as a crypto-Catholic. But why did the public ignore him—the public who could find his romances and novels in every circulating library?¹ Even Hoffmann was hardly ever mentioned in our literary and æsthetic journals; the higher criticism maintained an aristocratic reserve as to his works,

¹ Heine's vindication of Von Arnim, like all his laudations, is admirable in every respect, but to give it point he is guilty of as great exaggeration as regards this author's being neglected and unpopular. If his works were in every circulating library, they must have been in demand by other than "literary men." There is also a quite unconscious exaggeration of the genius of Von Arnim, and of the thrilling terror and mystery of his romances. At the present day they read like "Der Freyschutz by daylight."—*Translator*.

and yet everybody read him. But why did the German people neglect an author whose imagination grasped all things, whose feelings were of infinite depth, and whose gift of description was unrivalled? Because one thing was wanting to him, which the people always seek in books, and that was *life*. They require that the author shall feel their daily sorrows, and whether he brings from his heart pleasure or pain, they ask for sensation; and Arnim could not satisfy this want. He was not a poet of life, but of death. In all which he writes there is only a movement as of shadows; the figures crowd and rush hurriedly; they move their lips as if speaking, but the words are only seen, not heard. These forms leap and creep, tussle and wrestle, stand on their heads, approach us mysteriously and whisper in our ears, "We are dead!" Such a play would be too terrible were it not for the peculiar grace of Von Arnim, which spreads over his poetic compositions like the smile of a child—and yet even this is a dead child. Arnim can depict love, and sometimes sensuality, but even there we cannot feel with him; we see beautiful bodies, heaving breasts, well-turned limbs, but all surrounded by a cold damp shroud. And Arnim is often witty, and we must laugh, but it is as if Death were tickling us with his scythe. Yet he is generally serious—as a dead German. A living one is a sufficiently solemn character—

fancy a dead one.¹ But a Frenchman can form no idea of how solemn we are when life has departed; for then our faces are immeasurably longer, and the worms which feed on us become melancholy at the sight. The French think it strange that Hoffmann can be so appallingly serious, but it is a mere jest compared to the awful gravity of Arnim. When Hoffmann evokes his dead, and they rise from their graves and dance round him, he himself trembles with delight, and dances with them in the midst, and makes the maddest monkey-grimaces. But when Arnim summons his spectres, it is as if a general had a review, and he sits calmly on his high spectral horse and makes the terrible host pass before him, and they glance at him with awe, and seem to fear him. And yet he always nods to them in a friendly manner.²

Ludwig Achim von Arnim was born in 1784 in the Mark Brandenburg, and died in the winter

¹ In Philadelphia it is a common saying, "Solemn as a dead Dutchman;" Dutch being there the popular translation of *Deutsch*.—*Translator*.

² This seems to have been suggested by the well-known poem of Zedlitz which describes how the spectre of Napoleon rises and holds a "Midnight Review." It begins with the words—

" At night, when twelve is striking,
The drummer leaves his grave."

of 1830.¹ He wrote dramas, romances, and novels. His dramas are inspired with a deep sentiment of poetry, especially one entitled *Der Auerhahn* (or "The Mountain Cock," pheasant). Its first chapter would not be unworthy the greatest poet. How true to the very life is the most melancholy ennui therein depicted! One of the three natural sons of the late Landgrave sits alone in the great desolate castle-hall, and talks yearningly to himself, and complains that his legs are growing longer and longer under the table, and that the morning air blows so cold between his teeth. His brother, the good Franz, comes slowly loitering in, dressed in the clothes of his late father, which hang a world too wide about him, and sorrowfully recalls how at this hour he used to help his father draw them on, and how the latter often threw him a crust, which his old teeth could no longer bite, and now and then in his ill-humour gave him a kick. This last recollection moves good Franz to tears, and he grieves because his father is dead and can kick him no more.

Arnim's romances are called the *Kronwächter* ("The Guardians of the Crown") and *Dolores*. The scene of the former is laid in the upper storey of the watch-tower of Waiblingen, or in the little

¹ Arnim was born January 26, 1781, in Berlin, and died January 21, 1831.—*German Publisher.*

house-room of the watchman and of his notable fat wife, who is, however, not so fat as people in the town report. For it is mere scandal when they say that she grew so fat in the tower-chamber that she could no longer descend the narrow flight of stairs, and after the death of her first husband was obliged to wed the new watchman (on that account). The poor woman grieves sadly at such tittle-tattle, the truth being that she could not quit the tower because she suffered from vertigo.

The second romance of Von Arnim, "The Countess Dolores," has also an admirable beginning. In it the author depicts the poetry of poverty and that of nobility, which he, who often lived in dire distress, very often chose for a subject. And what a master Arnim is in describing destruction and decay! It seems to me as if I had before my very eyes the desolate castle of the young Countess Dolores, which seems all the more desolate because the old Count built it in a gay Italian style, but never finished it. Now it is a modern ruin, and all is run to waste in the garden of the castle; the walks of trimmed box-trees have become ragged and wild, the trees grow into the way of one another, the laurels and oleanders wind and twist sadly on the ground, great beautiful flowering plants are clogged and twined with weeds, statues of the gods are fallen from their

pedestals, and two pert beggar-boys crouch by a poor Venus who lies in the high grass, and whip her marble *derrière* with nettles.¹ When the old Count, after a long absence, returns to the castle, the conduct of all his household, especially of his wife, strikes him as very singular. Such strange things take place at table, the reason being that the Countess had long before died of grief, as had all the others. The Count himself begins at last to realise that he is surrounded by spectres, and, without any indication that he has observed it, quietly goes away.

But to me the most delightful of Arnim's novels is his "Isabella of Egypt." In it is set forth the wandering life and ways of the gypsies, whom we in France call Bohemians, and also Egyptians. Herein we see that strange legendary race, with its brown faces, fascinating fortune-telling eyes, and sorrowful secrets. Their gay, delusive juggling merriment hides a great mysterious pain. For according to the legend, which is charmingly told in these pages, the gypsies must wander about the world as a penance for the inhospitable severity with which their ancestors once treated the Holy Virgin and Child, when she, during the

¹ There is a very obvious imitation of this scene, including the Venus in the grass, in the "Florentine Nights." Heine, however, did not whip the Venus, but kissed her.—*Translator.*

flight into Egypt, once begged them for a night's lodging. For this, people treated them in turn with cruelty. For as during the Middle Age they had as yet no philosophers of the school of Schelling, poetry then undertook the defence of the most despicable and cruel laws;¹ and these laws were more barbaric as regards the gypsies than any other people.² In many countries every gypsy suspected of theft could be hung without trial or sentence. So was their chief Michael, called Duke of Egypt, executed, though innocent, and it is with this sad incident that the novel of Von Arnim begins. By night the gypsies take their dead Duke down from the gallows, place the scarlet princely mantle on his shoulders, set the silver crown on his head, and throw him into the

¹ This is strangely rendered in the French version as follows : "Dans le moyen âge, on n'avait pas encore une philosophie catholique, et il fallait bien employer la poésie pour justifier les lois les plus indignes et les plus cruelles."

² A very great error indeed. The gypsies were often hung or shot out of hand, or proscribed, as were all kinds of criminals in that rude age, but they were not *invariably* tortured to death or burnt alive, as were innumerable heretics and witches. For information the reader may consult papers by D. MacRitchie and others in the *Gypsy Lore Journal*, and works by Grellman, Wilson, F. Groome, Liebich, and many more, to which these will direct him. For the witches, the works of Walter Scott, Michelet, and Horst will more than suffice. As regards the heretics, this is simply the whole history of the Catholic Church in its relations to all its weaker enemies, savage or civilised.—*Translator.*

Schelde, being fully convinced that the compassionate stream will bear him back to home, or to their beloved Egypt. The poor gypsy princess, Isabella, knows nothing of all this sad event; she dwells alone in a ruined house on the Schelde. Hearing the water rustle strangely, she looks, and sees her dead white father rise in his red array, while the moon casts its sorrowful light on the silver crown. The heart of the poor girl is well-nigh broken for indescribable grief; in vain she seeks to hold her dead father fast—he floats onward to Egypt, to his wondrous native land, where he is awaited, and where he will be worthily buried in one of the pyramids. Very touching is the supper to the dead with which the poor maiden honours her father. She lays her white veil on a stone in the field and places on it food and drink, which she solemnly enjoys.

Everything is deeply moving which Arnim tells us of the gypsies, whom he also describes with compassionate sympathy in other works, as, for instance, in "The Wonderhorn," where he declares that we owe to them so much which is beneficent and healing—that is, most of our medicines.¹ We rejected and persecuted them ungratefully. With all their love, they could

¹ This is more than doubtful. But Michelet has taken pains to prove that during the Middle Age the witches or wise

never attain among us to a home. He compares them in this respect to the elves or dwarfs, who brought to the feasts of their greater and more powerful enemies everything which the latter required, but who, having once in their need taken a few peas from a field, were cruelly beaten and driven from the country. And it was a sad sight to see how the poor little things trotted by night over the bridge like a herd of sheep, every one laying down a small coin as he did so until a barrel was filled.¹

A translation of "Isabella of Egypt" would not only give the French an idea of Von Arnim's writings, but also show that all the fearful, uncanny, horrible, and ghostly tales with which they have of late industriously tormented themselves are, as compared to the horrors of Von Arnim, only the rosy morning dreams of an opera-dancer. In all the fearful tales of France there is not, put

women were by far the most learned class in an empiric or practical knowledge of medicines, and some of this was undoubtedly derived from the gypsies.—*Translator.*

¹ A legend probably commemorating, according to David MacRitchie (*vide* "The Testimony of Tradition"), the exodus of some early dwarf race. I have often seen in New England a piece of ground known as the "Last Breakfast Field." When the last remnants of an Indian race were obliged to depart from the land of their fathers and go west, they assembled and ate their last home-meal in that field. This field is near Rye Beach.—*Translator.*

together, so much that is mysteriously horrible as in the coach which our writer sends from Brussels, and in which the following persons sit:—

1. An old gypsy woman, who is also a witch. She seems as beautiful as the Seven Sins, and flourishes about in the most brilliant gilt and silken array.

2. A dead *Bärenhafter*,¹ who, to earn a few ducats, has risen from his grave and engaged himself as a servant for seven years. He is a bulky corpse, clad in an overcoat of white bear-skin—whence his name—notwithstanding which, he is always shivering.

3. A Golem, that is, a figure of clay formed like a beautiful woman, and who acts as such. On her forehead, hidden by her black locks, is inscribed in Hebrew letters the word *Truth*, and should this be wiped away, all the figure will fall lifeless like mere earth.

4. The Field-Marshal Cornelius Nepos, who is by no means any relation to the celebrated historian of that name, and who cannot even boast descent from a simple citizen, since he is by birth a root, an *Alraun*, which the French call *mandragore*, a mandrake. This grows under a gallows-

¹ *An idler*, an ancient word, from a proverb, *Auf der Bärenhaut leigen*, to lie on the bear-skin, as did the savage Germans; here perhaps suggested by a *grenadier*, from *Bärenmütze*, a bear-skin hat. French version, *Monsieur Peau d'Ours*.

tree from the droppings of a hanged man. It uttered a horrible cry when Isabella at midnight tore it from the ground. It looked like a dwarf, but had neither eyes, mouth, nor ears. The dear maid stuck two black juniper berries in its face, with a red haw, which made eyes and mouth. Then she put a little millet on the head, which sprouted like hair, but roughly. She cradled the monster in her white arms when it wailed like a child; kissed his hawthorn-berry mouth quite askew—yes, almost kissed his juniper eyes out of his head for love; and the nasty dwarf was so spoiled by such petting that he must needs at last be a field-marshal and put on the uniform, and so acquired the title of one.¹

There are four fine characters for you! Rake out the Morgue, the graveyard, the Cour des Miracles, and all the pest-houses of the Middle Age, you will find no such company as that which travelled in a single coach from Broche to Brussels. Ye French must at last see that the horrible is not your *forte*, and that France is not a fit soil

¹ French version, "Elle baisait si fort ses lèvres de rose, qu'elle lui fit presque sortir de la tête ses yeux de grains d'orge, et le gâta tellement qu'il voulut à toute force être feld-marechal. Il fallut le couvrir de ce brillant uniforme, lui conférer ce noble titre; et c'était Lord Wellington en miniature." The fullest details as to the origin and imitations of these *Alraun* or *mandrakes* are given in the *Anthropodemus Plutonicus* of J. Prætorius, 1666-67.

for such spectres. When ye invoke spirits we must laugh. Yes, we Germans, who remain serious and sober at your most brilliant witticisms, must roar with laughter at your ghost-stories. For your ghosts are all French, and as for French spectres, why, it is a contradiction in terms. For in the word "ghost" there is everything that is grim, lonely, growling, German, and taciturn, and in "French" all that is social, pleasant, French, and gossippy. How could a Frenchman be a phantom, or how can there be spectres in Paris? In Paris, in the *foyer* of European society! Between twelve and one, the hour allotted to spectres,¹ the liveliest life rattles in the streets of Paris; just then the most roaring finale of the opera resounds, the merriest groups stream from the Variétés and the Gymnase; all is crowding and capering, laughing and chaffing on the Boulevards, and we go to soirées. How miserably must a poor *spooking* or haunting ghost feel in such gay and festive life! And how could a Frenchman, even if he were dead, keep serious countenance enough to haunt where the merriest multitude sweeps round on every side? I myself—German as I am—were I dead, and had to

¹ French version, "Qui est de toute éternité le temps assigné aux spectres, la vie la plus animée se repand encore dans les rues de Paris."

haunt or *spook* in Paris by night, could certainly never maintain my spectral dignity if there should suddenly run against me at any street corner one of those goddesses of frivolity and recklessness who know so well how to laugh charmingly at one on such occasion.¹ If there really were ghosts in Paris, I am convinced that the French, sociable as they are, would at once associate as such and have spectral *réunions*, set up a ghostly *café*, publish a *Deadman's Daily* and a *Revue de Paris Morte*, and have *soirées des morts, ou l'on fera de la musique*—mortal *soirées* where there would be music and a little dancing. I am sure that ghosts would amuse themselves better in Paris than do the living with us. As for me, did I know that one could live thus after death in Paris as ghost, I would no longer fear death. I should simply take the proper measures to be buried at Père la Chaise, so that I could haunt in Paris between twelve and one. What a happy hour! You, my German fellow-countrymen, when you come to Paris and meet me by night as a ghost, be not afraid, for I shall not *spook* it in the awfully unhappy German fashion—no, I shall be spectreing for my own amusement.

And as I have read in all ghost-stories the

¹ Oddly enough this passage relative to the goddesses is omitted in the French version.

ghosts of men haunt the spots where they have left buried treasures, I will, out of careful foresight, bury a few sous somewhere on the Boulevards. Hitherto I have killed money in Paris, but never buried any.¹

Oh ye poor French authors! ye shall at last understand that your tales of terror and ghost stories are all unfit for a country where there are either no ghosts, or where they are as socially cheerful as we would be ourselves, or have them be. Ye seem to me like children who hold masks before their faces to frighten one another.² They are terribly stern masks, but merry children's glances shoot through the eye-holes. We Germans, on the contrary, often wear the most winsome, youthful masks; but from the eyelets gleams grim and grey death. You are a dainty, amiable, reasonable, and lively race; and the sphere of your art embraces only the beautiful, the noble, and human. Your earlier writers saw this, and you the later will soon come to the same conviction. Let alone the ghastly and ghostly. Leave to us Germans all the horrors of madness, of fevered dreams, and of the world

¹ This passage is also omitted in the French.

² Probably in reference to a beautiful motive often repeated in Roman sculpture. There is an original bas-relief of this subject in the Musée Fol at Geneva. Bulwer has a poem in "The Last Days of Pompeii" suggested by it.—*Translator*.

of shadows. Germany is a far better country for old witches, Golems of both sexes, and specially for field-m Marshals, like little Cornelius Nepos. On the other side of the Rhine such spectres may flourish, but never in France. While I was travelling hither, my ghosts accompanied me to the French frontier. There they bade me sadly adieu, for the sight of the tri-coloured flag scares away ghosts of every kind.

Oh, I would gladly stand on the spire of Strasburg with a tri-coloured flag in my hand so long that it would reach to Frankfort; and I believe that when I should wave that consecrated flag over my dear fatherland, and utter the proper words of invocation, the old witches would fly away on their broomsticks, the cold Bärenhäuter creep again into their graves, the Golem fall into mere clay, field-marshal Cornelius Nepos return to the place whence he came, and the whole spectral delusion be at end.¹

¹ This chapter is beautifully and brilliantly written, and much knowledge may be gained from it. But, judged by Heine's own comments on Victor Hugo, these remarks as to the relative capacity for horrors in France and Germany are really baseless. Isabella of Egypt and the stories of Hoffmann seem to us of the present day simply like children's fairy tales, and a mere *réchauffage* of mediæval trifles; for none of Von Arnim's mandrakes or Golems were original with him. But Victor Hugo was the leading genius, and head of modern French literature, and the founder of a great school; and compared to the half-

human, half-unnatural horrors and sensations of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, and "Hans of Iceland," all of the characters in German romantic literature are mere nursery bugbears, or phantoms on the stage. Heine has laid stress on the fact that Arnim and Hoffmann excelled in horrors, because they based them on nature; and by this standard they are immeasurably distanced by Hugo and a great array of his followers, who have carried the unnatural—that is, nature distorted—to a degree of which Germany never had any conception; yes, even into utter nastiness. It would puzzle Heine to reconcile later French realism with nothing but what is "beautiful, noble, and human." All the horrors of German literature put together are commonplace and clean and decent compared to the works of Zola, which are "strictly founded on nature." It should be here mentioned that with this chapter the first German, as well as the first French, edition of the Romantic school ended.

—*Translator.*

CHAPTER III.

It is as difficult a matter to write the history of Literature as Natural History. In both we occupy ourselves with the most striking phenomena. But as in a small glass of water there is a whole world of marvellous beings which manifest the omnipotence of God as much as do the largest animals, so the smallest Almanac of the Muses reveals a multitude of poetlings who are to the eyes of the calm investigator as interesting as the largest elephants of literature. God is great !

Most literary historians really give us a history like a well-arranged menagerie, and show us in their separate cages epic mamma-lians, lyrical-aerial bird-poets, dramatic water-fowl of watery verse, prosaic amphibia who write land and sea novels, comical odd-fish,¹ and so on.

¹ *Humoristische Mollusken.* In English comic literature oysters are known by this term ; and I have seen a picture which I think was drawn by Hood the elder, in which oysters with droll faces on their shells were entitled odd-fish. I do not know whether in referring to lyrical-aerial poets Heine had in his mind the lyre-bird, which he himself not infrequently resembles.—*Translator.*

Others, on the contrary, treat such history practically,¹ and begin with the primitive feelings of man, which developed themselves in various ages, and finally assumed artistic form; that is, they begin *ab ovo*, like the historian who opened the tale of the Trojan War with the egg of Leda. Wherein they—like him—act foolishly. For I am convinced that if the eggs of Leda had been made into an omelette, Hector and Achilles would have encountered one another all the same before the Skaic gate, and fought valiantly.² Great deeds, like great books, do not spring from such trifles—they are the result of necessity, they are connected with the course of the sun, moon, and stars, and originate perhaps in their influence on the earth. Deeds are the results of ideas; but how does it come that at certain times certain ideas make themselves so preponderant that they shape the whole life of human beings, their drivings and strivings, their thinking and writing, and in the strangest manner.³ Perhaps it is time to write a

¹ *Pragmatisch*. In the French version, *dogmatiquement*.

² Heine does not here take the *general* view. The French Revolution was inevitable; but if Louis XVI., or Robespierre, or even Mirabeau, had died a year before it begun, its incidents and details would have certainly been very different. Which reminds one of the little American boy who said, after long reflection, "Mother, who would I have been, supposin' you'd married somebody else?"

³ This passage is far better in the French version. "Certaines idées s'emparent des hommes si puissamment, qu'elles changent

literary astrology, and in it explain the appearance of certain ideas or of certain books wherein these reveal themselves, according to the constellations of starry intellects.¹

Or does the advent of certain ideas correspond to the mere temporary wants of men? Do they seek out the ideas which seem to give authority to their desires? In fact, men are always, according to their most secret impulses, true *doctrinaires*; they can always find a doctrine to justify what they detest or desire. On banyan or fast days, when pleasures are hard to attain, they extol the doctrine of abstinence, and declare that earthly grapes are sour; when times are better, and it becomes easier to get at the fruits of the flesh, then a more joyous gospel comes to light, which preaches life with all its sweets and its full and perfect right to enjoyment.

Are we getting to the end of the Christian Lent, and is a rosier age of joy dawning on us? And what form will the joyous doctrine receive from the future?

leur vie entière avec ses joies et ses peines, et réforment en même temps l'expression artistique de leur pensée, le style."—*Translator*.

¹ "Aus der Konstellation der Gestirne zu erklären." *Gestirn* means planet; but there is *gestirnt*, from *Stirn*, a brow, forehead, or brains, which suggests thought. The French version (as usual) evades the difficulty by simply translating it, "d'après les constellations des étoiles."—*Translator*.

The foreshadowing or predicting pictures of a race are in the hearts of its literary men, and a critic who dissects a new poet with a sufficiently sharp knife can easily prophesy therefrom how Germany will behave—as from the entrails of an animal sacrificed. And I, as literary Chalchas, would from my very heart with this intention gladly sacrifice some of our young poets, were I not afraid of seeing in their bowels things unutterable. For one cannot investigate our more recent German literature without marching into the deepest dominion of politics. In France, where the belletristic authors endeavour to keep clear rather more than they should from the political movements of the time, one may judge of the *beaux esprits* of the day without a word as to the day itself. But on the other side of the Rhine such writers throw themselves headlong into the questions of the time, from which they were so long excluded. You Frenchmen have been on your legs for fifty years at such work, and are now tired; we Germans have been sitting all that time, on the contrary, over the study-table, commenting old classics, and would now like to take a little exercise.¹

¹ French version, "Restant assis dans notre cabinet de travail, occupés à développer des systèmes de philosophie transcendente, ou à commenter les vieux bouquins de l'antiquité," &c. "Connu, connu, connu." Heine is good at sincere German, but terrible in affected French.—*Translator*.

The same cause which I have mentioned prevents me from doing justice to an author of whom Madame de Staël has given only casual indication, but who more recently, owing to the brilliant and clever article by Philarete Chasles, has attracted the attention of the French public.¹ I speak of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. He has been called *der Einzige* (the Only One), a most appropriate term, which I now fully understand for the first time, after much vain reflection as to what place in literary history should be assigned to him. He appeared almost simultaneously with the Romantic school, without taking the least part in it, nor was he subsequently in any way allied to the art school of Goethe. He was alone in his time, because being opposed to both schools, he gave himself entirely to that time, and his whole heart was full of it. And his heart and his works were one and the same. This peculiarity, this unity, also appears among the authors of the Young Germany of this our time, who do not separate living from writing, who never divide politics

¹ Truly, if Professor Chasles was brilliant and clever in this article, he must have been unusually inspired. For one weary winter did I listen to and transcribe his lectures on German literature—that is, till the Revolution of 1848 broke up all study in the colleges—and can bear witness that in ten years of student life in four countries I never heard anything so flat and dreary as his discourses.—*Translator*.

from learning and science, or art from religion, and who are at the same time artists, tribunes, and apostles.

Yes, I repeat the word—Apostle, for I know of none more appropriate. A new faith inspires them with a passion of which the writers of the preceding age had no presentiment. This is the faith in Progress, which faith sprang from knowledge and science. We have measured the land, weighed the forces of nature, counted the resources of industry, and see what we have found—that the earth is large enough, every one has therein room to build the hut of his happiness. This world can feed us all if we wish to work instead of living on one another. Then it will be superfluous to preach heaven to the greater and poorer class.¹ The number of these learned believers is as yet, it must be admitted, small. But the time is coming when races will not be reckoned by heads, but by hearts. And is not the great heart of a single Heinrich Laube worth more than a whole Zoological Garden of Raupachs and comedians.²

I have mentioned the name of Heinrich Laube,

¹ The French version adds, "pour ne pas leur faire envier le bonheur des riches."

² In amusing and direct contradiction to this theory of an agricultural paradise in which every man is to inhabit a hut and raise his own beans, we have Heine's fervid declaration that under his Socialistic system men are to enjoy all the luxuries of

for who could speak of Young Germany without recalling the great and flaming heart which flashes most brilliantly from it. Heinrich Laube, one of the writers who have appeared since the Revolution of July, is of such social significance as regards Germany that his real weight cannot be as yet estimated. He has all the good qualities which we find among the authors of the past generation, and unites to them the apostolic zeal of Young Germany. Withal, his powerful passion is softened and enlightened by an elevated sense of art. He is inspired for the Beautiful as much as for the Good; he has a fine ear, and a quick eye for noble form; and vulgar natures are repulsive to him, even when they appear as champions for the noblest patriotic sentiments. This sense of art, which is in him

the most highly aristocratic life, "nectar and ambrosia, purple robes, the voluptuousness of perfumes, dances of nymphs, music and comedies ("Germany, from Luther to Kant"), which is manifestly impossible if there is to be "no living on one another," and no mutual dependence or services. None of Heine's German friends have as yet proved that their promised paradise will be anything but a well-ordered poorhouse, or half-time workhouse. That waste lands in any part of the world may be cultivated is a discovery which is as old as Adam, but Young Germany has been slow to realise it, or to attempt it. There must be yet a little more measuring, weighing, and counting the resources of nature, ere the *summum bonum* can be attained.

In the French version all from the reference to Laube until Richter is resumed, or about two pages of the German, is omitted.—*Translator.*

innate, protected him from the great errors of that patriotic mob which still continues to revile and vilify our great master, Goethe.

In this relation Herr Karl Gutzkow, another writer of more recent time, deserves the highest praise. If I mention him after Laube it is by no means because I regard him as less talented, and still less because I have been less edified by his tendencies; no, for I must also admit that Karl Gutzkow possesses the most admirable gifts of creative power and critical sense of art—his writings also delight me by their correct conception of our time and its needs; but in all which Laube writes there prevails a far-sounding repose, a self-conscious greatness, a still serenity which move one personally more than the picturesque, colour-gleaming, and stinging-spiced vivacity of the Gutzkow spirit.

Karl Gutzkow, whose soul is full of poetry, must needs, like Laube, soon withdraw himself most definitely from company with those zealots who despise our great master. The same may be said of L. Wienbarg and Gustav Schlesier, two most distinguished writers of recent time, whom, as Young Germany is here in question, I cannot pass unmentioned. They deserve indeed to be ranked among its leaders, and their names have a good ring in the land. This is not the place in which to describe in detail their abilities and

works. I have wandered too far from my theme, but will still say something more as to Jean Paul.

I have mentioned how Jean Paul Friedrich Richter preceded Young Germany in its chief tendency. But these later writers have avoided the abstruse confusion, the baroque-dry depicting, and the unpleasant style of the Jean-Paul writings. Of which style a clear, well-edited French head can form no conception. Jean Paul's construction of periods consists of nothing but cells, which are so small that when one idea meets in them with another their heads knock together. On the ceiling are innumerable hooks on which hang all kinds of ideas, and on the walls around, secret drawers in which feelings are hidden. No German writer is so rich in thoughts and feelings, but he never lets them ripen, and he more astonishes than refreshes us by this wealth of wit and of sentiment. He gives us ideas and emotions which would have grown to be vast trees if they had been allowed to properly take root and burgeon forth into sprays and blossoms and leaves, which are often mere buds, for these he tears up when they are hardly little plants, or only sprouts, and so whole forests of intellect are served up to us as salads on a common plate. And this is really a very odd and unpalatable food, for it is not every stomach which can digest young oaks, cedars, palms, and bananas in

such a quantity. Jean Paul is a great poet and philosopher,¹ but no one could be more inartistic than he in form or thought. He brought forth in his novels truly poetic forms, but all these births drag after them a cord with which they entangle and strangle one another. Instead of thoughts he gives us his own thinking—we see the material action of his brain; he gives us, so to speak, more brain than thought. His witticisms hop about in every direction, like the fleas of his heated intellect. He is the merriest, and, at the same time, the most sentimental of writers; in fact, sentiment has always with him the upper hand, and his laughter turns abruptly into tears. And very often he disguises himself as a beggarly, coarse fellow; when all at once, like the prince incognito whom we see on the stage, he unbuttons his rough overcoat, and we suddenly behold the shining star.

Herein Jean Paul is quite like the great Irish-

¹ French version, "et aussi quelque peu philosophe." As if one should say of Rembrandt that "he painted a little." Heine appears to be quite unconscious that in the ensuing dry and laboured conceits he is himself imitating Jean Paul, without the wit of the latter. The fleas are, however, omitted in the French version. On the whole, he very truly describes all the faults of Jean Paul Richter, but manifestly did not grasp him as a whole, or do justice to his practical genius. He does not, for example, mention the *Vorschule der Ästhetik*, which is quite free from Richter's usual grotesques, and which I—*salva venia* (speaking under correction), regard as one of the great works of German literature.—*Translator*.

man to whom he has so often been compared. The author of "Tristram Shandy," when he has lost himself in the coarsest trifling, knows how by a sudden sublime change to show us his princely dignity and near alliance to Shakespeare. Jean Paul has, like Laurence Sterne, made himself personally important in his writings; he has also shown himself, like the latter, in his human nakedness, but with a certain awkward shame, especially as to sexual nudity. Sterne shows himself stark-naked to the public, while Jean Paul has only holes in his trousers.¹ Certain critics are wrong in believing that Jean Paul had more real feeling than Sterne, because the latter, as soon as the subject which he treats has reached a tragic height, at once breaks out into the most mocking and merry tone; while Jean Paul, on the contrary, when there is the least earnestness in a jest, begins slowly to make sad faces, and calmly lets his teardrops trickle down. No; Sterne feels perhaps more deeply than Jean Paul, because he is a greater poet. As I said, he is of equal birth with William Shakespeare, and the muses brought him, Laurence Sterne, also upon Parnassus. But in woman-fashion they soon spoiled him by their caresses. He was the nursling of the pale goddess of tragedy. Once in a fit of cruel tenderness she kissed his young heart so powerfully, so

¹ The French version adds, "*sa nudité est plutôt ridicule qu' idéale.*"

passionately, sucking it with such mad love, that it began to bleed, when, lo! all at once it understood all the sufferings of this world, and was filled with infinite compassion. Poor young poet's heart! But the younger daughter of Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of jest and laughter, ran quickly up, and took the suffering boy in her arms, and tried to cheer him with smiles and singing, and gave him her comic mask and jester's bells, and soothingly kissed his lips, and with that kiss there passed into his soul all her light-heartedness, all her daring recklessness and witty mockery.

From that time the heart and lips of Sterne were in strange contradiction, for many a time when his heart is tragically moved, and he would give utterance to the deepest, bleeding feelings of his heart, then to his own amazement there leaps from his lips the most delightful merry words. Alas, poor Yorick!¹

¹ "Pauvre Yorrik!" occurs only in the French version.

These last pages are very interesting, because Heine had taken Sterne more to heart than any other has ever done, and owed more to him than to any writer of any country whatever. In fact, what Rabelais and his kin and kind had been to Sterne, the latter was to the German, and these concluding remarks conceal such a deep and sincere feeling of love, sympathy, and gratitude, that much of it might escape us did we not know the truth. I possess a rare old book devoted to pointing out all the literary sources of Sterne's genius; such a work on Heine would be very interesting, and first on the list I would place Sterne, but for whom the *Reisebilder* would perhaps have never been written.—*Translator*.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was among the people in the Middle Age a prevalent belief that when a building was to be erected one should slay some living thing and place the foundation-stone on its blood, by means of which the structure would remain firm and fast for ever.¹ Whether this was an old heathen

¹ A German, whose name I cannot now recall, has written a very curious work on this subject. There is, however, much relating to it in Bechstein (*Sagen des Grabfeldes*, No. 156. *Vide* his *Deutsches Sagenbuch*, No. 729). In the *Bayerische Sagen und Brauche*, von Friedrich Panzer, Munchen, 1848, there is a chapter on *Einmauern*, in which several curious traditions relative to it are given, chiefly referring to children thus sacrificed. In earlier ages it was invariably a human being who was walled up alive. In later times a cock was substituted, and subsequently an egg, and this latter form of fetish was continued till comparatively recent times. Then other objects were offered always for luck, and this custom prevails to the present day, in placing coins, newspapers, and other memorials in foundation-stones. *Vide* Friedrich, *Symbolik*, p. 570. The real object of so doing, as appears from many legends, was to conciliate or appease the local spirit of the hill, or other place where the ground was disturbed for the foundations. The superstition is far older than Christianity, and it was the latter which deprived it of its bloody character.—*Translator*.

lunatic fancy that the favour of the gods was won by a blood-offering, or a misconception of the Christian atonement, which produced this belief in the miraculous power of blood, of healing by blood, and in blood generally—enough to say, it prevailed, and in lays and legends lives the fearful fact that children and animals were slain to insure great buildings with their blood.

To-day mankind has more sense. We no longer believe in the miraculous power of blood, be it in a nobleman or a god, and the multitude put faith only in money. Does the religion of to-day consist in the monetisation of the Deity, or the deification of money?¹ Enough, the people believe in money only; it is the coined metal, the silver and golden pyxes, in which they think that virtue lies; gold is the beginning and end of all their works, and when they have a great building to erect they take care that a few coins of different kinds are placed in a capsule under the foundation-stone.

Yes, just as in the Middle Age all things, all buildings, including the whole edifice of Church and State, were based on the belief in blood, so do

¹ "Besteht nun die heutige Religion in der Geldwerdung Gottes, oder in der Gottwerdung des Geldes?" I am indebted to the American newspapers for the verb "to monetise," i.e., to convert into money. "On prend son bien où il le trouve."—*Translator.*

all our institutions of the present day rest on the faith in money, and in money alone. That was superstition, this is clear current egoism. The first was destroyed by reason, the latter will be destroyed by sentiment. The foundation of society will sometime be better, and all the great hearts of Europe are painfully busied in endeavouring to find it out.

Perhaps it was irritation at this prevalent faith in money, or revolt at the egoism which they saw grinning out everywhere, which inspired certain poets of the Romantic school in Germany, who had deeply honourable feelings, to take refuge from the present in the past, and attempt the restoration of the Middle Age. This may have been specially the case with those who did not form the actual coterie. To these latter belonged the writers of whom I have specially treated in the second book, after having discussed the Romantic school in general in the first. It was only on account of their literary-historical importance, not from their intrinsic merit, that I at first, and in detail, spoke of the members of this coterie, who all worked in common. Therefore I trust I may not be misjudged because I have given to Zacharias Werner, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, and Ludwig Uhland, a later and scantier notice. These three authors deserve to be treated more in detail, and more highly praised,

than the others alluded to. For Zacharias Werner was the only dramatist of the school whose pieces were played, and also applauded by the pit. Baron de la Motte Fouqué was the only epic poet of the school whose romances were read by the entire public, and Ludwig Uhland was the only lyric writer among the Romantics whose songs sunk into the hearts of the multitude, and which still live in the mouths of men.

From this point of view these three poets take place before Tieck, whom I have praised as one of the best writers of the school. For Tieck, although the theatre is his hobby, and though he has been familiar from a child with the world of comedy and its minutest details, has never yet succeeded in moving from the stage men's hearts as Zacharias Werner has done. Tieck has always required a domestic public to whom he could declaim his poems, and whose applause was to be securely anticipated. While de la Motte Fouqué was read with equal delight by every one, from the duchess to the washerwoman, and shone as the sun of the circulating libraries, Tieck was only the astral lamp of evening tea-parties, where the cultured guests, illuminated by his poetry, sipped their tea in perfect peace while listening to the reading of his romances. The strength of such poetry would naturally appear by contrast with that of the refreshment; and in Berlin, where people drink

the weakest of tea, Tieck would naturally seem to be one of the strongest of poets. While the songs of our admirable Uhland rang in forest and valley, and are still bellowed by wild students and lisped by tender misses, not one song of Tieck's ever sunk into our hearts, not one remained in our ears, nor does the multitude know one ballad by the great lyric writer.¹

Zacharias Werner was born in Königsberg in Prussia on the 18th November 1768. His union with the Schlegels was only sympathetic, never personal. Far away from them he felt what they sought, and did his best to poetise in their

¹ If to be sung by the multitude, when accompanied by very popular airs, were any proof of poetical talent, then Kørner, whose verses Heine describes as very bad, was a far better poet than Heine himself. Herlossen, a Romanticist, who wrote the *Letzte Taborit*, which supplied the ground or sketch to George Sand for "Consuelo" (and whom Heine does not even mention), was the author of "Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehen" (from the *Buch der Liebe*), which song was never heard of till Abt, long after it was published, composed the air to it by which it is now as well known as any song in the German language. A careful examination of a very cheap and popular *Volksliederbuch* of 500 pages (Vienna, 1862) convinces me that the melody constitutes nine-tenths of the popularity of all these lyrics, and it is more generally associated to an *indifferent* (i.e., to a smoothly singable) poem than to a song with sense. Heine's own piano-ballad, "Du hast Diamanten," which has been more sung than anything which he ever wrote, is his feeblest production, and all unworthy of him. An honest history of popular songs would be more one of musicians than writers.—*Translator.*

spirit. But he could only develop inspiration for the Restoration of the Middle Ages one-sidedly, that is, on the hierarchic-catholic side; the feudal spirit of the ancient time did not by any means excite him so warmly. Regarding this his fellow-countryman, T. A. Hoffmann, has narrated something remarkable in the *Seräpionsbrüdern*. For he tells us that Werner's mother was disordered in her mind, and believed while *enceinte* that she was the mother of God, and was about to give birth to the Saviour. And Werner's mind bore through all his life the birth-mark of this religious delirium. All his works abound in frightful fanaticism. One of them, the "Twenty-fourth of February," is, however, free from such fancies, and has a place among the best productions of our dramatic literature. It has excited on the stage, far more than anything else by the same author, the greatest enthusiasm. His other dramatic works have been less successful with the multitude, because with all his energy and vitality the poet was almost utterly ignorant of adaptation to stage requisites.

Criminal-councillor Hitzig, the biographer of Hoffmann, has also written the life of Werner. It is a conscientious work, as interesting to the psychologist as to the literary historian. As I was recently told, Werner was for some time here in Paris, where he was especially amused at the

peripatetic female philosophers who in those days wandered of evenings in brilliant array in the galleries of the Palais Royal. They capered after him, mocking him and laughing at his odd dress and odder manners. Those were the good old times! Ah! in later days both the Palais Royal and Zacharias Werner changed sadly; the last lamp of gaiety (*Lust*) was extinguished in the mind of the sorrowing man. In Vienna, he entered the order of the Ligurians, and preached in the Church of Saint Stephen over the nothingness of all worldly things. He had found out that all on earth is vanity. The girdle of Venus he now declared was a nasty snake, and sublime Juno wore under her white robes a pair of postillion's leather-breeches, not over clean. Father Zacharias now chastened himself, and fasted, and cried with zeal against our stubborn love for worldly lusts. "Accursed is the flesh!" he cried so loudly, and in such a harsh East Prussian accent, that the images of the saints in Saint Stephen trembled, and the Vienna grisettes laughed charmingly. In addition to this important piece of news he constantly assured people that he was a great sinner.

If we consider him closely, the man was always consistent, except that at first he only sung or preached what he afterwards practised. The heroes of most of his dramas are monkish lovers

or ascetic lechers, who have discovered in abstinence a refinement of pleasure, who spiritualise their lasciviousness by martyrdom of the flesh, and who, like holy rakes, realise in the depths of religious mysticism the most terrible ecstasies.

Not long before his death the delight in dramatic composition again awoke in Werner, and he wrote one more tragedy, entitled *Die Mutter der Makkabäer* ("The Mother of the Machabees"). But here there was no attempt to festoon the profane seriousness of life with romantic jests. To the holy material he adapted a broadly-spread ecclesiastic tone; the measures are as solemnly measured as the knelling of church-bells; all moves as gravely as a Good Friday procession. It is a legend of Palestine in the form of a Greek tragedy. The piece had small success among mortals here below, whether it pleased the angels above any better is more than I know. But Father Zacharias died soon after, in the beginning of 1823, after he had wandered more than fifty-four years on this sinful earth.¹

We will let the departed rest in peace and turn

¹ All of Heine's scandalous anecdotes, petty gossip, and personal ridicule, whether it be of Werner or the Schlegels, or any one, should always be taken with very large grains of doubt. It is to be observed that he always has a discreditable story from some invariably anonymous friend, or an *on dit*, wherewith

to the second poet of the Romantic triumvirate. This is the excellent Baron Frederic de la Motte Fouqué, who was born in the Mark Brandenburg, in the year 1777, and appointed professor in the University of Halle in 1833. He was formerly a major in the Royal Prussian military service, and belonged to the heroes of song, or singers of heroes, whose Lyre and Sword rang most loudly during the so-called War of Freedom. His laurel is of the real kind.¹ He is a true poet, and the consecration of poetry rests on his head. Few writers have been so universally popular as our admirable Fouqué. He still has his readers, but only among the patrons of circulating libraries. But this public is always large enough, and Fouqué can boast that he is the only member of the Romantic school whose writings have been popular with the lower classes. While people in the æsthetic tea-circles of Berlin turned up their noses when speaking of the decayed nobleman, I met in a village among the Harz mountains with a very beautiful girl who spoke of Fouqué

to defile those whom he wishes to ridicule. It may well be doubted if there be a word of truth in all this tittle-tattle, and if it be true it is far more discreditable to Heine than to his "antipathies." He has a great reputation as a satirist, yet there is no case in which he does not disgrace himself far more than his victim. *Tempora mutantur.*—*Translator.*

¹ French version, "son laurier est de meilleur aloi que celui des Tyrtées contemporains."

with rapture, and who blushing confessed that she would give a year of her life for one kiss from the author of "Undine." And this girl had the most beautiful lips which I ever beheld!

But what a wondrously lovely poem is "Undine!" It is a kiss in itself; the genius of poetry kissed Spring while she slept, and she awoke smiling, and all the roses gave forth perfume, and all the nightingales sang, and what was sung and breathed Fouqué put into words and called it "Undine."

I do not know whether this novel has been translated into French.¹ It is the story of the beautiful water-fairy, who has no soul, and can only attain to one by marrying a mortal; but, alas, she gains with this soul all human sorrows, her knightly spouse is unfaithful, and she kisses him dead. For in this book death is only a kiss.

Undine may be regarded as the muse of Fouqué. But though she is infinitely beautiful, and suffers like us, and is so tormented with earthly sorrows, she is still a supernatural being. This our age rejects all such aerial and watery forms, however beautiful they may be; it demands actually living beings; least of all does it care for nixies, who are in love with noble knights. That was the case. The going back to the past, the endless

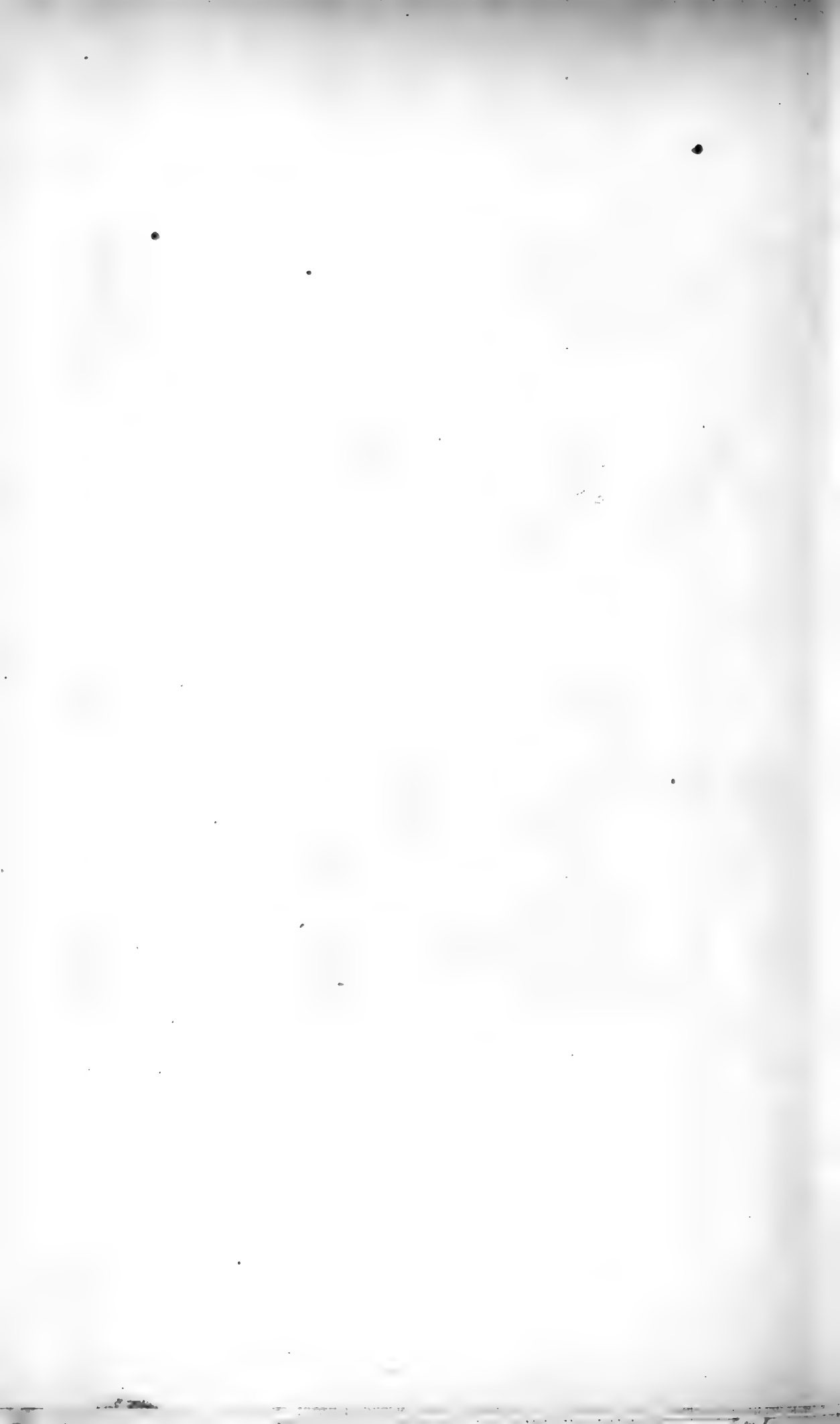
¹ It had, however, at this time appeared as a translation in America, and been put on the stage as a drama, probably after English versions.

praise of noble birth, the incessant exaltation of old feudal forms, the never-ceasing knight-errantry, at last became repulsive to the middle class of the German people, and they turned away from the poet behind his time. In fact this everlasting sing-song of harness, steeds in tournaments, chatelaines, fair damosels, monks, love-worship and religion, or whatever the mediæval properties were called, became at last tiresome; and as the ingenious hidalgo, Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, buried himself more and more in his books of chivalry, and lost, in dreams of the past, all comprehension of the present time, even his best friends turned away from him, shaking their heads.

The works which he wrote in this, his decadence, are hardly readable. In them all the faults of his former writings are carried to extremes. His knights consist of iron and kind feeling, they have neither flesh nor reason. His women are only images, or rather dolls whose golden tresses roll beautifully down over charming flower-like faces. Fouqué's chivalric novels remind us, like the works of Walter Scott, of Gobelin tapestry, which by their rich design and splendid colour please our eyes more than our souls.¹ These are

¹ A remark which abundantly indicates how very far Heine was from comprehending the true spirit of Scott's novels, or that





deeds of chivalry, pastoral sports, duels, antique costumes—all beautifully brought together, strange and wonderful, yet without deep meaning; works showy, yet superficial. Among the imitators of Fouqué, as among those of Walter Scott, this fashion of setting forth the mere outside of men and things, instead of their inner nature, is developed in a much more melancholy manner. This flat and easy fashion of writing flourishes rankly among writers to-day in Germany as well as in England and France. And even when the subjects are not taken from chivalry, but from modern circumstance and condition, still it is the same manner, which, instead of grasping the inner reality of life, gives us its external accidents. Instead of knowledge of mankind our modern writers display only knowledge of clothes, basing themselves probably on the saying that clothes make the man. How different was the case among the older novelists, especially the English! Richardson gives us the anatomy of sentiment; Goldsmith practically analyses the movements of the hearts of his heroes; the author of "Tristram

author's genius. It is worth observing, however, that in "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" (Princess Katherine) our author declares that Walter Scott surpassed Shakespeare in the art of setting forth the *Geist*, i.e., the spirit, or deep inner life of classes and races, by characteristic speech. In this passage the word *Gobelin* is sagaciously omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

Shandy" shows us the deepest secrets of the soul, opens a window in it, and gives us a glimpse into its abyss, its paradise, and dirty corners, and then lets the curtain fall. We have already glanced over this strange theatre, the lighting up and the perspective did not fail in effect, and while thinking that we caught a glimpse of the infinite, our own feelings became infinitely poetic.¹ As for Fielding, he takes us at once behind the scenes, shows us the false rouge on all feelings, the coarsest springs of the daintiest deeds, the powdered resin which is to flash up in lightning excitement, the drums on which the drummer lies sleeping, on which he will ere long roll out the most tremendous peals of passion; in short, he shows us the whole internal machinery, the great lie, by means of which men appear to us as other than they are, and all the sweet reality of life is lost.² Yet why should we take the English for examples, since our Goethe has given us in his "Wilhelm Meister" the best model for a novel.

¹ Here the French version "expands beyond the Infinite": "En croyant contempler l'infini nous avons gagné un sentiment sans bornes, ineffable, idéal—tel que doit l'exciter toute vraie poésie." Which is certainly the least it could do after such a flight.

² French version, "et par lequel nous perdons toute joyeuse illusion de la vie." Truly, there is some difference between *Realität* and *illusion*, and yet, as here, it often comes to much the same.—*Translator*.



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The number of Fouqué's romances is legion, for he is one of the most prolific writers. *Der Zauberring* ("The Magic Ring") and *Thiodolph der Isländer* ("Thiodulf the Islander") deserve mention with special praise. His metrical dramas, not meant for the stage, contain great beauties. *Sigurd der Schlangentödter* ("Sigurd the Dragon-killer") is especially a bold work, in which the old Scandinavian heroic saga is mirrored with all its giants and scenes of sorcery. The chief character of the drama, Sigurd, is a tremendous being. He is as strong as the cliffs of Norway, and wild as the sea which beats on them. He has the courage of a hundred lions and as much sense as two asses.

Fouqué has also written poems which are grace and tenderness perfected. They are so light, gaily-coloured, glancing, lightly fluttering—one may call them lyrical humming-birds.

But a real writer of songs is Ludwig Uhland, who, born at Tübingen in 1787, now lives as a lawyer in Stuttgart. This writer has written a volume of poems, two tragedies, and two dissertations on Walter von der Vogelweide, and the French Troubadours. The latter are two small works of historical investigation which indicate thorough study of the Middle Ages. His tragedies are *Ludwig der Baier* ("Louis the Bavarian"), and *Herzog Ernst von Schwaben* ("Duke Ernest of Suabia"). I have not read the former, and I am told

that it is not his best. But the second contains much which is beautiful and is gratifying by nobility of feeling and dignity of sentiment. There is in it a sweet inspiration of poetry such as we never meet with in the plays which are now so popular. German fidelity is the subject of this drama, and we see it here, strong as an oak, defying every tempest. German love, just perceptible, blooms in the distance, yet its violet perfume goes all the more touchingly to the heart. This drama, or rather this song, contains passages which are among the fairest pearls of our literature. And yet the theatrical public received the work with indifference, or rather rejected it. But I will not blame the good people of the pit too bitterly for that. Such folk have settled fancies which the poet must please. His products must not set forth the sympathies of his own heart, but what satisfies the wants of the public. This latter is like the hungry Bedouin in the desert, who, thinking he had found a bag of pease, opened it in haste and found it was full of pearls. The public devours with avidity Raupach's dried pease and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's horse-beans; Uhland's pearls are unto it unpalatable.

As it is extremely improbable that the French know who Madame Birch-Pfeiffer or Herr Raupach may be, I must here mention that this divine couple are related as Apollo to Diana, and like

them are honoured in our temples of dramatic art. And Herr Raupach resembles Apollo just as much as Madame Birch-Pfeiffer is like Diana.¹ As for their social position, the latter has an appointment as Imperial Austrian court-actress in Vienna, and the former as Royal Prussian theatrical poet in Berlin. The lady has written a number of dramas in which she herself plays. And here I cannot refrain from stating a fact which will appear almost incredible to the French, which is, that a great number of our actors are also dramatic poets, and write their own plays. It is said that Ludwig Tieck was by a careless remark the cause of this disaster. For in his criticisms he observed that actors always play better in a bad piece than in a good one. Supporting themselves on this axiom, a host of actors grasped their pens and wrote in abundance unto redundancy, tragedies and comedies, so that it is actually often difficult to decide whether the vain comedian wrote his piece intentionally badly in order to play well in it, or whether he plays badly in order to make us believe that it is good? The actor and the poet, who had previously been as colleagues, or in a sort of relationship (something like that of the

¹ French version, "Oui, M. Raupach est aussi digne d'être comparé à Apollon, que la grosse et *debraillée* Madame Birch-Pfeiffer peut prétendre un titre de Diana." As regards the latter Heine's severity approaches slander.

executioner and his victim), now became open enemies. The actors sought to banish poets utterly from the theatres, under the pretext that they knew nothing of the requirements of the stage, nothing of bold effects and *coups de théâtre*, such as the actors who had practically learned them, knew how to realise. The comedians, or as they prefer to call themselves, the artists, therefore played by preference in their own plays, or in such as had been composed for them by one of themselves. And in fact such works were exactly what they wanted; in them they found their favourite costumes, their flesh-coloured stockinet-poetry, their applauded exits, traditional grimaces, gold-leaf phrases—all their affected or sham art-Bohemianism: a language only heard upon the stage, flowers which only grow on this make-believe soil, fruits which ripened in the light and heat of the footlights, a nature in which there was not the breath of God but that of the prompter, wild passions which made the scenery shake, soft melancholy accompanied by the lascivious pleasing of the flute, rouged innocence with the trap-door abysses into which crime is hurled, monthly salary sentiments, peals of trumpets, and so forth.¹

¹ As was to be expected, all of this passage relative to the theatre is admirably given in French. It is as follows:—

“Edans le fait ces pièces répondait à toutes leurs exigences, ils y trouvaient leurs costumes favoris, leurs poésie couleur de

Thus the actors in Germany emancipated themselves not only from poets, but also from poetry itself. They only allow mediocrity to show itself in their domain, and take good care that no true poet enters in that disguise. How many proofs and trials Raupach had to sustain ere he could set foot in the theatre! And even now they keep a careful eye on him, and when he by chance writes something which is not thoroughly and utterly bad, he must at once produce a dozen miserable *pieces de manufacture* to escape ostracism from the actors. Does the word "a dozen" astonish you? It is no exaggeration. This man can really write twelve plays annually, and people marvel at his fertility. But as Jantjen of Amsterdam, the celebrated juggler, was wont to say, "There is no witchcraft in it, ladies and gentlemen—no witchcraft, only sleight of hand!"¹

chair, leurs ingénuités en tricot, leurs sorties à applaudissements, leurs grimaces traditionnelles, leurs phrases clinquantes, leurs ruses de métier, leur afféterie guindée, tout leur attirail de cabotins; une langue qui n'est parlée que sur les planches, des fleurs qui ne mûrissent qu'aux lampions de la rampe, une nature que n'anime jamais le souffle de Dieu, mais bien celui du souffleur, une fureur qui n'ébranle que les coulisses, une douce mélancholie avec accompagnement de flûtes, une innocence fardée avec l'abîme qui s'ouvre sous les pas de crime, des sentiments de louange, des rires aigus, des sanglots échevelés, des fanfares et cetera."

¹ All of the following passages until Uhland is mentioned, or two pages and a half, are wisely omitted in the French

But there is a peculiar reason why Raupach has succeeded in gaining a position on the German stage. This author, a German by birth, lived a long time in Russia, where he received his culture, and it was the Muscovite muse who initiated and dedicated him to poetry. This sable-clad beauty, with an exquisitely charming pug-nose, poured out to our poet whole pints of the brandy of inspiration, hung over his shoulder a quiver full of Kirghese Tartar shafts of wit, and put into his hands the tragic knout. And when he smote therewith at first our hearts, how we did tremble, it was terrible! The very strangeness of it all raised deep amazement. Truly the man pleased us not in civilised Germany; but his monstrous Sarmatian nature, his clumsy agility, and a certain growling grasping in his demeanour, imposed on the public. And it was indeed rather an original sight when Herr Raupach, on his Sclavonian pony, Pegasus, galloped over the steppes of poetry, riding with his dramatic material under the saddle in true Baschkir fashion.¹ This

version. It may here be observed that the amount of space and satire thrown away on this feeble dramatist (whom Heine never neglected an opportunity to ridicule), are out of all proportion to the importance of the subject, and might have been better devoted to some greater man. Heine unfortunately never learned to limit his personal dislikes, and his mosquitoes were all dragons.—*Translator*.

¹ In allusion to the Tartar fashion of carrying meat under

pleased people in Berlin, where everything Russian is well received. Herr Raupach succeeded in getting a foothold there, he established an understanding with the actors, and for some time, as I have said, Raupach Apollo has received divine honours with Diana Birch-Pfeiffer in the temple of dramatic art. He gets thirty thalers for every act which he writes, and he writes nothing but pieces in six acts, since he always calls the first act a prelude. And there is no kind of stuff which he has not shoved under the saddle of his Pegasus and ridden ripe. No hero is safe from such a tragic destiny. He has taken in even Siegfried the dragon-killer? The muse of German history is in despair. Like a Niobe she beholds with pale agony the noble children whom Raupach Apollo has so terribly treated. O Jupiter! he even dared to lay hand on the Hohenstaufen, an old beloved Swabian emperor! It was not enough that Friedrich von Raumer slaughtered him historically—now Raupach must needs come along and cook him up for the theatre! The wooden

the saddle until it is cooked, or at least made tender, as raw steaks were once prepared for eating in Bavaria, simply by beating and rolling with salt. Meat thus eaten is a strong stimulant or tonic, and is believed to be a cure for consumption, but a meal of it should be followed by a glass of raw spirits. It is not unpalatable. The Roman gladiators trained on this food.—*Translator.*

images of Von Raumer, Herr Raupach covers with his Russian-leather poetry, and the sight of such caricatures and their evil smell¹ will at last disgust us with the memory of the most beautiful and noblest Emperor of the German Fatherland. And the police does not prevent such outrage? But perhaps they have a hand in the game! New kingly families do not like popular memories of old Imperial stocks whose place they fain would take. It is certain that the theatrical manager in Berlin would never ask Immermann or Grabbe or Uechtsitz for a drama on Barbarossa, but get it from Raupach. Yet even he would not dare to stick a Hohenzollern under his saddle; should he take such a fancy he would soon be shown into a jail as his Helicon.

The association of ideas which springs from contrasts has caused me when about to speak of Uhland, to fall suddenly on Herr Raupach and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer. But though neither of this divine pair—the theatrical Diana any more than the theatrical Apollo—belong to true literature, I must still speak of them, because they

¹ This *Missduft* or evil smell is not quite intelligible. I have smelt much Russian leather, in Russia and elsewhere, but always thought its odour rather agreeable. It is due to black-birch bark, which is certainly fragrant, much like sassafras or winter green, but more spicy.—*Translator*.

represent the stage-world of the day. In any case, it was due to our real poets to devote a few words in this book to showing what kind of people they are who among us usurp the sovereignty of the stage among us.

CHAPTER V.

I AM just now in a strange dilemma. I cannot pass by without mention the poems of Ludwig Uhland, and yet I am in a mood which is by no means favourable to such comment. Silence would here seem to be cowardice or perfidy, and a frank and honest opinion a want of kind feeling. In truth, the kith and kin of the Uhland muse, and the petty followers of his fame, will be ill-satisfied with the inspiration which I have to-day at command. But I beg you to take into consideration the time and place wherein I write. Twenty years ago I was a youth—and *then* with what foaming, over-running inspiration would I have exalted the admirable Uhland. In those days I felt his excellence better than I now do; he was nearer to me in feeling and intellect.¹ But so many things have happened since then! What I then thought so magnificent, those chivalresque and Catholic beings, those knights

¹ *Denkvermögen*. That is, Heine as a boy was quite on a par with Uhland, but had since far outgrown him as a poet.—*Translator*.

who hewed and stabbed one another in noble tournaments, those soft squires and chaste ladies of high degree, those Norland heroes and Minnesinger monks and nuns, ancestral vaults with ominous shudderings, pale sentiments of hope abandoned, with knells and endless wailings of woe—how bitterly repulsive did all this afterwards become to me. Yes, it was once otherwise. How often I sat in those days on the ruins of the old castle of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, and declaimed the most beautiful of all Uhland's songs:—

“DER SCHÖNE SCHÄFER ZOG ES NAH.

“Once as the handsome shepherd went
Near to the royal palace gate;
A maid looked from the battlement,
Then was her longing great.

She spoke to him with gentle word:
‘Oh could I go adown to thee!
How white the lambs shine in thy herd!
How red the flowers by me!’

The youth again unto her said:
‘Oh could'st thou come adown to me!
For even as thy cheeks are red,
So white thine arms I see!’

And every morning passing by
With silent secret joy and fear,
He saw far on the castle high,
His darling love appear.

And up to her he gently sang :
‘Good morning to thee, princess fair !’
Her gentle voice in answer rang,
‘Thank thee, my shepherd dear !’

The winter fled, spring came at last,
Bright flowers blossomed as before ;
The shepherd by the castle passed,
But she appeared no more.

With mournful voice to her he cried :
‘Good morning to thee, princess fair !’
A ghost-like sound to him replied :
‘Farewell, my shepherd dear !’”

When I sat on the ruins of the old castle and declaimed this ballad, I heard ever and anon the nixies in the Rhine, which there runs by, mocking my words, and there sighed and moaned from the flood with comic pathos :—

“A ghost-like sound to him replied :
‘Farewell, my shepherd dear !’”

I did not allow myself to be disturbed by such railleries of the water-nymphs, even when they tittered ironically at hearing the most beautiful passages in Uhland's poems. I modestly took all such giggling to myself, especially towards

evening when twilight darkened, and I declaimed with somewhat more elevated voice to keep down the mysterious terror which the old ruins of the castle inspired. For there is a legend that a lady without a head haunts the place. I often thought I heard by me the rustle of her silken robes, and my heart beat. That was the time and place when I was inspired by the poems of Ludwig Uhland.

Now I have the very volume in my hands, but twenty years are flown, and in that time I have heard and seen much—very much. I no longer believe in headless human beings, and the old ghostly delusions move me no more.¹ The house

¹ French version, "Je crois bien encore aux femmes sans tête, mais les anciennes apparitions nocturnes n'ont plus de prise sur mon âme." In Paris, as in all France, a female figure without a head—*la femme sans tête*—with the words, "To the good woman," is a common shop or tavern sign, the intimation being that no woman is good for much, or perfectly good, till she is dead. But the female head without the body, as used by milliners, is called a *Zenobia*, and, to complete the category, a paver's rammer is a *demoiselle*. It is hardly worth while to indicate to the reader that in a work which the author claims is, *par éminence*, the greatest and truest critical exposition of modern German poetry, such carping at Uhland on such capriciously silly grounds as that the critic feels "out of sorts" this morning, and "don't like the poem as he used to," is simply no criticism at all. "The Shepherd" is, and ever will be, a beautiful poem, despite the sensations resulting to Heine from a twenty years' residence in Paris; but it is by no means Uhland's

in which I now sit and read lies in the Boulevard Montmartre, and there surge the wildest waves of the day, there roar and surge the loudest voices of our modern time. There is laughing, growling, drumming; the National Guard sweeps by, and every one speaks French. Is this the place in which to read such poems? Three times have I declaimed the conclusion of "The Shepherd" to myself, but I no longer feel the nameless woe which once seized me when the king's daughter died, and the handsome shepherd cried up to her so sadly:—

"Good morning to thee, princess fair!"
A ghost-like sound to him replied:
'Farewell, my shepherd dear!'"

Perhaps I have grown cool as regards such poems since I have discovered that there is a far more painful love than that which he endures who has never possessed the beloved object, or who has lost it by death. In fact, it is much more tormenting when the adored reposes by night and by day in our arms, yet torments us by night and day with constant contradiction and silly caprices, so that we finally repel from our heart what it loves best, and escort at last

best, nor by far his most popular poem. But in reading Heine one must expect now and then a sample of "pretty Fanny's way."

the accursed-worshipped woman to the railway station,¹ and see her off:—

“Farewell, my princess fair!”

Yes, more painful than loss by death is loss by life; as, for instance, when the beloved turns from us with insane frivolity, when she insists on going to a ball where no respectable man can accompany her, and where she (crazily overdressed and impudently friséed) throws herself into the arms of the first blackguard whom she fancies, and waltzes away, turning her back on us.

“Farewell, oh shepherd mine!”

Perhaps it went no better with Uhland than with us. His mood and manner may have changed since then. With trifling exceptions he has for twenty years brought no new poems to market. I cannot believe that such an admirable poetic power was so scantily gifted by Nature as to bear within itself only a single spring-time. No, I think that the silence of Uhland is rather due to the contradiction caused by the inclinations of his muse not agreeing with

¹ “Nach dem Postwagen bringen und fortschicken müssen.” French, “Nous sommes obligés de la conduire à la cour des Messageries et de l’aider nous-mêmes à monter en diligence pour aller se promener dans son pays,” which is illustrated with a picture in *La Physiologie de l’étudiant*.—Translator.

the exigencies of his political position. The elegist poet who sang the Catholic-feudal past in such beautiful ballads and romances, the Ossian of the Middle Age, became subsequently in the Wurtemberg Chamber of Deputies a zealous representative of popular rights, a bold speaker for civil equality and free thought. Uhland has proved that this democratic and Protestant feeling is in him sincere, by the great personal sacrifices which he made; and as he formerly won the laurel of a poet, he has now gained the oak wreath of civilian virtue. And it was just because he was so honourable that he could not sing the songs of early days with the same inspiration, and as his Pegasus was a knightly charger which willingly trotted back into the past, but was always unmanageable when ridden into modern life, so our brave Uhland smilingly dismounted and let the jibbing steed be led back into the stable. There he is to this day, and like his colleague, the horse of Bayard, he has all possible merits and but one defect—he is dead.¹

Keener eyes than mine will not have failed to observe that the high horse with gay armorial bearings and proud plumes was never quite appropriat

¹ It is remarkable how this simile passed all over Europe during the Middle Ages. But in England Bayard was the common name of the horse, and his failing was not that he was dead, but blind. "Like a blinde Bayard."—*Translator*.

to its bourgeois rider, who wore, instead of boots with golden spurs, only shoes and silk stockings, and had on his head, instead of a helmet, the hat of a Tübingen doctor of laws. They think they have discovered that Ludwig Uhland never exactly harmonised with his theme; that he does not really repeat in idealistic truth the naïve grimly-powerful tones of the Middle Age, but rather dissolves them in a sickly sentimental melancholy; that he has cooked over again the vigorous sounds of heroic sagas and of popular songs in his sentiments to make them softer and more palatable to the modern public.¹ And, in fact, if we carefully examine the ladies of Uhland's poems, we find only beautiful shadows, embodied moonshine, milk in their veins, and in their eyes sweet tears, or tears without salt. And if we compare the heroes of Uhland with those of ancient songs, it seems as if they were merely tin suits of armour, in which are flowers instead of flesh and bones.² Therefore these Uhlandic

¹ This appalling metaphor of cooking vigorous sounds (*starken Klänge*) in sentiment to soften them is somewhat improved in the French version, "Il a amolli les accents énergiques et héroïques des traditions populaires du Nord, pour les rendre plus appétissantes.—*Translator*."

² "The gentleman in tin clothes." I regret that I cannot recall the name of a delightful old burlesque on the horrors of the Anne Radcliffe school, in which this expression occurs. I think it is "The Heroine."

knights have a far sweet-and-dearer odour for tender noses than the old Kempé, who wore real iron breeches, ate much, and drank still more.

Yet all this is really no discredit, for Uhland never wished to bring before us the German past in all its truth; he more probably desired to please us with its reflection, and so he mirrored it pleasantly on the shining surface of his genius. This has indeed imparted to his poems a peculiar charm, and have won for them the liking of many gentle and good men. The shadows of the past exert a magic charm, although evoked by the feeblest sorcerer. Even men who take part in the modern movement preserve a certain secret sympathy for the traditions of early times, and these spirit voices move us deeply in their faintest echo. And it is easy to understand that the ballads and romances of our admirable Uhland had enthusiastic reception, not only by the patriots of 1813, and pious youth as well as gentle maids, but also among far stronger men and minds of modern thought.

I have added to the word patriots the date 1813, in order to distinguish them from the friends of the Fatherland of the present day, who no longer live upon the memories of the so-called War of Freedom. These older heroes must take the greatest delight in Uhland's muse, since most of his poems are thoroughly imbued with the spirit

of their time—a time when they revelled in youthful feeling and proud hopes. This admiration of Uhland's poems they transmitted to their followers, and among the youths of the gymnastic-political clubs to acquire this work was regarded as peculiarly patriotic.¹ They found in them songs which even Max von Schenkendorf and Ernst Moritz Arndt could not have surpassed, and in truth what descendant of the bravely-honourable Arminius and of the blonde Thusnelda, would not have been satisfied with the following:—

FORWARD!

Forward! Onward! It was heard:
Russia cried the mighty word,
Forward!

Prussia caught the mighty word,
Echoing gladly what she heard,
Forward!

Up, thou mighty Austria, too!
Forward! Do as others do!
Forward!

¹ French version, "Pour les jeunes gens qui s'adonnait aux exercices gymnastiques fondés alors par le gallophobe *Jaher* (Jahn) pour régénérer le physique de la nation allemande." These gymnastic clubs, or *Turner Verein*, have been of incalculable benefit to Germany, and were a prominent cause of the superiority of the German soldiers in the last war with France.
—*Translator*.

Up, thou ancient Saxonland !
 Ever forward, hand-in-hand !
 Forward !

Bayern ! Hesse ! fall in line,
 Suabia, Frankland, to the Rhine,
 Forward !

Forward Holland, Netherland,
 High be the sword and free your hand !
 Forward !

God's blessing, Switzerland, on thee !
 Alsace, Lorraine, and Burgundy !
 Forward !

Forward ever—never fear !
 Good be the wind, the harbour near !
 Forward !

Forward's a field-marshal's name,¹
 So forward, soldiers, just the same,
 Forward !

I repeat it, the people of 1813 find in Uhland's poems the spirit of their time most precious

¹ The French version adds, "Le général à laquelle cette chanson fait allusion est Blucher, le fameux troupier." In this otherwise fine and sustained poem the whole sense is virtually destroyed by this final connection with an individual, thereby claiming merely German military supremacy. So in Longfellow's "Excelsior," which was suggested by "Forwards," the entire ideal structure or conception is lost when we find it made *rele* by "the pious monks of Saint Bernard," which at once reduces

preserved, and not only its political, but also its moral and æsthetic, spirit. Uhland represents a whole period, and that alone, since all its other representatives have fallen into forgetfulness, and are all really united now in this one writer. The tone which characterises Uhland's songs, ballads, and romances was that of his romantic contemporaries, and many among them have written, if not better, at least as well. And here is the place where I can praise many a writer of the romantic school, who, as I said, manifests as regards subject and tone in his poems the most striking similarity to Uhland, and who is fully his equal in poetic value, differing perhaps in showing less confidence in expression. In fact, what an admirable poet is Baron von Eichendorff. The songs which he has woven into his novel *Ahnung und Gegenwart* ("Presentiment and the Present") are not to be distinguished from those of Uhland, nor indeed from his best. The difference consists in the greener freshness of the forest and the more crystal-

the figurative ideal to a literal and very lunatic Alpine climb without a purpose. This coincidence is one of the curiosities of literature. *Excelsior* is the Latin for "forwarda." The word is repeated, as in the German model, at the end of every verse, and both poems end with an extraordinary change into realism, which utterly conflicts with all their meaning and destroys it. In the French version the last line is—

"En avant ! voilà le nom de votre général !"

—*Translator.*

line clearness of those of Von Eichendorff. Justinus Kerner, who is almost unknown, also deserves honourable mention; he also wrote in the same key and measure the most admirable songs. He is a compatriot (Suabian) of Uhland.¹ This is also the case with Gustav Schwab, a more distinguished poet, who also bloomed out from the Suabian valleys, and who charms us every year with beautiful and perfumed poetry. He has special talent for ballads, and has sung his local home-legends most charmingly in this form. Wilhelm Müller, whom death tore from us when in all the fire and fulness of his youth, must also

¹ Justinus Kerner soon became very well known all over Europe and America by his work *Die Seherinn von Prevorst* ("The Seeress of Prevorst"). He was the author of the beautiful song "Wohlauf noch get runken," which, like that of Von Eichendorff, "In einem kühlen Grunde," is extremely popular. I knew Justinus Kerner, and was once his guest at Weinsberg. I was a college youth at Heidelberg in those days, and can remember that the Herr Doctor more than once remarked that I reminded him in appearance and in many ways of what his friend Uhland had been at my age. Unfortunately the likeness here ceased. The writers who are so carelessly glanced over by Heine—Von Eichendorff, Justinus Kerner, Gustav Schwab, and Wilhelm Müller—to whom a dozen more could be added, deserved from their intrinsic excellence, originality, and popularity a far more extended notice than Heine has given them; room for all of which and more that is wanting might have been subtracted to great advantage from his comments on the Schlegels, Raupach, and other enemies great and small.—*Translator.*

be mentioned. He harmonises admirably with Uhland as regards imitation of German popular songs, but it seems to me as if he was often more successful in this sphere, and surpassed him in naturalness. He was more deeply familiar with the spirit of the old types of song, therefore it was not necessary for him to imitate their forms, and we accordingly find a more dexterous management of transferral and a judicious avoidance of antiquated turns and expressions. Here, too, I should recall the late Wetzel, who is now forgotten and vanished. He had affinity in style to our admirable Uhland, and in certain songs of his which I have seen he surpasses him in sweetness and depth of expression. These songs, half flowers, half butterflies, spread their perfume, and flutter in one of the older annual issues of Brockhaus' "Urania."

That Clemens Brentano should have composed most of his songs in the same metres and with the same sentiments as Uhland is a matter of course, for both drank from the same spring of popular ballads and offer us the same draughts, only the cup of Uhland is more gracefully turned. Of Adalbert von Chamisso I cannot here appropriately speak. Though he was a contemporary of the Romantic school and took part in its work, still the heart of this man has of late been so rejuvenated that he has taken up new forms of

song, made himself known as one of the most original and eminent of modern poets, and belongs much more to young than to old Germany. Yet in his earlier poems there is the same air which breathes in those of Uhland—the same melody, colour, perfume, melancholy, and tears. Chamisso's tears are the more touching because they, like a fountain which bursts from a rock, break forth from a far stronger heart.¹

The poems which Uhland composed in South German measures are most intimately allied to the sonnets, assonances, and *ottaverime* of his fellow-scholars of the Romantic school, and it is impossible to distinguish them from his, be it in form or feeling. But, as I have said, most of those contemporaries of Uhland have passed with their poems into oblivion. They are now to be found with difficulty in forgotten collections, such as the *Dichterwald* ("The Forest of Poets"), the *Sängerfahrt* ("The Singers' Pilgrimage"), in certain *Frauen und Musenalmanachen* ("Ladies' or Muses' Almanacs") which Fouqué and Tieck published, in old newspapers, as in Achim von Arnim's *Trosteinsamkeit* ("Consolation of Solitude"), and in the *Wünschelruthe* ("The Divining-rod"), edited

¹ Chamisso is best known to the English world by his strange story of Peter Schlemihl, which was imitated by Hoffmann in "The Lost Shadow." This novelette is, in its way, a poem.—*Translator.*

by Heinrich Straube and Rudolf Christiani, in the weekly journals of the time—and God knows where else!

Uhland was not the father of a school, as were Schiller and Goethe, or those like them, from whose individuality went forth a peculiar tone or expression which was re-echoed by contemporary poets. Uhland was not the father but rather the child of a school which gave him an expression which was not originally his own, which he with care extracted from the works of earlier poets. But in amends for this want of originality or characteristic novelty he gives us many admirable characteristics which are as rich as they are rare. He is the pride of happy Suabia, and where'er resounds the German tongue men rejoice in this noble poet's soul. As most of his lyrical comrades of the Romantic school are united in Uhland, so the public loves and honours it in him. And we love and honour him perhaps all the more since we now are about to lose him for ever.¹

Ah! it is not from trivial desire but in obedience to the law of necessity that Germany is now excited. Good, peaceful Germany! It casts a mournful look upon the past which it leaves behind, bowing

¹ French version, "Et nous le vénérons et l'aimons peut-être d'autant plus qu'il entre pour nous dans le domaine du passé." Here the French translation of the Romantic school ends.

once more in deep reverence to the olden time, which looks at it so sorrowful and pale from Uhland's poems, and it takes farewell with a kiss. And yet another kiss—perhaps a tear! But let us linger no longer in idle emotion.

Forward! Onward! It is heard;
France now calls the mighty word:
Forward! ¹

¹ This conclusion redeems every trifling failing or error in the whole chapter. Only a true *vates*, or poet-prophet, could have clearly understood or foreseen, as Heine did when he wrote this, that Germany had really taken leave of its romantic past, and was about to enter on a new and more practical career. In fact, many years after, the rural places about Berlin were described as being haunted by young poets writing ballads, "mostly in imitation of Uhland." The only flaw in the bell was that Heine looked only to political reforms and not to many other concurrent causes which should cause this change.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN after long years the Emperor Otto III. went to the tomb where the remains of Charles (Charlemagne) were placed, he entered the vault with two bishops and Count Laumel (who wrote the description of these details). The corpse was not recumbent, as is usual, but sat upright, like a living man, on a chair. On the head was a crown of gold; he held the sceptre in his hands, on which were gloves, but his nails had grown out through the leather. The vault was very strongly built of marble and lime. It was necessary to break an opening, and those who entered perceived a strong odour. All at once sank on their knees and manifested their respect for the dead. The Emperor Otto placed on the corpse a white robe, cut its nails, and otherwise repaired the ravages of time. The limbs were in nowise decayed, save that there was something gone from the tip of the nose. Otto had it replaced with gold. Then he took a tooth from the mouth of Charlemagne, had the vault walled up, and went his way. In the night

Charlemagne appeared to him in a dream and announced to him that he, Otto, would not attain to old age and would leave no heirs.

This is what is related in the *Deutsche Sagen* ("German Traditions"); but it is not the only instance of the kind. Even so your King Francis I. opened the grave of the mighty Roland, to see for himself if the hero was of such giant stature as poets have sung. This was just before the battle of Pavia. Sebastian of Portugal entered the vaults of his ancestors and gazed on the dead monarchs before he went to Africa.¹

Strange and terrible curiosity which impels men so often to look into the graves of the past! It occurs at remarkable periods, at the end of an epoch or just before a catastrophe. In this our time we have seen a similar thing, when that great sovereign French people were suddenly seized with a desire to open the grave of the bygone and gaze on the long ruined passed away time by daylight. There was no lack of learned resurrectionists, who with spades and crowbars were quickly on hand to dig up the old *débris*

¹ In the French version this is given more fully. "C'est une pareille visite que le roi Sébastien de Portugal fit aux caveaux de ses ancêtres, avant de s'embarquer pour cette malheureuse compagne d'Afrique où les sables d'Alcanzar-Kébir devinrent son linceul. Il fit ouvrir chaque cercueil, et interrogea longtemps les traits des anciens rois."

and break into the vault. A strong scent was perceived, which as Gothic *haut-gout* delightfully tickled the noses of those who were *blasés* as to otto of roses.¹ French writers knelt in deep respect before the openly unveiled Middle Age. One placed a new garment on it, another cut its nails, a third gave it a new nose, and then came certain poets who stole its teeth, just as the Emperor Otto had done.

Whether the spirit of the Middle Age appeared to these dentists and restorers of noses, and prophesied to them the speedy end of their romantic reign, I know not. In fact, I only mention this occurrence in French literature that I may distinctly declare that I am not reflecting on them when I, in this book, described in rather severe words a similar thing which took place in Germany. The literary men who there took the Middle Age from its grave had other intentions, as have appeared from this book, and the result which it had upon the multitude endangered

¹ French version, "Les nez blasés sur les parfums classiques." It is, however, extremely probable that this scent was really not at all of an offensive nature. During the early Middle Age bodies of very wealthy and eminent persons were very often embalmed or preserved from decay by means of spices and powerful aromatics. Hence the frequent accounts of the bodies of saints which, when discovered, gave out a perfume which was attributed to supernatural causes, and called "the odour of sanctity."

the freedom and prosperity of my native land. French authors had only artistic interests in what they did, and the French public merely sought to gratify its newly-awakened curiosity. The majority of men only looked into the graves of the past to find therein a pattern for a fancy dress for the Carnival. The Gothic fashion was in France only a fleeting fashion, which simply served for temporary amusement. People let their hair grow long in mediæval style, and when the barber casually remarked that it did not look well, they had it cut short, with all the associations belonging to it. Ah! in Germany it is quite otherwise, perhaps because the Middle Age is not there quite dead and decayed, as it is with you. The German Middle Age does not lie mouldering; ever and anon it is revived by an evil spirit, and comes out among us in clear, broad daylight, and sucks the red life from our breast.

Ah! do you not see how sorrowful and pale our Germany is, even the German youth which not long ago rejoiced with such life? See ye not how red is the mouth of the plenipotentary vampire who lives in Frankfort, and there sucks so horribly slowly and tiresomely at the heart of the German people?

What I have said of the Middle Age admits a special application as regards its religion. Loyalty

requires that I should distinguish most definitely between the party which is here known as the Catholic, and those wretched fellows who bear the name in Germany. It is only to these latter that I have alluded in my book, and that indeed in terms by far too mild. They are the real foes of my Fatherland—a crawling, lying, hypocritical mob of miserable cowardice. They hiss in Munich, they hiss in Berlin, and while you stroll on the Boulevard Montmartre you suddenly feel a bite in your heel. But we will crush the head of the old serpent. It is the party of lies; they are the bailiffs of despotism,¹ the restorers of all the misery, cruelties, and madness of the past. As far as heaven from them is that party which we here call Catholic, whose leaders are among the most talented writers of France. If they are not our brothers-in-arms, we fight at least for the same interests, or for those of mankind. We are one in our love for that, we only differ in our views as to what is best for mankind.² They believe that man only

¹ "Schergen des Despotismus." In the French version, "Ces-
sent les familiers de la Sainte-alliance."

² Truly, in such distinction all the difference lies, and on
this ground an anarchist might agree with an aristocrat. But
the sound of the pension paid by the police, or Louis Philippe,
rings and rolls through all this chapter, and indeed through all
"Germany."

needs spiritual comfort; we, on the contrary, opine that he wants material prosperity. When the Catholic party in France, ignoring its true mission, announces itself as the party of the past, and as that of the restorers of the faith of bygone times, we should protect it against its own declarations. The Eighteenth crushed Catholicism so completely in France that there was hardly a breath of life left in it, and those who now seek to restore it here seem like men preaching a new religion. By Paris I mean France, and not the provinces; as for the latter, it is as unimportant what they think as what our legs think. The head is the seat of all our thinking power. I am told that the French in the provinces are good Catholics, which I can neither affirm nor deny. All the men whom I ever met there looked to me like milestones, on whose faces one could read distinctly how near or how far they were from the capital. The women there perhaps seek consolation in Christianity because they cannot live in Paris. Christianity has not existed in Paris since the Revolution, and it had lost all importance there long before. It lurked in a remote church-corner like a spider, and leapt out headlong now and then when it could seize on a babe in the cradle or an old man in his coffin. It is only at these two periods of life, when he is born or dies, that a

Frenchman falls into the power of the Catholic priest; during all the interval he lives in reason and laughs at holy water and emotion. But is that a predominance of Catholicism? It was because it was so utterly extinct in France that it was able under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. to attract a few unselfish minds into itself by the charm of novelty. Catholicism was then something so unheard of, so fresh, so overwhelming! The religion which had reigned recently before in France was the classic mythology, and this beautiful faith had been preached to the French people by its authors, poets, and artists, with such results that the former were at the end of the last century, as regarded life and thought, altogether in heathen disguise. During the Revolution this classic religion bloomed in all its power and glory; it was not merely an Alexandrian aping. Paris was a natural continuation of Athens and Rome. Under the Empire this antique spirit was subdued, the gods of Greece ruled only on the stage and Roman virtue on the battlefield. A new faith had come, and this took form in the holy name "Napoleon." And this religion still rules the masses. Therefore they are in the wrong who say that the French people are irreligious because they do not believe in Christ or His saints. One should rather say that the irreligion of the French consists in this,

that they now believe in a man instead of the immortal gods. Or we must declare that the irreligion of the French lies in the fact that they no longer believe in Jupiter, Minerva, Diana, or Venus. This last item, it is true, admits of doubt, and it is certain that the French have ever remained orthodox in their worship of the Graces.

I hope that these remarks, far from being misunderstood, will serve to guard the reader from misunderstanding.

The French version of this chapter ends as follows:—

J'espère qu'on n'interprétera mal ces observations : elles avaient pour but de prévenir le lecteur contre le fâcheux malentendus. Dans le trois premières parties de ce livre, j'ai parlé avec quelque développement des luttes entre la religion et la philosophie en Allemagne ; j'avais à expliquer cette révolution intellectuelle de mon pays, sur laquelle Madame de Staël a répandu pour sa part tant d'erreurs en France. Je le déclare franchement : je n'ai cessé d'avoir en vue le livre de cette grand'mère des doctrinaires, et c'est dans une intention de redressement que j'ai donné au mien ce même titre *De l'Allemagne*.

PARIS le 8 Avril 1835.

CHAPTER VII¹

I SHOULD be in despair if the few intimations or hints as regards the great Eclectic which escaped me in a previous chapter should be quite misunderstood. In fact, far be it from me to depreciate M. Victor Cousin. The very title of this far-famed philosopher binds me in duty unto praise and laud. He belongs to that living Pantheon of France which we call the *Pairie* (peerage), and his intellectual limbs repose on the velvet benches of the Luxembourg. Thereunto he is a man of loving heart, yet he loves not the trifling objects dear to every Frenchman—as, for example, Napoleon, or even Voltaire, who is less easily beloved; no, M. Cousin's heart seeks what is most serious—he loves Prussia. I should be a wretch if I would belittle such a man—yes, a monster of ingratitude . . . for I myself am a Prussian. Who will there be to love us when

¹ This chapter, which was omitted from the last French version, appears in the German edition as an *Anhang* or supplement, with the words Victor Cousin added in the table of contents.—*Translator*.

the great heart of a Victor Cousin shall no longer beat?

I must indeed subdue with all my strength all private feelings which might mislead me into excessive enthusiasm. Which means that I would not be suspected of servility, for M. Cousin is very influential in the state, both by his position and oratorical power. This consideration might even inspire me to speak as freely of his faults as of his virtues. Would he be therewith displeased? Certainly not. I know that no higher honour can be paid to great men than to set forth their failings as conscientiously as their better qualities. When we portray in song a Hercules, we must describe how he laid by the lion's skin and sat by the distaff, since he is for all that a Hercules. However, when we tell such tales of our hero, we may in honour add that M. Cousin, though he sometimes sits and gossips by the distaff, never lays aside his lion's skin.

To continue the comparison with Hercules, we may mention another flattering point of difference. The multitude ascribed to the son of Alcmena deeds which were performed by several of his contemporaries, but the works of M. Cousin are so colossal, so astonishing, that people never understood how a single man could achieve so much, whence arose the report that the works which appeared under the name of this hero

were really those of several of the men of his time.

So will it be some day with Napoleon; it is already beginning to pass our comprehension how one hero, unaided, could do so many wondrous deeds. And just as people are beginning to say in depreciation of the great Victor Cousin, that he knows how to use the talents of others and publish the results to his own advantage, so it will be asserted of poor Napoleon that not he, but God knows who—perhaps even Sebastiani—won the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena.

Great men work not only by their deeds, but also by their personal lives. In this respect M. Cousin deserves unconditional praise. Here he appears in purest dignity. He has laboured by the influence of his own example to destroy a prejudice which has perhaps restrained most of his fellow-countrymen from devoting themselves to that grandest of all efforts—the study of philosophy. For here in France there prevailed an opinion that men by studying philosophy unfitted themselves for practical life, that by metaphysical speculation they lost all talent for industrial speculation, and that he who would become a great philosopher must renounce all these splendours of public office and live in simple poverty, retired from all intrigues. This delusion, which

kept so many Frenchmen far from the sphere of the abstract, has been fortunately dissipated by M. Cousin, who has shown us by his own example that a man may be an immortal philosopher and at the same time a life-peer of France.

It is true that there are certain Voltaireans who explain this phenomenon by the simple circumstance that of these two conditions M. Cousin has only fulfilled the latter. Could there be a more unamiable, unchristian declaration? Only a Voltairean could be capable of such frivolity.

But what great man ever escaped the *persiflage* of his contemporaries? Did the Athenians spare the great Alexander with their Attic-salted epigrams? Did not the Romans sing in bold songs about Cæsar? Did not the Berlin folk write pasquinades on Frederic the Great? M. Cousin must meet with the same fate which Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederic encountered, and which many a great man in Paris will yet endure. The greater the man the more easily is he hit by the arrow of mockery. Dwarfs are far more likely to escape.

The multitude, however, the people, does not love mockery. Like genius, or love, or the forest, or the sea it is of serious nature; it bears antipathy to the spiteful wit of salons, and it explains great phenomena in profoundly mystical fashion.

All its explanations have a poetic, marvellous, legendary character. So, for example, people explained Paganini's astonishing execution on the violin by declaring that the musician, because he murdered his mistress from jealousy, was for that confined many years in prison, in which his only consolation was a violin, and that by practising on it by night and by day he attained his extraordinary proficiency on the instrument. In like manner the philosophical virtuosoship of M. Cousin is attributed to a similar event, for it is related that the German government considered our great eclectic as a hero for freedom, and shut him up, allowing him nothing to read but Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Out of very *ennui* he studied it continually, and thereby attained that virtuosoship in German philosophy which in after years gained him so much applause in Paris when he publicly performed the most difficult passages in it.

This is a very beautiful folk-tale, fairy-like, legendary, romantic, such as is told of Orpheus, Balaam the son of Beor, of Quaser the Wise, or of Budda, and which every century will work at, till finally the name *Cousin* will no longer be that of a real individual, but the personification of the martyr to freedom who, confined in prison, seeks consolation in philosophy or wisdom in the "Critique of Pure Reason," and some future

Ballanche will perhaps see in him an allegory of the age itself, an age when criticism and pure reason and wisdom were generally sent to the lock-up.

Yet as regards this story of the imprisonment of M. Cousin, it is by no means of purely allegorical origin. For he, on suspicion of democracy, really passed some time in a German prison, as did Lafayette and Richard Cœur de Lion. But that he there studied in his leisure hours Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" is doubtful, for three reasons. Firstly, this book is written in German; secondly, that to read it one must understand German; and thirdly, M. Cousin does not understand German at all.¹

But, on my life! I do not say this in blame. The greatness of M. Cousin comes more boldly to light when we see that he has learned German philosophy without understanding the language in which it is taught. How vastly does such a genius overtop us common mortals, who only

¹ To which a friend replies on grounds which I will not investigate, and for which I do not hold myself responsible, that firstly, there was in existence a very good Latin version of the "Critique of Pure Reason;" secondly, that it is most unlikely that a man of genius could have been long in Germany without learning the language; and thirdly, that Heine himself played second fiddle to no man in manufacturing fibs when his object was to render an enemy ridiculous.—*Translator*.

master with greatest trouble this philosophy, though we have been familiar with German from our infancy! The real character of such a genius must to us ever remain inexplicable. Such are the intuitive natures to whom Kant ascribes spontaneous perception of things in their totality, as opposed to us of common analytical natures, who just apprehend that which is by sequence and combination of details. Kant seems to have had foreboding that such a man would arise, who would understand his "Critique of Pure Reason" by mere intuitive perception, without having learned discursive, analytic German. But it may be that the French are more happily organised than we Germans; and I have observed that however little one may tell them about a doctrine, or learned investigation, or a scientific view, they know how to combine it all and work it up so admirably in their intellect that they promptly understand it far better than we do, and immediately proceed to explain it unto, or instruct us in it. It often seems to me as if the heads of the French were furnished internally, like their cafés, with innumerable mirrors, so that every idea which gets in reflects itself countless times, by which optical arrangement the narrowest, scantiest heads appear to be broad and enlightened. These brilliant intellects, like the shining cafés, generally greatly dazzle a poor German when he first comes to Paris.

I am afraid that I am imperceptibly coming from the sweet waters of praise into the salt and bitter sea of blame. Yes, I cannot refrain from giving it bitterly to M. Cousin for something, which is that he who loves truth more than Plato or Tennemann¹ he is unjust to himself, he slanders himself when he would make us believe that he has borrowed everything from the philosophies of Schelling and Hegel. I myself must defend M. Cousin against this self-accusation. On my word and conscience this worthy man has stolen absolutely nothing from the philosophy of either, and if he brought any memorial of them back from Germany to France, it was only their friendship. This does honour to his heart. And yet there are many instances of such self-accusation recorded in works on psychology. I myself once knew a man who confessed that he had stolen a silver spoon from a royal dinner table, and yet we all knew that he was not received at court, and only told this story to make us believe he had dined with the king!

No, M. Cousin has, as regards German philosophy, always kept the sixth commandment; he never stole from it an idea—not even the smallest

¹ Author of an excellent History of Philosophy; the hint here being that Cousin owed all his knowledge of German philosophy to it. It is indeed to be regretted that Heine himself was not more familiar with this work and that of Rixner.—*Translator.*

salt-spoon of an idea did he ever put into his pocket. All witnesses agree in this, that M. Cousin in *this* respect—observe I say, in *this* respect—is honour itself. And not only his friends but his enemies testify to it. Such testimony is to be found in the Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism for the current year, and as their author, the great Hinrichs, is by no means given to praise, his words being therefore the more to be relied on, I will in another place give them in full. What is in hand is to free a great man from a serious charge, and therefore for that, and that only, I cite the testimony of the Berlin Annals, which otherwise hurt my feelings by a certain mocking, sarcastic tone in which they speak of M. Cousin. For I am a true friend of the great Eclectic, as I have shown in the preceding pages, wherein I have compared him with all kinds of great men—with Hercules, Napoleon, Alexander, Cæsar, Frederic the Great, Orpheus, Balaam the son of Beor, Quaser the Wise, Budda, Lafayette, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Paganini.

Perhaps I am the first man to whom it ever occurred to associate these names with that of Cousin. *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y qu'un pas !* That is what his enemies will say, those frivolous Voltaireans, to whom nothing is holy, who have no religion, and who do not believe even in

Cousin. But it will not be the first time that a nation has learned from a stranger its great men. Mine is perhaps the merit that I have shown to France the value of M. Cousin as regards the present, and his significance in the future. I have shown how the people have already, during his life, adorned him poetically, and narrated wonderful things of him. I have shown how he is passing, little by little, into the purely legendary, and how a time will come when the name of Victor Cousin will be a myth. In fact the Voltaireans titter that it is only a fable.

O ye slanderers of the throne and the altar, ye wretches who, as Schiller sings, "are wont to blacken all which shines, and cast what towers sublime into the dust," I prophesy unto ye that the renown of M. Cousin will, like that of the French revolution, extend around the world. And here again I hear the spiteful souls remark, "Truly it is on its way to go around the globe—it has already taken its departure from Paris."¹

¹ A simile which, slightly changed, occurs in the *Reisebilder*. Of this attack on Cousin all that can be truly said is that it is to the last degree discreditable to Heine, it being thoroughly inspired by envy, malice, and untruthfulness, and yet very feeble as regards satire or cleverness. It is, in fact, so weak with its would-be bitterness as to awaken pity. Heine wished to be known as pre-eminently the apostle or introduce for

German philosophy and literature to France. The latter had already been partly effected by Madame de Staël and Schlegel, the former by Cousin, and for this reason Heine did his utmost to discredit the great French eclectic, of whom, however, it may be truly said that he set forth the *methods* of the German philosophers far more clearly, thoroughly, and intelligently than our author succeeded in doing. The reputation of Cousin has never diminished in the least, his eclectic system was the greatest stimulant to general study or reading and a wide range of thought of any ever known in France, and it was therefore as valuable as any German philosophy. At the time when Heine wrote this diatribe the works of Cousin were text-books in leading American universities. If any one not familiar with them will dispassionately read one or two of the works of this great French writer he cannot fail to be amazed at the incredible audacity of this chapter, which seems indeed, like too much of Heine's criticism, to be sincerely based on a full belief that not one of his readers had ever read a line of what he is discussing, quite forgetting the fact that it is those who read certain books who also peruse comments on them.—*Translator.*

THIRD PART.

ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

(1834)



ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

I HAVE done my best not to derive the mediæval tendency or taste of our Romanticists entirely from unobjectionable sources, and I have given them the best ground for defence in the Third Book of the contributions "To the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany," wherein I remarked that the mania for the Middle Age was perhaps a secret prepossession for old German pantheism, or the remains of that old religion living on in the popular beliefs of a later age. I have already discussed how these traditions still existed, of course in a distorted and abridged form, in magic and witchcraft. Yes, they live in the memory of the people, in their usages and language. The German baker stamps on every loaf which he bakes the old Druid's foot,¹ and our daily bread thus bears the sign of the German religion. What a significant contrast does this true bread offer to the dry sham bread with which spiritual culture would nourish us.

¹ Druiden, or Druidenfuss, the pentalphon or pentaple, in this shape :—



It is so called because the Druids were said to depict it on the

No, the memories of old German beliefs are not extinct. It is said that there are yet living old men in Westphalia who know where the ancient images of the gods lie buried, on their deathbeds they communicate the secret to their youngest descendant, and then he bears the secret in his

soles of their shoes, as the ancient Egyptians did the pictures of Hyksos, &c., on theirs. The pentaple is also said to represent the goat's face or evil principle when two points are upwards, and the good when this is reversed (L'Abbe Constant). But it is of Greek origin. Legend states that when Antiochus Soter was about to join battle with Galater, Alexander the Great appeared to him in a dream and bade him give to his soldiers as a rallying cry the word *ϗιαυειν*, and to put it on his banner, because these Greek letters are found in the *pentalpha* or "five A's." It occurs on old coins, and was long borne by the regiment *Propugnater*, or Guards of Constantinople. J. Prætorius, *Blocksberges-Berichtung*, 1669, from whom Heine took the suggestion of the loaves, denies, however, that the word has anything to do with Druids, but comes from *Truht*, or *Dryth*, an old term for Lord applied to Christ. It appears to me that taking it in connection with Antiochus Soter, or Saviour, this is very probable. Among Christians in the Middle Age this character signified the five wounds of Christ. Its old German origin is much more than doubtful. If the Celtic Druids or old German wise-men (Heine is not here explicit) wore the character on their soles, it was probably done to express detestation of a popular Christian symbol. There is in the Musée Fol of Geneva a fine Etruscan vase representing Pallas Athene bearing a large shield, the centre of which is filled with this pentalpha. It was evidently in the most ancient Græco-Roman times an emblem of victory.—*Translator.*

silent Saxon heart.¹ In Westphalia, the former Saxony, all is not dead which lies buried. When we wander there through the old oak groves we can hear the voices of the olden time, and the re-echoes of those deeply mysterious magic spells in which there gushes a greater fulness of life than in all the literature of the March of Brandenburg. A mysterious awe thrilled my soul when once wandering through these woods I came to the old Siegburg, and my guide said "Here once dwelt King Wittikind," and sighed deeply. He was a simple woodman bearing an axe. I believe that could it come to pass, this man would fight to-day for King Wittikind, and woe to the skull whereon that axe should fall!

That was a dark day for Saxony when Wittikind, its brave Duke, was conquered by Charlemagne near Engter. As he fled towards Ellerbruch, and men and women came wildly rushing in terror to join the retreat, one old woman could go no further. But as she would not fall into the hands of the enemy she was

¹ For a full account of this, *vide* "Puck," 3 vols. 1852, by Dr. J. Bell. The same story is told of the Passamaquoddy Indians in Maine. An Indian who professed to have once seen one of these now vanished idols in his youth made me from memory a facsimile of it, which I still possess.—*Translator*.

buried alive by the Saxons in a sand-hill by Bellmans Kamp, saying as they did so:—

“Krup under, krup under, de Welt is di gram,
Du kannst dem Gerappel nich mer folgen!”

“Creep under, creep under, the world is grim for thee!
The rush thou canst not follow.”¹

It is said that the old woman still lives. Truly, in Westphalia, all is not dead which lies buried.

The brothers Grimm tell this story in their *Deutsche Sagen* (German Tales), and I shall occasionally avail myself of the researches of these admirable scholars in the coming pages. Jacob Grimm alone has done more for philology than all your whole French academy since Richelieu. His German Grammar is a colossal work, a Gothic cathedral, in which all the German tribes raise their voices as in a giant chorus, every one in its own dialect. It may be that Jacob Grimm assigned his soul to the devil on condition that the latter should supply the materials and give his aid in this tremendous structure. And in very deed to bring together these massy blocks of learning, and to mortar and fix together these

¹ It is remarkable that these words always were, and may be still, sung by German gypsies in Romany, when burying an old woman. *Vide* Liebich, *Die Zigeuner*.

hundred thousand citations, requires more than a man's life and more than mortal patience.¹

Paracelsus is one of the chief sources of information for exploring old German popular traditions. His works are translated into Latin, not badly but incompletely. They are difficult to read in the original German, the style is abstruse, but here and there great thoughts come forth in great words.² He is a natural philosopher in our present acceptance of the word. His terminology is not to be always understood in its traditional sense. In his doctrine of elementary spirits he uses the names of Nymphs, Undines, Silvani, Salamanders, simply because these names are known to the

¹ Instead of the three preceding sentences we have in the French version, "Jacques Grimm est sans égal dans son genre. Son érudition est colossale comme une montagne et son esprit est frais comme la source qui en jaillit."

² Even the Latin is not so very intelligible. I possess a stout work of more than 300 pages, dated 1624, entitled *Lexicon Hermeticum*, or a dictionary of the peculiar Latin words used only by Paracelsus, of which words there are enough to form a language. It is remarkable that Heine, while writing on elementary spirits, makes so little use of Paracelsus. This writer, following Psellus, regarded not only all visible or sensible objects in nature as spirits reflected from types, but also all elements, forces, phases of action and qualities, everything having its intellectual life or immanent spirit. Paracelsus conjectured the existence of elements, laws, and conditions not perceptible to our senses. He gives us the impression of one who could have been a great artist or poet, in the more confined senses of the words.—*Translator*.

public, not because they exactly explain that of which he speaks. Instead of seeking new words arbitrarily, he has preferred to use old ones, which suggested something similar. Hence he has been much misunderstood, many accusing him of mockery, others of unbelief. Some declare his idea was to give us a nursery tale out of jest as a system; others blamed him because he, departing from the Christian view, did not declare the elementary spirits to be devils. "For," as he says somewhere, "we have no reason to assume that these beings belong to the devil, nor do we know what the devil himself may be." He asserted that such spirits were as we are, real creations of God, but not like us of Adam's race, and that unto them God assigned as a dwelling the four elements. Their bodily structures are according to these elements. Therefore Paracelsus classifies the different orders of spirits according to the four elements, and here he gives us a determined system.

To reduce such popular beliefs to a system, as many are now attempting to do, is as unpracticable as if one would put the passing clouds into frames like pictures. At the utmost we can only assemble under certain rubrics or headings that which is similar. And this we will attempt as regards elementary spirits. We have already spoken of kobolds, or goblins, in the first book

of the "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany." They are ghosts or spectres—a mixture of dead men and devils; they must be carefully distinguished from the true earth spirits. The latter dwell chiefly in the mountains, and are called *Wichtelmänner*, *Gnomes*, *Metallarii*, *Little Folk*, and *Dwarfs*.¹ The legend of these dwarfs is analogous with that of the giants, and indicates the existence of two different races, which, more or less at peace with one another, once occupied the country, but which have now disappeared.

Giants have left Germany for ever. But the dwarfs are still to be met now and then in the shafts of mines, where they, clad like little miners, dig out valuable metals and precious stones. From the beginning the dwarfs have possessed in abundance gold, silver, and diamonds, for they could creep about everywhere invisibly; no hole was too small for them to slip through, so that it did but lead to a vein of wealth. The giants

¹ Paracelsus also calls them *Gnomos*, *Pygmæos*, aut *Neuferinos*. Lavater, in *Libello de Spectris et Lemuris*, gives many synonyms for these spirits, among others that of *virunculos terrores*. Prætorius (*Anthropodemus Plutonicus*, 1666) devotes a chapter of a hundred pages to these *Bergmannrigen* or *Erd-Leuten*, as he terms them, to which Heine has been not a little indebted. The view as to the historical existence of the dwarfs has been thoroughly examined by David MacRitchie in a very interesting work (already mentioned by me) entitled the "Testimony of Tradition."—*Translator*.

however, were always poor, and if any one had ever trusted them they would doubtless have left behind them giant-like and colossal debts. Nor would they ever be converted to Christianity. I infer this from an old Danish ballad, in which the giants meet at a wedding. The bride alone eats four tuns of *bouilli*, or thick soup, sixteen oxen, eighteen sides of pork, and with it all drinks seven tuns of beer. Indeed the bridegroom remarks, "I never saw a young bride with such an appetite." Among the guests was the little Mimmering whose diminutive size contrasted with that of the giants. And the song ends with the words, "Little Mimmering was among this heathen folk the only Christian child."¹

There are several very charming traditions referring to the weddings of the *Kleine Folk*, or little people, as the dwarfs are called in Germany; as, for example, the following:—

"Once the little folk wished to celebrate a wedding in the Castle of Eilenberg in Saxony. During the night they entered by the keyhole and crannies of the windows, and skipped and bounded on the polished floor like pease thrown down on a threshing-ground. Thereupon the old Count who was sleeping under the canopy of his

¹ In the original Northern tale this bride was, however, Thor disguised as Freya. It is in the story of the recovery of the hammer as given in the older Edda.—*Translator*.

bed of state in that very hall, awoke, and marvelled greatly, as well he might, at the sight of so many tiny people. Then one of them, who was splendidly attired, like unto a herald, approached the Count, and in courtly and befitting phrase invited him to take part in the festival. 'But,' he added, 'we pray of thee one thing, that thou alone shalt be present; no other person of thy house shall behold us, though by so little as a glance.' To which the Count replied in friendly manner, 'Since you have wakened me, I will be one of you.' Then they brought him a little lady for a partner, little torch-bearers ranged themselves around; and soft mysterious music began to sound. The Count had great trouble while dancing not to lose sight of his little partner, who escaped his view at every leap, yet who at last whirled him about so that he could hardly breathe. When all at once, in the midst of the wildest excitement of the dance, everything stopped, the music was silent, and the whole party ran as if for their lives to the door-cracks, mouse-holes, or wherever any exit was to be found.¹ But the bridal couple, the herald, and

¹ There is an amusing parallel to this passage to be found in an Irish tale. Pat O'Flanagan, the tailor, was dancing in mad joy with the devil, who was fiddling, while both took alternate sups from Satan's whiskey bottle. "Whin, och what a pity! all at wanst this foine parrety was broken up by the appair-ence of Judy, Pat's wife." In this tale the devil goes off with Mrs. O'Flanagan.—*Translator*.

the dancers lifted their eyes to an opening in the ceiling above, and saw the face of the old Countess, who was secretly watching them. Then the elves who remained bowed to the Count, and the herald approaching thanked him for his hospitality. 'But,' he added, 'as our joy and our wedding have been disturbed because another human eye has seen us, there shall never be of all your race more than seven alive at one time.' Then all fled, and the Count found himself alone in the dark and silent hall. The prediction was fulfilled, even to this day, for when six knights von Eilenberg live, one always dies when a seventh is born."¹

Much is said in praise of the skill of the dwarfs. They smithed the best swords, but only the giants could do battle with them. Were these giants really so very tall? Fear perhaps added yards to their height, as has often happened. Nicetas, a Byzantine who has recorded the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders, avows most seriously that one of those knights of the North who sent everybody flying before him actually appeared to him in that awful instant to be fifty feet high.²

¹ Like this is an old German legend of a Graf von Hoya who having in like manner hospitably entertained a party of elves, received from their herald who had begged for the kindness a sword, and a ring in which was set a red lion, which should grow pale whenever one of the Von Hoya race was about to die.—*Translator*.

² This passage is wanting in the French version. Hie sien

The dwellings of the dwarfs were in the mountains. The small holes often seen in rocks are still called *Zweriglöcher*, or dwarf-holes. I have seen many of them in the Harz, especially in the Bodenthal; and many stalactite formations, which are found in the mountain caverns, as well as singularly-shaped summits of rocks, which people call dwarf weddings. These are dwarfs who once when gaily returning from their little church, from a betrothal, or while merry at the bridal meal, were changed by a wicked sorcerer into stone. Tales of such transformations into stone are as much at home in the North as in the East, where the narrow-minded Mussulman believes that the statues and caryatides which he finds in the ruins of old Greek temples are petrified human beings. I saw not only in the Harz mountains but in Brittany many strangely-grouped stones, which the peasants call dwarf weddings. The stones near Loc Maria Ker are the houses of the *Torrigan* or *Kurile*, as the little folk are there called.¹

Here I will tell another tale of such a wedding:—

in error in stating that only giants could manage the magic swords made by dwarfs. The *Hervar Saga* is the history of such a sword, but there is no mention of any giant in it. These marvellous weapons occur in many sagas, but always in association with ordinary mortals.—*Translator*.

¹ So in Florence one or both of the colossal marble statues (or Bianconi) in the Piazza della Signoria are believed when

There is in Bohemia, not far from Elnbogen, a famous grotto of the dwarfs in a wild but beautiful valley, through which the Eger winds gracefully and serpent-like to Carlsbad. They who dwell in towns and hamlets thereabout relate that in this place there lived in the olden time many dwarfs or hill-spirits who led a peaceful life, being so far from injuring any one that they often helped their neighbours when in need. They were governed by a mighty magician, who for some cause became enraged at them, and one day when they were all met at a wedding in their little church, petrified them all, or, to speak correctly, as they were spirits not to be destroyed, he inclosed them in forms of stone. These groups are called to this day *die verzauberte Zwergenhochzeit*—the enchanted marriage feast—and the little figures are still to be seen in all possible positions on the mountain-tops. One is shown in the middle of a rock; it is the image of a dwarf who, while the rest ran away to escape the enchantment, lingered too long in his home, and was turned to stone at the instant when he looked out of the window for aid.¹

the rays of the full moon fall on them to become animated and walk about. The word *Torrigan*, as given by Heine, should be *Korrigan*. The three preceding sentences are wanting in the French version.—*Translator*.

¹ It is said that the dwarfs, vaguely anticipating these disasters, buried in the ground in many places all their pots

The dwarfs wear little caps, by means of which they can make themselves invisible; these are called *Tarnkappen* or *Nebelkäppchen* (cloud-caps). Once a peasant while threshing accidentally knocked with his flail one of these caps from the head of a dwarf, who at once became visible and ran to hide himself in a crevice in the earth. One can by means of incantations bring these dwarfs to full view.¹

There lived in Nuremberg a man named Paul Kreutz, who once practised a marvellous conjuration. He placed on the ground a new small table covered with a white cloth, on which were two cups of milk, two of honey, two small plates, and nine small knives. Then he took a black hen, and cut off its head over a pan, so that the blood dropped into it. Of this he threw some to the east and some to the west, and began to repeat his

and pans, vases, lamps, and the like. These things which antiquaries now attribute to the Romans, old Germans or Celts, were seriously believed by learned men in the seventeenth century to have been made by the subterranean spirits or dwarfs, though others contended that they grew of themselves in the ground, being therein impressed by the *Archæus* or creative power. I believe that this must chiefly refer to Roman votive offerings representing objects in miniature.—*Translator*.

¹ It may interest the reader to learn one of these incantations. In the Romagna Toscana, where these cap dwarfs (*folletti colla beretta*) still abound, when they haunt a house or room, which is manifested by peculiar noises, prepare for them by putting a lighted lamp into an earthen pot, and cover this with another

spell. Then he got as quickly as possible behind a great tree and saw two dwarfs come up out of the ground, who sat themselves at the table and began to eat from the enticing pan which he had placed there. Then he asked them questions, to which they replied; and when this had been repeated several times, they became so intimate with him as to visit him in his house as guests. But if he did not make the proper preparations, they either did not appear, or fled at once. Finally, their king came alone, clad in a scarlet cloak, beneath which he bore a book (of magic), which he placed on the table, and allowed his host to read therein as much as he pleased, and from this the man learned much wisdom and many strange secrets.

The dwarfs often showed themselves of their own accord to men, kept company with them, and were contented enough so that no harm was done them. But men, evilly inclined as ever, played

pot. "Then, when you hear a noise, quickly uncover the light, and if you see a goblin, snatch away his red cap, and say :—

'I have ta'en thy cap away ;
And yet 'tis not a cap, I say,
But thy peace, which I'll not give
Unto thee while thou dost live,
Till thou tell'st me, as thou'rt bid,
Where a treasure now lies hid !'

"Then the spirit to redeem his cap will tell where a treasure is concealed." Which secret was taught me by a witch, both in Romagnola and Italian.

them many a mischievous trick. In the *Volkssagen* of Wyss¹ we read as follows:—

“During the summer a troop of dwarfs often came down from the rocky places into the valley, and either helped the labourers in friendly fashion, or lay looking on at the people making hay. They liked to sit at their ease on the long thick branch of a certain maple tree. But once certain mischievous fellows sawed by night this branch through, so that it hardly held to the trunk. And the next morning, when the unsuspecting little creatures sat on the bough it broke, and they all fell to the ground, and were laughed at. This angered them, and they cried—

‘Oh how high heaven is !
And how great is perfidy !
Here to-day but nevermore.’

“And from that day they left the land.”

I doubt whether the dwarfs regard men as good spirits; it is certain that they would never infer our divine origin from our deeds. Beings of a different nature from ours can of course have no good opinion of us, and the devil thinks we are the vilest of all creatures. I once saw “Faust” acted in a barn in a village. The magician invokes the

¹ In the French version, “Ou raconte dans l’Halisthal.” This should be *Haslithale*, an error for the name of the place.

devil, and, relying on his own intrepidity, demands that the fiend shall appear in his most frightful form, under the traits of the most terrible of creatures. The devil obeys and appears as—a man!

No one knows exactly how it was that the dwarfs left us so suddenly.¹ There are, however, two other traditions which also ascribe their departure to our mocking and mischief. The first of these is as follows:—

“The dwarfs, who dwelt in caverns and crevices round about men’s houses, were very kind, and at night often did work for people while they slept. And when the peasants went forth early in the morning, and were amazed to find everything done to their hand, the dwarfs, hidden in the bushes, burst out laughing at their surprise. Sometimes the country-folk were angry at finding their corn cut before it was quite ripe, but when immediately after hail and storm came, and they saw that but for the dwarfs they must have lost all, they were grateful enough. But at last men by their wanton jests lost the love and aid of the dwarfs, who fled, since which time they have never been seen. The cause was this. A shepherd had, up on the mountain, a magnificent cherry-tree.

¹ In the French version we here have “Les frères Grimm rapportent à ce sujet encore deux histoires.”

And as the fruit ripened, it happened thrice that it was picked and all laid out on the planks and hurdles on which the peasant was accustomed to dry his cherries. The villagers said, 'That could have been done by no one unless it was the honest dwarfs, who come by night in long cloaks, tripping along with covered feet, quiet as birds, and do the work of men for them. People have sometimes watched them silently, unseen, but no one disturbs them, and lets them come and go.'

"Hearing this the man who owned the cherry-tree became anxious, and would fain know why the dwarfs hid their feet with such care, and wanted to find out if their feet were not formed like those of men. So the next year when the summer came and the time when the dwarfs should gather and store the cherries, he took a sackful of ashes and strewed them on the hill. The next morning as day broke he hastened to the tree and found it picked empty, while all around in the ashes were the prints as of geese-feet. Then the boor laughed and made fun, and told every one how he had found that the dwarfs had feet like geese. But soon after this the dwarfs wasted and spoiled their houses, and fled afar into the hill, hating men and refusing to help them any more. But the boor who had betrayed them had a wasting sickness, and was weak of mind till he died."

The other tradition, which is given in Otmar's *Volkssagen*, is of a much sadder and harsher character.

"Between Walkenried and Neuhof, in the county Hohenstein, the dwarfs once had two kingdoms. A peasant who lived there found that every night some persons came and stole from his field-crops, nor could he discover who did it. At last, by the advice of a wise woman, he went as night came on to his field of pease and began to beat about in the air, up and down, and all around, with a switch. Nor was it long before some dwarfs stood plainly before him, for he had knocked off their cloud-caps which made them invisible. The dwarfs fell in fear on their knees, and owned that it was their people who had stolen his pease, but that they had been driven to it by dire need. This news of the capture of the dwarfs stirred up all the people. The dwarf-folk sent deputies and offered ransom for their captive brothers, saying that they would now leave the land for ever. But the question of the Exodus stirred up fresh strife. For the peasants were not willing to let the dwarfs go away with all their hidden treasures, and the dwarfs declared that when they went they would not be seen by any one. At last it was agreed that the dwarfs should pass over a small bridge near Neuhof, and that every one as he went should throw into a

cask to be placed there a part of his property for toll. But some prying people hid themselves under the bridge so as to at least listen to the dwarfs departing, and heard all night long overhead the tramp, tramp of the little men, which sounded like the stepping of so many sheep. But some stories say that every dwarf had to throw a gold coin into the cask, and that the next morning it was found quite full of very ancient money. Also that ere they went the king of the dwarfs himself, in his scarlet cloak, came before the people, begging them not to banish him and his subjects. Imploringly he raised his little hands to heaven, weeping the most moving tears, as once did Don Isaac Abarbanel before Ferdinand of Arragon."¹

One should carefully distinguish the dwarfs or spirits of the earth from the elves or spirits of the air,² who are also more known in France, and who are so charmingly sung by English poets. If the elves were not already immortal by nature they would have become so through Shakespeare.

¹ These two sentences are omitted from the French version.

² French version, "Les elfes ou sylphes." This is an error of the author. Heine is supposed to be writing about *German* spirits, and the term *elf*, plural *elves*, was applied in Germany, as in England, to all kinds of small sprites or fairies. The older writers waste much wild philology in endeavouring to connect the word with *Alp*, a nightmare; *Alben*, child of a witch by her imp; *Ephialtes*, the nightmare; *Alba*, the dawn, also a spirit; *Alven*, witches; and one even conjectures that it had some affinity with *alpha* and the *pentalpha*, or charm against evil spirits.

They will live eternally in the Midsummer Night's Dream of poesy.¹ And no more will Spencer's Faery Queen be forgotten, so long as the English tongue is understood.²

The belief in elves is, in my opinion, more of Celtic than of Scandinavian origin. Therefore there are more legends of elves in the Western North than towards the East. In Germany little is known of them, and what there is is all a re-echo of Breton tales, as, for instance, in Wieland's "Oberon." What people in Germany call *Elfen* or *Elben* are the uncanny creatures which witches bear, begotten by the devil. The real elf-tales

¹ It is very evident that Heine's French secretary or translator did not know that this refers to a play by Shakespeare. He gives it as "Ils vivent éternellement dans les songes des nuits d'été de la poésie."

² The poems of Herrick and Drayton would have been more appropriate here as regards goblins and elves. In the following sentence our author shows apparent ignorance of the Edda and of Scandinavian folk-lore, nor was he aware that elves or air-spirits, as well as dwarfs, are well known in Northern Italy. What Heine here understands by elves are the aerial *fata* or *fays*, which are not really Celtic but Latin. And I believe that the red-cap dwarf of the North is of Etruscan Latin origin, coming from the red-headed woodpecker, *Picus*, who is also a goblin, who reveals secret treasures. It is certain that the authentic written accounts of this goblin-deity and others of his kind are far older than anything known of Teutonic or Celtic mythology. There are two trifling variations from the text in the French version of this passage, that of "Elfen or Alben," &c., being omitted, and "Scotland and England" being added to "Ireland and Northern France."—*Translator*.

are at home in Ireland and Northern France, from which they resound as far south as Provence, mingling with the fairy-faiths of the East. From this mixture sprang the beautiful *lais* of Count Lanval, whom the lovely fairy favoured, under condition that he would keep his happiness a secret. But when King Arthur, at a festival in Karduel, declared that his queen, Ginevra, was the most beautiful woman in the world, Lanval could no longer keep silence, and his good fortune was at an end so far as this world went. It was no better with Sir Gruëland (Gruelan), he could not hold his tongue; the beloved fairy vanished, and he rode far and wide on his horse Gedefer to find her. But in the fairy land, Avalon, the unfortunate knights find their ladyloves once more, and there Count Lanval and Gruelan may gossip about them to their heart's content.¹ Here, too, Ogier the Dane rests happily from his heroic deeds in the arms of his Morgana. Ye French know all these stories. Ye know Avalon, but the Persians know it too, and call it Djinnistan. It is the land of poetry.²

The forms and faces of elves, and their living and thriving, is also tolerably well known to

¹ These tales may be found in the original in the "Lays of the Trouveurs," by Saint Pelaye. I believe they were translated by Miss Castello.—*Translator*.

² *Djinnistan*, spirit-land.—*Translator*.

you. Spenser's Faery Queen long since winged her way hither from England. Who does not know Titania? Whose brain is so thick that it does not ever and anon hear the merry ringing of her aerial train. But is it a sign of death if one sees the queen with his own eyes, and receives from her a friendly greeting? I would fain know this exactly, because—

“ In the forest, in the moonlight,
Once I heard the elfin singing,
Heard their horns so softly pealing,
Heard their bells so gently ringing.

And their snow-white palfries carried
Golden stag-horns, and were leaping
Headlong, while like swans in autumn
Through the air the train came sweeping.

And their queen bowed to me, smiling,
Smiling as she rode before me ;
Is't a sign that love awaits me ?
Does it mean that death hangs o'er me ?”

In the Danish popular songs there are two elfin legends which most accurately set forth the character of these elves.¹ One tells the tale of

¹ The extraordinary manner in which Heine confounds elves with sylphs and goblins is here made worse by the subject being treated in a very different manner in the German version from that of the French. In the former he gives the prose account, which I here translate ; but in the French, instead of this, he publishes a very dry and indifferent prose version of

a young fellow who lay on the elfin hill and slept. He dreamed that he stood leaning on his sword, while the elves whirled round him, and tried by their caresses to make him take part in their

the ballads. The German editor rightly judged that a poetical form would be most acceptable, and so gives one, partly by Rosa Warrens. In this perplexity I have thought it best, instead of a third-hand version from another writer, to translate these ballads directly from the old Danish originals, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Professor D. Comparetti, in Florence, where I am now working. The first of these has been translated into English before, and occurs, I believe, in M. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." In the French version it is prefaced with these words. I follow Grundtveig's text :—

"Il n'y que deux traditions sur les elfes qui soient indigènes dans le nord oriental, et comme elles sont des plus courtes et des mieux exprimées dans les chants danois, je veux les rapporter sous cette forme. Voici la première :

"I laid my head on the elfin height,
And sleep was stealing o'er me ;
There came to me two maidens bright,
Who talked as they stood before me :
Since the time I first beheld her.*

One of them softly patted my cheek,
While the other whispered, glancing :
'Arise, Sir Knight, I pray you speak,
Would you like to join our dancing ?'
Since the time I first beheld her.

* The following is the first verse of the original Danish :—

"Ieg lagde mitt hoff uett thill elfue-hoy,
Minne öigne di finge enn dualle,
Der kom tho jomfruer aff birgit ad,
Sidenn ieg och hinde forst saa."

dance. One of them strokes his cheek and says,
"Dance with us, pretty youth, and we will sing
thee the sweetest songs which thy heart can
desire." Then there sounded a song of such

'Awake, awake, my cavalier!
Come to our dance nor fear it;
Thou shalt list to a song from my maidens dear,
It will charm thy soul to hear it.'
Since the time I first beheld her.

They raised their voices in a song,
I heard the air beginning;
The roaring river which rushed along
Stopped when it heard them singing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

The roaring river halted there,
For once on its way delaying;
The little fish in the brooklet clear
For joy were plashing and playing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

They leapt with their little tails in bounds,
The little fish a-springing;
The birds about with sweetest sounds
Joined in the elfin-singing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

And ever they sang to sweetest tunes,
'Oh, live with us, knight,' inviting:
'We will teach thee to cut the magic runes,
And to read all wondrous writing.'
Since the time when I first beheld her.

We'll teach thee to trap the beaver by night,
And to snare the wild bear o'er you;

terrible power of love that the rushing stream whose waters had hitherto ever roared wildly suddenly stopped, the little fish leaped up and played in rapture with their tails. Another elf lady whispered, "Dance with us, beautiful boy, and we will teach thee Runic sayings by which thou canst take the bear and wild beaver, and

The dragon who guards the gold so bright
Shall fly from the land before you.

Since the time I first beheld her.

They circled here, they circled there,
The elves in the moonlight glancing ;
I leaned on my sword in the moonlight clear,
As I beheld their dancing.

Since the time I first beheld her.

' And listen now, young cavalier !
If longer thou'lt delay thee,
With this sword and knife which thou see'st here
This instant we will slay thee.'

Since the time I first beheld her.

And had not just then, by God's gracious will,
The cock crowed out so clever,
I must have gone in the elfin hill,
And dwelt with the elves for ever.

Since the time I first beheld her.

So now I sing to every knight,
Who will ride to court as warning,
Beware how ye pass by the elfin height,
Or sleep in its shade till morning.

Since the time I first beheld her."

—*Translator.*

even the dragon who guards gold, his treasure shall be thine." Yet he resists all these temptations, till the ladies in anger threaten to drive cold death into his heart. They have already drawn their sharp knives, when by good luck the cock crows, and the dreamer awakes in a whole skin.

The other poem is less gaily sustained; the elves do not appear in it as in a dream but in reality, and their terribly fascinating nature is thereby set more distinctly before us. It is the song of Sir Oluf, who rides out of an evening to invite guests to his wedding. The refrain is—"But the dance goes so fast through the forest."¹ One can imagine that he hears an unearthly

¹ In the French version there is given, in place of this sentence, the following:

"La seconde chanson traite presque la même thème, seulement l'apparition des elfes n'a pas lieu cette fois en songe, mais bien en réalité, et le chevalier qui ne veut pas danser avec eux, emporte cette fois très réellement une blessure mortelle."

"Sir Olaf out and afar will ride,
Inviting guests to his wedding-tide.
But the dance goes so quickly through the forest.*

They were dancing by four and five on the land,
Erl-king's daughter stretched out her hand.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

* "Her Olaf hand rider saa vide,
Alt til sit brøllup at byde,
Men dandsen den goar saa let gennum lunden."

melody, and here and there, in between, tittering and whispering, as of a self-willed girl. Then Sir Oluf sees, first four, then five—then more groups of maids, and the erl-king's daughter holds out to him her hand. She begs him most tenderly to join the ring and dance with her. But the

'Welcome, Sir Oluf, let riding be,
And stop a while and dance with me.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'I never dare, and I never may,
For to-morrow is my wedding day.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Now listen, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
Two goat-skin boots I will give to thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Two goat-skin boots look well on the foot,
With a pair of golden spurs to boot.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And listen, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
A silken shirt I will give to thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'A silken shirt so white and fine,
Which my mother bleached in the moonshine.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'I never dare, I never may,
To-morrow must be my wedding-day.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And hear, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
A golden girdle I'll give to thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

knight refuses, and says in excuse, "To-morrow is my wedding-day." Then the most enticing gifts are offered to him; but neither the goat-skin boots which will fit him so well, nor the golden spurs which can be so neatly buckled on them, nor the white silk shirt which the elfin

'A golden girdle were dear to me,
And yet I dare not dance with thee.'
But the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And if thou never wilt dance with me,
Then pest and sickness shall follow thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

She gave him a blow with her hand on his heart,
He never had felt so great a smart.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

They helped him on his brown horse to ride,
'Go back to your castle, and back to your bride.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

And when he came to the castle door,
His mother awaiting stood before.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'My dearest son, what is thy tale?
Why are thy cheeks so white and pale?
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Well may my cheeks be pale and white,
I have been by the elfin dance to-night.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And say, my son, so true and tried,
What shall I say to thy young bride?'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

queen has herself bleached with moonshine, nor even the golden girdle which is so highly praised, can induce him to join the fairy ring of dancers. His constant excuse is, "I must be married to-morrow." Then of course the elves at last lose all patience, and give him such a blow on the

'Oh, tell my bride that I'm in the wood,
Trying my hound and my horse so good.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

In early morn by break of day,
There came the bride with a grand array.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

They gave the mead and they gave the wine,
'Where is Sir Oluf the bridegroom mine?'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Sir Oluf rides in the forest bounds,
Trying his good grey horse and hounds.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

The bride she raised the bier-cloth red,
There lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

When again in heaven dawned the day,
They bore three dead from the tower away.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

Sir Oluf and his lady true,
His mother she died of sorrow too.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

This last verse, from the Danish, is wanting in both the German and French versions.

heart as he never felt before, and lifting the knight, who sinks to the ground, aid him to mount his horse, and say jeeringly, "So ride then home unto thy bride!" Ah! when he came again to his castle, his cheeks were very pale and his body very ill; and when the bride came with the morrow's dawn, with the wedding-train and song and clang, Sir Oluf was a silent man, for he lay dead under his red bier.

"But the dance goes so quickly through the forest."

Dancing is characteristic of aerial spirits; they are of too ethereal a nature to walk prosaically on earth, as we do. Yet, dainty as they are, their little feet leave traces on the turf where they have danced in nightly rings. These are the stamped circles which people call elfin-rings.¹

In a part of Austria there is a legend which has a certain likeness to the foregoing, though it is of Slavic origin. It is that of the ghostly female dancers who are there known by the name

¹ This passage is wanting in the French version. Heine had evidently only heard or read of fairy-rings, since he describes them as *indented*. They are circles where the grass grows greener than elsewhere, and this is caused by the decay of a certain kind of mushroom, which has the strange property of casting its seed only to one side, all together. Hence they grow in circles, which every year enlarge.—*Translator*.

of Willis.¹ The Willis are brides who died before being married. The poor young creatures cannot lie calmly in their graves; in their dead hearts and feet the old passion for dancing, which they could not gratify in their lives, still burns. So at midnight they rise, assemble in troops on the highways, and woe to the young man who meets them! He must dance with them, they surround him in unbridled madness, and he must dance with them without rest or repose till he falls dead. In their bridal dresses crowns of flowers, and ribbons flying from their heads, flashing rings on their fingers, the Willis dance in the moon-shine, as do the elves. Their faces, though snow-white, are young and fair; they laugh so strangely sweet, they nod with such seductive secrecy, so promisingly—these dead Bacchantæ are irresistible!

For when people saw beautiful brides die they could not believe that youth and bloom, in all their brilliancy, could pass abruptly into black nothingness, so that the faith arose easily enough

¹ As before remarked, the Vila is a spirit known all over Russia and other Slavonian lands. She is not, by any means, invariably a deceased bride, but a being corresponding to the fata, fay, or fairy of life-size, or to the peri of the East. For information on the Vilas, see the works of Dr. F. S. Krauss of Vienna, W. R. Ralston, and other folklorists *de eodem genere*. Heine's knowledge of the subject was probably limited to the ballet of *Les Willis* and the grand seduction scene in *Robert le Diable*.

that the bride continued to seek after death the joys of which she had been deprived.

This recalls one of the most beautiful poems of Goethe, "The Bride of Corinth," which was long ago made known to the French public by Madame de Staël. The subject of this poem is primevally ancient, and is lost in the terrors of the old Thessalian tales. Ælian tells us of it, and Philostratus in the life of Apollonius of Tyana. It is the fatal marriage in which the bride is a Lamia.¹

It is peculiar to popular legends that their most terrible catastrophes take place at weddings. The suddenly appearing terror on such an occasion contrasts the more strikingly with the gay surroundings, with the preparations for joy and merry music. So long as the lips have not yet touched the brim, the pleasant drink may yet be spilled. A gloomy wedding-guest may come un-

¹ Actually a spirit, whose object was to devour the bridegroom, though modern poets tell it otherwise. According to Philostratus (in *Vita Apollonii*), Menippus, a disciple of Demetrius the Cynic, going to Corinth from Cenchrea, met with a very beautiful and apparently rich girl of foreign birth (*quandam imaginem puellæ peregrinæ, speciosæ et divitis*), with whom (*se illi commiscuit*) he mixed himself up, and thought of marrying. She had a house which seemed to be magnificent. But Apollonius, looking about at all things, exclaimed that the bride was one of the Lamias, whom some call Larvas, others Lemures—"esse ex numero Lamiarum quas aliqui Larvas, alii Lemures vocant."—Translator.

bidden, and one whom no one dares bid hence. He whispers one word in her ear, and the bride grows pale. He makes a secret sign to the bridegroom, who follows him out into the stormy night, and is never seen again. Generally it is a former pledge of love with another. Therefore a cold white hand suddenly parts the bride and groom. As Herr Peter von Staufenberg sat at the bridal feast, he suddenly saw *a small white foot*, which came through the ceiling overhead. He recognised in it the foot of a nixie or undine with whom he had maintained the tenderest relation, and by this sign he well knew that he had, by his broken faith, lost his life. He sent to his confessor, asked for the sacraments, and prepared to die. Much is said and sung of this story in German lands.¹ It is also said that the injured nixie embraced her false knight invisibly, and strangled him with this caress. Women are

¹ The story of Peter von Staufenberg was indeed very popular. It appeared in book form in Strasburg, and is given by Kornmannus (*Mons Veneris*, cap. 28. *De Empusa liberi Baronis Petri à Staufenberg*), also in the *Anth. Plut.* of Prætorius. Heine is unusually modest in telling the story. The blunt old German informs us that "auff der Hochzeit sie ihm das Wahrzeichen gab, durch die Bühne auff seinem Tische bey ihrem *Schenkel*." The narrative is chiefly interesting as having suggested to La Motte Fouqué the plot of "Undine." Staufenberg, it is said, abandoned his nixie because he suspected she was of diabolical nature.—*Translator*.

deeply moved by this sad tale, but our young free-thinkers laugh at it sarcastically, and will not believe that nixies are so naughty. But they will repent anon of their incredulity.

The nixies very much resemble the elves; both are seductively charming, and love dancing.¹ The elves dance on wild and waste moorlands, green meadows, openings in the forest, and most gladly under old oaks; the nixies, however, by ditches and streams, or sometimes on the water itself, the night before some mortal is to be drowned in that place. And they often come to the dances of men, and make merry with them, as if quite like us. The female nixies are known by the hem of their white garments always being wet. And they may also be recognised by the

¹ According to Paracelsus and others the affinity exists between mountain-dwarfs and water-spirits because they have one language in common. Wood-spirits never speak; those of fire very seldom, and their tongue is hard or rough.

There is a beautiful belief in La Romagna Toscana that a spirit (or spirits) named *Corredoia* is specially devoted to attending all dances, festivals and frolics, where she inspires life and merriment. She is the spirit of joy, and there is an incantation begging her to come into our life and make us cheerful. *Vide* my forthcoming work on Etruscan Roman relics in Tuscany. Several minor passages are here omitted in the French version.

There is a very rare and curious work entitled *Disputatio de Nymphis, nobis Wasser Nyxen*, a thesis publicly delivered by M. Johann Valentine Merbitz in Dresden in 1678. It is a complete compendium of the knowledge current as to nixies or water-spirits.—*Translator*.

fineness of their veils and aristocratic refinement of their mysterious natures. The male nixie has green teeth, which resemble the spine of a fish, and one experiences a shudder when touching his very soft, ice-cold hand.¹ Woe to the girl who, without knowing him, takes him for partner in the dance. For then he will draw her down into his watery deep—of which there is told the following tale:—

There dwelt at Laibach, in the river which bears the same name, a water-sprite, who was called Nix or Watermann. He had often appeared by night to fishermen and boatmen, so that many could tell how he came forth and how he showed himself in human form. In the year 1547, on the first Sunday in July, all the people of the place assembled, according to their ancient custom, on the marketplace of Laibach by the fountain, which was pleasantly shaded by a lime-tree. They ate their meal to the sound of music, and after that began to dance. After a while there came a young man of fine figure and well dressed, who seemed to wish to join the dance. He greeted all very pleasantly and offered to many his hand, which was very soft and ice-cold, and caused a shudder in all who shook it. Then he asked a certain young

¹ Wanting in the French version.

girl to dance. She was very pretty and well clad, a lively, forward creature named Ursula Schöfferrin, who soon agreed perfectly with her new partner, and fell in with his wild tricks. And after they had danced together for a while passionately or madly, they waltzed away from the ring and ever away and adown, first from the lime-tree to Sittichenhof, and so to the edge of the Laibach, where, as was seen by many boatmen, the nixie leaped with her into the water, nor were either ever seen again. The lime-tree stood till 1638, when it was cut down on account of its age.¹

The same legend exists in many variations. The most beautiful is that of a Danish ballad in the cycle of legends, which describe how *Marsk Stig* and all his house perished.²

¹ When I was a student at Heidelberg in 1847, the nix or water-sprite of the Neckar often appeared to people, and I was seriously told that it had been seen by Mme. Gervinus (unless my memory deceives me) one night on the shore in its usual form of a beautiful little horse. When the lady approached to pat him, the Neckar nix plunged into the stream and disappeared from sight. It is absolutely impossible that anything could be apparently better authenticated than was this story. Spiritualists, attention!—*Translator*.

² Instead of this and the following passage, the French version gives seventeen verses in prose from the Danish original, from which original I render it into English.

“And the water-spirit said to his mother:—

“Give me advice, oh mother dear,
How to bring *Marsk Stig*'s daughter here.
And bad methinks is the riding.

Marsk Stig, who had killed the king, had two fair daughters, the youngest of whom fell into the power of a water-spirit, even while in church. The nix appeared as a stately knight; his mother

She made him a horse of water clear,
The bridle and saddle of sand so fair.
And bad methinks is the riding.

She made him look like a Ritter gay,
To Marienkirchhof he went his way.
And so bad methinks is the riding.

He bound his horse to the church roof-tree,*
And thrice to the left round the church went he.
And so bad methinks is the riding.

Silent he entered the church so dim,
The saints all turned their backs to him.
And so bad methinks is the riding.

By the altar-shrine the priest quoth he,
'Who may that stately Ritter be?'
And so bad methinks is the riding.

Beneath her veil the maiden sighed,
'Heaven grant I may be that Ritter's bride!'
And bad methinks is the riding.

He stepped by benches one and two,
'O Marsk Stig's daughter, wilt thou be true?'
And bad methinks is the riding.

He stepped by benches four and five,
'Oh, follow me, maid, to where I live.'
And bad methinks is the riding.

He held out his hand, she grasped it free,
'I plight my troth, and will follow thee.'
And bad methinks is the riding.

* "Churchyard rail." R. A. Prior, *Anc. Dan. Ballads*, 1860.
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had made him a horse of clear water, and a saddle and bridle of the purest sand, and the careless maid gaily held out her hand to him. Did she keep her promised faith when down in the sea?

Forth from the church went the wedded pair,
Merrily dancing, free from care.

And bad methinks is the riding.

They danced together unto the flood,
Till no one at last beside them stood.

And bad methinks is the riding.

'O Marsk Stig's daughter, hold my rein,
Till I build thee a boat well worth the pain.'

And bad methinks is the riding.

And when they came to the snow-white sand
All of the boats came to the land.

And bad methinks is the riding.

And when they came out into the sound
She sank in the sea to the very ground.

And bad methinks is the riding.

Far into land, well over the tide,
It was heard when Marsk Stig's daughter cried.

So bad methinks is the riding.

Oh, maidens all, I counsel ye,
Go not to the dance so proud and free.

For bad methinks is the riding."

To which there is added in the French version : " Nous aussi, nous donnons à certaines jeunes filles le sage conseil de ne pas danser avec le premier venu. Mais les jeunes personnes craignent toujours de ne pas avoir assez de danseurs, et plutôt que de s'exposer au danger de faire tapisserie, elles se sejetteront volontiers, dans les bras de l'homme des eaux." In writing this passage Heine ventilates a private ballroom trouble to which he has already alluded.

Truly I know not; but I do know another story of a water-man who carried a girl away from the firm land, and was by her most artfully betrayed. It is the tale of Rossmer the nix, who all unknowingly took his own wife in a chest on his back and brought her again to her mother. At which he afterwards shed bitter tears.

The water-maids also must often bitterly rue that they took pleasure in mingling with men. Of this, too, I know a narrative¹ which has been much sung by German poets. It sounds most pitifully in the following plain words, as told by the brothers Grimm in their sagas.

"In Epfenbach, near Sinzheim, within the memory of man, three very lovely girls dressed in white came every evening into the spinning-room of the village. They always sang new songs to new tunes, and told pretty tales and taught new games. There was something very strange in their rocks and reels, or distaffs, and no spinner could twist the thread so fine and well as they did. But when eleven o'clock struck they packed up their spinning gear and left, nor would they, to please anybody, stop an instant later. No one knew whence they came nor where they went; they were only called the Maids from the Lake, or the Sisters from the Lake.

¹ French version, "Une histoire qui m'a rempli d'une singulière pitié."

"The youths of the village fell in love with them, most of all the son of the schoolmaster. He could never tire of their company, and nothing gave him such grief as that they went away every evening so early. It came into his head to put the village clock back one hour, and so it came to pass that what with talk and jests no one noted the change of time. So that when it struck eleven it was really twelve, and the three girls rose, packed up their distaffs as usual, and went their way.

"The next morning people passing by the lake heard a wailing, and saw three bloody places on the water. After that the sisters were never seen again. The son of the schoolmaster was seized with a wasting illness, and died soon after."¹

There is something mysteriously attractive in all that nixies do. Under the quiet water there may lie hidden so much that is sweet or terrible! The fishes, who may know somewhat thereof, are ever mute; or do they keep silence because they are cunning? Do they fear some bitter punishment should they reveal the secrets of

¹ In a Bavarian version of this tale, the girls go and come from an old sunken castle near Gartenhofen. A clock is not mentioned in it, nor the schoolmaster's son. "The young men detained the girls by wooing them; then the latter, before re-entering the water, said: 'Should blood come, then we will have been punished; if not, we are forgiven.' But blood came" (*Bayerische Sagen und Brauche*, von Friedrich Panzer, München, 1848). This is evidently the original tale.—*Translator*.

their silent watery home? Such a realm, with its voluptuous hidden marvels and occult horrors, reminds us of Venice. Was Venice itself once such a kingdom, which by chance rose from the depths of the Adriatic sea up to the world above, with marble palaces and its dolphined-eyed courtesans, glass-bead and coral factories, states-inquisitors, systems of secret drowning, and laughing masquerades? Should Venice ever chance to sink again into the lagunes all its history will seem like a water-fairy tale, and the nurse will tell the children of the great water-people who once ruled over the solid land, and were at last torn to pieces by a two-headed eagle.

The mysterious is characteristic of the nixies, just as aerial dreaminess is of the elves. In the earlier legends they do not greatly differ, nor till later times were they separated.¹ From the names alone we can learn little. In Scandinavia all spirits are called *elfen*, *alf*, and they are divided into *alfen*, white and black. The last are really kobolds. The name *nix* is applied in Denmark to the domestic goblins, who are there, as I have said before, called *nissen*.

And then there are abnormities, such as nixies,

¹ This would be a great mistake according to Merbitz, who distinctly divides nixies from Bergmännlein, Schrötlein, or elves, and traces them back to classic times. The Sirenes were almost certainly the original Lurlei-type.—*Translator*.

who are only human to the hips, and terminate in fish-tails; or who are wondrously beautiful women, but only to the waist, and end below in many a scaly fold, as serpents, and of this kind was your Melusina, the beloved of Count Raymond of Poitiers. Happy man whose sweetheart was only half serpent?

It often happens that nixies, when they form amorous alliances with men, not only exact secrecy and silence, but also request that no inquiries may be made as to their origin, home, or relations. Nor do they tell their real names, but are known among men, as one may say, by a *nom de guerre*.¹ The husband of the Princess of Cleves called himself Helias. Was he a nix or an elf? The swan which drew him to the shore reminds me of the legend of the Swan Maidens. The history of Helias is told in our popular tales as follows:—

In the year 711 lived Beatrix, the only daughter of the Duke of Cleves. Her father was dead, and she ruled over Cleves, and many lands beside. One day the young chatelaine sat in her castle of Nymwegen; the weather was fair, the sky was clear, and she looked down at the Rhine. There she saw a strange sight. A white swan swam down the stream, and bore on his

¹ The winged sprites of air are known, more probably, by a *nom de plume*.

neck a golden chain, to one end of which was fastened a boat, which he drew. And in the boat sat a handsome man, who held a gold sword, and he had a precious ring on his finger. He stepped ashore and talked long with the lady, telling her that he would guard her land well, and drive away her foes. The young man pleased her so well that she fell in love with and wedded him. But he said to her, "Never ask me aught of my family or origin, since on the day when thou shalt do that I must leave thee, and thou wilt never see me more." And he told her thereto that he was called Helias. He was tall as a giant. They had many children. After several years, once in the night, as Helias lay by her side, the Princess said, not thinking of the warning: "My lord, wilt thou not tell our children whence thou didst come?" And with that word he arose, and entering the swan-boat, sailed away and was never seen more. The lady died of grief and rue therefor that same year. But he left to his three children his three treasures—the sword, the horn, and the ring. His descendants still live, and on the castle of Cleves still stands a high tower, on whose summit there is a swan. And it is called the Swan-tower in memory of this event.¹

¹ This is, of course, the tale of the Knight of the Swan, now so well known by Wagner's opera. It appears to be of Scandi-

How often, as I passed adown the Rhine and came to the Swan-tower of Cleves, did I think of the mysterious knight who so sadly, strongly held to his incognito, and whom a mere question as to his family or race could drive from the arms of love !

But it is really too tormenting when women ask too many questions. Use your lips for kissing, not for questioning, oh ye beauties.¹ Silence is the most serious and absolute condition of happiness. When a man babbles the proofs of his private happiness, or a woman inquires too inquisitively into its secrets, then good luck is sure to leave them both.

Elves and nixies can use magic arts and change themselves into what form they will, but are often themselves enchanted many a time by stronger spirits and great sorcerers into all kinds of strange and horrid shapes. But they are redeemed by love, as in the tale of Zemire and Azor.² The

navian origin. In Thorsten's Saga a king leaves to his three children a ring, a horn, and a sword, all endowed with magical qualities. Helinandus Vincentius, who is quoted by Wierus (*De Prest. Demonis*, l. 2, caps. 4, 6) as the original source of the story (Heine gives it from a chap-book), tells it briefly without any supernatural details. He says that the image in the tower was in ancient tapestry.—*Translator*.

¹ The remainder of this passage is omitted in the French version.

² French version, "Comme dans la Belle et la Bête"—that is, Beauty and the Beast.

toad-like monster must be thrice kissed, and then he is changed to a beautiful prince. So soon as you overcome your dislike for the ugly, or get so far as to love it, it is changed to something beautiful. No magic can resist love. Love is the strongest of sorceries, no other magic prevails against it. There is only one power against which it is itself powerless. What is that? It is not fire, it is not water, nor air, nor earth, with all its metals. It is Time.

The strangest stories as to elementary spirits are to be found in good old Johannes Prætorius, whose *Anthropodemus Plutonicus, das ist Eine Neue Weltbeschreibung von Allerley Wunderbaren Menschen* (that is, a new world-description of all kinds of strange men) appeared at Magdeburg in 1666. The year is of itself remarkable; it was that on which it had been predicted the Day of Judgment would take place.¹ The contents of the book is

¹ The work on its first title-page, on which are twenty-two pictures of marvellous men, is dated 1666; but on the second, facing it, the true date or that of 1668. It was written expressly to suit the first date. It contains 1292 pages. The French version here gives the following addition: "Le livre fait le même effet qu'une boutique de curiosités sur le quai Malaquais ou sur le quai Voltaire. Reliques de toutes les religions disparues, utensiles de pays fabuleux; entremêlés de crucifix et de madones éteintes: vrai bric-a-brac." And yet Heine with all his admirable description falls far short of giving an accurate idea of this mass of learning, wit, stupidity, naïveté, and everything else, all run roaring mad together in a chaos of erudition

a wilderness of nonsense, superstitions pitchforked together, melancolicky and monkey-noted extravagances,¹ and learned citations, "weeds (or cabbage) and turnips." The subjects treated of are arranged according to the initials of their names, which are also chosen in a most arbitrary manner. And the subdivisions are charming, as, for instance, when the writer treats of ghosts, and speaks, firstly, of real spectres; secondly, of imaginary ones, or of cheats who pass themselves off for such. But he is full of learning, and in this book, as in his other works, traditions are preserved

¹ "Maulhängkolischen und affenteuer-lichen Historien." Heine here seems to be trying to rival Prætorius in elegance of style.—*Translator*.

which for extent and variety surpasses all comprehension and belief. I have gone through the work very thoroughly twice, and it was the hardest reading I ever had in my life. I am satisfied that Heine only skimmed it, as he omits so much which he would have been sure to repeat. In the very beginning, on the third page, we are confronted with an Alphabet of Nightmares, which is indeed vividly characteristic of the whole work. Yet withal there is a kind of rude genius in it, reminding one of an insane Jean Paul Richter allied to a melancholy-comic Burton, who knew no difference, in a literary or critical point of view, between an almanac or an old woman's silliest story, and Plato or the Sohar. And here and there in it are touches of a shrewd irony like that of a seventeenth century Carlyle, sketches which recall Washington Irving, and sometimes such an outburst as this, "The Lord help me! what a mass of fine things posterity will dig up out of these writings of mine! What amazement they will cause, because *inventis facile licet addere*. What astonish-

which are partly really important for the study of old German religious antiquities, and partly as mere curiosities. I am convinced that none of you know that there are bishops in the sea. I doubt very much whether the *Gazette de France* knows it. And yet it would be very important for many people to know that Christianity has its followers even in the ocean, and certainly in great number. Perhaps most of the dwellers in the sea are Christians, at least as good Christians as the French. I would willingly suppress this fact so as not to give cause of rejoicing to the Catholic party in France, but as I am discussing nixies or water-men, conscientious German thoroughness requires that I speak of sea-bishops. Of whom Prætorius narrates the following:—

“We read in the Chronicles of Holland that

ment they will awaken, and how much more will many a man think of our Lord Jesus Christ than he ever did before! God give His grace to the printing thereof, and good affection of men thereunto! *Divinum aspira, ô Numen, amorem!*” Which prophecy has been in a degree fulfilled. Prætorius also wrote a trifle of a thousand pages on Palmistry, a Dream-book, for which he says he read carefully three hundred authors, and his rare and curious *Blockes-Berge*, to which latter work Heine was also greatly indebted for hints which appear in the *Harzreise*. As Heine repeats ideas, so Prætorius repeats the same story, sometimes three or four times, and indulges literally in the fancy of always writing down whatever comes into his head, no matter how remote it may be from the subject in hand.—
Translator.

Cornelius of Amsterdam wrote to a physician named Gerbert from Rome, that in the year 1531, in the North Sea near Elpach, there was caught a merman who looked like a bishop of the Romish Church. He was sent to the King of Poland. But as he would eat nothing which was offered to him, he died on the third day. He never spoke, and only heaved deep sighs."

A page further on Prætorius gives another example:—

"In the year 1433 there was found in the Baltic Sea towards Poland a merman who was quite like a bishop. He had a bishop's mitre on his head, his crosier in his hand, and wore the alb. He allowed himself to be touched, especially by the local bishop, to whom he showed honour, but without speaking. The king would fain have kept him in a tower, which he with signs opposed, and begged the bishop to let him go again into his element, which was also done, and he was accompanied by two bishops to the sea, at which he manifested great joy. As soon as he came into the water he made the sign of a cross, and diving under was never seen again. Which may be read in *Flandr. Chronic. in Hist. Ecclesiast. Spondani*, as well as in the *Memorabilis Wolfii*."¹

¹ This second tale is not one page further on but ten, the first occurring on p. 490 and the other on p. 501. Prætorius gives several more stories of sea-bishops. The origin of these

I have given the stories word for word, and also my authorities, so that no one may suppose that I invented them. Truly, I should take good care not to make or find any more bishops, if I could help it.¹ I have enough of them as it is, of those who are visible. Indeed I would be glad if many of those among us would visit their colleagues in the ocean, and rejoice Christianity in its depths with their presence. Unbelief has not as yet spread in the watery abysses; no works of Voltaire are there printed for five sous; there the sea-bishops swim peacefully among shoals of believers.

Yesterday I was conversing with several Englishmen about the Anglo-Episcopal Church, and advised them to turn all their land-bishops into bishops of the sea.

To complete the legends of nixies and elves, I must still speak of the already-mentioned swan-

legends is very apparent. There are several kinds of flat-fish which have on one side a face absurdly like that of a man. The two jaws above bear a close resemblance to a mitre. When these are dried and painted, or gilt, with skill, they would puzzle any one who did not know what they are, so very much do they resemble bishops. Fishermen at Hastings and other places often sell these fish of small size dried as curiosities for a penny or twopence each. I have several of them. If my memory does not deceive me, Rondeletius, and two or three others, give illustrations which confirm this.

¹ In the French version there is, instead of bishops, *prêtres*. The third sentence following is wanting in the latter.

maidens. Tradition is here very obscure, and interwoven with an all-too-mysterious darkness.¹ Are they spirits of water or of air? Are they enchantresses? Many a time they come flying like swans adown from the airy heights, and lay aside, like garments, their white feathery coverings. Then they become fair maids, who bathe in the silent water. Should they be surprised by some too inquisitive youth, they spring quickly from their bath, wrap themselves in the feather garment, and fly, as swans, far away on high. Our excellent Musæus tells us in his *Volks-mährchen* (Popular Tales) the beautiful story of a young knight who succeeded in stealing one of these feather robes. As the maidens ran and wrapped themselves up and flew afar, one remained behind, because she sought in vain for her dress. She cannot escape, she weeps sadly, she is wondrously lovely, and the crafty knight marries her. They live happily together for seven years. But one day the wife, rummaging through chests and trunks, finds her old feather garment, puts it on in haste, and flies away.

Such feather garments are often mentioned in Old Danish songs, but darkly, and in the strangest manner. Here we have traces of the oldest sorcery. Here are distant sounds of Northern heathenism

¹ This remarkable sentence is omitted in the French.

which re-echo marvellously in our memories. I cannot refrain from giving an old ballad, in which not only the swan robe is mentioned, but also the night-raven, who is an accompaniment to the swan-maidens. This song is as thrilling, as terrible, as gloomy as a Scandinavian night; and yet there glows in it a love which, in wild sweetness and burning depth, has no equal.¹ In giving this monstrous love poem, I must first remark that I have, in so doing, only made changes in the metre, or that I have here and there clipped away a bit from the outer portion of the garment. The refrain of every verse is, "And so he flies over the sea."²

"The king sat by the fair young queen,
They sat at the board together;
They spoke of crossing the broad salt sea,
They spoke of the wind and weather.

¹ The end of this sentence and the one which follows are wanting in the French version.

² In the French version this passage ends as follows: "C'est une chanson de magie, et son charme agit toujours. Ecoutez! Ecoutez!" In this translation I have followed, not the Danish original, but the version of Heine. Of all the immense collection of Old Danish ballads to be found in Grundtveig, or the *Kemper Viser*, this is the trashiest. R. A. Prior observes the flat modern character of its original introduction ("Ancient Danish Ballads," 1860). It is quite in the Monk Lewis, "Alonzo the Bravo," style of manufacture. Still there was in the original a certain vigorous archaic expression conveyed by short masculine rhymes, which Heine has thoroughly elimi-

They sailed across the broad salt sea,
 The king and the queen on the morrow ;
 And because the queen did not remain,
 Was a cause of many a sorrow.

When all at once the ship stood still
 In the waves without a motion ;
 A wild night-raven came flying by,
 Who would sink it in the ocean.

'Is any one hidden beneath the waves,
 Who holds the ship's keel downward ?
 I will give him both silver and gold
 To let us go sailing onward.

If thou art the one, night-raven wild,
 And if thou wantest treasure,
 I will give thee in silver and gold
 Fifteen good pounds full measure.'

'Silver and gold I do not want,
 I ask for something better ;
 What thou beneath thy girdle hast
 I ask for, to the letter.'

nated, by converting them into jingling and feeble feminines.
 As may be seen by the original of the first verse :—

"Konningen och vor unge dronningh,
 Thy sider offuer bede bordt,
 Thy blef thennom at thalle
 Altt om then salthe fiordt,
 Saa fly uer hanndt offuer rynnen."

But as Heine has rewritten the ballad after his own fashion, I have unwillingly translated from his version instead of the original, which is in the measure of Sir Patrick Spens. This first verse is omitted by Heine. Night-raven is also a name for the nightmare.—*Translator*.

'What I under my girdle bear,
That is well worth the giving ;
That is my bunch of little keys,
Take them, and leave me living !'

She threw the keys far into the sea,
Her promise was not broken ;
The wild night-raven went flying away,
He kept to the word she had spoken.

And when the queen returned to her home,
And on the strand was roving,
She felt that German, the hero gay,
Beneath her belt was moving.

And when five months had passed away,
The queen, to her chamber going,
Gave birth therein to a beautiful boy,
And yet her tears were flowing.

He was born all in the night,
And christened on the morrow ;
They called him German, the hero gay,
To keep him from pain and sorrow.

The boy grew up, in horse and arms
All other knights excelling ;
But whenever his mother saw her son,
With grief her heart was swelling.

'O mother dear, when I pass by,
In waking or in sleeping,
Why art thou still so sorrowful,
Why art thou always weeping !'

'Why I thus weep may well cause fear,
Although thou art no craven ;
Know, German gay, ere thou wert born,
I promised thee to the raven.'

'O mother, dearest mother mine,
Away with all your sorrow ;
We must meet our fate, come it soon or late,
For that no care I'll borrow.'

It was on a Thursday, in autumn-time,
Just as the day was breaking ;
Through the open window came croaking sounds,
The queen from slumber waking.

The ugly raven came flying in :
'My queen, unless you rue it,
Give me your child—his time has come ;
You promised long since to do it.'

But the mother swore by God above,
And all the saints in heaven,
She knew of neither daughter nor son,
Which to her on earth was given.

The horrible raven flew wildly away,
And angrily cried, while flying :
'I will find German, the hero gay,
He is mine, despite your lying.'

When German was in his fifteenth year,
And began to think of wooing,
He sent to the King of England,
For the hand of his daughter suing.

The king thought well of German the gay,
And promised him his daughter ;
But he said, 'How can I get to my bride ?
All round the island is water.'

And then German, the hero gay,
His scarlet mantle wearing,
All clad in scarlet, entered the hall,
Before his mother appearing.

'O mother, and oh mother dear,
Grant that for which I'm sighing ;
Lend me your feather garment white,
I would over the sea go flying.'

'My feather garb in the corner hangs,
I never thought I should lend it ;
The feathers are falling, I meant this spring
To take it some day and mend it.

The wings upon it are really too large,
The clouds they press them downwards ;
And I ween that thou wilt return no more,
If once thou fliest onwards.'

He clad himself in the feather dress,
Far over the ocean flitting ;
He met the wild night-raven at last,
On a cliff in the ocean sitting.

Well, over the water he winged his way,
And when in the strand a-flying,
There he heard a terrible sound,
A horrible croaking and crying.

' Welcome, German, thou hero gay !
Now thou art braver and taller ;
When first thy mother promised thee,
Thou wert tenderer and smaller.'

' Oh let me fly to see my bride,
And my word of honour I set thee,
That done, I will return again,
To the spot where I first met thee.'

' Then I will mark thee, that ever more
I may know thee under heaven ;
And this sign shall ever remember thee
Of the word which thou hast given.'

Then he plucked out German's right eye,
Drank half his blood, and went flying ;
The hero came unto his bride,
With love and weakness dying.

He sat himself in the ladies' hall,
As pale as a white swan feather ;
The gossiping maidens who sat there,
Grew silent altogether.

They ceased their laughter and their joy,
Ever more silent growing ;
The proud young Princess Adelutz
Threw down her needle and sewing.

They ceased their laughter, like merry birds
In rising stormy weather ;
The proud young Princess Adelutz
Clasped quickly her hands together.

'Welcome, German, thou hero gay,
Why are thy garments so bloody,
And why are thy cheeks so deadly pale,
Which were before so ruddy?'

'Farewell, proud Lady Adelutz!
'Twixt us there can be no mating;
The raven who took my eye and my blood,
Even now for my body is waiting.'

With a gold comb she combed his hair,
'And must thou go to-morrow!'
And so, with every hair she combed,
Her tears ran down in sorrow.

With every lock which the lady combed,
Her tears ran down in sorrow,
And cursed his mother, through whose fault
Such trouble they all must borrow.

The proud young maiden Adelutz,
Her love in her white arms keeping,
Said, 'May thy evil mother be cursed,
Who brought us to this weeping!'

'Oh listen, proud Lady Adelutz,
And do not curse my mother,
'Twas not her fault, 'twas all our fate,
And his fate no man can smother.'

He clad himself in his feather garb,
On a good west wind relying;
She clad herself in a dress like his,
And after her love went flying.

He flew on high, he flew adown,
But wherever he did find him,
The lady, in her white swan robe,
Was following close behind him.

‘Return, return, proud Adelutz !
Homewards you should be flying ;
Your hall-door was left open, know,
And your keys on the ground are lying.’

‘My door may be wide open still,
My keys on the ground be lying ;
Where’er thou art is my only home,
In living or in dying.’

He flew so high, he flew so low,
The darkling vapour crossed him ;
The heavy cloud around them came,
And in the fog she lost him.

She cut into pieces the sea-birds all
Whom she met, her vengeance wreaking ;
But the wild black raven she could not find,
Despite of all her seeking.

The proud young Princess Adelutz,
Down to the strand went flying ;
And there she found her love’s right hand
Close by the water lying.

Then all enraged she sailed away,
With vengeance to repay him ;
She sought the raven east and west,
And she alone would slay him.

With her shears she slew the sea-birds all,
Above the clouds or under ;
And when she met the raven at last,
With a blow she cleft him asunder.
She cut and hacked him till she herself
Of weary sorrow perished ;
So she died for German, the hero gay,
Whose life she so dearly cherished."

Very significant in this ballad is the mention of the feather garment as well as of the flying itself. In the old heathen times there were queens and noble dames of whom it was said that they could thus soar, and this magic art, which was then honourable, was in later Christian times represented as an abomination of witchcraft. The vulgar belief in the airy flights of witches is a travesty of old German belief, and is not at all due to Christianity, as has been inferred, or that it came from the passage in the Bible where Satan carried our Saviour through the air.¹ That text, it is true, might be used to confirm the popular faith, since it proved that the devil was really capable of flying away with men.

Many believe the swan-maidens of whom I

¹ If the belief in witches flying on broomsticks was derived from exclusively *German* tradition, whence did the Italians get it? The truth is that the Italian witch-flying, on broom or goat, is of Etrusco-Latin origin, or rather that both the German and Latin beliefs and myths came from a common Aryan source. All of this last passage is wanting in the French version.—*Translator*.

have spoken were the Valkyries of the Scandinavians. Of these latter there are also many traces in the popular tales. They are female beings who sweep through the air on white wings, generally the evening before a battle, the result of which they had secretly predetermined. And they also met heroes in lonely forest paths, foretelling to them their victory or defeat. We read in Prætorius:—

“It happened once that King Hother of Denmark and Sweden, when separated too far from his men in a fog, met with such women who knew him, greeted him by name, and conversed with him. And when he asked them who they were, they replied that they were the ones in whose hands was placed the victory over enemies in battle. They were ever there, even though unseen; the one to whom they gave pre-eminence conquered, and the enemy could do him no harm. When they had told him this they, with their house and temple, suddenly disappeared, and the king found himself alone in a wide field under the open heaven.”

The essential part of this story reminds us of the witches whom Shakespeare brings before us in “Macbeth,” and who, in the old legend, of which the poet has availed himself almost circumstantially, appear to be described as far nobler than mere witches.¹

¹ This is a great mistake. Shakespeare had probably never heard of Hother or Valkyries. He gave the story as it was

According to this tale there also appeared to the hero, Hother, in the forest, just before the battle, three mysterious maidens, who foretold him his fate and disappeared, leaving no trace behind. They were Valkyries, or the Norna—the Fates of the North.¹ We are reminded of these by the three spinning women who are known to us in an old nursery tale. One has a flat foot, another a broad thumb, and the third a hanging lip. By these they are always known, wherever they may appear, either as old or young. I give the most agreeable version of this tale from the book of Grimm.

“There was a lazy maid who would not spin, let her mother say what she would; and at last the mother, in anger and impatience, beat her, whereat she began to cry aloud. Just then the

generally told in his time, drawn from such writers as Boethius, Cardanus, and Grosius, the latter of whom (*Magica seu Mirabilium Historiarum de Spectris*, &c., 1597) narrates it as specially illustrating diabolical sorcery, declaring that it was a *fatidica mulier*, or fortune-telling woman, who predicted to Macbeth his destiny. Cardanus took the story from Hector Boethius, who only says that Machabeus (Macbeth) “met with three women of unusual aspect.”

¹ Heine has in this story of Hother followed Prætorius, who tells the tale in a very confused manner, jumbling two legends together. The original may be found in Olaus Magnus, lib. 3, cap. 10. The hero won his victory, not by the will of the Norna, or fates, but by playing the harp, and singing so charmingly as to enchant the nymphs who prepared the food by tasting which warriors became invincible.

queen was passing by the door, and hearing the noise, entered, and asked the mother why she beat the girl so that her cries were even heard in the street? Then the mother, being in shame lest the laziness of her daughter should be made known, answered, 'I cannot keep her from spinning. She would fain spin on for ever, and I am poor, and cannot get her flax enough.' Then the queen replied, 'I love of all things to hear spinning, and am never so glad as when the wheels hum. Give me your girl; she shall go to my castle, where I have flax enough for her to spin as long as she pleases.'

"The mother was pleased from her heart, and the queen left with the maid. When they came to the castle they went into three rooms filled up to the roof with the finest flax. 'Spin this,' said the queen, 'and when you shall have finished the task you may marry my son; though you be poor, yet I care naught therefor, unceasing industry is dower enough for me.' The girl was frightened to the heart, for she could not have spun up all that flax in three hundred years, though she should work from morn till eve.

"When she was alone she began to weep, and so sat for three days without moving her hands. On the third day came the queen, and when she saw that there had been no spinning done, she was astonished; but the girl excused herself by

saying that she had grieved so much at going away from home that she could not work. The queen was satisfied, but said, 'To-morrow you must begin to spin.'

"When the girl was again alone, she knew not what to do, and in her grief gazed out of the window. Then she saw three women coming; the first had a great flat foot, the second an under lip which hung down on her chin, and the third a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She bewailed her trouble, and they offered to help her, saying, 'If you will ask us to your wedding, and not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and give us seats at the table, then we will spin all the flax speedily.' 'With all my heart,' she answered; 'come in and begin the work at once.' Then the three strange women entered and made a place for themselves in the first room, and began spinning. One pulled the thread and trod the wheel, another wetted it, the third turned it and struck with her finger on the table, and as often as she tapped there fell a skein of yarn, spun as finely as could be, on the ground.

"The girl hid the three spinners from the queen, who, seeing how rapidly the yarn was spun, praised her very much. And when the first room was finished, the next was begun, and so on till all the flax was spun. Then the three spinners went

their way, saying to the girl, 'Remember what thou hast promised; it will be lucky for thee.'

"When the maid showed the queen the empty rooms and the great pile of yarn, the latter prepared the wedding, and the bridegroom, not a little proud that he had such a clever and industrious wife, praised her mightily. And she said, 'I have three cousins, and I would not forget them in my prosperity, for they were very kind to me; pray let me invite them to the wedding, and give them places at the table.' The queen and her son said, 'Certainly, by all means.' And when the feast began the three maidens came in magnificently dressed, and the girl said, 'Welcome, my dear cousins!' 'Ah,' said the bridegroom, 'how did you come by such horrible friends?' And going to the one with the great foot he asked, "What was it made your foot so broad?" and she answered, 'Spinning the flax. The wheel I trod." Then he went to the second and asked, "Why does your lip hang down to your chin?" and she replied, "From licking the flax whenever I spin." Then he inquired of the third, "What makes you have such a great broad thumb?" and she said, "Turning the thread to make the thrum." Then the prince was alarmed and said, 'If that is what comes of spinning, my wife shall never spin again.' And so she was free from the vile flax-spinning."

And the *moral*? Every Frenchman to whom I ever told this story always asked me for one. My friends, that is just the difference between you and us. We only in real life require a moral, never in the fictions of poetry. You may learn from this story how one may get other people to do your spinning and yet become a princess. It is noble in a nurse to teach children betimes that there is something more real than labour—which is *luck*. One often hears of children born with a luck-skin, or caul, with whom everything succeeds in life. The belief in luck or fortune as an innate, or accidentally granted gift, is of heathen origin, and contrasts agreeably with the Christian theory, according to which suffering and abstinence are to be regarded as the first favours of heaven.

The problem, the aim, of heathenism was to achieve fortune.¹ The Greek hero called it the golden fleece, and the German the Nibelungen-hoard. The task of Christianity, on the contrary, was renunciation, and its heroes endured the pangs of martyrdom; they took up their cross of their own free will, and their most glorious victory led but to the grave.

One will of course remember that the fleece and the Nibelungen-hoard brought great woe

¹ *Gluck*, fortune, luck, or happiness. The French version gives it as *bonheur*.

unto their winners. But the error of these heroes was to mistake gold for good fortune or happiness. Yet in the main they were right. Man should strive for happiness in this world—sweet happiness, and not the cross. For that let him wait till he is borne to be buried, and then he will have one set above his grave.¹

And here I cannot refrain from telling a tale, the scene of which brings the valley of the Rhine in all its beauty before one. In it also appear three women, of whom I cannot decide whether they are elementary spirits or enchantresses, that is, enchantresses of the old heathen stamp, who differ so decidedly from the later witch-sisterhood. I do not recollect the story very well. If I am not mistaken it is told in detail in Schreiber's *Rheinische Sagen* (Rhine Legends). It is the legend of the *Wisperthal* (Whisper-vale,) which takes its name from the whispering voices which there meet the ear, reminding one of a certain mysterious "*Hist—st—st*," which may be heard of evenings in certain side-streets in cities.

"Once upon a time three gay young fellows wandered through the valley, wondering greatly what could cause the constant '*Hist—hist!*' The oldest and cleverest of them, who was a sword-outler, at last cried out, 'Those are the voices

¹ There are trivial variations, of this and the next sentence, in the French version.

of women who are so ugly that they are ashamed to show themselves !'

"He had hardly spoken these crafty and challenging words, when all at once there suddenly stood before them three wonderfully beautiful maids, who courteously invited him and his companions to enter their castle, rest from their journey, and otherwise refresh themselves. This castle, which was hard by, they had not before remarked, possibly because it was not built like others, but hewed in the rock, so that only some narrow Gothic windows and a broad gateway were externally visible. When they had entered they were not a little amazed at the splendour which met their eyes on every side. The three young ladies, who seemed to be its sole inhabitants, gave them an exquisite meal, at which the cup was passed by them many times. The youths, whose hearts grew warmer with the wine, had never before seen such beauties, and betrothed themselves soon to them with burning kisses. On the third day the ladies said, 'If you would always live with us, you dear fellows, then you must first go into the woods and hear what the birds say. When you shall have lurked, listened, and learned what the sparrow, magpie, and owl say, then come back into our arms.'

"The three companions went into the wood, and after they had made their way through brambles

and brush, thorns and bush, and stumbled over many a ragged root, they came to a tree on which a sparrow sat chirping the following saying:—

‘ There were once three fools of a piece,
Who travelled Plum-pudding land through,
There came ready roasted geese
And before their mouths they flew.
And one, like a lusty bawler,
Cried out, “ In this land of the South
It’s a pity the geese are not smaller,
So they might just fly into our mouth ! ” ’

“ ‘ Yes, indeed ! ’ cried the sword-smith. ‘ That is well put. When people are fools, even if roast geese fly just before their mouths it does them no good. Their mouths are too small, and the geese are too large, and they do not know how to help themselves. ’ ¹

“ So the three went further into the wood, and after they had made their way through brambles and brush, thorns and bush, and stumbled over many a ragged root, they came to a tree on which a magpie jumped here and there, who chattered these words:—

“ ‘ My mother was a magpie, and so was my grandmother; my great-grandma was a magpie,

¹ There is a German proverb, “ In Schlaraffen Land (the land of Cocaigne or of Idlers), where the roasted geese, or pigeons, fly to one’s mouth.” It is illustrated with a picture in the works of Claudius.—*Translator*.

my great-great-grandmother another; so was her mamma before her—every one had a bill, and if she had not died she'd have been living still.'

"‘Yes, yes,’ said the sword-cutler, ‘that I can understand. That is the common history of the world. That is the final compendium (*Inbegriff*) of all our researches, and mankind will never learn much more.’

"After the three companions had gone further through brambles and brush, been scratched by many thorns and stumbled over many a ragged root, they came to a tree whereon sat an owl, who kept muttering and murmuring:—

"He who talks with a woman by a woman will be cheated, he who talks with two, by two will be defeated, and he who talks with women three by three women betrayed will be."

"‘Holla, there!’ cried the sword-cutler. ‘You ugly pitiful bird, with your ugly pitiful wisdom, such as one can buy from every humpbacked beggar for a farthing! That is old and rotten rumour. You would speak better of women if you were good-looking and gay like us, or if you knew our brides, who are as fair as the sun and true as gold!’

"Then they returned, and after they had gone on, whistling and carolling, they found themselves before the rock-castle, and with un-

restrained joyousness¹ they sang the knavish song:—

‘ Bolt in and bolt out,
Sweetheart, what art thou about?
Art thou waking, art thou sleeping,
Art thou laughing, art thou weeping?’

“ While the three young fellows stood frolicking before the castle door, three small windows over it were opened, and from every window looked out a long-nosed, blear-eyed old woman. They nodded their grey heads as if delighted, and opened their toothless mouths and shrieked: ‘ There are our dear betrothed ones! Wait, dears, we will soon open the door and welcome you with kisses, and you shall enjoy the happiness of life in the arms of love.’

“ The young fellows, startled to death, did not wait for the opening of the door, or the embraces of their brides, or enjoyment of life, but started anew on their travels at once, running head over heels, and made such good time that they arrived that day in the town Lorch. And as they sat in the evening in the public-house they drank many pints of wine before they recovered from their fright. And the sword-cutler swore, high

¹ “ Mit ausgelassener Fröhlichkeit.” Not an expression characteristic of a *Volksmärchen* or peasant’s tale.

and dear, that the owl was the wisest bird in the world, and was justly regarded as an emblem of wisdom."¹

I have classed this narrative with that of the three spinners. According to certain learned Hellenists the latter are the three Fates; but our patriotic antiquarians, who are but little affected towards classic studies, claim these three for the Scandinavian mythology, declaring they are the three Norna. These two hypotheses may be applied to the three women of the *Wisperthal*. It is difficult to determine the real nature of the Scandinavian Norna.² They may be considered as one and the same with the Valkyrie of whom

¹ Heine might have very well spared himself or his readers any conjectures as to the ancient meaning of this story, which is most evidently a modern *pièce de manufacture*, both as regards its spirit, or meaning, and form. In popular tales the hero does not make philosophic remarks as to the average results of writing universal history, nor sing "roguish songs" "with unrestrained joyousness." Such stories are always the tales of the *fortune* of one or more persons, and not abstract satires on society and universal history, as this is. I think it not improbable that Heine rewrote the tale from something much better and simpler.

² Heine does not seem to have been acquainted with the new Edda, in which the nature of the different Norna is clearly set forth. The sagas were not poems but prose legends, chiefly historical. The bewildering confusion of which he complains as existing in Scandinavian mythology was more in his own mind, as the result of extremely slender knowledge of it, than in the subject itself.—*Translator*.

I have spoken. The sagas of the Icelandic poets tell us the strangest things of the Valkyrie. At one time they ride in the air over the din of battle, whose result they determine; anon they are amazons, called shield-maidens, who fight for their lovers; and yet again they appear in the forms of the swan-maidens, of whom I have given a few features. There prevails in these traditions a bewildering confusion which is as cloudy as the sky of the North. One of these Valkyrie was the strong Sigrun, and in the saga which speaks of her we find a touching episode which recalls Bürger's Leonore. But the latter is flat and tame compared to the heroine of the Scandinavian poem. I will here give an extract from this saga.

“King Sigmund, the son of Volsung, had married Borghild of Brelund, and they called their son Helgi, after Helgi the son of Sorward. Sigmund and the men of his race called themselves Volsungs. Hunding was the king of a wealthy land, called from him Hundland. He was a great warrior, and the father of many sons, who went forth to battle. King Hunding and King Sigmund were enemies, and they mutually slew one another's friends. Granmar was the name of a mighty king, who dwelt on a height called Swarinshöh. He had many sons, one of whom was Hodbrodd, the other Gudmund, and

the third Starkader. Hodbrodd was in the council of the kings, and was betrothed to Sigrun, the daughter of Högni. But when she heard this she flew on horseback with the Valkyries, and swept over land and sea to find Helgi. Helgi was then in Logofjall. He had fought with Hunding's sons, and having slain Alf, Eiolf, Haghard, and Herward, being weary, was resting under the Eagle's Cliff. There Sigrun found him, threw her arms round his neck, embraced (kissed) him under her helmet, and said: 'My father has betrothed me to the evil son of Granmar, but I have called him as brave as a cat's son. In a few nights the prince will come, unless thou dost allure him to the field of battle, and wilt bear away the king's daughter.' Then the hero was seized with love for the maiden, but Sigrun had passionately loved the son of Sigmund before she had ever seen him. The daughter of Högni followed her heart in saying that she wished for Helgi's love. 'But,' continued Sigrun, 'I see, oh prince, beforehand, the anger of the friends of all our family, because I have wrecked the dearest hope of my father.' Helgi replied, 'Trouble not thyself as to the wrath of Högni, or for that of thy family. Thou shalt dwell with me, maiden; thou art, as I see, of noble race.'

"Helgi assembled many warriors, embarked them, and sailed for Frekastein. While at sea they

were surprised by a terrible storm, which put them in death-peril, lightning flashed round the heaven, and their ship was struck. There came nine Valkyries riding through the air, and among them they recognised Sigrun; then the storm died out, and they reached the shore in safety. The sons of Granmar camped upon a hill as the ship came to land. Gudmund threw himself on his horse, and rode seawards to learn who was coming. Then the Volsung hoisted their sails, and Gudmund asked, 'Who is the king who rules this fleet, and leads this mighty host into our land?' The son of Sigmund answered haughtily and with a challenge, and Gudmund returned with the defiance. Then the sons of Granmar assembled an army, in which were many kings, as well as Högni, the father of Sigrun, and his sons Bragi and Dag. And they had a great battle, in which all the sons of Granmar and all their generals fell, all save Dag, the son of Högni, who made peace and swore faith to the Volsung. Sigrun went over the battlefield, and found Hodbrodd, who lay dying. She said, 'Never, O King Hodbrodd, will Sigrun of Sevaicell rest in thy arms, for thy life is lost. Soon will the claws of wolves tear the flesh of the sons of Granmar.' Then she went to Helgi and was full of joy. The young victor said to her, 'O Alvit, all-knowing one (one of the names given to the Valkyries), all, alas!

has not gone as thou wouldst have it, but the Norna direct our destiny. Bragi and Högni fell this morning by Frekastein, and I slew them. And Starkadr fell by Styrkleif, and near Hlebjorg the sons of Hrollaug. One of them was the fiercest hero I ever saw ; when his head was hewn off, his body still fought. Well nigh all thy race lies on the battle plain ; thou hast in this battle nothing gained ; it was fated to thee to attain thy wish only through battle.' Then Sigrun wept, and Helgi said, 'Comfort thyself, Sigrun ; thou wert our Hilde' (a goddess of war who excited men to battle). 'Kings cannot escape their fate.' She replied, 'Oh that I could reanimate the dead, yet also rest, my love, still in thine arms.'

"Helgi wedded Sigrun, and she bore him sons. Helgi did not live long. Dag, the son of Högni, made great sacrifice to Odin, and implored his aid. Then Odin lent him his lance. Dag found his brother-in-law in the place called Fjöturland, and pierced him with the spear of Odin. So fell Helgi ; but Dag rode forth at once to Sevaßjäll, and brought to Sigrun the news of the death of her loved hero. 'My sister, I must announce dire news, and make thy tears flow ; a king this morning fell in Fjöturland, a king bravest of all on earth, one whose head rose above those of the bravest warriors.' Sigrun cried aloud, 'May thy

heart be pierced by all the oaths which thou didst swear to Helgi by the shining flood of Leiptr (the river of the lower world), and by the Ice-cliff which its waves wash. May never ship sail well on which thou art, however favourable the wind may be! May never any war-horse carry thee, although thou art pursued by deadliest foes! And may the sword thou bearest lose its edge, unless indeed it whistles round thine own head. Oh, to see Helgi's death avenged on thee, I would thou couldst be changed into a wolf, and in the forest live without a joy or hope, and even always wanting food, save when among men's corpses thou dost leap.' Dag replied, 'Thou art mad, my sister, and it is madder still to curse thy brother. Odin was the cause of all this discord, he has thrown the runes of enmity between the nearest kin. Thy brother offers thee the red (golden) ring of reconciliation; he offers thee all the land from Wlandilswa and Wigdali. Take it, oh woman adorned with armlets, take for thee and for thy son the half of the realm as atonement for thy suffering.'

"Sigrun answered, 'Never shall I rule happily in Sevafjäll, nor be glad by night or by day, unless the splendour of my hero shines at the door of his tomb, or unless the war-horse of my king, Wigblör with the golden reins, bounds under him, or I can grasp and hold him in my arms. Before

Helgi all his enemies and their allies fled, fled like frightened mountain kids before the wolf. Helgi rose above all other heroes like a noble ash above blackberry bushes, or as the stag wetted with dew surpasses all other animals raising his shining horns to heaven.'

"A hill tomb was raised over Helgi, and when he came to Valhalla, Odin offered to divide with him the rule of all the world. And Helgi said, seeing Hunding, 'Thou, Hunding, shalt daily as thou goest to bed get ready for every man his foot-bath, light the fire, tie up the dogs, care for the horses, and feed the pigs.'

"A maid of Sigrun's went one evening by Helgi's grave, and lo! she saw the hero with a great following of warriors ride toward the mount. The maid said, 'Are these delusions of my eyes, or has the end of the world come? Dead men come riding, ye drive your war-horses with spurs. Are heroes allowed to return to earth?' Helgi replied, 'These are no mere phantoms which thou seest, neither is the end of the world nigh, and though thou seest us drive our war-horses with spurs, for return is permitted unto heroes.'

"The maid hastened home and said to Sigrun, 'Go to the hill, Sigrun of Sevaßjäll, if you would find the prince of the peoples. The tomb is open, Helgi is come, his wounds bleed, he

incites thee to allay and heal them.' Sigrun hurried to the hill, entered to Helgi, and said, 'How am I glad to see thee—glad as the starving vultures of Odin when they smell corpses, or when, wet with dew, they see the aurora rise. First, I will embrace thee, dead king, ere thou layest aside thy bloody shirt of mail. O Helgi, thy hair is white with frost, thou art all over covered with the dew of the dead (blood), and thy hands are cold as ice. How can I, O king, allay the pain of thy wounds?' Helgi replied, "Thou alone, Sigrun of Sevaþjáll, art cause that Helgi is wetted with the dew of disaster, for every evening ere thou goest to sleep, O queen, adorned with jewels and gold, thou sheddest for a long time bitter tears. And every tear falls bleeding on my breast, my icy breast, smitten with anguish. But we will drink again from the cup of joy, though we have lost all joy and every blessing, so that no one shall sing a song of mourning, though he may see gaping wounds on my breast. Women are now with us in the hidden place, daughters of kings, with us the dead!'

"Sigrun prepared a bed in the hill. 'Here is a bed of rest and free from care which I have made for thee, O Helgi, Volsung's son. I will sleep in thy arms, O king, as I did when thou wert alive.' Helgi answered, 'Now I declare that

there is nothing incredible, be it late or early, in Sevaßjäll, since thou, proud daughter of Högni of royal race, liest in my dead arms—thou who art still among the living! But now it is time that I again wander on the road of light, and my pale war-horse must again tread his airy path, for the morning-red begins to shine, for I must ride westwards on the rainbow bridge (Windh-jalmbrücke), before Salgofnir (the cock) awakens the conquerors.'

"So Helgi and his men rode forth on their war-steeds, and the women returned home. The next day Sigrun bade her maid, towards evening, keep watch by the hill. When the sun had set, and Sigrun came to the tomb, she said, 'By this time the son of Sigmund should have come from the hall of Odin, if he means to come. But I am losing hope to see him, for the eagles are beginning to roost on the ash-tree boughs, and all the world is hastening to the realm of dreams.' The maid replied, 'Be not so madly bold, oh daughter of the Skioldungr, as to go alone into the dwelling of the spirits; by night the dead are mightier than by day.' Sigrun did not live long in suffering and grief."

Here the legend ends, but the narrator adds to this the remark—

"It was believed in old times that men were born again on earth, but we regard it as an old

wives' tale. It is said of Helgi and Sigrun that they lived a second time. He was then called Helgi, the hero of Haddjuga, and Sigrun, Kara, the daughter of Halfdan, and she was a Valkyrie."

I add to this the beginning of another Scandinavian saga, called the *Vœlundr* saga, because there appears in it a clear proof of the identity of the Valkyrie with the three spinners and the swan-maidens, of which I have spoken. In which we are told that—

"Nidhutr was the name of a king in Swithiod (Sweden). He was father of three sons and a daughter, Baudvildur. And he had in Finland three brothers, sons of the king in that country, the eldest of whom was Slagfidr, the second Egil, and the third *Vœlundr*. They went to herd their flocks and came to *Ulfdalir* (Wolf's dale), where they built them huts. There was a lake called *Ulfjar* (the Wolf's lake), where they built them huts. And on its margin very early one morning the king's sons found sitting three women who spun flax, and had their swan dresses lying near them on the ground. They were Valkyries, and two of them were daughters of King Landwer. They were named, one was called *Hladgur Svanhvit* (*Hladgur* the snow-white); the second, *Hervoer Alvit* (*Herva* the All-knowing); and the third, *Aulrun*, the daughter of *Kiar* of *Walland*. The three brothers took them

home. Egil had Aulrun; Slagfidr, Svanhvit; and Voelundr, Alvit for wife. Seven winters (years) they dwelt together, but in the eighth the women flew away to take part in battles, and did not return. Egil went forth to seek Aulrun, and Slagfidr also sought his Svanhvit, but Voelundr remained in Ulfdalir. He was, according to ancient sagas, a skilful artist. He set the costliest pearls in pure gold, and strung all his rings on a string of soft bark. So he awaited the return of his noble spouse. When Nidhutr, the King of Sweden, learned that Voelundr was alone in Ulfdalir, he went by night with his men. Their armour was well fitted, and their shields shone in the moonshine. Having arrived at the home of Voelundr, they surprised the king's son as he slept, bound and pinioned him, and Nidhutr bore him away."¹

I have in these pages only superficially treated a subject which might furnish volumes of interesting material, that is, the manner in which Christianity attempted to either destroy the Old German religion or to absorb it, and how traces of it remain in popular beliefs. How the war of destruction was conducted is well known. When the Christian priests could not drive out the

¹ Voelundr is the prototype of Velint, and the English Wayland Smith.

heathen priests by means of miracles, the sword of secular power came obligingly to their aid. The greatest number of conversions were brought about by Christian princesses marrying heathen chiefs, and there are centuries in which the Church chronicles are only records of weddings. When the people, accustomed to their earlier worship of nature, retained a reverence for certain places, then it was attempted to either turn this piety into the channel of the new belief, or to render it repulsive as an inspiration of the devil. By the fountains or springs which heathenism worshipped the Christian priest built a crafty little church, and he himself blessed the water, and made what he could out of its healing power. There are to this day many of the blessed old wells or springs of ancient time, to which the multitude make pilgrimage, and in full belief drink from them health. The holy oaks which resisted the pious axes were slandered, it was said the devils haunted them, and the witches there practised their diabolical debauchery. Yet despite this the oak remained the favourite tree of the German race. It is to this very day the symbol of German nationality itself; it is the greatest and strongest tree of the forest; its roots penetrate into the very depths of the earth; its summit waves proudly like a green banner in the air; the elves of poetry dwell in its trunk; the mistletoe of holy wisdom

grows on its branches, only its fruit is small and not fit for human food.¹

Among the old German laws, especially in those of the Alemanni, are many prohibiting the worship of streams, trees, and rocks, in the heretical faith that there was divinity dwelling in them. Charlemagne expressly prohibited in his capitularies offerings to stones, trees, or rivers, nor should consecrated candles be lighted by them.²

These three—stones, trees and streams—appear as the principal motives of the old German cultus, and to this corresponds the faith in beings which inhabit them—that is to say, dwarfs in rocks, elves in trees, and nixies in water. To systematise this method is much more practical than that of Paracelsus, according to the elements, which adopts a fourth class for fire, that is, the salamander. But the people, always without a system, never knew anything of all this, and I am convinced that the faith in fire-spirits is due entirely to Paracelsus himself.³ There is among

¹ A mistake. Eatable or palatable acorns are not uncommon in England, and they are common in Italy. In Rome they are prepared by steeping the kernel in lime-water. The earliest Italian race was said to have subsisted on them.—*Translator*.

² The conclusion of this sentence is wanting in the French version.—*Translator*.

³ This is all much more than doubtful. Friedrich (*Symbolik der Natur*), who cites a cloud of witnesses in proof, declares that a belief in a spirit of fire who dwelt in the *Ofen* was widely

the people only the story of one animal which can live in fire, and is called salamander. All boys are zealous naturalists, and when I was a little fellow I applied myself seriously to seek whether a salamander could really live in fire. And one day when one of my schoolfellows caught one, I was in keen haste to throw it into the oven fire, where it first spirted or threw out a whitish slime, hissed less and less, and finally gave up the ghost. This creature looks like a lizard but is saffron yellow, with some black spots, and the

spread in Germany. This spirit was worshipped to a very late period, all kinds of food being thrown into the fire as offerings. There are tales, proverbs, prayers, and games still extant which establish this. Children when sickly or suffering are held up to the fire with invocation to it. Had Heine read his Grimm more attentively (*Deutsche Mythologie*, 2nd ed., p. 595, &c.), or Daumer, *Geheimnisse des Christlichen Alterthums*, he could not have made this strange assertion. The *Erzdrach* of Tyrol is, according to Panzer, "a powerful god of fire, water, and air." There is also the three-legged *fire-hound* of the Wild Hunt, which is certainly a spirit. As regards all belief in a faith in fire-spirits having originated with Paracelsus himself, we know that Psellus and other magi had a system quite like that of the former. "They divide spirits into those of fire, air, water, earth, and these further into those of caverns, darkness, forests, mountains, fields, houses, the jovial, the saturnian, &c." It never seems to have occurred to Heine that every detail of the Paracelsian pneumatology was widely spread among the people from whom it was derived, and had existed long before among the Neo-Platonists. The Norse folklore, which Heine treats as German, abounds in spirits of fire, as does the folklore of every country in Europe.—*Translator*.

white liquid which it omits, and with which it perhaps often extinguishes the fire, may have caused the belief that it can live in fire.¹

The fiery men who wander round by night are not elementary spirits but ghosts of men departed, dead usurers, pitiless public officials, and malefactors who have removed landmarks. The *Irrwische* (*ignis fatuus*, will o' the wisp) are also no spirits. It is not exactly known what they are;² they lead astray wanderers in moorlands

¹ Heine did not know what a fire-salamander was. That is a lizard-like creature, which is supposed to live always in fire. Benvenuto Cellini declares that he saw one when he was a small boy, and got from his father a good whipping to make him remember it. One to keep him from lying would not have been misapplied. The origin of the superstition was that the lizard, from living in sunshine on hot rocks and sand, was among the Greeks a symbol of heat (Ovi l, "Metamorphoses," v. 447).

² Heine's great authority, Prætorius, says: "The evil spirits which are called *Feuerwisch* (*ignis fatuus*) lead men astray," and also declares that some people believe they are souls of unbaptized children. In the *Wunderbuchlein*, a collection of old popular beliefs, they are called *Feuermannen* or *Firemen*, and are described as spirits going to those who pray, and flying from those who curse. They are regarded as wild and wandering spirits in Germany and many other countries of Europe, probably in all. The English called them not only Will o' the Wisp, and Jack o' Lantern, but also Friar Rush. The reader will recall the man who

"Through bog and bush
Was lantern-led by Friar Rush."

English gypsies think they are mischievous goblins, and call them *mullo-doods*, i.e., dead or ghost lights.

and morasses. The English call them "Will with a wisp" and also "Jack with a lantern." As I have said, a complete class of fire-spirits such as Paracelsus describes is unknown to the people.¹ It only speaks of one fiery spirit, and that is, no other than Lucifer Satan, the devil. In old ballads he appears by the name of the fire-king and when he enters or makes exit in the theatre the necessary flames are never wanting. And since he is the only spirit of fire, and must make up the want of a whole class of such spirits, we will describe him more accurately.

In fact, if the devil were no spirit of fire, how could he endure it in hell? He is a being of

¹ This passage is wanting in the French version. In its place we have the following:—

"Quant à de véritables esprits de feu, c'est à-dire qui y puissent vivre, il n'y en a peut-être que deux, qui sont Dieu et le Diable.

"Comme dans notre pays de France, on sait peu de chose sur ces deux antagonistes, on qu'on n'en a que des souvenirs obscurs, vous seriez peut-être curieux d'apprendre ce qu'en disent les croyances populaires de l'Allemagne.

"Que Dieu soit un esprit de feu c'est que soutiennent déjà les anciens philosophes, par exemple Porphyre, selon qui notre âme n'est qu'une émanation de l'âme ignée de Dieu. Les anciens mages ont adoré le feu comme la Divinité même. Moïse vit Jéhovah en buisson ardent. . . . S'il n'était pas esprit de feu comment eût-il le feu s'y maintenir. La plus importante autorité est celle de la petite fille à qui la mère de Dieu avait permis de se promener dans le ciel. Après que la petite fille eut vu douze appartements dans chacun desquels était établi un apôtre, elle arriva enfin à une petite chambre, où la mère de Dieu lui

so cold a nature that out of fire he is not comfortable. All the poor women who have been in close touch with the devil complain of this bitter coldness. Very remarkable in their agreement as to this particular are the confessions of all the witches of every country.¹ These ladies who confessed to having had carnal connection with the devil, even during torture, always speak of the coldness of his embraces, and of the icy freezing gush of his diabolical raptures. He generally appeared to them in the garb of a courtier with a red feather on his head.

But if cold as a lover, the devil cannot be called ugly, for he can take what form he will.

avait bien défendu d'entrer. Mais elle ne peut résister à sa curiosité, ouvre la porte, et que voit-elle ? la très Sainte Trinité au milieu d'un bon feu rouge flamboyant ?

"Il faut que le diable soit un esprit de feu ; autrement comment pourrait-il durer dans l'enfer. Mais pendant que le bon Dieu supporte le feu parceque lui-même est un esprit igné, le diable l'endure fort bien parce qu'il est d'une nature si froide qu'il ne sent à son aise que dans le feu."

¹ The French version here adds, "et principalement dans les ouvrages du criminaliste Carpzow." A sufficiently satisfactory reason for this strange belief appears in Michelet's *Sorcière*, of which there is a hint in the following words from the Italian translation, "*Il lavabo acatato altresì dalle purificazioni pagane. Una fredda purificazione per instelire*" (i.e., to render sterile). Cf. Michelet, *La Strega*, vol. ii. lib. 2, p. 5. Carpzow wrote a book entitled *Practica Nova Rerum Criminalium* (ed. Boehmer, 3 vols. folio, 1758), in which he declared that even to deny the accusation of witchcraft deserved death (*Vide Horst, Dämonomachie*, 1818).

He has often assumed feminine seductiveness to keep some pious monk from penitence or entice him to sensual pleasure. To others whom he would terrify he came with his hellish crew in forms of beasts. He loves to appear most beastly when he has guzzled and swilled notably. Once there was in Saxony a gentleman who had invited his friends to a feast, but when the hour had come, and the meal was ready, the guests were wanting, for one and all had sent excuses. Then in his rage he cried, "If no man will come, so let the devil and all hell eat with me!" And saying this he left the house to get rid of his ill temper.

"And then there began to ride into the courtyard, few or many, numbers of giant-like black cavaliers, who bade the servant seek his master and say to him that his invited guests had come at last. The man after long seeking found his lord, and they both returned, but neither then dared enter the house. For they then heard roars and yells as of mad drinking, and the screaming and singing grew louder and more horrible, and finally they beheld swarms of devils as if drunk in the forms of bears, cats, goats, wolves, and foxes coming to the open windows, holding in their paws full goblets or steaming plates, grinning and greeting with shining snouts, and laughing teeth to those below."

That the devil presides at witch-meetings in

the form of a he-goat is generally known. I shall speak anon of the *rôle* which he plays in this form when I come to speak of witches and magic. In the remarkable book in which the deeply learned Georgius Goedelmannus gives a truthful and logically reasoned report of this,¹ I find that the devil often appears as a monk. He tells this tale:—

“When I was studying law in the famous University of Wittenberg, as I well recall, I heard several times there from my teachers that there came once a monk who knocked hard at Luther’s door, and when the servant opening asked him what he wanted, the monk inquired if Luther was at home? Which when Luther heard he had him brought in, because it was long since he had seen a monk. And when the visitor entered he said that he would fain speak with Luther as to certain papistical errors, and submitted to him a few syllogisms and school problems, which the latter solved easily enough. Then he brought out another much more difficult, when Luther somewhat impatiently said, “Thou givest me much to do at a time when I have other things to attend to,” and rising showed him in the Bible the solution of his question. And while conversing, he observed that the hands of the monk were like

¹ Goedelmannus de Magis, Venificis et Lamiis.—*Translator*.

birds' claws, and said, "*Bist du nicht Der?*" "Art thou not he? Then hear the judgment which was passed on thee!" And so saying he showed him the text in Genesis in the first book of Moses, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." The devil being vanquished by this sentence, fled in a rage and growling, but first threw the ink and writing things behind, leaving a stink which smelt for many days."¹

In the foregoing story we may note a marked characteristic of the devil which previously showed itself, and which he has maintained till to-day. This is his constant seeking to dispute; or his sophistry and fine-spun syllogisms. In logic Satan always was at home, as he convinced Pope Sylvester, the famous Gerbert, eight hundred years ago to his sorrow. This learned man had made a solemn pact with Satan at the University of Cordova, where he was studying, and by infernal aid learned algebra, geometry, astronomy, all the lore of plants, and many useful arts—among others that of becoming Pope. But in Jerusalem his life should end—therefore he took good care to keep from it. And it came to pass that one

¹ From this sentence everything which follows is omitted in the French version to the paragraph beginning with the words, "Many declare that the devil always appears in the form of an animal."

day as he read mass in a certain chapel in Rome there came unto him the devil, to carry him away, and as the Pope protested against this, the devil demonstrated to him that as the chapel in which he that instant stood was called Jerusalem, that all conditions of the bond had been fulfilled, and that he must pack up forthwith for hell. And so the devil carried off the Pope, merrily whispering meantime in his ear :

“Tu non pensavi qu’io loico fossi !”¹—

“Thou didst not think that I was a logician.”

The devil understands logic, he is master in metaphysics, and with his subtleties and interpretations outwits all his bondmen. If they do not examine the contract carefully, they find in it to their horror that the devil instead of years has written months or days, when all at once he takes them by the neck and proves that time is up. In one of the older puppet-plays which sets forth the compact with Satan, the shameful life and pitiful ending of Doctor Faustus, there is a similar trick. Faust, who has desired the gratification of all earthly desires, has for this signed away his soul, and pledged himself to go to hell when he should have committed three murders. He had killed two men, and hopes that his compact will expire

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, c. 28.

before he shall have committed a third. But the evil one proves that the compact itself as a death-blow to his soul was a third murder, and with this accursed logic hales him to hell.¹ The degree to which Goethe has availed himself of this characteristic of sophistry may be judged of by every one. Nothing is so amusing as the reading the contracts with the devil which have been preserved since the days of the witch-trials, and in which the one contracting protects himself against all chicanery by many clauses, every stipulation being paraphrased in the most scrupulous manner.²

The devil is a logician. He is not only the representative of earthly supremacy of sensual delights, he is also an exponent of human reason, simply because this vindicates all the rights of matter; and in this he is the antithesis of Christ,

¹ "That signature was thy most damning sin."

² Horst (*Dæmonologie*, 1818), a writer of great intelligence and deeply learned, gives a curious specimen of one of these elaborate contracts. He also observes that there is some incomprehensible mystery in it all which awaits solution. With whom were these contracts really made? Who was it that personified the devil so often, and to what purpose? That confessions were suggested to witches and wrung from them by torture, or that designing men seduced young girls or plundered wealthy persons, does not at all explain to an impartial judge a vast number of these compacts. I suspect that in many instances the witch-finders themselves were the disguised Satan.—*Translator*.

who sets forth not only the Spirit, ascetic abnegation of sense, and heavenly salvation, but also faith. The devil does not believe, he does not rely blindly on foreign authority, he will rather rely on independent thought, he uses reason! This is of course something terrible, and the Roman Catholic Church has correctly condemned independent individual thought (*Selbstdenken*) as devilish, and declared that the devil as the representative of reason is the Father of Lies.

Nothing can be accurately asserted as to the devil's form. Some declare, as I have said, that he has none, and can show himself in any shape. This is probable. I find in the *Dæmonologie* of Horst that he can even turn himself into a salad. A nun who was honourable enough, but who did not strictly observe all the rules of her order, and did not make the sign of the cross as often as she should, once ate a salad. And as soon as this was done she experienced sensations which were new to her, and not at all in accordance with her profession. She began to feel strangely of evenings when she sat in the light of the moon, and the flowers gave out their perfume, and the nightingales sang so softly and sighingly. Soon after she became acquainted with a delightful young man. And after they had become intimate he said to her, "Do you know who I am?" "No," replied the nun, startled. "I am the devil," he answered.

"Dost thou not remember that salad? That salad was I."

Many declare that the devil always appears in the form of an animal, and that it is a mere illusion when we see him in any other. The devil has of course something cynical in him, and no one has so well illustrated this as our poet Wolfgang Goethe. Another German, who is as great in defects as in merits, yet who must still be ranked among poets of the first class, I mean Grabbe,¹ has portrayed the devil admirably in this respect, not forgetting the coldness of his nature. In one of the dramas of this genial author the devil comes to earth because his grandmother is scrubbing (*schruppt*) in hell. This is a fashion among us of cleaning rooms, by means of which a stone floor is covered with hot water and rubbed with a coarse cloth, whence results an unpleasant squeaky sound and lukewarm vapour which renders it impossible for a reasonable man to remain in the house; for which reason Satan must fly from his well-heated hell into the upper world, and here, though it is a hot day in July, the poor devil is almost frozen to death, and is only rescued by medical aid.

We have seen that the devil has a mother, many declare he has in reality only a grandmother. She too comes to the world above

¹ French version, M. Crabbe.

whence may have come the saying, "Where the devil himself can do nothing he sends an old woman." But she is usually in hell, attending to the cooking, or sits in her red arm-chair, and when the devil, weary with his day's work done, comes home, he swallows in greedy haste what she has ready, then lays his head in her lap and falls asleep. At which time the old dame hums a song, which begins with these words:—

"In Thume in Thum,
Many roses bloom,
Roses red as blood."

Some say that when the poor child cannot sleep the good old dame lulls him to slumber by reading the *Berlin Evangelical Church Gazette*.

The housekeeper to the devil in hell, where he lives with his mother, forms the completest contrast with that of Christ in heaven. The latter also lives as a bachelor with His holy mother, the Queen of Heaven, and the angels are His familiars as devils are familiars to the other. The devil and his servants are all black, Christ and His angels are white. In the popular songs of the North, the White Christ is always mentioned. We usually call the devil Old Sooty, or the Prince of Darkness. To these two personalities the people have added two other figures, as immortal and as indestructible—Death and the Wandering

Jew. The Middle Age has bequeathed to modern art these four types as colossal personifications of the Good, the Bad, of Destruction, and of Man. No one has so thoroughly grasped the spirit of the Wandering Jew, the mournful symbol of mankind, as Edgar Quinet, one of the greatest poets of France. We Germans, who lately translated his "Ahasuerus," were not a little astonished to find such a sublime conception in a Frenchman.

It may be that it is the mission of the French to set forth with the utmost accuracy the symbols of the Middle Age. They have long since left it, therefore they regard it with equanimity, and are able to appreciate its beauties with philosophic or artistic impartiality. We Germans, however, are still deep in the Middle Ages, we are still fighting its failing or falling representatives, therefore we cannot behold it with too great prepossession. We must, on the contrary, rather excite a partisan hatred, so that our spirit of destruction shall not be checked.

Ye French may admire and love chivalry. All that remains to you of it is charming chronicles and iron armour. You risk nothing by gratifying your imagination and satisfying your curiosity with it. But with us Germans the chronicle of the Middle Age is not yet closed, the last leaves are still wet with the blood of our relations and friends, and the brilliant armour protects the still

living bodies of our executioners. Nothing hinders ye, O Frenchmen, from admiring old Gothic forms. For you the great cathedrals such as Notre Dame de Paris are naught save monuments of architecture and romanticism, for us they are the frightful fortresses of our foes. For you Satan and his hellish comrades are only poetical images, by us there are rascals and fools who labour unweariedly to re-establish philosophically the belief in a devil and an infernal witch-madness. That such a thing should take place in Munich is on the cards, but that in enlightened Wurtemberg one should attempt a vindication of the old witch-trials, and that a distinguished author, Justinus Kerner, should there have attempted to revive the belief in possession by spirits, is as disquieting as disgusting.¹

Oh, ye black villains, and ye feeble-minded folk

¹ In reference to Kerner's *Scherinn von Prevorst*. Heine's outbursts of disgust at Kerner are very amusing, since both he and the worthy Suabian were equally delighted or "possessed" with elementary spirits, ghosts, goblins, gods in exile, and all the rest of the mediæval mythology, the only difference being that Kerner, as a very devout Christian, believed in it and tried to devote it to a moral purpose, while Heine amused himself with it. But it amounted in reality to quite the same in both cases, each according to his nature, it being a matter of seriously absorbing interest to both. Heine plays with superstition like a monkey with a mirror, but he is deeply fascinated with it all the same. Kerner looked into the mirror to see spirits.—*Translator.*

of all colours—go on, perfect your work, heat the brain of the people with old superstitions, drive it on to the road of fanaticism! Ye yourselves will be some day its sacrifice, ye will not escape that which befell the unskilled enchanter who could not control the fiends which he had raised, and was by them torn to pieces.

Should the spirit of Revolution not succeed in arousing the German race by means of reason, it may be reserved for Folly to complete the great work. When the blood shall, boiling, once mount to its head, when it feels its heart beating anew, the people will not listen to the sing-song of Bavarian sham-saints, or the mystical gabble of Suabian sillies—its ear will only hear the great voice of *the man*.

Who is this man?

It is the man whom the German people await, the man who will finally give them prosperity and life, the one for whom it has so long yearned in its dreams. Why dost thou delay, thou whom the old men have foretold with such burning desire, thou whom the youth so impatiently await, thou who bearest as sceptre the magic wand of freedom, and the crown of the Kaiser without a cross!

But this is not the place for adjuration or exorcism, the more because it leads me from my theme. My business is to speak of simple tales, of that which is sung and told around the German

stoves. And here I perceive that I have spoken but scantily of the spirits which dwell in mountains, or that I have said nothing of the Kyffhäuser, in which the Emperor Friedrich dwells. He is not, indeed, an elementary spirit, and it is of such only that I should treat. But the legend is too enchanting and charming. As often as I recall it my soul thrills with holy yearning and secret hope. There is most certainly something more than a mere fairy tale in the belief that the Emperor Frederick, the old Barbarossa, is not dead, but that he, when the priests beset him too sorely, took refuge with all his retainers in a mountain called the Kyffhäuser, which lies in Thuringia, not far from Nordhausen, where he will remain until he shall appear again in the world to make the German people happy. I have often passed it, and one beautiful winter night I there remained more than an hour, and cried all the time, "Come, Barbarossa, come!" and my heart burned like fire in my breast, and tears trickled down over my cheeks. But he did not come, the beloved Emperor Friedrich, and I could only embrace the rock in which he dwells.¹

¹ It is worth noting that neither Justinus Kerner, nor his friends Jung-Stilling or Eschenmayer, ever suffered from spiritual possession or superstitious mania to such an extent as to cry aloud for an hour to a ghost at midnight, while weeping bitterly and hugging rocks.—*Translator*.

A young shepherd who dwelt near was more fortunate. He pastured his sheep on the Kyffhäuser, and began to play on the bagpipe, and as he believed he had deserved a reward he cried aloud, "Kaiser Friedrich, I have played this little serenade."¹ It is said that the Emperor then came from the hill, and appearing to the herd, said, "God greet thee, youth! In whose honour hast thou played?" "In honour of the Kaiser Friedrich."

"Since that is so, then come with me,
By him rewarded thou shalt be."

"I dare not leave my sheep," was his reply. "Come with me; to thy sheep no harm will come."

The shepherd followed the Emperor, who led him by the hand to an opening in the hill. They came to an iron door, which opened, and they entered a great and magnificent hall, in which were many gentlemen and brave servants, who received them with great honour. Then the Emperor showed himself very kind, to the boy asking him what reward he would have. The shepherd replied "None at all." Then the Emperor said, "Go, and take as a reward one of the feet of my golden drinking-cup." The boy

¹ *Ständchen*, from *Stand*, a little song sung while standing.



BARBAROSSA

From the Picture by Velasquez





did as he was told, and was about to depart, but the Emperor showed him many marvellous weapons, armour, swords and rifles, and bade him tell people that he would with these weapons conquer the Holy Sepulchre.

The shepherd probably did not understand him. Barbarossa has quite other conquests than that of the Holy Sepulchre on his mind. Or was it that the shepherd, fearing lest he might be imprisoned for a demagogue, departed a little from the way of truth? It is not a tomb, the cold bed of a death that ancient Barbarossa will win, but a glorious home for the living, a warm realm of light and joy where he can gaily rule, the magic wand of freedom in his hand, and the Kaiser crown without a cross on his head.

As for the shepherd, so the story goes, he came safe and merrily forth from the mountain, and the next morning took the foot of the drinking-cup to a goldsmith, who, finding that it was of purest gold, gave him for it three hundred ducats.

And it is told of a peasant in the village of Reblingen that he saw the Emperor in Kyffhäuser and received from him a pleasant present. I know one thing, and that is, if my luck should ever lead me into this mountain, I would not ask the Emperor for gold cans or any such precious porringers, but if he chose to give me anything, I would ask him for his book *De Tribus Impos-*

toribus.¹ I have sought for it in vain in the libraries, and I think its author, old Barbarossa, has certainly a copy in Kyffhäuser.

Many declare that the Emperor sits in his mountain by a stone table and sleeps, or makes plans by which to recover his kingdom. He always rocks his head to and fro, and blinks with his eyes. His beard flows down to the ground. He often stretches forth his hands as if in a dream, and seems as if he would grasp his sword and shield. It is said that when he shall return to earth again he will hang this shield on a dead tree, and that it will at once begin to bud and bloom, and then a happy time for Germany will begin. As for his sword, it will be borne before him by a peasant in a coarse frock, and with it all those people will be beheaded who are stupid enough to think themselves to be of better blood than a boor. But the old tellers of the tale add that no one knows exactly when and how all this will come to pass.

And it is further told that once when a shepherd was led by a dwarf into the Kyffhäuser, the Emperor rose and asked him if the ravens were still flying round the mountain. And when

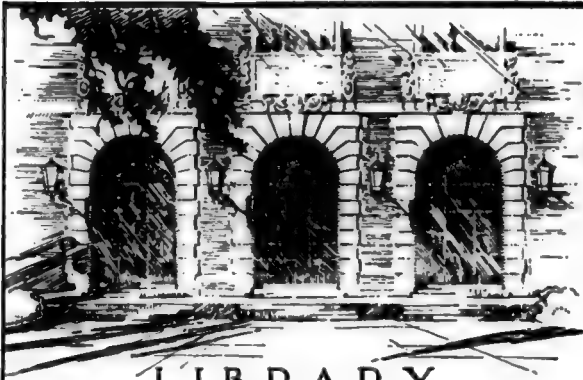
¹ A fabulous work, the three impostors being Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, of which one may read in D'Israeli and elsewhere. Spurious works by this title have more than once appeared.

the shepherd answered "Yes," the Emperor cried, "Then I must sleep another hundred years!"

Certainly, and more's the pity, the ravens are still flying round the mountain—those ravens whom we know so well, and whose pious croaking is so familiar to our ears. But old age has weakened them, and there are good marksmen who know right well how to bring them down. Should the Emperor ever return to earth he will find in his way more than one raven with an arrow through its heart. And the old lord will smile and say that the marksman who hit it carried a good bow.¹

¹ The raven or crow transfixd by an arrow is the crest of the coat-of-arms of the name Leland, or of my own. I sincerely trust that *Bussli*, the first who bore it, did not acquire the right to do so by shooting a clergyman. In the *first* French version, Heine omits the last two paragraphs, and in their place pays the following graceful compliment to himself.

"I know one of these archers who now lives in Paris, and who knows how, even from that distance, to hit the crows which fly about the Kyffhäuser. When the Emperor returns to earth he will surely find on his way more than one raven slain by this archer's arrows. And the old Herr will say smiling that "that man carried a good bow."—*Translator*.



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THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated with Introductions by

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

HEINRICH HEINE

Édition de Luge

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DR. FAUSTUS

From the Etching by Rembrandt

THE WORKS
OF
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland



NEW YORK : GROSCHUP & STERLING COMPANY.

The Works of
Heinrich Heine

Translated by
Charles Godfrey Leland

GERMANY

II

VOLUME TWELVE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



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GERMANY

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II

DOCTOR FAUST.

A Ballet-Poem.

WITH

VARIOUS INFORMATION AS TO DEVILS,
WITCHES, AND THE ART OF POETRY.

1847.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. LUMLEY, director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, requested me to write a ballet, and in accordance with his wish I composed the following poem. I called it *Doctor Faust ein Tanz-poem* ("Dr. Faust a Ballet-poem"). However, it was not brought on the stage, partly because during "the season" for which it was announced the unexampled success of the so-called Swedish Nightingale¹ made any other exhibition superfluous, and partly because the *maitre de ballet* (stage-manager), hindering and delaying, inspired by the *esprit de corps de ballet*, interposed with every manifestation of ill-will. This stage-manager of the ballet regarded it as a dangerous innovation that a poet should compose the libretto of a ballet, because such works had hitherto been contributed by the dancing monkeys of his kind, in collaboration with some miserable literary hack. Poor Faust! poor wizard! In this manner must

¹ Jenny Lind.

thou renounce the honour of exhibiting thy black art before the great Victoria of England! Will it succeed any better for thee in thy native land? Should, contrary to all my expectation, any German stage display its good taste by producing my work, I beg the very praiseworthy management not to neglect on such occasion to send to the author the money due him to the care of the publishers, Hoffmann & Campe in Hamburg—that is, to me or to my legal heirs. I consider it a not superfluous remark that I, to secure my right of property in this ballet in France, have already published a French version of it, and sent the number of copies required by law to the proper places.¹

When I had the pleasure of giving my manuscript to Mr. Lumley, and we discussed over a fragrant cup of tea the spirit of the legend of "Faust" and my treatment of it, the spirituel *impresario* requested me to note down the principal details of our conversation, in order that he might subsequently enrich with it the libretto which he proposed to distribute to the audience on the night when the ballet should be produced. In accordance with this friendly request, I wrote the letter to Lumley which I give, somewhat

¹ All of the preceding passage is omitted in the French version.—*Translator*.

abbreviated, at the end of this little work, since it may be of some interest to the German reader of these transitory pages.¹

As regards the historical Faust, I have in this letter to Lumley said but little regarding the mythical character. Therefore I cannot refrain from here giving briefly, as regards the origin and development of this legend, a fable of Faust, the result of my investigations.²

It is not really the legend of Theophilus, seneschal of the Bishop of Adama in Sicily, but an old Anglo-Saxon dramatic form of it, which must be considered as the foundation of "Faust." In the still extant Platt Deutsch or Low German poem of Theophilus, there are old Saxon or Anglo-Saxon forms of speech, like petrified words or fossil phrases, which show that this poem is only an imitation of an older original, which was lost in the course of time. This Anglo-Saxon poem must still have existed not long before the invasion of England by the Norman French, since it was apparently imitated, and almost literally

¹ "Heine was so brilliant a conversationalist that no one could listen to him without wishing that he could preserve a written record of every word. He sparkled like a fountain, and among all the wits of Paris he was the wittiest." These were the words spoken to me by Ole Bull, who had often met Heine.

² All of these two passages, with the exception of the few introductory lines, is omitted in the French version.

imitated, by the Troubadour Rutebœuf,¹ and was brought out in France as a *Mystère* on the stage. For those to whom the collection of Mommerque in which this mystery is printed is not accessible, I would say that the learned Mangin spoke in detail regarding it some seven years ago in the *Journal des Savants*. This mystery of the Troubadour Rutebœuf was used by the English poet Marlowe, when he wrote his "Faust." He had also the analogous legend of the German sorcerer Faust, according to the old "Faust" book, of which there was already an English translation, and put it into dramatic form, suggested by the French *Mystère*, which was also known in England. The work of Theophilus and the old *Volksbuch*, a popular story of Faust, were therefore the two sources from which the drama of Marlowe sprang. Its hero is, however, not a reckless rebel against heaven, who, led astray by a sorcerer, assigns his soul to the devil to gain earthly prosperity, but is finally saved by the grace of the mother of God, who brings the compact out of hell, as in Theophilus. The hero of the play is here a sorcerer himself, in whom, as in the "Faust" book, all the legends of earlier magicians are united, and whose masterpieces he produces before eminent person-

¹ For Troubadour read Trouveur. The Troubadours wrote in *Provençal*.—*Translator*.

ages. This is done on Protestant ground, where the mother of God cannot appear, for which reason Faust is carried away by the devil without grace or pity.

The puppet-show theatre, which flourished in London in Shakespeare's time, and which at once seized on every piece which succeeded in the great establishments, must certainly have given a "Faust" according to Marlowe's pattern, either parodying it more or less seriously, adapting it to local requisitions, or, as often happened, taking it from the author himself, who worked it up to suit their public. This "Faust" of puppets came over from England to the Continent, travelled through the Netherlands, visited our country in its fairs, and, translated into coarse German jawing, and bull-horned with German Jack-pudding ingredients,¹ delighted the lower strata of German society. But however unlike the versions became in the course of time, especially from improvised

¹ "Und in derb deutscher Maulart übersetzt und mit deutschen Hanswurstiaden verballhornt." A charming sentence to translate! *Maulart*, mouth or jaw-fashion of speech. *Verballhornt*, literally improved in a stupid, useless manner. Hans Ballhorn was a schoolmaster or printer, who republished a primer as "revised and with additions" by him. There was in the book on the last page, a picture of a cock, and the sole improvement of the work consisted in this, that Ballhorn had an egg depicted lying by the cock. Hence the saying, or word, *Verballhornen* or *Ballhornen*, to make worse by attempting to improve. The reader may find the whole story delightfully told (with the

additions, the play remained substantially the same, and it was such a puppet-play which Wolfgang Goethe saw in a side-show at Strasburg which supplied our great poet with the form and material of his master-work. In the first fragment, or partial edition, of Goethe's "Faust," this is most perceptible, this has not the introduction taken from "Sakúntala," and the prologue imitated from Job; it does not as yet vary from the simple form of the puppet-play, and there is no essential motive in it which indicates any knowledge of the older original books of Spiess and Widman.

That is the genesis of the legend of "Faust," from the poem of Theophilus to that of Goethe, who raised it to its present popularity. Abraham begat Isaac, Isaac begat Jacob, but Jacob begat Judah, in whose hands the sceptre will eternally remain. In literature every son has a father, whom he certainly does not always know, or whom he would even fain deny.

HEINRICH HEINE.

(Written in Paris, October 1, 1851.)

picture) in the *Jobsiade*. It seems to have escaped all the German commentators of this story that the cock with an egg by him was probably taken from an early book of wonders, or of miraculous natural history. When a cock laid an egg the latter was believed to hatch out a basilisk. Ballhorn did not even invent his improvement.—*Translator*.

DOCTOR FAUST.

A Ballet-Poem.

Thou hast evoked me from the grave,
All by thy magic will ;
Brought me to life by passion's glow,
And that glow thou canst not still.

Oh, press thy mouth unto my mouth,
Divine is human breath ;
I drink thy very soul from thee,
Insatiable in death.

ACT FIRST.

A STUDY, large and arched, in Gothic style. On the walls are shelves of books, here and there astrological and alchemistic implements (celestial and terrestrial globes, schemes of the planets, retorts and strangely-shaped glass vessels), anatomical preparations (skeletons of men and animals), and similar requisites of necromancy.

Midnight strikes. Doctor Faust sits reflecting in a high arm-chair by a table, on which are piled books and philosophical instruments. His dress is that of a German scholar of the sixteenth century. He rises at last and totters with unsteady steps to a book-case, where a great folio is fastened with a chain. He unlocks it and bears with difficulty the book (*Höllenzwang*, or the so-called "Hell-compulsion") to his table. In his demeanour and whole personality there is apparent a blending of helplessness and courage, of awkward schoolmasterly manners and arrogant professional pride. After lighting several candles and drawing magic circles on the ground with a sword, he opens the great book, and his demeanour indicates the

mysterious awe of invocation. The study grows darker, there is thunder and lightning, and from the ground, which opens with a crackling, crashing sound, there rises a flaming red tiger. Faust does not manifest the least fear; he advances to the fiery beast with contempt, and seems to command it to depart at once. It sinks into the earth.

Faust begins anew his incantations, it again thunders and lightens terribly, and out of the opening earth darts a monstrous serpent, which, winding and twisting in the most terribly threatening manner, hisses out fire and flames. The Doctor also treats it with contempt; he shrugs his shoulders, laughs and mocks it because the spirit of hell cannot appear in a far more terrible form, so that at last the snake creeps back into the earth. Faust renews his incantations with greater zeal. Then the darkness disappears, the room is suddenly lit with countless candles, instead of thunder there is heard the most exquisite dancing-music, and out from the opening earth, as if from a basket of flowers, leaps a female ballet-dancer, dressed in the usual gauze and tricot costume, who capers about with the most frivolous pirouettes.

Faust seems to be at first astonished or somewhat displeased that the invoked devil Mephistopheles does not assume a more awful form than that of a ballet-dancer; but at last he seems to

be pleased with this smiling, graceful apparition, and pays her a majestic compliment. Mephistopheles, or rather Mephistophela, as we are now to call the womanised devil, returns the compliment in parody, and dances round him in the usual coquettish fashion. She holds in her hand a magic wand, and all she touches with it in the room becomes changed in the most amusing manner without losing shape: thus the dark planetary forms light up from within; from the jars containing malformed creatures or abortions the most beautiful birds peep or fly; owls bear brilliant girandoles in their bills; from the walls come forth the most magnificent golden objects—Venetian mirrors, antique bas-reliefs, works of art; all chaotic and unearthly, yet gleaming magnificently—a tremendous arabesque. The beautiful demon seems to glide into friendly relation with Faust, yet he will not sign the parchment—the terrible compact—which she offers him. He requires that she shall call up the other powers of hell, and these princes of darkness appear accordingly. They are monsters in grotesquely horrible forms of beasts, fabulous blendings of what is scurrilous, or comic and frightful, most of them wearing crowns, and bearing sceptres in their claws. Faust is presented to them by Mephistophela, a ceremony in which the strictest court etiquette is observed. Waddling along with

much attempt at formality, their majesties begin a clumsy dance; but as Mephistophela touches them with her wand, their ugly masks and garb fall off, and they are all changed into dainty ballet-dancers, who flutter about in gauze and tricot, with garlands of flowers. Faust amuses himself with this metamorphosis, yet does not seem to find among the pretty dancing devils one who quite pleases him. Mephistophela observing this again wields her wand, and in a large mirror, which appears by magic art upon the wall, there appears the form of a wonderfully beautiful woman in court dress, and with a ducal crown on her head. As soon as Faust beholds her he is carried away with admiration and rapture, and approaches the lovely form with every manifestation of desire and tenderness. But the lady in the looking-glass, who now acts as if living, repels him with the haughtiest turning up of her nose. He kneels before her, but she only redoubles her signs of contempt.

The poor Doctor turns his head with suppliant look towards Mephistophela, who only replies by roguishly shrugging her shoulders. Then she waves her magic wand. There rises from the ground, unto his hips, a hideous monkey, who at a sign from Mephistophela (who angrily shakes her head) disappears in an instant, and is succeeded by a beautiful graceful youth, a ballet-dancer, who

executes the most commonplace *entrechats*. The dancer approaches the lady in the looking-glass, and while he with the most commonplace impertinence makes love to her, she smiles again to him in the most charmed and charming manner, stretches out her arms to him, and exhausts herself in tenderest manifestations. At this sight Faust is in rage and despair, but Mephistophela takes pity on him, and touches with her wand the handsome youth. He lets fall his fine garments, appears as the hideous ape, and sinks into the ground. Mephistophela again offers the parchment to Faust, who, without ado or delay, opens a vein in his arm, and with his blood signs the contract by which for earthly enjoyment he resigns all heavenly happiness. He casts away his serious and honourable doctor's dress, and puts on the sinful, gaily-coloured tinselled finery which the dancer has left lying on the ground. In this dressing, which he effects clumsily and comically, he is aided by the infernal *corps de ballet*.

Mephistophela now gives Faust a lesson in dancing, and shows him all the handy, or rather footy, tricks of the trade or game.¹ The awkwardness and stiffness of the sage, who attempts to

¹ "Zeigt ihm all Handgriffe oder vielmehr Fussgriffe des Metiers." The word *footy* in common American exactly conveys the idea of petty trifling, or clumsy tricks or devices. Another of Heine's "inimitable and untranslatable graces."—*Translator*.

perform the dainty and graceful *pas* of his teacher, form the most amusing effects and contrasts. The diabolical chorus of dancing-girls will also give their aid, and every one attempts to show how this or that is to be done. One throws the poor Doctor into the arms of another, who waltzes round with him; he is pulled and hauled here and there, but by the power of love and of the magic wand, with which his rebellious limbs are constantly being touched, the pupil in choregraphy at last attains perfect dexterity. Then he dances a *pas de deux* with Mephistophela, and to the delight of all his devilish damsel fellow-artists, he flies about with her in the most marvelous figures. Having attained to this virtuosity he ventures to dance before the lovely lady of the looking-glass, who now responds to his pantomimic love-making with correspondingly passionate gestures. Faust thereon continues to dance with ever-increasing delirium, but Mephistophela tears him away from the mirror-form, who, touched by the magic wand, at once disappears, and the high-class dancing of the old-fashioned French classic school is resumed.

ACT SECOND.

A LARGE space before a castle which is seen to the right. On the sloping terrace the Duke and his Duchess sit in high stately chairs, surrounded by their courtiers, knights, and ladies. The Duke is a stiff and formal elderly gentleman, his wife a young, voluptuous, and splendid beauty, the facsimile of the lady of the looking-glass in the first act. It is seen that she wears a *gold shoe* on her left foot.

The scene is splendidly decorated for a court festival. A pastoral play is acted in the most old-fashioned rococo style, shallow gracefulness and gallant innocence. This sweetly pretty Arcadian jigging is suddenly interrupted by the grand entrance of Faust and Mephistophela, who, in her dress as dancer, and with her troupe of diabolical ballerine makes triumphal appearance amid joyous trumpet peals. Faust and Mephistophela incline in bounding reverences before the ducal pair, but the former, as well as the Duchess, the more closely they regard one the other, are stirred as with delightful memories, and regard one another with

mutually tender looks. The Duke seems to accept with peculiarly gracious acquiescence the courtesies of Mephistophela. In an impetuous *pas de deux* which the latter dances with Faust, both keep an eye on the ducal pair, and when the diabolical dancing-girls come and take their place, Mephistophela flirts with the Duke and Faust with the Duchess, the extreme passion of the latter being parodied by the ironic modesty with which Mephistophela repels the angular and starched gallantries of the Duke.

The Duke finally turns toward Faust and asks him to give a specimen of his magic art. He wishes to see King David as the latter danced before the Ark of the Covenant. In obedience to this august command, Faust takes the magic wand from Mephistophela, waves it in invocation, and the group called for appear. First comes the Ark drawn by Levites; King David dances before it with the delight of a buffoon, and oddly dressed, like a king of cards; while behind the holy ark, with spears in their hands, see-sawing about, hop the king's life-guards, dressed like Polish Jews, in long flapping black silk caftans, and with tall fur caps on their nodding heads, with pointed beards. After these caricatures have made the round of the stage, they sink into the earth amid stormy applause.¹

¹ Probably not from the audience. One can imagine how such a travesty of Scripture would have been received by Her

Faust and Mephistophela again leap forth in a brilliant *pas de deux*, in which one looks at the Duchess and the other at the Duke with such amorous piquancy that the illustrious pair can no longer resist, and, leaving their seats, join the dance. This is followed by a dramatic quadrille in which Faust attempts more earnestly than ever to entrap the Duchess. He has discovered a *Teufelsmal*, or the sign of a witch, on her neck, and as this reveals that she is a sorceress, he appoints a rendezvous with her at the next Sabbath. She is alarmed and denies it, but Faust points at her golden shoe, which is a sure sign that she is the *Domina* or chief mistress of Satan. With a bashful air she grants the rendezvous. The Duke and Mephistophela renew their affected love-scene, and the demon dancers take the place of the quartette, which gradually disappears behind them.

At the renewed request of the Duke to give another specimen of his magic art, Faust grasps the wand, and touches with it the whirling dancers. They change in an instant into the monsters of the first scene, and, instead of gracefully circling,

Majesty, the public, and press in London, in 1851. Even Micah, the daughter of Saul, was scandalised at this dance, and despised David in her heart for such "dancing and playing," which was perhaps in Heine's mind. According to Rabbi David Kimchi, this dance of King David was called *Chagag*, and it was performed to the accompaniment of the 41st Psalm.

go tumbling and stumbling among and on one another in the clumsiest manner, and amidst sputtering fires sink into the earth. Roaring applause, for which Faust and Mephistophela bow in thanks to the nobility and honourable public.

After each of these exhibitions of magic the gaiety increases, the four chief personages rush again to the dancing-place, and in the quadrille, which is renewed, passion becomes bolder and bolder. Faust kneels before the Duchess, who, in not less compromising action, admits her love; the Duke, having pulled away by force the laughing Mephistophela, kneels before her like a lustful faun. But as he by chance turns round and sees his wife and Faust in such a compromising attitude, he jumps up in a rage, draws his sword, and will stab the insolent conjurer. Faust grasps his magic wand and taps the Duke on the head, from which spring two immense stag's horns, by the ends of which the Duchess holds him back. A general tumult among the courtiers, who attack Faust and Mephistophela. But as Faust waves his wand there is a warlike peal of trumpets, and from the back advances a procession of fully armoured knights. While the courtiers turn as if to defend themselves, Faust and Mephistophela fly through the air on two black steeds. At the same instant the knights vanish like a phantasmagoria.

ACT THIRD.

NOCTURNAL meeting-place of the witch Sabbat. A broad plain on the summit of a mountain. Trees on either side, on whose branches hang strangely formed lamps, which illuminate the scene. In the midst is a stone pedestal or block, like an altar, on which stands a black goat with a black human face, and a burning candle between the horns. In the background rise, one above the other, the tops of mountains, as in an amphitheatre, on whose colossal steps sit as spectators the notabilities of the Under-world—that is, those princes of hell whom we have seen in the previous acts, and who now appear giant-like. On the trees right and left sit musicians with faces like birds, holding eccentric stringed and wind instruments. The scene is animated with groups of dancers, whose dresses recall the most different lands and ages, so that the whole assembly seems like a masked ball, the more so because many are really masked and mummied. But however baroque, bizarre, and startling many

of these forms may be, they should not conflict with a sense of beauty, and the ugly impressions of caricatured creatures is softened or extinguished by fairy-like splendour and positive horror.¹ Before the goat's altar a man and woman walk up and down, each bearing a black candle; they bow before the back-side of the goat kneel down, and pay it the homage of a kiss. Meanwhile new guests come riding through the air on brooms, pitchforks, great spoons, or on wolves and cats. These arrivals find their lovers or sweethearts awaiting them. After a most joyful welcome they mix with the dancing groups. Also her Highness the Duchess comes flying on an immense bat; she is as devoid of clothing as is possible, and wears on her left foot the golden shoe. She appears to seek with impatience for some one. Finally she beholds the desired one, or Faust, who comes with Mephistophela on a black horse to the festival. He wears splendid knightly clothing, and his companion is modestly clad in the tight-fitting Amazone of a noble German lady.

¹ A nice, easy little direction for an average property-man, or even manager, to work up. The kiss described in the next sentence would indeed have caused a sensation in Her Majesty's Theatre. It will occur to the reader that there were other things besides the rivalry of Jenny Lind, or the jealousy of the *maitre de ballet*, which prevented the production of Faust!—*Translator*.

Faust and the Duchess rush into each other's arms, and their attachment shows itself in the most impassioned dancing. Mephistophela has meantime also found her expected sweetheart—a dry and slender gentleman in a black Spanish cloak, and with a blood-red cock's feather. But while Faust and the Duchess dance through all the steps of a progressive, passionate, wild love, the *duo* of Mephistophela and her partner is, as contrast, only the vulgar sensual expression of gallantry, or of the desire which makes sport of itself. All the four at last take black candles and pay homage to the goat in the manner already described, and end with a grand round, in which the whole assembly whirl about the altar. What is peculiar in the dance is this, that the performers turn their backs on one another, and do not see one another's faces, which are turned away.¹

Faust and the Duchess escaping from the round dance, having attained the acme of passionate love, disappear behind the trees to the right hand. The round dance ends. New guests come before

¹ "At the Sabbat the devils danced with the most beautiful witches, in the form of a he-goat. They generally dance in a round, back to back." Some writers rather simply declare this was done that the dancers, not seeing one another's faces, might not incur mutual recognition in ordinary life. De Lancre, *Tractat. de Magia*, cited in "Gypsy Sorcery," by C. G. Leland, chap. x. p. 159. The witches had three kinds of dances one of which was probably the polka.—*Translator*.

the altar and renew the adoration of the he-goat; among them are crowned heads, even the high dignitaries of the Church in their pontifical gear.

Meanwhile many monks and nuns appear in the front ground, whose extravagant polka-leaps delight the demons on the hills around, who applaud with their long stretched-out claws. Faust and the Duchess reappear, but all his expression is changed, and he turns with disgust from the woman who, with her hair flowing, pursues him with her voluptuous caresses. He shows her in most unmistakable manner that he feels satiety and aversion. In vain she throws herself imploringly before him, he repels her with disgust. At this instant three negroes, clad in tabards of gold on which black goats are embroidered, come forward, ordering the Duchess to appear at once before her lord and master Satan, and the lady resisting is dragged away by force. In the background the goat is then seen to descend from his pedestal and, after making several very singular signs of courtesy, dances with her a minuet, in slow and ceremonious step. The countenance of the goat expresses the misery of a fallen angel and the profound ennui of a blasé prince, that of the Duchess desperate despair. The dance at an end the goat resumes his place on the pedestal, and the ladies who have been looking on approach the Duchess with courtesies and reverences,

and then take her away. Faust meanwhile stands in the foreground, and while looking at the minuet Mephistophela appears by his side. Faust points at the Duchess with disgust and dislike, and seems to relate something horrible.¹ He specially manifests his aversion for all the grotesque absurdities which he sees around, and all this Gothic rubbish, which only amounts to a stupid and despicable burlesque of ecclesiastical asceticism, and which is as disagreeable to him as the latter. He feels an infinite yearning for the purely beautiful, for Greek harmony, for the unselfish and noble forms of the Homeric world of spring. Mephistophela understands him, and touching the ground with her magic staff the image of Helen of Sparta rises and at once disappears. This it was which the learned Doctor, with his heart yearning for the antique, had always desired. He manifests the greatest inspiration, and at a sign from Mephistophela the magical steeds again appear, on which both fly away.

At this instant the Duchess comes on the scene, sees Mephistophela and her lover disappearing, and falls fainting in despair to the ground. Eccentric monsters then raise and carry her round about as if in triumph, with laughter and coarse tricks.

¹ Suggested by "the red mouse" which sprung from her mouth.

A renewal of the infernal round dance, which is interrupted all at once by the shrill ringing of a handbell and a choral of an organ, which is a wild sacrilegious parody of church-music. All press up to the altar, where the goat flames up crackling and burns away. After the curtain has fallen the grotesque and horrible sounds of the Satan's mass are still heard.¹

¹ Heine omits the important part of the ceremony, the gathering of the ashes of the goat. According to Bodinus, (*Dæmonomagia*, lib. 2, cap. 4), the devil, as a goat, or rather as a black satyr, after dancing and singing with all the witches, holding burning candles in their hands—"und in den Hindern geküsst haben"—suddenly burnt himself up in a flame, and the witches gathered up his ashes, wherewith to destroy the cattle or flocks of people, or cause other evil. And then came a loud and terrible cry from the devil of, *Revenge yourselves or ye shall die!* And when this was done every one found himself by the help of the devil at home again.—*Translator.*

ACT FOURTH.

AN island in the Archipelago. To the left a view of the sea, of a pure emerald hue, contrasting charmingly with the turquoise blue of the sky, whose sunny daylight shines over an ideal landscape. Vegetation and Greek architecture as beautiful as once were dreamed by the poet of the Odyssey. Pines, laurel-bushes in whose shadows white statues repose, great marble vases with fabulous plants, trees wound with garlands of flowers, crystal waterfalls. To the right side a temple to Venus Aphrodite—whose statue gleams from among the pillars—all animated with a race of men in the prime of beauty, youths in white festival garments; girls in lightly-girded dresses of nymphs, their heads crowned with roses or myrtle. Some amuse themselves in groups, others are engaged in religious ceremonies about the temple of the goddess. Everything breathes Greek joyousness, the ambrosial peace of the gods and classic repose. Nothing recalls the cloudy past, the mystical thrills of rapture and of agony, the supernatural ecstasy of a spirit which

emancipates itself from the body. Here all is real, plastic happiness, without retrospective melancholy or any foreboding empty yearning. The Queen of this island is Helena of Sparta, the most beautiful woman in poetry, and she dances as the leader of the ladies of her court before the temple of Venus. The dance and the attitudes are in keeping with the surroundings, all in measure chaste and solemn.

All at once Faust and Mephistophela break into this world, flying on their black steeds through the air. They seem to be suddenly freed from the gloomy pressure of a nightmare, from a horrible illness or a sad lunacy, and both are revived, and refresh themselves by this sight of the primevally beautiful and the truly noble. The Queen and her train dance hospitably toward them, offer them food and drink in richly embossed plate, and invite them to dwell in their peaceful, fortunate island. Faust and his companion accept the invitation by a joyous dance, and all forming a festive procession seek the temple of Venus, where Faust and Mephistophela exchange their romantic mediæval garb for superb yet simple Greek dresses. Returning with Helen to the front scene, they execute a mythologic dance of three.

Faust and Helena at last seat themselves on a throne at the right hand, while Mephistophela,

seizing a thyrsus and a tambourine, leaps about as a bacchante in wild attitudes. The maidens of Helena, seized with inspiration, tear the roses and myrtles from their heads, wind vine leaves into their loosened locks, and with flowing hair and swinging thyrses dance excitedly as Bacchantæ. Then the young men, arming themselves with shield and spear, take the place of the damsels, and dance in mock battle one of those warlike pantomimes which are so genially described by early authors.

Into this heroic pastoral there may be introduced an antique humorous byplay—that is, a swarm of Cupids riding on swans, who also begin with bows and spears a battle-dance. But this beautiful scene is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess, who comes sweeping through the air on her enormous bat, and advances like a fury before the throne on which Faust and Helena are seated. The frightened Cupids leap hastily on their swans and fly away. The enraged Duchess appears to reproach Faust like a fury, and threatens Helena. Mephistophela, who regards the whole scene with malicious delight, begins anew the Bacchantic dance, in which the maids of the Queen also join, so that this joyous chorus contrasts mockingly with the rage of the Duchess. The latter can at last no longer contain her rage, she whirls the magic wand, and seems

to accompany the action with the most terrible invocations. Then the heaven grows dark, there is thunder and lightning, the sea rises roaring and storming, and there is on the whole island a terrible change in persons and things. All seems struck by death. The trees stand leafless and barren, the temple falls into a ruin, the statues lie broken on the ground. Queen Helena sits as a dried-up corpse, almost a skeleton, in a white shroud by Faust's side; the dancing maidens are also only bony spectres, wrapped in white garments which, hanging over the head, only reach to their withered hips. These are the *Lamias* who are thus represented, and in this form they continue their gay dancing in the round as if nothing had taken place, nor do they appear to have observed any change. Then Faust, furious at seeing all his happiness wrecked by the revenge of a jealous sorceress, darts from the throne with drawn sword, and plunges it into the breast of the Duchess.

Mephistophela has meantime brought the two magic steeds. She anxiously urges Faust to mount one, and they ride away through the air. The sea continues to rise, it gradually covers men and monuments, only the dancing *Lamias*¹ seem to

¹ These are called in the German version *Lamiaz*, but in the French *Lemures*, which are a very different class of beings, as Heine should have known. The *Lamia* was a serpent spirit which often appeared as a beautiful woman, seeking to seduce, or even

take no notice of it, and they continue to dance to the merry sound of tambourines, till the waves reach their heads, and the whole island sinks. Far above the storm-lashed sea, high in the air, Faust and Mephistophela are seen careering away on their black steeds.

devour, young men. She was the incarnation of the witch in a deceptive and attractive form. The Lemures were ghosts, spectres, or nightly haunting shades in grotesque shapes, and had in them a great deal of the repulsive bugbear, which forms no part of the smiling, deceptive Lamia. As an illustration of the latter, we have the story told of Apollonius and his pupil, so beautifully poetised by Keats. Of the Lemures there is another narrated by Cardanus (*De Subtilitate*), how a poor man was followed by a spectre, which threw him down, rolled him over, and frightened him so that he—*octo diebus periit*—died in eight days. In the Romagna Toscana, *Lemuri* are to this day *i spiriti dei campo santi*, "graveyard spirits," or ghosts. Wierus, in his work *De Lamiis*, treats them (the *Lamix*) as witches. Neither Lamia nor Lemures occur as "bony spectres;" the latter are, however, frequently preternaturally long and thin. (*Vide Gerhard's Abbildungen*, Berlin, 1868, and similar works.)—*Translator*.

ACT FIFTH.

A GREAT open space before a cathedral, whose Gothic door is seen in the background. On either side neatly trimmed lime trees, under which sit, eating and drinking, citizen folk dressed in the Netherlands style of the sixteenth century. Not far off, men with cross-bows, who in turn shoot at a bird on a pole. All about are amusements, as at a fair—booths, musicians, puppet-shows, jack-puddings, leaping, and merry groups. In the middle a turfed place, where the better class are dancing.

The bird is at last shot down, and the victor, who is a great beer brewer, has his triumphal procession as archer-king, with an immense crown on his head, on which are many bells. On his back and before him are sheet-gold shields, with which he walks about proudly ringing and rattling. Before him march drummers and fifers, with a standard-bearer, a bandy-legged dwarf, who acts comically with an immense flag. The archer-procession follows gravely behind.

Before the fat burgomaster and his not less corpulent spouse, who sit with their daughter under the lime-tree, the flag is waved, and all passing bow in salutation. The burgomaster and wife return the compliment, and their daughter, a beautiful girl with blonde hair of the Flemish type, offers the cup of honour to the king of the cross-bow men.

Trumpet peals are heard, and the wise and learned Doctor Faust, in the scarlet and gold embroidered costume of a mountebank, appears on a high car adorned with foliage. Mephistophela, who goes before the vehicle leading the horses, is also dressed in a "loud," highly-coloured costume, as for one who cries in the market-place, extravagantly set off with ribbons and feathers. She bears a great trumpet, on which she sounds flourishes now and then, while she dances an attractive *réclame* to the mob.¹ The people crowd round the waggon where the itinerant wonderful doctor sells all kinds of draughts and mixtures. Some bring him large flasks of water to examine. He draws the teeth of others. He works visible cures on crippled invalids, who leave him sound and well, dancing for joy. At last he leaves the car, which is driven away, and distributes his

¹ *Réclame*, an advertisement, catch or gag, editorial puff, or anything to attract and draw attention to an object.—*Translator*.

phials containing a fluid, a few drops of which cure every ill, and excite in the taker an irresistible desire to dance. The king of the marksmen having tasted it, experiences its magic power; he seizes Mephistophela, and hops with her a *pas de deux*. The drink has the same effect on the old burgomaster and his wife, and both hobble in an antiquated dance.

While all the public whirls in a mad waltz Faust has approached the burgomaster's daughter, and, enchanted by her unaffected naturalness, modesty, and beauty, declared his love, and with melancholy, and almost modest gestures, pointing to the church, begs for her hand. He renews his request to her parents, who sit gasping for breath on a bench. They are contented with the proposal, and the naïve beauty at last yields a modest assent. She is with Faust crowned with flowers, and they dance, as bride and bridegroom, a sober *bourgeois* nuptial round. The Doctor has found at last in a modest, sweet, and quiet life the domestic felicity which contents the soul. The doubt and extravagant and visionary raptures of suffering of a proud soul are forgotten, and he beams with inner happiness like the gilded cock on a church-spire.

The bridal train is formed in becoming style, and it is on the way to church, when Mephis-

tophela suddenly steps in the way, and with mocking laughter and gestures tears Faust from his idyllic sentiments, and seems to command him to instantly depart with her. Faust, in a rage, refuses, and the bystanders are startled at the scene. But far greater terror overcomes them when suddenly, at the invocation of Mephistophela, a midnight darkness and a terrible storm covers all. They fly in terror to the church near by, where a bell begins to toll, and the organ to peal—a sound suggesting religion and piety, which contrasts with the flashing and thundering infernal horrors of the stage. Faust, who would fain fly with the rest into the church for refuge, is kept back by a great black hand rising from the earth, while Mephistophela with bitter mockery draws from her bodice the parchment which Faust once signed with his blood, showing him that the time of the contract has expired, and that he now belongs, body and soul, to hell. He uses every argument in vain, and in vain has recourse to wailing and prayers for mercy—the female fiend dances round him with every grimace of scorn and mockery. The ground opens, and there come forth the horrible princes of hell, the crowned and sceptred monsters. In a round of rejoicing they also mock Faust, till Mephistophela, who has transformed herself into a horrible serpent, winds

about and strangles him. The whole group sinks amid roaring flames into the earth, while the peal of the church-bells and the loud-ringing sound of the organ from the church, call pious Christian souls to prayer.

COMMENTS ON FAUST.

—♦—
TO

LUMLEY, ESQ^{MR}

*Director of the Theatre of Her Majesty the Queen.*¹

DEAR SIR,—I experienced a hesitation or fear which is readily intelligible when I reflected that I had chosen for my ballet a subject which our great Wolfgang Goethe had already employed in his masterpiece. And if it was dangerous even with equal means of representation to strive with such a poet, how much more terribly perilous must the undertaking be when one provokes the combat with unequal weapons. In truth, Wolfgang Goethe had, to express his thoughts, the whole arsenal of the arts of speech; he was master of all the coffers of the treasury of the German language, which is so rich in minted

¹ This is the original dedication by Heine himself in English.

thought-words of deep meaning, and ancient native sounds of the world of feeling, or magic formulas which, long vanished from life, still ring as echoes in the rhymes of Goethe's poems, and thrill so marvellously in our imagination. And how scant and poor are the means with which I, poor as I am, can express what I think and feel. I can work only with a slender libretto in which I must indicate as concisely as possible how male and female dancers are to act and make signs, and how I think the music and *mise en scène* should be arranged. Yet despite this I have dared to poetise a Doctor Faust in the form of a ballet, rivalling the great Wolfgang Goethe, who had before me taken all the freshness from the subject, and who to execute it could devote to it a long blooming life, like that of the gods, while to me, the afflicted invalid, only four weeks were allowed by you, my honoured friend, in which to finish my work.¹

I could not go beyond the bounds prescribed, but within them I have done what a man with good heart and will may,² and I have at least aimed at one excellence of which Goethe certainly cannot boast. What we entirely miss in his Faust-poem is fidelity to the original legend, a pious

¹ The concluding lines of this sentence are omitted from the French version.

² "Was ein braver mann zu leisten vermag."

respect for its inner soul, a reverence which the sceptic of the eighteenth century (and such Goethe was to the end of his life) could neither feel nor understand.¹ In this respect he was guilty of a certain arbitrary or original treatment, which was culpable from an æsthetic point, and which finally revenged itself on the poet. Yes, the faults of the poem came from this offence, since, in

¹ These passages for naïveté, vanity, and error, are probably without a parallel in modern literature. Heine reproaches Goethe for departing from the original tradition, to which the answer is, "What was the *original* tradition?" Is it that which preceded the authentic John Faust, or the collection of tales from many sources which gathered about his name after his death? And does not Heine, by converting Mephistopheles into a girl, and the whole tale into a French ballet, and in adding a hundred minor original modern details, depart by commission and omission utterly from the spirit of the old traditions in his work? In all this our author reminds me of a very apropos incident. An artist had won a prize of £200 at a competition for a picture of Faust in his studio. As he had represented Faust as a very aged and decrepid man, I objected to it that it was not in accordance with the original text (meaning that of Goethe), in which the hero is set forth as being of vigorous middle age. To which the artist protested that he had very carefully followed the original. Whereupon a lady who was present went into the adjoining library, and bringing thence "Faust" in two full-sized bound volumes, asked the painter to point out his authority; to which he, aghast, replied, "Why, I did not know that 'Faust' was so big a book as *that*!" Investigation revealed the fact that he had never heard of Goethe, and that the only "Faust" known to him was the libretto of the opera by that name. Heine's "original text" and its adaptation to the stage is very suggestive of this picture.—*Translator*.

departing from the reverent symmetry according to which the legend lived in German popular familiarity with it, he could not execute the work according to the newly-conceived plan based on incredulity; it was, in fact, never finished, unless we consider that lame or crippled second part of "Faust" which appeared forty years later as the completion of the whole poem. In this second part Goethe frees Faust the necromancer from the fangs of the devil; he does not send him to hell, but permits him to enter heaven in triumph, accompanied by dancing angels and Catholic cupids, and the terrible compact with Satan, which caused such hair-on-end horror to our ancestors, ends like a frivolous farce—I had almost said like a ballet.¹

My ballet contains what is most important in the old legends of Doctor Faustus, and in combining their principal motives to a dramatic whole, I adhered conscientiously to the existing traditions as I found them in the popular chap-books, as they are sold in our market-places, and in puppet-shows as I saw them played in my youth.

¹ Heine here advances the *one* great point in which he considers that his ballet excels the poem by Goethe, *i.e.*, that Goethe departs from the tradition by the salvation of Faust's soul. And yet Heine himself has told us a few pages back, in the introduction, that in the old Saxon-Norman "original legend" Faust is finally saved by the grace of the Mother of God. In fact it was Goethe, and not Heine, who was true to the *original* legend.—*Translator.*

The *Volksbücher*, or popular works referred to, are not by any means in accordance. Most of them have been patched together, as the compiler pleased, from two much older and greater works on Faust, which, with the so-called *Höllenzwang*, are to be regarded as the chief sources of the legends. These works are in this relation too important to be passed over without special mention. The oldest of them was published in Frankfort in 1587 by Johann Spiess, who appears to have not only printed, but also to have written it, although in a dedication to his patrons he says that he received the MS. from a friend, a native of Speier. This old Frankfort Faust-book is far more poetic, profound, and with a deeper significance of symbolism than the second work on the same subject, written by George Rudolph Widman, and published in 1599, in Hamburg. The latter, however, became far more popular, perhaps because it is diluted with sermon-like remarks and grave erudition. By it the better book was crowded out of sight and sunk into oblivion. The third source of the Faust legend is to be found in the so-called *Höllenzwang*—"hell-compulsions"¹—which are written partly in Latin, partly in German, and which are attributed to Doctor Faust himself. They differ very oddly one from the other, and

¹ French version, *Clef des Enfers*.

circulate under different titles. The most famous of them is the *Meergeist*, the Spirit of the Sea—the very name of which was whispered with trembling. The manuscript was long kept in a convent with chain and key. But by some bold indiscretion it was published by Holbek in the Kohlsteig in Amsterdam in 1692.

The popular works which were drawn from these sources also contributed to another remarkable book on Doctor Faust's servant, Christopher Wagner, who was also skilled in magic, and whose adventures and jests were frequently attributed to his celebrated master. Its author, who published his work in 1594, declared it was from a Spanish original, and called himself Tholeth Schotus. If it was really from the Spanish, which I doubt, there is here an indication by which the remarkable resemblance of the legend of "Faust" to that of "Don Juan" may be explained.

But did a Faust really ever exist? As with many other workers of miracles, he has been declared to be a mere myth; in fact, it went even worse with him, for the unfortunate Poles have claimed him for a fellow-countryman, declaring that he is known to them to this day under the name of Twardowski. It is true that, according to the most recent researches as to Faust, he studied magic at the University of Cracow, where

it was publicly taught as one of the liberal arts, and that the Poles were then great conjurers, which they certainly are not to-day. But our Doctor Faust is of such a fundamentally honest nature, so yearning for the true inwardness of all things, and so learned, even in sensuality itself, that he must be either a fable or a German. But there is no reason to doubt of his existence; the most creditable authorities attest it: for example, Johannes Wierus, who wrote the celebrated book on witchcraft; then Philip Melancthon, the brother-in-arms of Luther, as well as the Abbot Tritheim, who was also addicted to mysteries, and who, by the way, perhaps decried Faust out of professional jealousy, and so represented him as a juggler of the market-place and fair. According to the witness of Wierus and Melancthon, Faust was born at Kündlingen, a little town in Suabia, and I may here remark that the above-mentioned principal authorities differed as to his birthplace. According to the older Frankfurt version, he was born as a peasant's son at Rod, near Weimar. In the Hamburg version by Widman, we are, however, told that "Faust was born in the County Anhalt, and his parents dwelt in the Mark of Soltwedel; they were pious peasants."

In a memoir of the admirable and honourable tapeworm doctor, Calmonius, with which I am now occupied, I have an opportunity to fully prove

that the real historical Faust is no other than that Sabellicus whom the Abbot Tritheim sketched as a mountebank and arch-rogué, who had abandoned God and the world. The circumstance that he named himself Faustus junior on a visiting-card which he sent to Tritheim, induced the error that there was an elder magician who bore this name. But the word junior here means that Faust had a father or elder brother still living, who was so-called, which is a matter of no importance to us. Quite different would it be should I give our Calmonius of to-day such a title, since I should then connect him with an elder Calmonius, who lived in the middle of the last century, and who was by the way a great braggart and liar; as, for instance, when he boasted that he enjoyed the intimate friendship of Friedrich the Great, and often related how the King with all his army marched past his house, and stopping before the window, called aloud to him "*Adies, Calmonius; I am going to the Seven Years' War, and I hope to see you again all well!*"¹

It is a widely-spread popular error that our magician is the same Faust who discovered the art of printing,² and it is expressive and deeply

¹ All of this preceding passage is omitted in the French version.

² Heine had not discovered this when he wrote that passage in Germany, in which he identifies Faust the magician with Faust the printer in the most innocent manner.—*Translator.*

significant. The multitude identified the two, because they surmised that the intellectual direction which the black-artist represented had found in printing its most terrible means of extension, and a union was thereby effected between the two. That intellectual direction is, however, Thought itself in opposition to the blind *credo* of the Middle Age; to belief in all authorities of heaven and earth; to a belief in recompense there for abstinence here, as the Church teaches the charcoal-burner who kneels before it. Faust begins to think; his godless reason rises against the holy faith of his fathers; he will no longer grope in darkness and idle about in want. He longs for knowledge, worldly power, earthly joys. He will know, have power and pleasure, and—to employ the symbolic language of the Middle Age—he falls off from God, renounces his heavenly happiness, and worships Satan and his earthly glory. This revolt and its doctrine were so mightily and magically aided by the art of printing, that in the course of time it inspired not only highly advanced and cultured minds, but whole masses of the people. Perhaps the legend of “Faust” exerts a mysterious charm on our contemporaries, because they here see so naïvely and comprehensively set forth the battle which we ourselves now fight, the modern strife between religion and science, between authority

and reason, between faith and thought, between humble renunciation or submission to sorrow and daring luxury—a fight to the death, the end whereof will perhaps be that the devil will take us all, as he did the poor Doctor born of the Barony of Anhalt, or of Kundlingen in Suabia.

Yes, our black-artist in the legend oft appears as one with the first printer.¹ This is specially the case in the puppet-plays, where we always find Faust in Mainz, while the popular chap-books invariably indicate Wittenberg as his abode. And it is very remarkable that Wittenberg, the home of Faust, was also the birthplace and laboratory of Protestantism.

The puppet-plays which I have mentioned were never printed, and it was only very recently that one of my friends published the manuscript text of such a work.² This friend is Karl Simrock,

¹ It is generally believed that the term "printer's devil" is derived from the story of Faust, this person being the general attendant or Mephistopheles of the "typos." The terms "chapel," "monk," "friar," and "hell," all date from the fifteenth century.—*Translator.*

² This was written in 1847. Heine does not seem to have been aware that August Zoller in his *Bilder aus Schwaben* had long previously published a description with most of the text of a puppet-show of Faust, which the author witnessed as given by a troupe of wandering gypsies. A translation of it may be found in my work on *Gypsy Sorcery* (pp. 247, 248), London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1891. Zoller's book was published at Stuttgart in 1834.—*Translator.*

who attended with me, at the University of Bonn, the lectures of Schlegel on German archæology and metres, and also measured out¹ with me many a good pint of Rhine wine, and so to a degree perfected himself in the auxiliary studies which subsequently aided him when publishing the old puppet-play. He restored the missing passages with tact and genius, selecting from such variations as were available, while the treatment of comic characters shows that he had made deep study of the German Jack-puddings or clowns—probably in the lecture of August Wilhelm Schlegel in Bonn. How admirable is the beginning of the play where Faust sits alone in his study among his books and repeats this soliloquy :—

“ And I have brought it now so far in learning,
That everybody laughs when me discerning ;
All books I have read over again and over,
And yet the stone of Wisdom I can by no means discover.
Jurisprudence and Medicine are of no use to me,
There is no healing now—unless in Sorcery.

¹ *Ausstechen*, to prick, mark, or cut out a pattern. Also a play on *Auszechen*, to empty by drinking. Karl Simrock subsequently became known by his translation of the *Nibelungenlied*, his Rhine legends in ballad form, and many other valuable works. As both Heine and Simrock were passionately devoted to the same studies, the mutual influence exerted by the two friends was doubtless very great.—*Translator*.

The study of Theology did not avail a whit,
Who'll pay me for the nights which I wasted over it?
In this my only coat the rents are gaping wide,
And from my creditors I know not where to hide.
The hidden depths of hell perhaps may help me more,
That I the hidden depths of Nature may explore;
But to call up its spirits by citation
I must in magic get some further information."

The scene which follows contains several highly poetic and deeply moving motives, which would be well worthy of far greater tragic poems, and have indeed been taken from such. These are, firstly, the "Faust" of Marlowe, a genial masterpiece, which the puppet-plays imitate not only as regards plot but also in form. Marlowe's "Faust" may have served for model to other English poets of his time as regards treatment of material, and passages from such pieces have in fact passed into the puppet-plays. Such English Faust-comedies were probably at a later period translated into German and acted by the so-called English comedians,¹ who also performed the best Shake-

¹ "Von den so-gennanten englischen Komödianten." This is given in the French version simply as "par les trompes ambulantes." It involves a great error. These "so-called" English actors were really of English birth, and they went over to Germany in what were certainly astonishingly great numbers, as Dr. Bell, who made much research on the subject in German records, shows in his "Puck." Dr. Bell conjectures that Shakespeare was for a long time in Germany, acting in such



spearean works on German stages. Only the names of the plays of these English companies have been kept; the dramas themselves, which were never printed, have now perished, unless they possibly are preserved by some minor theatre, or in strolling companies of the lowest class. I myself remember to have seen the life of Faust twice played by such art-vagabonds, and not as worked up by modern poets, but probably from fragments of old and long-perished plays.¹ The first of these I saw twenty-five years ago, in a corner theatre on the so-called Hamburger Berge, between Hamburg and Altona. I remember that the devils who were summoned were all deeply disguised in grey sheets or shrouds. To Faust's question, "Are ye men or women?" they replied,

a troupe, and he cites many passages from his plays to prove it, some of which are very ingenious, while many are unfortunately so far-fetched that his arguments have not received the attention which they perhaps deserve. It is possible that a scrutiny of German town-archives may bring to light more information in the form of licenses issued to such English players, and possibly the names of many of them.—*Translator*.

¹ Heine might easily in 1834 or in 1844, or even much later, had he frequented fairs in Germany or visited Philadelphia, have seen "Faust" in the old form, not twice, but scores of times, and it occasionally occurs even at the present day as a "side-show." Another play of the same school was "Old Hontz (Hans) and his Comical Family." The first time I ever heard of Dr. Faustus was when a fellow-schoolmate who had seen it at some small show in Philadelphia narrated to me the plot.—*Translator*.

"We are of no sex." Faust asked further, what they really looked like under their grey coverings, and they answered, "We have no form which we can call our own, but we will take according to thy will whatever shape you ask us to assume, for we shall ever seem like thine own thought." After the contract had been concluded, which assured him the knowledge and enjoyment of all things, he asked for information as to heaven and hell, which being given, he remarks that it seems to be too cool in heaven and too hot in hell, and that the most tolerable climate must be that of our own good earth. He wins the fairest women of this same good earth by the power of his magic ring, which confers on him the most blooming form of youth, beauty, and winsomeness, also the most magnificent knightly array. After many years of debauchery he has an intrigue with a Signora Lucretia, the most famous courtesan of Venice, but treacherously abandons her and sails for Athens, where the daughter of the Duke falls in love with, and will marry him. Lucretia in desperation seeks counsel of the infernal powers to be revenged on the faithless lover, and the devil confides to her that all the glory of Faust will vanish with the ring which he wears on his forefinger. Signora Lucretia travels in pilgrim garb to Athens, and arrives at court just as Faust, in bridal garb, holds out

his hand to the beautiful Duchess to lead her to the altar. But the disguised pilgrim, the woman seeking vengeance, suddenly pulls the ring from his finger, when all at once the youthful features of Faust change to a wrinkled and aged face with toothless mouth; instead of a wealth of golden curls, a few silver hairs cling to his poor skull; his shining purple splendour of apparel falls like dry leaves from his bent and tottering form, which is now covered only with vile rags. But the disenchanted enchanter is not aware that he has changed, or rather that his body and clothes now reveal the real ruin which he had been twenty years before, and which has gone on while devilish glamour hid the sight from men; he does not understand why the court-minions draw back from him in disgust, or why the Duchess cries: "Take the old beggar from my sight!" Then the disguised Lucretia vindictively holds a mirror before him, and he sees in it with shame his true form, and is cast out of doors by insolent menials like a mangy dog.

The other Faust-drama I saw during a horse-market in a village in Hanover. A small theatre had been carpentered up, and though the play was acted by broad daylight, still the evocation-scene was sufficiently terrible. The demon who appeared did not call himself Mephistopheles but Astaroth, a name which is probably identical with

that of Astarte, although the latter in the secret lore of the Magians was regarded as the spouse of Astaroth. This Astarte is in those writings represented with two horns on the head, which form a half-moon, as she was really once worshipped in Phœnicia as a moon-goddess, and was consequently regarded by the Jews, like all the deities of their neighbours, as a devil.¹ King Solomon the Wise, however, prayed to her in secret, and Byron has celebrated her in his "Faust," which he called "Manfred." In the puppet-play published by Simrock, the book by which Faust is led astray is called *Clavis Astarti de Magica*.

In the play of which I speak, Faust prefaces his invocation with the complaint that he is so poor that he must always go on foot, that not even a cow-girl will give him a kiss, and that he would give himself to the devil for a horse and a fair princess. The devil when called appears at first in forms of different animals—of a swine, an ox, an ape; but Faust rejects him every time

¹ I think it is mentioned in "The Mysteries of the Cabiri," by G. Stanley Faber, that it was recognised in Syria that the morning star had its phases like those of the moon. Astarte is in fact the goddess of the Morning Star, an identity curiously found in the name in many languages, or Venus. All the early Assyrian, as well as Etruscan deities were in pairs, male and female. It is needless to say that the goddess Astarte is not celebrated in Manfred, though the mysterious love of the hero bears that name.—*Translator*.

with the remark, "You must appear in a more frightful form to frighten me!" Then the devil comes as a roaring lion—*quærens quem devorat*—but he is not terrible enough for the intrepid magician, and must retreat with his tail between his legs behind the scenes, whence he comes forth again as a giant serpent. "You are neither hideous nor horrible enough yet!" exclaims Faust. The devil again put to shame must pack off as before, and we see him reappear as a magnificently handsome man, wrapped in a scarlet cloak. When Faust expresses his astonishment at this, Red Cloak replies that, "There is nothing more terrible or cruel than man; there grunt and bellow, bleat and hiss in him the natures of all other beasts. He is as nasty as a pig, as brutal as a bull, as wrathful as a lion, as venomous as a serpent—he is a combination of all animality."

The extraordinary agreement of this old comedy tirade with one of the chief doctrines of the new philosophy of nature, especially as developed by Oken, struck me forcibly. After the diabolical compact is signed Astaroth proposes to Faust several beautiful women whom he commends—for instance, Judith. "I do not want a she-executioner," replies the hero. "Cleopatra, then," suggested the spirit. "No more than the other," answers Faust. "She is too extravagant, too dissipated; she ruined Mark Antony—why,

she drinks pearls." "Well, then," remarks the mischievous fiend, "what do you say to the beautiful Helen of Greece?" adding ironically, "You can talk Greek to her."

The learned doctor is enraptured at the proposal, and then requires that the devil shall bestow on him bodily beauty and magnificent garments that he may successfully rival Paris, also a horse on which to ride at once to Troy. Consent being obtained, he departs with the spirit, both reappearing directly, mounted on high horses. They cast away their cloaks, and we see them in gorgeous spangled finery, as English jockeys, perform the most astonishing equestrian tricks, to the amazement of the assembled grooms who stood round with their red Hanoverian faces, and in rapture slapped their yellow leather breeches, so that there was such applause as I never heard before at any dramatic performance. Astaroth, who was a slender, very handsome girl, with the largest infernal black eyes, really rode most charmingly. Faust also was a smart young fellow in his gay jockey dress, and rode far better than all the German doctors whom I have ever seen. He galloped with Astaroth round the ring, at the further part of which we saw the city of Troy, with fair Helena looking from the battlements.

The appearance of Helen in the legend of "Faust" is of inexpressible significance. She characterises

the time in which it appeared, and reveals its deepest sentiment. That ever blooming ideal of grace and beauty, fair Helena of Greece, who one fine morning makes her appearance in Wittenberg as Mrs. Doctor Faust, is that Greece and Hellenism itself which suddenly rose in the heart of Germany as if summoned by magic spell. The magic book, however, which contained the most powerful of those incantations was called Homer, the true and great *Höllenzwang*—Key or Compulsion of Hell—which allured and seduced Faust and so many of his contemporaries. Faust, whether the historical or literal, was one of those humanists who disseminated with zeal and enthusiasm in Germany Greek culture, learning and art. The capital of that propaganda was Rome, where the most distinguished prelates adhered to the cultus of the ancient gods, and where the Pope himself, like his predecessor Constantine, capped the office of a Pontifex Maximus of heathenism with the dignity of chief of the Christian Church. It was the so-called time of the resurrection, or, better expressed, of the re-birth of the ancient view of all things, or, as it is most correctly called, of the Renaissance. It was easier for it to flourish and rule in Italy than in Germany, where it was opposed by the contemporary appearance of the new translation of the Bible, and the new birth of the Jewish spirit, which we may call the

Evangelical Renaissance, which attacked it with such iconoclastic fanaticism. Strange that the two great books of humanity, which had, a thousand years before, waged such fierce battle, and then rested during all the Middle Age as if weary of war—I mean Homer and the Bible—in the beginning of the sixteenth century again enter the lists. As I have already declared that the revolt of the realistic sensual lust and love of life against the spiritual old Catholic asceticism is the leading idea of the legend of "Faust," I will here remark in relation to it how that sensual realistic joy of life itself rose in the souls of thinkers suddenly as they became familiar with the monuments and records of Greek art and learning, and as they read the original works of Plato and Aristotle. And in both of these, as tradition expressly asserts, Faust had so deeply buried himself that he once declared that if those works should ever be lost he could restore them from his memory, as Ezra did of yore the Old Testament. How deeply Faust had penetrated into Homer appears by the legend that he once showed the students, who attended his lectures on the poet, all the heroes of the Trojan war in person. In the same manner he, at another time, to entertain his guests, called up the beautiful Helen, whom he subsequently obtained for himself of the devil, and whom he possessed even unto his

unhappy end, as the older Faust-book informs us. The book of Widmann merely mentions these incidents as follows:—

“I will not keep from the Christian reader the fact that I found in this place certain stories of Dr. Johann Faust which I for very important Christian reasons would not describe, as, for instance, that the devil always kept him from marriage, and so drove him into his infernal and disgusting net of harlotry, giving him for concubine Helena from hell, who first had by him a horrible monster, and after that a son named Justus.”

The two passages in the older work on Faust referring to the beautiful Helen are as follows:—

“On Whitsunday the above-mentioned students came unexpectedly again to supper in the house of Doctor Faustus, bringing with them their food and drink, and were agreeable guests. When the wine went round, conversation turned on beautiful women, and one said that there was no beauty whom he desired to see more than Helen of Græcia, through whom the fair town of Troy had perished, and that she must have been beautiful indeed, because she had been so often abducted, and caused such great disturbance. ‘Since you are so desirous,’ said Faust, ‘of seeing the lovely form of Queen Helen, wife of Menelaus, or the daughter of Tyndarus and Leda, sister of Castor and Pollux, she who was reputed

to be the most beautiful in Græcia, I will bring her before you in form and figure as she was in life, as I also did to the Emperor Charles V., at his desire, the representation of the Emperor Alexander the Great and his spouse.' Thereupon Dr. Faustus forbade any one to speak or to rise from the table, or to venture to salute or embrace, and with this he left the room.¹ When he returned, Queen Helena followed him on foot, so wondrous fair, that the students knew not whether they were themselves, so bewildered and burning with passion were they. This Helena appeared in a splendid dark purple dress; her hair hung down beautiful and glorious as gold, and so long that it came unto the knee; with coal-black eyes, a charming countenance with a small round head, her lips red as cherries with a dainty little mouth, a neck like that of a white swan, cheeks like roses, an extremely beautiful and shining face, with a tall and slender person. *In summa*, there was no fault to find in her, and she looked on all with such bold and coquettish glances, that the students were fired with love for her; yet as they

¹ It may be conjectured from this direction that Doctor Faustus actually exhibited the form of Helen by means of a magic-lantern. The well-known passages in the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" almost prove that this instrument was used for such a purpose. But he may have exhibited some living woman with stage accompaniments and "colour."—*Translator*.

regarded her as a spirit, their passion passed away, as did Helena herself with Doctor Faust from the room. When the students had seen this, they begged Doctor Faust that he would do them the favour to let them see her again the next day, that they might bring an artist, who should take her portrait. But this Doctor Faust refused, saying that he could not evoke this spirit when he would; yet did he promise them her picture, which they might have copied, which indeed was done, and painters spread it far and wide, for it was a truly magnificent picture of a woman. But who made the original for Faust no one ever knew. As for the students, when they went to rest none of them could sleep for thinking of the figure and form which they had so distinctly seen. From which we may see that the devil often inflames and bewilders men by means of love, so that they fall into lasciviousness, from which they cannot afterwards be drawn."

And we read further on in the old book:—

"And now it came to pass that wretched Faust, to give full sweep unto his carnal lusts, thinking one midnight when he chanced to wake of Helena of Greece, whom he had shown unto the students upon Whitsunday, demanded of his spirit in the morn to bring her to him for a concubine, which was done, and this Helena was even the same form which had been called up for the students.

And when Doctor Faustus saw her, she did so captivate his heart that he began at once to fornicate with her, and kept her for his bedfellow, and loved her so that he could not bear to be out of her sight. And in the last year she was with child by him, and bare him a son, at which Faustus rejoiced greatly, and called the babe Justus Faustus. This child revealed to his father many future things which should come to pass in all countries. But when Doctor Faustus afterwards lost his life, both mother and child vanished."

As most of the chap-books on Faust have been drawn from the work of Widmann, there is but scanty mention in them of the beautiful Helen, and its deep significance could therefore be easily passed over. Even Goethe at first missed it when he specially relied (in writing the first part of "Faust") on these popular works, and did not avail himself specially of the puppet-plays. Not till four decades later, when he composed the second part of "Faust," did he bring Helen into his work; but then, indeed, he treated her *con amore*. It is the best, or rather the only good thing in the said second part, or in this allegoric and labyrinthine wilderness, in which, however, on a sublime pedestal, a wondrously perfect Greek marble statue rises before us, its white eyes gazing on us so heathenishly divine and fascinating in its loveliness that we are well nigh moved to sad-

ness.¹ It is the most precious statue which ever left the atelier of Goethe, and it is difficult to believe that it was cut by the hand of an aged man. It is, however, much more of a work of calm and deliberate execution than the result of inspired imagination, which latter seldom burst forth in great strength by Goethe any more than in his masters and elective affinities—I might almost say by his fellow-countrymen—the Greeks, for these themselves had more harmonious sense of form than excessive fulness of creation, more gift in giving shape than in imagination; yes, I will plainly utter the heresy—more art than poetry.

You will, dearest friend, readily understand from the foregoing indications why I have given an entire act in my ballet to the beautiful Helen. The island to which I transferred her is, however, not one of my own discovery; the Greeks found it out long ago, and according to the declaration of ancient authors, especially of Pausanius and Pliny, it was in the Euxine Sea, near the mouth of the Danube, and bore the name of Achillea, from the temple of Achilles, which was on it. It was said that the valiant Pelides himself, risen

¹ In the French version, "Labyrinthe obscur qui s'éclaircissant soudain, découvre à nos yeux sur un piédestal de bas-reliefs mythologiques ce sublime marbre grec, cette statue divinement païenne dont l'aspect subit inonde l'âme de joie et de lumière."

from the grave, there wandered about in company with the other celebrities of the Trojan war, among whom was the ever-blooming Helen of Sparta.¹ Heroism and beauty must indeed perish prematurely, to the joy of the vulgar mob and of mediocrity; but great poets raise them from the tomb, and bring them rescued to some isle of bliss, where flowers and hearts fade nevermore.

I have growled somewhat, it may be, over the second part of Goethe's "Faust," but I can in very truth not find words sufficient to set forth all my admiration of the art and poetry with which fair Helen is set forth in them. Here Goethe remained true to the spirit of the legend, which is, unfortunately, as I have already remarked, seldom the case with him, a stricture which I cannot repeat too often.² As regards this, the

¹ Vide *Doctor Faust: Die bezauberte Insel*. By K. Enkel, Oldenburg, 1879.—*Translator*.

² The stricture which cannot be repeated too often as regards Heine's excessively high estimate of his own work on "Faust," and his depreciation of that of Goethe, is that he virtually declares that it is, as it were, a stern moral duty for every one setting forth the story to strictly follow the same as described in popular legends as contained in chap-books, or as given in small plays or puppet-shows, in which latter from the beginning every player has improvised or varied the text at his own fancy. The truth is, that every dramatist of "Faust" has shaped and coloured it according to the age in which he lived, as did Heine himself unconsciously, for his "Faust" is essentially a modern French ballet, which as regards dignity is not even equal to *La*

devil has the most cause to complain of Goethe. His Mephistopheles has not the least inner relationship with the true "Mephostopheles," as the old chap-books call him. And here my opinion is strengthened that Goethe did not know the latter when he wrote the first part of "Faust." If he had, he would not have made him appear so hoggishly humorous, or in such a cynically scurrilous mask. For Mephistopheles is no common infernal blackguard;¹ he is "a subtle spirit," as

Sylphide. Thus Shakespeare treated such legends just as he pleased, in direct violation of the law laid down by Heine; and it is an amusing proof of the brilliant inconsistency of our genial author, that he lauds Shakespeare to the skies in the *Mädchen und Frauen* for his freedom from these old tyrannies of the "Classic" school. Heine claims for "Faust" the treatment due to a really historical character, while the latter was really a very ancient type common to many countries. Vide *Der Faust der Morgenländer, oder Wanderungen*, Ben Hafis, Leipzig, 1797; also *Meister Twardowski (Der Polnische Faust)*, by H. Max, Wien, 1879; *Über Calderons Tragödie vom wunderthätigen Magus. Beitrag zur Verst: der Faust Fabel*, Halle, 1829; *Don Tenorio von Sevilla, und die Schwarzkünstler verschiedener Nationen*, in Scheibele's *Kloster*, Band 2, 3, 5, and 11. Even the name of Faust was probably a generic one for jugglers before the time of the one in question. Vide *Wer war Faustus Senior*, by G. Schwetschke, 1855. Finally, it is almost incredible that the all-reading and all-searching Goethe, while writing the first part of "Faust" at a time when the play was to be seen at every fair in Frankfort and the text on every book-stand, was in ignorance of anything in relation to it.—*Translator.*

¹ *Kein gewöhnlicher Höllentump.*

he calls himself, very aristocratic and noble, and of high rank in the hierarchy of the lower regions, or in the diabolical diplomacy wherein he is a statesman, of whom an imperial chancellor may yet be made. Therefore I have given him a form corresponding to his dignity. The devil always delighted from the earliest time to take the form of a beautiful woman, and in the older Faust-book it was in such guise that Mephistopheles was wont to soothe and delude Faust when the poor soul was seized with scruples. On which the old book thus naïvely expresses itself:—

“When Faust, being alone, would meditate on the Word of God, the devil adorned himself as a right fair woman for his pleasure, embraced and practised with him all lewdness and indecencies, so that he soon forgot the Holy Scripture, casting it to the wind, and going onward in his evil ways.”

In representing the devil and his comrades as female dancers, I have been truer to tradition than you suppose. It was no fiction of your friend that there were *corps de ballets* of devils in the time of Faust, since it is a fact which I can prove by citations from the life of Christian Wagner, who was Faust's pupil.¹ In the sixteenth chapter of this old book we read that the

¹ Vide *Christoph Wagner ehemals Famulus des Doctor Faust*. Oldenburg, 1876.—*Translator*.

evil sinner gave a banquet in Vienna, where devils in the form of women made with stringed instruments the sweetest and most enchanting music, while other devils performed strange and indecent dances. On which occasion they also danced as apes, since we are told, "Soon came twelve apes, who, making a circle, danced French ballets, as people now do in Italy, France, and Germany, leaping and hopping very well, so that many marvelled thereat." The devil Auerhahn (mountain-cock), who was the familiar spirit of Wagner, generally appeared as a monkey, especially as one which danced. The old book declares that when Wagner invoked him he became a monkey. "Then he sprang up and down, danced *gaillards* and other wanton dances, beat on the tambourine, and blew on the cross pipes and trumpet, as if he had been a hundred."

And here, dearest friend, I cannot resist the temptation to explain to you what the biographer of the necromancer means by the name "*gaillard-dances*," for I find in a still older book by Johann Prætorius, printed at Leipzig in 1668, and which contains information as to the Blocksberg, the remarkable information that the above-mentioned dance was invented by the devil, the honourable author saying expressly:—¹

¹ Heine here refers to a work, the full title of which is as follows: "*Blockes-Berges-Verrichtung, oder Ausführlicher*

“Of the new galliard-volta, an Italian dance in which the performers act in a most unseemly manner, and spin and reel round like tops when whipped,¹ and which was brought by sorcerers from Italy to France, one may say that such a whirling is full of infamous and revolting gestures and indecent movements, and brings evil with it, since from it come murders and miscarriages. Which is indeed, where there is a proper police, a thing to be looked after, and most severely prohibited. And while the city of Geneva especially detests dancing, Satan taught a young daughter

Geographischer Bericht, von den hohen trefflich alt und berühmten Blockes-Berge: ingeleichen von der Hexenfahrt und Zauber-Sabbathe, so auff solchen Berge die Unholden aus gantz Teutschland, jährlich den I Mai in Sanct Walpurgis-Nacht anstellen sollen. Aus vielen Autoribus abgefasset und mit schönen Raritäten angeschmücket sampt zugehörigen Figuren, von M. Johanne Prætorio, Poëtâ Laureato Casareo. Nebst einen Appendice, vom Blockes-Berge, wie auch des alten Reinstains, und der Baumanns Höhle am Harz. Zu Leipzig, Bey Johann Scheiben und Franckfurth am Mäyn, bey Friedrich Arnsten zufinden. Gedruckt, Anno 1669.” Heine was indebted to this rare work for several suggestions in his *Harzreise*, if he did not indeed take the idea of the whole from the ascent of the Brocken by Prætorius. The passage here attributed to Prætorius was in a great measure taken by the latter from Pierre Delancre.—*Translator.*

¹ “Wo man einander an schamigen Orten fasset, und wie ein getriebener Topf herumhaspelt und wirbelt.” This evidently indicates a waltz. Delancre adds to this a Bohemian dance, which was probably the polka.—*Translator.*

of that place how she could make everybody there dance and spring as much as she pleased, by touching them with an iron switch or rod which he gave her. And she also mocked the judge, and said that they could never bring her to be executed, and had for the evil deed no remorse."

You see from this citation, dearest friend, firstly, what the galliard is, and secondly, that the devil encourages dancing to vex the pious. Truly to force the holy city of Geneva, the Calvinistic Jerusalem, to dance with an iron rod of magic was going far, even to the pinnacle of insolent injury.¹ Just imagine all these little Genevese saints, all these God-fearing watch-makers, all these chosen of the Lord, all of these virtuous female teachers, these firm, stiff, angular preacher and pedagogue figures, all at once dancing the galliard! The story must be true, for I remember to have read it also in the *Dæmonomagia* of Bodinus, and I had a great fancy to work it up into a ballet, to be called Dancing Geneva.

The devil, as you see, is a great artist as to

¹ *Tempora mutantur*. I am translating this in Geneva, July 14, 1891, and there is a notice of a dance to be held or played in the public garden. Delancre tells this story of the witch with the iron rod, but adds significantly that the judge "found a way to blunt her petulance." Vide "Gypsy Sorcery," p. 158, where the quotation from Delancre is given in full.—*Translator*.

dancing, and therefore no one should wonder when he presents himself as a *danseuse* before a highly honourable public. Another metamorphosis which is less natural, but of deep significance, is that in the oldest work on Faust Mephistopheles metamorphoses himself to a winged horse, and carries Faust to all lands and places wherever sense or sensuality (*Sinn oder Sinnlichkeit*) desire to go. The spirit here manifests not only the swiftness of thought, but the power of poetry; he is actually the Pegasus who bears Faust to all the splendours and joys of life in the shortest time. He brings him in a second to Constantinople, and there into the harem of the Grand Turk, where Faust, who is believed by the odalisques to be Mahomed, enjoys himself divinely. Again he is transported to Rome, where in the Vatican, invisible to all, he snaps from the Pope his best food and wine; and being merry, often laughs aloud, so that the Pope, who believes himself to be alone, is terribly frightened. Here, as everywhere in the "Faust" legend, we observe sharp animosity to Papistry and the Catholic Church; and in this connection it is characteristic that Faust, after the first invocation, expressly orders him to appear in future when summoned, in the cowl of a Franciscan. The old chap-books, not the puppet-plays, show him in this monkish garb, when he disputes with Faust on religious

subjects. Here blows the air of the time of the Reformation.

Mephistopheles not only has no real form, but he has never become popular in any determined one,¹ like other heroes of the chap-books—as, for instance, Tyll Eulenspiegel, that laughter personified in the rude and tough form of a German travelling journeyman; or like the Wandering Jew, with long beard of eighteen hundred years' growth, whose white hairs have again become black at the tip, as if rejuvenated. Nor has Mephistopheles any peculiar shape in the books of magic, like other spirits—as, for example, Aziabel, who always appears as a little infant; or the devil, Marbeul, who, as is expressly declared, invariably presents himself in the form of a boy of ten years.

And I would here remark, that I leave it entirely to your machinist whether Faust and his diabolical companion shall fly through the air on two horses, or both be wrapped in a great

¹ This is but partially true. Mephistopheles, as portrayed by Retsch, was taken from a figure which often appears in the works of a painter of the sixteenth century (unless I err), as mentioned by Kugler; and I am certain that the devil in this form of a slender man with the cock's feather occurs in other works of the Middle Age. As regards the Wandering Jew of the next sentence, it may occur to the reader to inquire how he can have a beard of eighteen hundred years' growth in pictures in books of the sixteenth century, which are certainly here referred to.—*Translator*.

magic cloak. The magic cloak is the most common in popular legend.

As for the witches when flying to their festival, we must let them fly, no matter whether it be on household implements or monsters. The German witch generally uses a broomstick on which she smears salve, such as she has previously rubbed all over her own naked body. When her infernal gallant comes in person to accompany her, then he sits before and she behind, during the journey. The French witches say, "*Emen-hetan ! Emen-hetan !*" while they are salving themselves. "*Oben hinaus und nirgends an*—" "Out above and nowhere on"¹—is the cry of the German *chevalières* of the broom, when they fly out of the chimney. They know how to arrange it, so that they meet in the air, and fly in swarms to the Sabbath. As the witches, like the fairies, hate the Christian sound of church-bells from the depths of their hearts, they are accustomed when passing belfries to take the bells and throw them with horrible laughter into some morass. Accusations of this occur in witch trials, and the French proverb justly declares that a man should take to flight

¹ This means to go through and out of the chimney-top without touching, or, as the French version gives it, "*Du bas en haut, sans toucher.*" From the "Ingoldsby Ballads" it would seem that the English witch formula was : "Hey up the chimney-pot ! Hey after you !" — *Translator.*

if he be accused of stealing the bells of Nôtre Dame.¹

As for the place of their meeting, which the witches call their *convent* or their Diet, there are widely differing popular opinions. But from the united testimony of a Remigius, a Godelmann, a Wierus, a Bodinus, and even of a Delancré,² I have determined on the top of a mountain grown about with forest, as I have indicated in the third act of my ballet. In Germany, the witch-meeting was, or is usually held on the Blocksberg, which forms the central point of the Harz mountains. And it is not only witches of our native growth who assemble, for there are also many foreigners, and not only living, but also long dead sorcerers-sinners who have no rest in the grave, and who, like the Willis, are tormented in their graves by an irrepressible desire to dance. Therefore we see at the Sabbath a mixture of dresses of all countries and ages. Aristocratic ladies—*les dames de haut parage*—in order to be at their ease, are

¹ Not exactly a proverb, but the saying of a distinguished man, who took the idea not from witch trials, but from Gargantua's stealing the same church-bells in the Chronicle of Rabelais. But the origin of the saying lay in the stealing of bells by witches.—*Translator*.

² By some oversight, Heine here omits his great authority, to whom he was chiefly indebted. This was, as usual, Johannes Prætorius, who devotes thirty-seven pages in his *Blockes-Berg* to the subject of the witch convents in all the countries of Europe.

mostly masked. The wizards, who are also present in great numbers, are often men who, in ordinary life, affect the most honourable and Christian conduct. As for the fiends, who fulfil the functions of lovers, they are of all degrees, so that an old female cook or cow-girl must content herself with a very low-class, poor devil of a devil, while proud and stately patrician ladies or dames of high degree are proportionately accommodated or served with highly-refined and beautifully-tailed devils, and may solace themselves with the most gallant nobles of hell—*enfin les diables comme il faut*. These latter generally wear the old Spanish or Burgundian court-dress,¹ but either all black, or else of some very "loud" light colour, and on their cap waves the indispensable blood-red cock feather. Yet, however admirable in form and elegant of dress these cavaliers seem at first sight, it is always unpleasantly remarkable that a certain "finish" is wanting, and close consideration of their whole being reveals a want of harmony, or something out of keeping, which jars on eye and ear. They are always too fat or too lean; their faces are too

¹ This very graceful costume is still worn by the Pope's chamberlains on ceremonial occasions. It is black. In the German text we have "entweder von ganz schwarzer oder gar zu schreiend heller Farbe." In French, "on tout noir ou d'un blanc vif et cru."—*Translator*.

pale or too red; the noses are a trifle too short or too long; and now and then fingers like bird's claws, or even a horse's hoof, reveal themselves. They do *not* smell of brimstone, like the lovers of the lower-class witches, who have to content themselves with common snob-goblins, and with the stokers of hell—*les ramoneurs, fumistes et chauffeurs de l'enfer, et autre menu fretin*. But there is one sad infirmity common to all the devils of which all the witches of every rank complain bitterly, according to all the judicial investigations, which is the icy coldness of their embraces and their gush of love.

Lucifer, King of Darkness by the disgrace of God, presides at the witch meeting in the form of a black he-goat, with a human face and a candle between his two horns. In the centre of the arena of the meeting, his majesty stands on a high pedestal, or stone table, and seems to be very serious and melancholy, like a man who is bored to death. All the assembled witches, magicians, devils, and other vassals worship him by passing in pairs, kneeling and then piously kissing his rear. But even this *homagium* seems to cheer him very little, still he is not happy, and he remains melancholy and serious while the whole very much mixed society dances in jubilation round him. This round is the famous Witches' Dance, the peculiarity of which consists in this,

that the performers all turn their faces away so that they show their backs to one another, and none see each other's faces.¹ This is certainly a rule of precaution, and instituted so that the witches in case of judicial investigation by torture might not be able to declare whom they had seen at the Sabbath.² For fear of such betrayals the aristocratic dames came to the ball in masked faces. Many danced *en chemise*, other ladies dispensed with this garment.³ Many in dancing

¹ This turning away of the face at intervals is, strangely enough, still preserved in the true Bohemian polka, which Delancré calls the *Trescone alla Boema*, and says was specially a witch-dance.

“*Tunc læva situ tunc, dextra,*
First to the left, then t’other way ;
Aspice retrò in vultu,
You look at her, and she looks at you.
Das palmam,
Join hands, ma’am !
Turn away, run away, just in sham.”—*The Polka.*

² This is only a conjecture, taken almost verbatim from the puritanically modest Prætorius. The witches first danced in a ring looking outwards, with their backs to the goat or centre. After kissing the goat, they danced in couples back to back, and then the bodily connections with the devils took place. That the dancers could have remained with faces unseen by one another through all these performances is preposterous.

³ According to Delancré this dispensation was *de rigueur* and general. According to Prætorius the peculiar disposition of the arms was not exactly as Heine describes it, but “*die Hände schlossen sie in einen gerundeten Krayss zusammen*”—“they

crossed their arms or held them akimbo, others stretched them widely out, numbers airing their brooms and shouting "*Har! Har! Sabbath! Sabbath!*" It is a bad omen when any one while dancing slips and falls. And should a witch lose a shoe in the tumult of the dance it forbodes that she will be burned alive during the coming year.

The musicians who play for the dance are either infernal spirits of eccentric or hideous form, or else vagabond virtuosi, picked up on the public roads. Blind fiddlers and flutists are, however, preferred, so that they may not be terrified by the horrors of the Sabbath, as would be the case if they could see.¹ Among these horrors is the initiation of novices, or young witches, into the most fearful mysteries. Then they are officially wedded to hell, and the devil, their gloomy spouse, gives them a new name or *nom d'amour*, and brands them with a secret sign as souvenir of his tenderness. This mark is so well concealed that the

closed their arms together in a rounded circle" (not cross, as Heine thought). This was as if they were hugging some one. It is a very indecent gesture, which is often performed by dancing girls in Egypt, as I have seen.—*Translator*.

¹ Blind musicians are mentioned by several novelists of the last century as having been in great demand at the shameless orgies which were then commoner than at present. Albeit the *ballo angelico* is still tolerably well known in Florence, despite the police.—*Translator*.

judges at witch trials often had a hard time to discover it, for which reason they caused every hair to be shorn from the body of the accused witch by the beadle.

The prince of hell has among the witches of the meeting a chosen one, who is known by the title of *archi-sposa* or arch-betrothed, who is his special mistress. Her ball costume is simple, or more than simple, for it consists of only one shoe of gold, for which reason she is known as the Lady of the Golden Shoe. She is a beautiful and grand, yes, almost colossal lady, for the devil is not only a *connaissanceur en belles formes*, like a true artist, but also an amateur of flesh, and thinks that the more flesh the more sin. In his refinement of wickedness he seeks to increase his sin by never selecting a maid, but always a married woman, for his chief bride, thus adding adultery to simple immorality. This *archi-sposa* must also be a good dancer, and at an unusually brilliant Sabbath ball the illustrious Goat sometimes descends from his pedestal and in eminent person executes with his naked beauty a peculiar dance which I will not describe, "for very important Christian reasons," as old Widman would say. Only so much will I hint, that it is an old national dance of Gomorra, the tradition of which after the destruction of the Cities of the Plain was preserved by Lot's daughters, and is kept to the

present day, as I myself often saw it executed in Paris at No. 359, Rue Saint Honoré, near the Church of the Holy Assumption. And when we consider that there is on the dancing-ground of the witches no armed morality in the uniform of municipal guards, as in Paris, to check Bacchantic frenzy, one may easily imagine what wild goat capers are cut at the aforesaid *pas de deux*.¹

According to many authorities the great goat and his chief bride preside at the banquet after the dance. The table, furniture, and food at this meal are of extraordinary richness and delicacy; but whoever carries aught of it secretly away, finds the next day that the golden goblet is only a coarse earthenware pipkin, and the fine cake a cow-flap. What is characteristic in the meal is the entire absence of salt.² The songs which the guests sing are mere blasphemies, and they squall, bleat, or whine them to the airs of pious hymns. The most venerable religious ceremonies are aped by infamous buffooneries. Thus, for example, baptism is ridiculed by christening toads, hedgehogs, or rats exactly according to the rite of the Church; and during this abominable deed the godfather

¹ These two sentences are omitted in the French version.—*Translator*.

² Here there is a contradiction between mediæval and classic tradition. Salt, according to Moneimus, was sacred to the infernal deities.—*Translator*.

and godmother act like devout Christians, and make the most hypocritical faces. The baptismal water is that of the devil. The witches also make the sign of the cross, but reversed, and with the left hand. Those who speak Latin tongues pronounce meanwhile the words: "In nomine Patrica Aragneais, Petrica, agora, agora, Valentia, jouando goure gaits goustia," which means, "In the name of Patrike, of Petrike, of Aragonia, in this hour, Valentia, all our suffering is past."¹ To mock the divine doctrine of love and forgiveness the infernal goat at last soars his most terribly thundering voice, "Revenge yourselves, revenge yourselves, else ye shall die!" These are the sacramental words with which the witch meeting closes, and to parody the sublimest act of the passion, the Anti-Christ sacrifices himself, but not for the good, but for the evil of mankind; that is, the goat burns himself, flaming up with a great crackling sound, and every witch endeavours to obtain a handful of his ashes, to be used in subsequent sorceries. Then the ball and the banquet are at an end, the cock crows, the ladies begin to shiver, and as they came, so they go, but far faster; and

¹ "In the name of Peter of Aragon, Peter, now, now (*ahora*) Valentia, now our suffering passes." *Patrica* is, I think, master or priest. This passage is curious and interesting as probably explaining the origin of the word *patrico*, a priest, in early English cant.—*Translator*.

many a Mrs. Witch lies down in bed by her snoring spouse, who has not observed that it was only a log of wood, which, having assumed the form of his wife, had lain during her absence by his side.

I, too, my dear friend, will go to bed, for I have written deep into the night, to bring together all the items which you wished to have noted. I have in so doing thought less of the theatrical director who is to bring my ballet on the stage than of the *gentleman* of great culture, who is interested in everything relating to art and thought. You understand the most fleeting hint of the poet, and every word from you is of value to him. It is incomprehensible to me how you, the experienced and practical man of business, can be so gifted with that extraordinary sense of the beautiful; and I am even more astonished how you, amid the many tribulations and trials of your professional activity, have been able to retain so much love and inspiration for poetry.

THE GODS IN EXILE.

1836 *and* 1853.

PREFACE TO THE FRENCH EDITION.

THE study here presented is the last product of my pen; only a few of its pages date from an earlier time. I make this remark that it may not seem as if I were treading in the footsteps of certain book-smiths who have often profited by my researches into legendary lore. I would gladly promise a continuation of this work, for which I have accumulated material in my memory, but the very critical state of health in which I now am does not permit me to contract any obligation for the future.¹

We are all passing away, men, gods, creeds, and legends. It is perhaps a pious work to preserve the latter from oblivion, so that they are embalmed, not by the hideous process of Gannal, but by employing secret means which are only

¹ This passage, as the German editor of Heine's works declares, formed the introduction to the first publication of "The Gods in Exile" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 1, 1853. It is not found in the latest French edition, and is given in the German as a note.—*Translator*.

to be found in the *apotheca* of the poet.¹ Yes, creeds are fleeting and traditions too; they are vanishing like burnt out tapers, not only in enlightened lands, but in the most midnight places of the world, where not long ago the most startling superstitions were in bloom. The missionaries who wander over these cold regions now complain of the incredulity of their inhabitants. In the report of a Danish clergyman of his journey in the North of Greenland, the writer tells us that he asked of an old man what was the present state of belief among them. To which the good man replied, "Once we believed in the moon, but now we believe in it no longer."²

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, March 18, 1853.

¹ Among the thousand wise, witty, or true remarks of Heine, there is not one better worthy of note, especially by folk-lorists, than this, at a time when so many show by their comments that the differences, dates, and origins of traditions are all that is of any interest to them.—*Translator*.

² It is perhaps worth while to remark that this old Greenlander referred to the legend which may be found in Rink's work on the traditions of Greenland, that the moon is a girl who, having been debauched by her brother the sun, constantly flies from him. The same story is found among Hungarian gypsies, and it exists or did exist in forms more or less modified among the old Irish, the natives of Borneo, and in Northern Italy.

THE GODS IN EXILE.



A QUEER thing is this writing! One man has luck in the practice thereof, and another none; but the worst mischance in such work which could well befall any man happened to my poor friend, Heinrich Kitzler—Henry Tickler—*Magister Artium* in Göttingen. There is not a man there so learned, so rich in ideas, so industrious as this friend; and yet to this hour no book by him has ever appeared at the Leipzig fair. Old Stiefel¹ in the library always smiled when Heinrich Kitzler asked him for a book “which he needed for a work which he had ‘under his pen.’” “It will be a long time under the pen!” murmured old Stiefel, while he went up the ladder. Even the cook-maids laughed when, having been sent for books, they cried for “something for the Kitzler!”²

He was generally regarded as a goose, but in fact he was only an honest man. No one

¹ *Stiefel*, lit. boot. “True to one as an old boot.”

² This passage is omitted from the French version.

knew the real cause why no book by him was ever published, and it was only by chance that I discovered it, and thus it was. One midnight I went to his room to light my candle, for his apartments adjoined mine. He had just completed his great work on the "Magnificence of Christianity,"¹ but he seemed in nowise to rejoice thereover, and gazed with sorrow on his manuscript.

"And now," I remarked, "your name will figure at last in the catalogue of the Leipzig Fair among the books really published!"

"Ah, no!" he sighed from the depths. "This work too must be burned like the others."

Then he confided to me his terrible secret, and truly it appeared that whenever he wrote a book bad luck befel him in abundance; for when he had fully developed for the subject in hand every point in its favour, he felt himself in duty bound to give every objection which an opponent might adduce. Therefore he sought out with care all the arguments on the other side of the question, and as these unconsciously took root and grew in his mind, it came to pass that his opinions changed, and in the end he was thoroughly convinced that his book was all wrong. But

¹ "Die Vortrefflichkeit des Christenthums. Vortrefflich" implies pre-eminent as well as admirable or good in itself.

he was then honourable enough (as every French author would be, of course, under similar circumstances¹) to sacrifice the laurel of literary fame on the altar of truth—that is, to throw his manuscript into the fire. It was for this reason that he sighed from his very soul after having perfectly proved the magnificence of Christianity.

“I have,” he said sorrowfully, “copied twenty basketfuls of quotations from the Church Fathers. I have bent for whole nights over my study table and read the *Acta Sanctorum*, while in your rooms punch was drunk and the *Landesvater* sung. Instead of buying a meerschaum pipe, which I deeply desired, I spent thirty-eight hardly earned thalers, for recent theological works, on Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht the booksellers. I have worked like a dog for two years, two precious years of life, and all to make myself ridiculous, and to cast down my eyes like a baffled braggart when the church-counsellor’s wife, Madame Planck, asks me, ‘When will your work on the Magnificence of Christianity appear?’ Ah, the book is ready,” sighed the poor man, “and it would please the public, for I have in it exalted the victory of Christianity over Heathenism; and I have proved in it, too, that thereby Truth and

¹ This clause in parentheses is omitted in the French version.

Reason prevailed over Hypocrisy and Folly. But I, miserable man, feel in my heart of hearts that"¹——

"Silence!" I cried with, just indignation. "Do not dare, oh infatuated and blinded man, to blacken the sublime and pull the brilliant light down into dust."² Even if thou wouldst deny the miracles of the New Testament, still thou canst not deny that the victory of that Evangel was in itself a miracle. A little troop of unprotected men pressed into the great Roman world, defying both its satellites and its sages, and triumphed by the Word alone. But what a Word! Dry and crumbling heathenism shook and was shattered by the words and voice of these foreign men and women, who announced a new kingdom of heaven, and feared nothing in the old world, not the claws of wild beasts, nor the wrath of wilder men, nor fire or sword—for they themselves were the fire and sword—sword and fire, of God. That sword, trimmed away the dead leaves and dry twigs

¹ French version, "Mais infortuné mortel que je suis, je sais au fond de mon âme que le contraire a eu lieu, que le mensonge et l'erreur"——

² By this beautiful mixed metaphor Heine intimates what he anon confesses, that this is the eloquence of a student after many pints of beer. In the French version, "Oses-tu bien, aveugle que tu es, rabaisser ce qu'il y a de plus sublime, et noircir la lumière?" Which is probably an intelligent "correction" by a French reviser.—*Translator*.

from the tree of life, and thereby cured it of the rottenness which was eating in ; this flame warmed again to life the frozen trunk, so that fresh foliage and perfumed blossoms bloomed anew. It is the most terribly sublime manifestation in the history of the world, this first appearance of Christianity, its battles and its perfect victory."

I uttered these words all the more grandly as became the subject, because I had that evening drunk a great deal of Eimbecker beer, for which reason my voice resounded in its fullest tones.

Henry Tickler was in nowise touched by this discourse, nor was he disconcerted, and with ironic yet suffering smile he said, "Brotherly heart, give thyself no needless inconvenience! All which thou hast said I have stated in this manuscript, far better and far more fundamentally. In it I have depicted in the harshest colours the corrupt condition of the world during heathenism, and I dare to flatter myself that my bold touches with the brush recall the works of the best of the fathers of the Church. I have shown how debauched and debased the Greeks and Romans became from the bad examples of those gods who, to judge by the vices attributed to them, were hardly worthy to be classed with men. I have, without mincing the matter, boldly declared that even Jupiter, the chief of the gods, deserved, according to the criminal law of Hanover, a hundred

times the penitentiary, if not the gallows; while, on the other hand, I have appropriately paraphrased the moral axioms of the New Testament, and shown how, according to the example of their divine prototype, in spite of the scorn and persecution which they thereby incurred, taught and practised the most perfect moral purity. That is the most beautiful passage in any work where I depict, as if inspired, how youthful Christianity, like a little David, enters the lists with ancient heathenism and slays the great Goliath. But, ah me! since then this duel appears to me in a new and doubtful light! Alas! all love and joy for my apology disappeared when I vividly presented to myself how an opponent would represent the triumph of Christianity! There fell, unfortunately, into my hands the works of several later writers, such as that of Edward Gibbon, who did not speak so favourably of that victory, nor did they seem to be much edified by the fact that the Christians, when the spiritual sword and flame did not suffice, availed themselves of material weapons and material fire. Yes, I must confess that there at last stole over me a terrible pity for the remains of heathenism, for those beautiful temples and statues, for they no longer belonged to the religion which had been dead long, long before the birth of Christ, but to *Art*, which lives for ever. And tears came to my eyes when I one

day, by chance, read in the library the "Defence of the Temple," in which the old Greek Libanius implored most touchingly the pious barbarians to spare those precious masterpieces with which the artistic genius of the Greeks had adorned the world. But all in vain! Those monuments of the spring-tide of mankind which could never return, and which could only bloom once, perished irrecoverably through the gloomy zeal for the destruction of the Christians. . . .

"No!" continued the master, "I will not by publishing this work contribute to such sacrilege. No, that will I never. And to you, ye shattered statues of beauty—to you, ye manes of the dead gods—to you who are now only lovely phantoms in the shadowy world of poetry—to you I sacrifice this book!"

Saying this, Henry Tickler threw his manuscript into the flames of the fireplace, and nothing remained of the "Magnificence of Christianity" save grey ashes.

This happened at Göttingen in the winter of 1820, a few days before that awful New Year's night when the University beadle, Doris, received the most terrible beating, and eighty-five duels were *contrahiert*, or arranged, between the Burschenschaft and Landsmannschaft.¹ Those were

¹ Student associations, the Burschenschaft being of a general

fearful blows which fell like sudden showers of sticks on the broad back of the poor beadle. But he consoled himself, as a good Christian, with the conviction that we shall be recompensed at some time in heaven for the pains which we have undeservedly suffered here below.¹ That was all long ago. Old Doris has since many years bid adieu to trouble, and sleeps in peaceful rest before the Weender Gate. The two great parties who once made the duelling grounds of Borden, Ritschenking, and Rasenmuhle ring with their crossing swords, have long since, in deep consciousness of their common worthlessness, drunk together with extreme tenderness to common brotherhood, and the law of time has made his mighty influence felt likewise on the author of those pages. In my brain less gay and wild caprice or fancy plays, and my heart has grown heavy, and where I once laughed I now weep, and I burn with vexation the altar pictures which I once worshipped.

There was a time when I in faith kissed the hand of every Capuchin whom I met in the street. I was a child, and my father let me do so undis-

and political nature, and the Landsmannschaft local unions of those from different parts of Germany.—*Translator.*

¹ The two pages which follow this sentence, to the words "I am not at all of the opinion of my friend Kitzler," are omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

turbed, well knowing that my lips would not always be satisfied with Capuchin flesh. And I indeed grew up and kissed beautiful women. But they often gazed at me so pale and painfully that I was frightened in the arms of joy. Here was a hidden trouble which no one beheld, and with which every one suffered, and I often reflected on it. And also whether renunciation and abstinence are to be really preferred to all the joys of this life, and whether those who have, while here on earth below, contented themselves with thistles, will be on that account the more liberally treated with pine apples in the land above. No, he who ate thistles was an ass, and he who receives blows keeps them. Poor Doris!

However, it is not permitted to me to speak out plainly as to everything over which I have reflected, still less to impart the results of my reflection. Yet must I too go to the grave with closed lips, like so many others?

But I may be permitted to cite a few fleeting facts in order to impart some reason, or at least the appearance of it, to the fairy fables which I here compile. The facts refer to the victory of Christianity over heathenism. I am not at all of the opinion of my friend Kitzler that the iconoclasm of the early Christians was so bitterly to be blamed. They could not and dared not spare the

old temples and statues, for in these still lived the old Greek joyousness which seemed to the Christian as devildom. In these temples he saw not merely the subjects of a strange cultus and a worthless and erroneous faith which wanted all reality, but the citadels of actual devils, while the gods whom the statues represented existed for him in reality, but as the devils themselves. When these Christians refused to kneel and sacrifice before the images of the gods, they always answered that they dared not worship demons. They preferred martyrdom to manifesting any act of adoration before the devil Jupiter, the deviess Diana, or the arch-female fiend Venus.

Poor Greek philosophers! They could never understand this contradiction, just as they subsequently never understood that they, in their polemics with the Christians, had by no means to defend the old dead doctrines but far more living facts. What was wanted was not in reality to prove the deeper meaning of mythology by Neo-Platonic subtleties, to infuse new symbolic blood of life into the dead deities, and to terribly torment themselves by trying to refute the coarse and material abuse of the early Church fathers who ridiculed the moral character of the gods in a manner almost Voltarian—the point in question was to defend Hellenism itself or Greek methods of feeling and of thought, and to defeat the exten-

sion of Judaism or of Jewish ideas and sentiment.¹ The real question was whether the dismal, meagre, over-spiritual, ascetic Judaism of the Nazarenes, or Hellenic joyousness, love of beauty, and fresh pleasure in life should rule the world? Those beautiful gods were not the essential part of the polemic; no one believed any longer in the ambrosial dwellers on Olympus, but people amused themselves divinely in their temples at festivals and mysteries; they crowned their heads with flowers; there were charming religious dances; they stretched themselves on couches in merry banquets, and perhaps for still sweeter pleasures.

All this joy and gay laughter has long been silent, and in the ruins of the ancient temples the old Greek deities still dwell; but they have lost their majesty by the victory of Christ, and now they are sheer devils who hide by day in gloomy wreck and rubbish, but by night arise in charming loveliness to bewilder and allure some heedless wanderer or daring youth.

The most fascinating legends are based on this

¹ This is most strikingly illustrated by Lactantius, who by his employment of ridicule for argument, and his appeals to vulgar common sense, quite deserves the title of the Christian Voltaire. (*L. Coeli Lactantii Firmiani*, Geneva, 1613.) But his arguments against heathenism are of such a nature that they would be used to-day by a Voltarian infidel far more effectively against the Catholic Church itself.—*Translator*.

popular belief, and our more recent German poets drew from them the subjects of their most beautiful poems. Italy is generally the scene selected, and the hero some German knight who, on account of his youthful inexperience or his fine figure, is ensnared by the beautiful uncanny belles who seek him for their prey. He wanders forth on a fair autumn day with his solitary fancies, thinking perhaps of his native oak-forests and the blonde maiden whom he left behind—the vain boy! But all at once he stands before a marble statue, at the sight of which he stops, startled. It may be the Goddess of Beauty, and he regards her face to face, and the heart of the young barbarian is secretly seized by the sorcery of the olden time. What can it mean? He never saw such graceful limbs before, and he strangely realises that in this marble there is a livelier life than he ever found in the red cheeks and lips and all the rosy fleshiness of his fair countrywomen. Those white eyes gaze at him so voluptuously, yet with such suffering sorrow, that his breast swells with love and pity, pity and love. And now he often goes to walk among the old ruins, and the club of his fellow-countrymen is astonished that he is now so seldom seen at their convivial meetings and in their knightly sports. There are strange tales current as to his deeds among the ruins of heathen days. But one morning he burst with pale dis-

torted features into his inn, pays his reckoning, buckles his knapsack, and hastens over the Alps. What has happened to him ?

Well, it happened that one day later than usual, he strolled, after the sun had set, to his beloved ruins, but owing to the growing darkness, could not find the place where he was accustomed to gaze for hours at the statue of the beautiful goddess. After wandering about for a long time at random, he suddenly found himself about midnight before a villa which he had never observed before, and was not a little astonished when servants with torches came forth and invited him in the name of their mistress to enter. What was his astonishment, on entering a vast and brilliantly lighted hall, to behold a lady who was walking to and fro alone, and who, in form and features, had the most startling resemblance to the beautiful statue of his love. And she was the more like that marble image from being clad in dazzling white garb, her countenance being also very pale. When the knight with a courtly reverence advanced to her, she gazed at him long and in silence, and at last asked him with a smile if he was hungry. And though the heart of the knight was leaping within him for love, he still had a German stomach ; in consequence of his wandering for hours he needed a bait, and so very gladly allowed himself to be led by the fair lady

to the dining-hall. She took him graciously by the hand, and led him through vast and echoing apartments, which, in spite of all their splendour, seemed to be strangely desolate. The girandoles cast a pale spectral light on the walls, on which variegated frescoes represented all the legends of heathen love, such as those of Paris and Helen, Diana and Endymion, Calypso and Ulysses. The great and strange flowers which stood in marble vases before the windows exhaled a corpse-like, bewildering odour, the wind sighed in the chimneys like a dying man. At last the beautiful lady sat in the dining-room opposite the knight, filled his cup with wine, and, smiling, presented him with the choicest delicacies. And yet many things seemed significantly strange to the guest. When he asked for salt a convulsion which was almost hideous appeared on the face of the hostess, nor was it till the knight had several times repeated his request that she, visibly vexed, bade her servants bring the salt-cellar; and as they placed it with trembling hands on the table, half of it spilled! However, the good wine, which glowed like fire in the throat of the knight, soothed the secret terror which often thrilled him; yes, he became confident, confiding, and amorous, and when the beautiful lady asked if he knew what love was, he answered with burning kisses, till at last, intoxicated with passion, and perhaps too

with sweet wine, he slept on the bosom of his tender hostess. Yet wild and strange dreams whirled through his mind; harsh and odd faces, such as we see in the delirium of fever, passed before him. Then he seemed to behold many times his old grandmother, as she sat at home in her great chair, praying with trembling lips. Anon he heard a mocking tittering which came from great bats, which fluttered around, bearing great candles in their claws; but when he looked more closely, it seemed to him that they were the servants who had waited on him. At last he dreamt that his beautiful hostess had changed to a hideous monster, and that he, in reckless fear of death, had drawn his sword and cut her head off!

It was not until a late hour, when the sun was high in the heaven, that the knight awoke. But instead of the splendid villa in which he thought he had passed the night, he found himself amid the well-known ruins, and he saw that the beautiful statue, which he so dearly loved, had fallen from its pedestal, and its head, broken from the body, lay at his feet!

Of a similar character is the legend of the young knight who once, while playing at ball with some friends, finding that the ring on his finger was in the way, drew it off, and to keep it in safety, put it on the finger of a marble statue. But when the game was over, and he went to the

statue, which was that of a heathen goddess, he saw with terror that the marble finger on which he had placed the ring was no longer straight as before, but bent so that he could not reclaim the ring without breaking the hand, from which a certain feeling of sympathy restrained him. He ran to his companions to tell the strange tale, bidding them come to see it with their own eyes, but when they were before it, the statue held out its fingers straight as before, and the ring was gone.

Some time after this occurrence, the knight determined to enter the holy state of matrimony, and the wedding was celebrated. But after the bridal, when he would retire to bed, a female form which was identical with that of the statue in face and form, came to him and claimed him for her own, declaring that as he had put his ring on her finger, he was thereby betrothed to her, and was her spouse by right. In vain did the knight resist this claim; every time when he sought to approach his bride the heathen woman interposed herself between him and his wife, and this happened again and again, so that the knight became sad and troubled indeed. No one could help him, and the most pious people shrugged their shoulders at it. At last he heard of a priest named Palumnus, who had often shown himself potent in defeating heathenish delusions of the devil. But

this man was very loath to aid him in this difficulty, declaring that he himself would incur the greatest danger by so doing. At last, however, he yielded to oft-repeated prayers, and wrote for the knight sundry strange characters on a parchment. Then he advised the latter to go at midnight to a certain cross-road near Rome, and wait. He would see pass by the strangest apparitions, but he must not be moved or terrified at anything, and when at last the woman should come who had taken his ring he must go to her and give her the parchment.

The knight did as he was bid, but it was not without a beating heart that he stood at the cross-roads and awaited the spectral procession. It came, and there were in it pale men and women, magnificently arrayed in festive garments of old Roman time, some bearing golden crowns, others laurel-wreaths on their heads, which, however, hung down in sorrow; and there were also carried, as if in anxious haste, all kinds of silver cups, goblets, and such things as belong to the service of temples. Then in the crowd were seen great oxen with gilded horns, and hung with garlands, and at last, on a grand triumphal car, magnificent in purple and crowned with roses, appeared a tall and wonderfully beautiful goddess. To her the knight advanced and gave the parchment leaf of Palumnus, for he recognised in her

the statue which kept his ring. And when the beautiful woman had read the writing on the parchment, she raised her hands, as if in agony, to heaven, burst into tears, and cried, "Cruel priest Palumnus! thou art not yet satisfied with the suffering which thou hast inflicted on us! But thy persecutions will soon come to an end, cruel priest Palumnus!" With these words she gave the knight again his ring, and on the following night there was no hindrance to his nuptials. But on the third day after this the priest Palumnus died.

I first read this story in the *Mons Veneris* of Kornmann, and more recently found it in the absurd book on magic by Del Rio, who took it from a work by a Spaniard. It is probably of Spanish origin. Baron von Eichendorff, a recent German writer, has availed himself of it most charmingly in a beautiful narrative, and Willibald Alexis has founded on it a novel which belongs to his most poetically inspired works.¹

The book by Kornmann, *Mons Veneris*, is the most important source for all the subject of which I treat. It is a long time since I saw it, and I can only speak of it from memory,² but it always sweeps before me in memory, the little work of

¹ This sentence is wanting in the French version.

² Of which rare book I can say quite the same. I had a copy of it which, with a number of valuable works of the same kind, was stolen from me some years ago.

about 250 pages, with its charming old letters.¹ It was probably printed about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The doctrine of elementary spirits is there most concisely set forth, and it is with this that the author concludes his strange information as to the Venusberg. After Kornmann's example, I must, as regards elementary spirits, also speak of the transformation of the old heathen divinities. And these are no spectres, for they are not dead. As I have said full many a time and oft, they are uncreated immortal beings who, after the victory of Christ, were obliged to retire to under-earthly secrecy, where they in company with other elementary spirits carry on their dæmonic house-keeping. Among the German race rings most exquisitely romantic the legend of the goddess Venus, who, when her temple was destroyed, fled into the heart of a hidden mountain, where she leads the gayest, strangest life with a mad and merry mob of fairy, airy sprites, beautiful nymphs of forest and of stream, and many a famous hero who has suddenly vanished from the world. From afar, as you approach the mountain, you can hear the happy laughter and the sweet sounds of the

¹ The French version says of it, "*avec ses vieux et charmants caracteres gothiques.*" But the book is not in black-letter, and if my memory does not deceive me, it is much larger than Heine describes it to be.—*Translator.*

cithern, which twine like invisible threads round the heart, and draw you to the hill. But, fortunately, not far from the entrance, an old knight keeps watch and ward; he is called the trusty Eckart. He stands leaning on his great battle-sword, motionless as a statue, save that his honourable and iron-grey head constantly shakes, warning the one approaching against the dangers which threaten him. Many take warning and are terrified, many more never heed the bleating voice of the ancient warner, and plunge blindly into the abyss of voluptuousness and of perdition. For a while all goes well, but man is not made for laughter without end; many a time he falls into silence and seriousness, and thinks back into the past, for the past is the true home of his soul, and he has home-sickness for the feelings of the old time, even though they should be of pain. And so it happened to the Tannhäuser according to the story of a song, which is one of the most remarkable records of language preserved among the German people. I read it first in the already-mentioned book of Kornmann. Prætorius has taken it from him almost verbatim, and the compilers of the *Wunderhorn* from the latter, and I must here communicate the ballad from a probably erroneous copy from it.¹

¹ The deviations from the copy of Prætorius (*Blockesberg*, p. 19) are very insignificant, but I give them in notes. The Ger-

"Now I again will raise my voice,
Of Tannhäuser we'll sing;
And what he with Dame Venus did,
It is a wondrous thing.

Tannhäuser was a noble knight,
Great wonders he would see,
So went into the Venusberg,
Where other fair ones be.

'Sir Tannhäuser, thou'rt dear to me,
So lay it to thy heart;
And thou likewise hast taken oath,
From me thou'lt never part.'

'Dame Venus, that I never did,
And firmly I deny't;
If no one says the same save you,
God help me to the right!'

'Sir Tannhäuser, how speak you so,
You'll stay here all your life;
I'll give you of my playfellows
The fairest for a wife.'

'And if unto another wife
At any time I turn,
So must I in the flame of hell
Ever in torment burn.'

man editor here remarks, "In the French version Heine's own parody of the Tannhäuser song is here inserted. I have retained the order of the German edition, but have, however, worked the missing portions into the proper places from the French edition."

'Thou speakest much of the fire of hell,
Yet ne'er hast felt its power ;
O think upon my rosy mouth,
Which smiles in every hour !'

'What care I for your rosy mouth ?
'Tis naught to me, I trow ;
For the honour of all women-kind
I pray you let me go !'

'Sir Tannhäuser, would you take leave ?
To you no leave I'll give ;
Oh, stay by me, Tannhäuser dear,
And merrily let us live !'

'My life is sick, I must be gone,
No longer can I stay ;
Your face is fair, and proud your form,
But let me haste away !'

'Tannhäuser, speak not so to me,
You are no more the same ;
Come with me to a chamber, dear,
And play our secret game.'

'Thy tender love is lost on me,
I have it in my heart ;
O noble Venus, beautiful,
That thou a devil art !'

'How darest thou speak so to me ?'
None could save thou alone ;

¹ "Nun lasst uns in ein Kammer gehn."—*Pratorius*.

"Nun lasst uns in die Kammer gehn."—*Heine*.

² "Tannhäuser wie spricht ihr also."—*Pratorius*.

"Tannhäuser, ach, wie spricht Ihr so."—*Heine*.

And should'st thou longer stay by us,
These words thou would'st atone.

'Sir Tannhäuser, the leave you ask
You must of our elders seek ;
But see where'er abroad you roam ¹
You still my praises speak.'

Tannhäuser from the hill has gone
With rue and pain in soul ;
'To holy Rome I'll wend my way,
And tell the Pope the whole.

'I'll go full gaily on the road—
God governs it all, I'm sure—
Unto the Pope who's called Urban,
He'll find me certain cure !

'Lord Pope, spiritual father mine,
My sins are dire distress,
And all I ever did commit
I will to you confess !

'I have lived a year with Venus fair,
That sin I now deplore ;
No prayer or penance will I spare
To be with God once more.'

The Pope he held a wand so white,
Broke from a barren tree :

¹ "Und wo ihr in dem Land ümbfahrt."—*Prætorius*.

"Und wo Ihr in dem Land umfahren."—*Heine*.

'Not till this rod bears leaves again
Shall thy sins forgiven be !'¹

'And I live but a year on earth,
One year in bitter pain,
'Twill pass in prayer and penitence,
To win God's grace again.'

So from the town he went his way
In grief and misery ;
'O Mary Mother, purest maid !
Must I then part from thee ?

'So I will seek the hill again,
And there for ever stay
By Venus, my own lady dear,
Since God points out that way.'

'Now welcome, my good Tannhäuser,
I've missed you since you're gone ;²
Be welcome now, my dearest lord,
My hero, my own true one.'

'Twas on the third day after this,
The rod bore leaves so green ;

¹ "The Pope he held in his right hand
A dry and sapless rod ;
Look not until this wand shall sprout
For pardon from thy God."

This is from a version, I know not by whom, which I read many years ago.

² "Ich hab euch lang entboren.
Seyd willkommen mein liebster Herr !" — *Prætorius*.
"I hab Euch lang entbehret.
Willkommen seid, mein liebster Herr !" — *Heine*.

And men went far and wide to find
Where Tannhäuser had been.¹

But he was in the hill again,
And there he now must stay,
Till God shall judge him as he may,
Upon the final day.

No priest shall ever here on earth
Deny man's hope of heaven,
For by his penitence and prayer
His sins shall be forgiven."

I remember when I first read this song in Kornmann's book how I was struck by the contrast of its language with that of the pedantic, be-Latinised, unrefreshing style of the seventeenth century.² I felt like one who, in the gloomy shaft of a mine, has suddenly discovered a great vein of gold; and the proudly-simple, original, and strong words flashed up so brightly that my heart was well nigh dazzled at the

¹ "Wohin der Tannhäuser were kommen."—*Prætorius*.

"Wohin der Tannhäuser kommen."—*Heine*.

This verse is given as follows in the anonymous version :—

"'Twas on the third day after this
The rod began to sprout,
And messengers through all the land
Sought Sir Tannhäuser out."

² Heine would appear to have had no appreciation whatever of the naïveté, or simple unconscious quaintness of expression, either in the works of Kornmann or Prætorius.

sudden gleam. It seemed as if from this song there spoke to me a well-known joyous voice. I heard in it the notes of those heretical or suspected nightingales who during the Passion season of the Middle Age must needs hide themselves in silence, and only now and then, when it was least expected, perhaps even behind some cloister grating, pipe forth a few joyous tones. Knowest thou the letters of Heloise to Abelard? Next to the high song of the great king (I mean King Solomon), I know of no more burning or flaming song of tenderness than the dialogue between Venus and the Tannhäuser. This song is like a battle of love, and in it runs the reddest heart's blood.

Ah, how magnificent is this poem! Even in its beginning we strike on a startling passage. The poet gives us the reply of Lady Venus without having set forth the question of Tannhäuser which called for it. By this ellipsis our imagination gains room in which to play, and permits us to fancy what Tannhäuser might have said, what perhaps would have been difficult to express in a few words.¹ Despite his mediæval

¹ A careful study of songs which have become very popular, and also been transmitted for several generations, cannot fail to convince the reader that these ellipses or omissions, which are generally so vigorous and effective, are due principally to the people, who leave out all which is not essential to the



poverty and piety, the old poet has admirably depicted the unholy arts of seduction and shameless love-tricks of Lady Venus. Even a vicious and sinful modern writer could not have better described the form of this enchanting witch—*cette diablesse de femme*—who with all her *morgue Olympienne*—celestial pride and splendid passion—still shows the *femme galante* or fast woman. Yes, she is a heavenly courtesan perfumed with ambrosia, a camelia goddess, and, so to speak, *une déesse entretenue*—a kept divinity.¹ When I turn over my memories it seems as if I must have met her some day on the Place Bréda, walking with a divinely light and graceful step. She wore a *petite capote grise*—a little grey head-covering of deliberate simplicity, and was wrapped from chin to heels in a magnificent cashmere shawl, whose fringe swept the pavement. “What is that woman?” I asked of De Balzac, who was with me. “A kept woman,”

understanding of the narrative or argument. And it is more than probable that the greatly admired simplicity and conciseness and strength of the Bible, Homer, and the *Nibelungenlied* are due to their having passed through long stages of oral tradition. This is according to the principle that a sketch by an artist is superior to a finished picture by an amateur.—*Translator.*

¹ So Heine in “Shakespeare’s Maidens and Women” speaks of Cleopatra as a kept queen. It is very amusing to observe the peculiar light in which the Venus of the ballad appeared to our author, and the Parisian baroque trimmings with which he naively surrounds his *idéale*.—*Translator.*

was his reply. I indeed was much more inclined to believe that she was a duchess. And from a third friend, who just then stepped up, I learned that we were both quite in the right.

The old poet of the ballad has sketched with a skill equal to his character of Venus that of Tannhäuser, who is the Chevalier des Grioux of the Middle Age. What a fine touch is that when Tannhäuser, in the midst of the ballad, suddenly speaks in his own name to the public, and relates what the poet should really tell—that is, how he goes as a pilgrim in despair. Herein we see the want of skill of a poet poor in invention, but such tones produce by their naïveté wonderful and winsome effects.

The real age of the Tannhäuser ballad would be difficult to determine. It existed in flying leaves, or broadsides, of the earliest age of printing. A young German poet, Mr. Bechstein, who kindly remembered in Germany that when in Paris he had met me at the house of our mutual friend Wolf, when the Tannhäuser had formed the subject of our conversation, has recently sent me one of those broadsides, entitled *Das Lied von den Danheüser*. It was only the greater antiquity of the language which prevented me from giving this older version. It contains many variations, and is, to my mind, of a far more poetic character.

And by accident I also received not long ago a

version of the same song, in which there is hardly the outer form of the old version, while the inner motives are most strangely changed. In its older form the poem is unquestionably more beautiful, simple, and grand. All that the younger version has in common with it is a certain truth of feeling, and as I certainly possess the only copy of it, it shall here find place :—

“Good Christians, be not led astray
By 'lurements of the devil,
I sing you the Tannhäuser song,
To warn your souls from evil.

The Tannhäuser, a noble knight,
Would win him love and pleasure,
And so he lived in the Venusberg,
Just seven years full measure.

‘Dame Venus, lovely lady mine,
No longer I'll deceive thee,
By thee I can no longer stay,
Oh, give me leave to leave thee.’

‘Tannhäuser dear, my chevalier,
To-day we've had no kissing ;
Come, kiss me quick, and let me know
What it can be that's missing.

‘Have I not poured the sweetest wine
For thee, my darling, daily ?
And hast thou not with roses red
Been crowned, and that right gaily ?’

'Your too sweet wine, fair lady mine,
And kisses give me twitters ;
My very soul is sick in me,
Because I long for bitters.

'Until this day we've joked and smiled,
I long for tears to-morrow ;
Instead of roses, I would fain
Be crowned with thorns of sorrow.'

'Tannhäuser brave, my chevalier,
Why wilt thou be unruly ?
For thou hast sworn a thousand times
To never leave me—truly.

'Come to my room—let's conjugate
Of love all the moods and tenses ;
My beautiful form, so lily-white,
I am sure will revive your senses.'

'Dame Venus, lovely lady mine,
Thy beauty is eternal ;
But many have read those pages before,
And many will read thy journal.

'And when I think of the heroes and gods
Who have browsed in that field before me,
A certain unpleasant *je ne sais quoi*
For your beautiful form comes o'er me.

That beautiful form, so lily-white,
Gives me the horrors—heed me—
When I think how many gentlemen
Are destined to succeed me.'

‘Tannhäuser, noble chevalier !
With that thou shalt not twit me ;
I’d rather by far thou would’st hit me again,
As thou often before hast hit me.

‘I had rather by far be beaten outright,
Than told that others will win me ;
How canst thou, ungrateful Christian knight,
Break the pride of my heart within me ?

‘Because I loved you far too well,
All love for you now I banish ;
Adieu ! you have full permission to go—
And the door is open—now vanish !’”

“At Rome, at Rome, in the holy town,
There is ringing and singing and fiddle ;
A grand procession is going about,
And the Pope he walks in the middle.

That is the pious Pope Urbán,
With a triple tiara, like Aaron’s ;
He wears a red-purple mantle grand,
Its train is held up by barons.

‘O holy father, Pope Urbán,
By thy power o’er things eternal !
Thou shalt not go till thou hear’st me confess,
And sav’st me from pains infernal.’

Then all the crowd around draw back,
Silence o’er all is stealing ;
Who is the pilgrim so wasted and pale
Before His Holiness kneeling ?

'O holy father, Pope Urbán,
With power o'er good and evil ;
Oh, save me from the terrors of hell,
And the fearful might of the devil !

'I am called the noble Tannhäuser,
With loving and sinning wearied ;
For I have been in the Venusberg,
Where for seven long years I tarried.

'Dame Venus is a lady fair,
So winsome and enchanting ;
Like sunlight and the scent of flowers
Is her voice my senses haunting.

'As the butterfly flits about a flower
And drinks the dew of posies,
So my soul once fluttered every hour
Around her lips like roses.

'And clustering, blooming, deep black hair
Round her noble face is wreathing ;
And should once at you her great eyes stare,
'Twould certainly stop your breathing.

'If her grand black eyes shou'd stare at you,
You would certainly be enraptured ;
'Twas with greatest trouble I escaped
From the hill where she held me captured.

'It was with trouble that I escaped,
Yet I'm still possessed by that fairest
Of women, whose glances seem to say,
"Come back—oh, return to me, dearest."

'I am but a wretched ghost by day,
But by night in dreams beguiling,
I am ever with that lady fair,
Who sits by me sweetly smiling.

'Her laugh is so real, so gay, so wild,
With beautiful teeth in keeping;
Oh, when I think how once she smiled,
Oh, then I burst out weeping.

'My love is like a wild spring flood,
All things before it jamming;
It is a roaring waterfall,
Whose course defies all damming.¹

'It springs adown from cliff to cliff,
With terrible roar and foaming;
Though it broke its head a thousand times,
It would still keep rushing and roaming.

'If all the heaven above were mine
(In confidence between us),
I would give it with the sun and moon,
And also the stars to Venus.

'I love her with almighty power,
Fire clothes my soul like a raiment;
Is that a touch of the fire of hell,
Which I get in advance for payment?

¹ "Du kannst seine Fluthen nicht dämmen." There is a suggested sound in this as of *fluchen und verdammen*. I think the poet had here in mind the excommunication.

'O holy father, Pope Urbán,
With power o'er good and evil,
Oh, rescue me from the pains of hell,
And from the might of the devil.'

The Pope in sorrow upraised his hand,
When all of these words were spoken :
'Tannhäuser, most unfortunate man,
This charm can never be broken !

'The devil Venus is worst of all,
Without any respect or reverence ;
When a man is once in her beautiful claws
He has not a chance of deliv'rance.

'For lust of the flesh thou hast utterly lost
All chances of salvation,
And now for ever thou must burn
In the depths of all damnation.'

Tannhäuser returned so rapidly
That his feet were sore with piking,
He came again to the Venusberg
As the midnight hour was striking.

Lady Venus awoke, and hearing his voice,
Out of her bed came springing ;
And in an instant, with snow-white arms,
To the dear good fellow was clinging.

Sir Tannhäuser tumbled dead weary to bed,
O'er his ears she drew the cover ;
Then went into the kitchen below
To warm a bouillon for her lover.

She gave him bouillon, she gave him a roll,
 She washed his sore feet so neatly ;
 She combed his awfully touseld hair,
 And laughed so divinely sweetly.

'Tannhäuser dear, sweet chevalier,
 How long you've been gone—oh gracious !
 Pray tell me now, wherever on earth
 Have you travelled about, my precious !'

'Dear Venus, beautiful lady mine,
 I have been to Rome a rover ;
 I had business there—but now, I think,
*That job is pretty well over.*¹

'There's a river called Tiber near, and the town
 Is in seven hills diamembered ;
 I saw the Pope—he mentioned you—
 And begs to be remembered.

'I stopped at Florence on my way,
 And also looked in at Milan ;
 And went as a traveller through Switzerland—
 The Swiss were perfectly willin'.

¹ The French version of the poem here ends very appropriately and properly with the following verse :—

"J'avis hâte de revenir auprès de toi, dame Vénus, ma mie.
 On est bien ici, et je ne quitterai plus jamais ta montagne.

'But I was in haste to return to thee,
 Dame Venus, so sweet to me ever ;
 I am happy here in the mountain, dear,
 And now I will leave thee never.'"

'And as I crossed the Alpine pass,
The sun was flying and falling;
But the fair blue lakes smiled far below,
And eagles were croaking and calling.

'And as I on the Gotthardt stood,
Where the snow and ice are coolers,
I heard a snoring—'twas Germany,
With its six-and-thirty rulers.

'In Suabia I saw the poet-school
Of ninnies—past all bearing;
They sat in a circle, each on a stool,
With guards round their heads all wearing.

'To Frankfort I came on the *Schabbes* day,
Where I ate *schalet* and *klosse*;
Ye have the best religion, I own,
I am fond too of geese *gekröse*.¹

'In Dreaden, too, I saw a dog
Once among better numbered,
But now his teeth are falling out,
He only barked or slumbered.

'In Weimar, the widowed muses' seat,
To grief full utterance giving;
Men wept and wailed that Goethe was dead,
And that Eckermann still was living.

¹ *Schabbes*, the Sabbath. *Schalet*, *klosse*, and *Gansegekröse*, Hebrew dishes described in the "Jewish Cook-Book."—Translator.

' In Potsdam I heard a mighty shout
 "What's the matter?" I cried, while speeding;
 "Oh, that is Professor Gans in Berlin,
 On the eighteenth century reading."

' In Göttingen still much learning blooms,
 But produces no fruit for dining;
 I passed through the town in stock dark night,
 For never a light was shining.

' In the workhouse in Celle I only saw
 Hanoverians—O German nation!
 Ye need a national workhouse for all,
 And one whip—for your salvation!

' In Hamburg I asked them why it was
 The streets all stunk so sadly,
 And Jews and Christians declared it came
 From the gutters, which ran so badly.

' In Hamburg, which is a right good town,
 Lives many a right bad fellow;
 But when I came upon the Exchange
 I thought I was still in Celle.

' In Hamburg, in that right good town,
 The people will see me never,
 For now I will live in the Venusberg
 With my beautiful lady for ever."¹

¹ The German editor here remarks that Heine subsequently re-wrote this concluding verse, as follows:—

" In Hamburg I saw Altona,
 A place which seemed to woo me;

I will not impose upon the public, be it in verse or prose, and I publicly confess that this poem is by myself, and does not belong to any Minnesinger of the Middle Age. I felt myself, however, tempted to follow the original song in which the old poet used the same material. Comparison of the two will be most interesting and edifying for the critic, who would fain see how differently two poets of entirely opposed epochs would handle one and the same theme, should they retain the same subject, measure, and almost the same mould. The spirit of the two ages must become more manifest from such juxtaposition; it is, so to speak, a specimen of comparative anatomy in the field of literature. In fact, when one reads the two together, he cannot fail to perceive how the ancient faith inspired the older poet; while in the modern, who was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the scepticism of his age reveals itself. One sees how the latter, limited by no authority, gives his imagination full flight, and has no other aim than to properly and well express, *bien exprimer*, in his verse, purely human feelings. The older poet, however,

Another time I'll tell you all
That happened there unto me."

This English version of the poem is very free, but I believe it is true to the *spirit* of the original, which no very literal version could be.—*Translator*.

is under the yoke of ecclesiastical authority, he has a didactic aim, he will exalt a religious doctrine, he preaches the virtue of Christian love, and his last words indicate the gracious power of repentance for forgiveness of all sins. The Pope himself is reproved because he forgot this sublime Christian truth, and the dry rod which burgeons in his hands teaches him, unfortunately too late, the infinite depths of divine mercy.

The previously given original Tannhäuser ballad was probably composed just before the Reformation. The legend itself does not go much further back; it is probably hardly one hundred years older.¹ Lady Venus also appears at a very late period in German legend, while other divinities, as, for instance, Diana, were known all through the Middle Ages. The latter appears even in the

¹ Heine appears to have been quite ignorant that there was a Minnesinger-knight of the twelfth century named Tannhäuser, who was equally distinguished as a love-poet and a bitter satirist of the priests, as is shown by a single one of his lines:—

“Got minnet valsche kutten nit.”

“God does not love false cowls” (i.e., priests).

These two characteristics, eked out by a popular misconception of a passage in his poems, and the wandering life and wild adventures of the minstrel, most unquestionably gave birth to the song, which I believe to be much older than Heine supposes, and probably of the time of the Minnesinger himself. *Vide* “Sunshine in Thought,” by Charles G. Leland, 1862, for remarks on this subject.—*Translator*.

seventh and eighth centuries as an evil demon, decried in the decrees of the bishops. She appears since then generally as riding, she who of yore in Greece ran so lightly shod through the forests. During fifteen hundred years she had to flit about in varied forms, and her character underwent strange transformations. I shall in another place set forth the legends relating to them.

And here a remark suggests itself, the development of which suggests material for most interesting researches.¹ I again speak of the metamorphoses into demons which the Græco-Roman gods underwent when Christianity gained the upper hand in the world. Popular opinion assigned to those deities a real but banned or exorcised existence, agreeing in this with the doctrine of the Church, which by no means explained the ancient deities, as the philosophers

¹ Here the German edition of "The Gods in Exile," edited by Heine himself, began with the words: "I have already in my earliest writings mentioned the idea from which the following contribution sprung." In the French version the two following pages are omitted. In the latter, and probably in the original German manuscript, we have instead, "I will here give only an indication hint for the benefit of young scholars who are wanting in ideas, that is, I will in a few words show how the old heathen gods of whom we speak when the triumph of Christianity had become definite, &c."—*German editor.*

had done, as mere chimeras or births from falsehood and error, but regarded them as evil spirits who, by the triumph of Christ, had been thrown from the shining pinnacle of power, and who now lead a gloomy secret life on earth in the darkness of old ruined temples or enchanted forests, where they allure weak Christian souls, who have therein lost their way by seductive devilish arts, lust, and beauty, specially by dances and song, to their ruin. All which refers to this theme—the transformation of the early worship of Nature into devil-worship, and of heathen priesthood into sorcery or witchcraft, or the diabolisation of deity—I have freely discussed in my contributions to the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany, as well as in the Elementary Spirits; and I may hold myself to be the more excused from further following up of the subject since many other authors, following in my track, and inspired by the hints which I had given as to the importance of the subject, have treated it far more extensively, comprehensively, and thoroughly than I have done. If they in so doing did not mention the name of the author who had the merit of taking the initiative or being first in the field, this was of course mere forgetfulness, of but little consequence.¹

¹ Heine here soars to the full height of his amusing arrogance. He was as little the first as the last of German authors

I myself will not set a very high value on the claim. It is true that the theme which I brought forward was no novelty, but it had with such vulgarisation of old ideas the same relation as with the egg of Columbus. Everybody knew the fact, but no one expressed it. Yes, what I said was no novelty, and was long since to be found printed in the honourable folios and quartos of compilers and antiquarians; in those catacombs of erudition where, duly arranged with a terrible symmetry, which is far more terrible than wild freewill or fancy, the most heterogeneous bones of thought are piled together. And I also admit that modern scholars have handled the same themes; but they have, so to speak, confined them in the wooden mummy-chests of their confused and abstract scientific language, which the public cannot decipher and takes to be Egyptian hieroglyphs. Out of such vaults and catacombs I have evoked these thoughts to real life by the magic power of generally intelligent language, by the black-art of a sound, clear, popular style.¹

to discuss these subjects genially, or to offer the ideas which he claims as original, while as regards adopting them without mention of the source whence they came, he was certainly unequalled by any of those of whom he complains.

¹ This flight is all, very wisely, omitted from the French version. It may be here observed that the French, though so often reproached for self-conceit, condemn it more severely than any other people. A few years ago, a man who was the

But I return to my theme, whose leading idea, as I have already intimated, shall not be further elaborated here. I will only with a few words call the reader's attention to the fact that the poor old gods above-mentioned were, at the time of the definite victory of Christianity—that is to say, in the third century—in sad difficulties, which bore the greatest resemblance to those in which they had been involved at a much earlier period. They found themselves in the alarming and dire need which they had suffered in the primevally early time, at that revolutionary epoch when the Titans, bursting the bounds of Orcus and piling Pelion on Ossa, stormed Olympus. The unfortunate gods were compelled to take to ignominious flight, and hid themselves in all disguises among us here on earth. Most of them fled to Egypt,

notoriety of the hour, began a letter to a newspaper with the words, "*Depuis quelques jours on ne parle que de moi.*" There was a general roar of laughter and hisses from all Paris, and the celebrity was forthwith extinguished. Yet the expression, probably a very careless one, was modesty itself compared to what Heine most deliberately declares in these passages. He speaks proudly of his "researches" in what is now called Folk Lore, but there are very few, if any, instances of any writer who had read so little of any subject, yet who has treated it so boldly and confidently as if he alone of men had exhausted and understood it. And with all this, it must be admitted that he made more of what he did know than the most learned man living could have done. "Had he not praised himself unto the skies, others would willingly have praised him more."

where for greater safety they, as is generally known, assumed the forms of animals. In the same manner the poor heathen gods were again driven to flight, and to seek under all kinds of disguises in remote retreats a refuge, when the true lord of the world planted his crusading banner on the castle of heaven, and those iconoclastic zealots, the black bands of monks, destroyed the temples and hunted down the gods with fire and malediction. Many of these poor emigrants, who were without shelter or ambrosia, were obliged to take to some everyday trade, to earn at least their daily bread. In such circumstances, many whose holy groves had been confiscated were obliged, among us in Germany, to work by the day as hewers of wood, and to drink beer instead of nectar. Apollo seems to have taken kindly to his tasks, and entered the service of cattle raisers; and as he once took care of the cows of Admetus, so he now lived as shepherd in Lower Austria. But there he, having become suspected on account of his beautiful singing, was recognised by a learned monk as an old magical god of the heathens, and handed over to the spiritual court. He confessed on the scaffold that he was the god Apollo. But before his execution he begged that he might be allowed to play on the cithern, and to sing one more song. And his playing was so exquisitely charming, and his song so enchanting,

and he was so beautiful in face and form, that all the women wept, and many of them from their emotion fell ill. After his death they sought to take his body from the tomb, to drive a pole through it, thinking that he must have been a vampyre, and that the women who had suffered would be cured by such a well-proved remedy. But the grave was empty.

I have not much to relate of the destiny of Mars, the ancient god of war, since the Christians won their victory. I am inclined to think that during the feudal times he exercised the *Faustrecht*, or law of the strong hand. The tall Westphalian Schimmelpfennig, nephew of the executioner of Münster, met him in Bologna, where he had with him a long conversation, which I will relate anon. Some time before he served under Frundsberg as a Landknecht or mercenary soldier, and was at the storming of Rome, where he must have suffered bitterly in seeing the merciless ruin of his favourite ancient city, and of the temple in which he had been worshipped, as well as the shrines of all his relations.

It went better with the god Bacchus than it did with Mars and Apollo; and a legend relates the following: "There are in the Tyrol large lakes surrounded by forests whose trees rise to heaven, and which are mirrored in the blue depths below. Trees and waters rustle so strangely and

uncannily, that a wondrous feeling steals over him who wanders there in solitude. By the shore of such a lake stood the hut of a young fisher, who also acted as ferryman when any one wished to be carried over the water. He had a great boat which was bound to a tree, not far from the house in which he lived alone. Once during the autumnal equinox, towards midnight, he heard a knocking at the window, and going to the door met three monks, whose heads were deeply hidden in their cowls, and who seemed to be in great haste. One of them begged him hurriedly to lend them his boat, and promised to return it in a few hours. The fisherman had no cause to hesitate, and so untied the boat; and while the monks entered it and rowed away, he returned to his bed and slept. After a few hours he was awakened by their return. One of them gave him a piece of silver, and all three departed. The youth went to look at his boat, and found it tied fast: then he shivered, but it was not the night-air. When the monk paid him the money, he had touched his fingers, which were icy cold, and a frosty shudder ran through all his limbs. He could not for several days forget this; but youth soon dismisses what is uncanny, and he thought no more of it when the following year at the same time, and towards midnight, there was again a tapping at the window, the three monks

again appeared, and again in great haste asked for the boat. This time he let them have it with less care and when they returned a few hours after, and he was again paid, he again felt with a shudder the icy cold fingers.

The same thing happened again and again, till on the seventh year the fisherman began to long—cost what it might—to find out the mystery which was hidden under those three cowl. So he put into the boat a pile of nets, which formed for him a hiding-place, into which he crept, while the monks went on board. They came at the usual time, and he concealed himself unseen by them. To his great amazement the passage across the lake, which always required an hour, was executed in a few minutes; but what was his amazement when he, who knew the whole country so well, found that the boat had arrived at a vast open space in the woods, which he had never before seen, which was grown about with trees of a kind all unknown to him. Many lamps hung on the branches of these trees, while here and there, on pedestals, were vases full of blazing pitch, and the moon also shone so brightly, that he could perceive all the many persons who were present, as if it had been daylight. Of these there were hundreds, young men and young women, nearly all beautiful, though their faces were white as marble, and this, with their cloth-

ing, which consisted of white tunics, girt up very high, with purple borders, gave them the appearance of walking statues. The ladies wore on their heads garlands of grape leaves, which were either real or made of gold and silver thread, while their hair was partly woven from the parting in a kind of crown, and partly flowed wildly from this crown in tresses to the neck. The young men were also crowned with grape-leaves. But men and women all, flourishing golden wands bound with similar leaves, came bounding joyously to welcome the three newly arrived. One of these threw off his cowl and frock, and appeared as an impudent fellow of middle age, who had a repulsive, lascivious, yes, lewd face, with pointed he-goat's ears, and a laughably exaggerated stupendous virile organ. The second, laying aside his garments, revealed an enormously fat paunch, and a bald head, on which the wanton women placed a wreath of roses. But the faces of both monks were white as marble, as was that of the third, who stripped off his disguise with a hearty laugh. As he unbound the rope round his waist, and threw away the pious dirty dress, cross, and rosary with every sign of disgust, he appeared as a young man of extraordinary beauty, clad in a tunic glittering with diamonds, and who was of perfect form, only that his supple rounded haunch and slender waist seemed feminine. And

his delicately arched lips and soft features gave him a maiden air, though his face had a bold and almost haughty and heroic expression. The women caressed him with wild inspiration, placed a garland of ivy-leaves on his head, and threw a magnificent leopard's skin over his shoulders. At the same time there came a two-wheeled golden triumphal chariot drawn by two lions, on which the young man, with the dignity of a conqueror, yet with joyous smile, leaped. He drove the wild span with purple reins. On one side of his chariot walked one of his unfrocked companions, whose lustful gestures and indecent extravagance amused the multitude, while his companion with the mighty paunch, whom the merry wives had lifted up on an ass, rode along holding a golden goblet, which was constantly filled for him with wine. Slowly went the chariot, and behind it whirled in wild eddies the reckless troop of vine-clad revellers, while before it advanced the court-choir of the victor. Beautiful full-cheeked youths blowing the double flute, then high-girt maidens with their tambourines, drumming with knuckles on ringing skin; then other beauties beating triangles; then horn-players, he-goat footed fellows with fair but lascivious faces, who blew flourishes on strange horns of animals or sea-shells, and then the lute-players.

But, dear reader, I forget that you are very well

educated and informed, who have long observed that all this is a description of a Bacchanalian orgie or festival of Dionysius. You have seen often enough old bas-reliefs, or in the engravings of archæological works, the triumphal processions which glorify the god, and in faith with your classic and refined sense you would be but little alarmed, I trow, should you even at midnight, in the darkest solitude of the forest, encounter the beautiful apparition of such a Bacchic train, even if all its gloriously tipsy crew were to dance on before your very eyes. At the utmost you would only feel a slightly licentious thrill, an æsthetic shiver, at seeing this assembly of delightful phantoms, risen from the sarcophagi of their monuments or their lairs in ruined temples, to again renew their ancient gay and festive rites, to once more celebrate with games and dance the triumph of the divine liberator, of the saviour of sensuality, to revive the joyous dance of heathendom, the cancan of the merry world of yore, without any of the policemen of spiritual morality to hinder—all revelling, rioting, hurrahing, *Evœe Bacche!*¹

¹ In the French version the following passage is here added :—

“Comme j’ai dit mon cher lecteur, vous êtes un homme instruit et éclairé qu’une apparition nocturne ne saurait épouvanter, pas plus que si c’était une fantasmagorie de l’académie imperialé de musique, évouquée par le génie poétique de M. Eugène Scribe, en collaboration avec le génie musical du célèbre *maestro* Giacomo Meyerbeer.”

But, dear reader, the poor fisherman of our story was not, like you, familiar with mythology ; he had not studied archæology, and he was terrified and agonised at the sight of that beautiful *triumphator* with his two strange acolytes, when they leaped from their monk's dress ; he shuddered at the immodest gestures and leaping of the *bacchantæ*, the fauns, the satyrs, who, from their he-goat's feet and horns, seemed to him to be devils, so that he regarded the whole society as a congress of spectres and demons, who sought by their sorceries to bring destruction to human beings. The hair stood on his head as he saw the neck-breaking impossible postures of a *moenad*, who with flowing locks cast her head back, and only kept her balance with the *thyrsus*. His brain reeled at beholding *Corybantes*, who wounded themselves with short swords, madly seeking for ecstasy in pain. The soft, sweet, and yet terrible tones of the music flowed through his soul like flames—flashing, shuddering, awful ! But when the poor mortal saw that abominable Egyptian symbol which, of enormously exaggerated size, and crowned with flowers, was carried by a shameless beauty on a long pole,¹ he fairly lost his

¹ The French version is here somewhat more flowery or expansive :—

“Ce symbole, ou plutôt cette hyperbole, était couronnée de fleurs, et la belle devergondée l'agitait avec des gestes impu-

senses, and, rushing back to the boat, crept under the nets, shivering with clattering teeth, as though the devil already held him by one foot. Soon after the three monks returned and pushed forth. And when they reached the opposite shore, the fisherman contrived to slip away so quietly, that the monks thought he had waited for them behind the willows; and so, when one of them had pressed with icy-cold fingers into his hand the usual fee, they went their way.

For his own salvation's sake, which he deemed endangered, as well as to preserve all other good Christians from perdition, the fisherman believed it was his duty to denounce the unholy and strange events to a spiritual tribunal; and as the superior or prior of a Franciscan convent not far off was president of such a court, and was in great repute as a learned exorcist, he determined to seek him without delay. Therefore the early morning sun saw him on his way to the cloister, and it was with his eyes humbly cast down that he found himself before his reverence the prior, who sat with his

diques, en psalmodiant à tue-tête une infâme cantique, auquel faisaient chorus ses compagnons velus avec leur gros rire et leurs gambades burlesques. En même temps les accords de la musique de la procession triomphale, accords mollement tendres et désespérés à la fois, pénétrèrent dans le cœur du pauvre jeune homme comme autant de brandons enflammés; il se crut déjà embrasé du feu infernal, et il courut à toutes jambes vers sa barque."—*Translator.*

capuchin drawn deep over his eyes in a high arm-chair, remaining in this reflective attitude while the fisherman narrated the terrible tale. But when the young man had ended, the prior suddenly raised his head, and the visitor was startled at recognising in his reverence one of the three monks who went annually over the lake, and he was indeed the very one whom he had seen the night before seated as a heathen deity on the triumphal chariot with the yoke of lions. There was the same marble, pale countenance, the same regular and beautiful features, the same mouth with its delicately arched lips, and over those lips played a pleasant smile, and from that mouth flowed the soft-ringing and sanctimonious words:—

“Beloved son in Christ! we truly believe that you have passed this night in company with the god Bacchus, as your fantastic ghost-story perfectly proves, and we would not for our life say aught unloving of this god. Many a time doth he break the sorrows and soothe the heart of man; but he is also very dangerous unto those who cannot bear much, and verily you seem to me to be one of those weak mortals.¹ We therefore counsel you

¹ Here the French version is again diffusive to originality: “Nous nous garderons bien de dire du mal de ce dieu, bien de fois il nous fait oublier nos soucis, et il réjouit le cœur de l’homme, mais les dons que la bonté divine accord aux humains

to enjoy in future with great moderation the golden juice of the grape, and to trouble no further in future the spiritual authorities with the imaginary tipsy fancies of your brain, and also to be silent as regards this last vision—that is, to hold your jaw altogether (*das Maul zu halten*), else the secular arm of the beadle shall count off on you five and twenty stripes with a cart-whip. But now, dearly beloved son in Christ, go to the cloister-kitchen, where the brother butler and brother cook shall serve you with a luncheon."

With this the spiritual lord gave the fisherman his blessing; but when the latter, quite bluffed and abashed, packed away to the kitchen, and saw the *pater* cellarer and the *pater* cook, he nearly fell flat with terror, for they were the two very nocturnal companions of the prior, the two monks who had rowed with him over the lake; for right well did the visitor know the great paunch and

sont différents, beaucoup sont appelés, et peu sont élus." (Here Heine may have had in mind the ancient saying, "Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few the bacchantae.") "Il y a des hommes qu'une douzaine de bouteilles ne sauraient abattre. En toute humilité Chrétienne j'avoue que je suis un de ces êtres d'élite, et je n'en rends grâces au Seigneur. Il y a aussi des natures incomplètes et faibles qu'une seule chopine peut renverser, et il paraît, mon cher fils en Jésus Christ, que vous êtes de nombre. Nous vous conseillons donc de n'absorber qu'avec mesure le jus doré de la treille." Heine here borrows the pious thanks of the prior that he can drink twelve bottles from an ancient flight of *facetiæ*.—*Translator*.

bald head of the one, and the grinning, lustful face and goat's ears of the other. But he held his tongue, and spoke thereof word to none till many years after.

Old chronicles which relate similar tales transfer the scene to Spires on the Rhine.¹

¹ I have not been able to find whence Heine took the *whole* of this story, and until I do, shall believe that all the part referring to Bacchus is his own invention. Grosius, *Magica, seu mirabilia Historiarum*, &c., 1597, tells effectively the same tale in reference to three fishermen of the Rhine, and many monks who proved to be a party of devils going to take part in the great Council of Spires. On which subject Georgius Sabinus wrote a rather clever Latin poem of 118 verses, which latter approaches in several points more closely to the tale of the text, as in depicting the amazement of the fisher at seeing the monks on the chariot:—

“Qui que manu flexas auriga tenebat habenas,
Terribili naso conspiciendus erat,
Attonitus curru stat prætereunte viator,
Nec Monachos illos spectra sed esse vident.”

There is, however, in all this no allusion whatever to Bacchus or Silenus. It may be observed that in the “*Gods in Exile*,” Heine gives several “legends” without mentioning his authorities or the source whence he derived them, though as a rule he is generally very careful to do so when he can, and of all these unaccredited stories I have failed to find a trace elsewhere. Perhaps my readers may be more fortunate. Grosius declares that the event took place “*anno millesimo, quingentesimo tricesimo, Juliidecimo octavo.*” It is rather amusing to contrast this neglect to mention obligations with our author's previous complaint that other authors have not acknowledged their indebtedness to him. But the *môt d'enigme* in criticising Heine is never to take him quite *au grand sérieux*. The tale, as told by him,

There are similar traditions of the East Frisian coast in which the ancient heathen description of the voyage of the dead to the realm of shadows is most significantly set forth. Nothing indeed is said in them of a Charon who steers, though this old cock—*alter Kawx*—has not kept his place in legends, but in puppet-shows. But we recognise a far more important mythological personage in the so-called *Spediteur*, or forwarding agent, who attends to the passage of the dead, and the ferryman who performs Charon's duties,¹ and who, as a common fisherman, receives the due payment. Yet, despite his *baroque* disguise, we can readily divine his true name, and I will therefore give the tradition as accurately as possible.

In East Friesland, on the North sea-coast, are many coves, which are also small harbours, known as *siehle*.² On the jutting headland of one of these stands the lonely house of a fisherman, who lived with his family, peaceful and contented. Nature is sad here, not a bird is heard save the

has a great resemblance to a Venetian story narrated by Bernoni of a fisherman who hid himself in his boat while three witches sailed in it to Egypt, and I have heard the same in greater detail in Florence. But in neither of these did any heathen gods appear. Hawthorne has also used the same idea.

¹ "And that grim ferryman whom poets write of."

The French version, though effectively the same, is here differently expressed from the German.

² *Siel*, a drain or sluice.—*Translator*.

sea-mews, who often fly with evil cry from their nests in the sand announcing a storm. The monotonous plashing of the surging sea agrees well with the gloomy flying clouds. Even man never sings, and on this melancholy coast there is never heard a verse of any popular song. The people here are serious, honest, more reasonable than religious, and very proud of the bold common-sense and freedom of their ancestors.¹ They are not imaginative, and speculate but little. The main object of the fisherman who dwelt on his lonely *siehl* was fishing, and now and then the fare of the travellers who wished to be ferried over to some neighbouring island of the North Sea.

At a certain time of the year, it is said, just at noon, when the fisher and his family sat at their meal, a stranger appeared in the great family room, and begged the master of the house to speak with him apart for a few minutes, on business. The fisherman, having in vain endeavoured to induce the visitor to take part in the meal, complied with his request, and both retired to a bow-window. I will not describe the

¹ French version, "Et bien qu'ils aient perdu leurs institutions démocratiques d'autre fois, ils n'en ont pas moins gardé un esprit d'indépendance, héritage de leurs intrépides aïeux, qui avaient combattu avec héroïsme contre les envahissements de l'océan et des princes du Nord."

appearance of the stranger in the leisurely manner of modern novelists, a simply accurate account must suffice. He is a man somewhat advanced in years, but still fresh ; in short, an old boy, well rounded but not fat, his cheeks as red as Borsdorfer apples, and with merry eyes glancing everywhere, while on his powdered head is a three-cornered hat. Under an overcoat of clear yellow, garnished with innumerable small capes, the man wears the old-fashioned dress which we see in old portraits of Dutch merchants, and which denotes a certain ease—a silk parrot-green coat, a flower-embroidered waistcoat, short black breeches, striped stockings, and buckled shoes, the latter so bright and shining that it seemed strange that he could have come through the mud of the Siehl with such clean feet. His voice is asthmatic, wiry, and sometimes passing into a whine or treble ; but the demeanour and manner are grave and measured, as becomes a Dutch merchant. This gravity seems, however, to be more assumed than natural, and often contrasts oddly with the searching glances of the eyes here and there, as well as the indifferently suppressed and nervous activity of his limbs. That the stranger is a Dutch merchant is shown, not only by his clothing, but by the mercantile accuracy and caution with which he conducts a negotiation to the advantage of his employers. He is, as he

says, a forwarding agent, and has received from one of his business friends an order to have conveyed a certain number of souls, or as many as may find room in an ordinary boat, from the East Frisian coast to the White Island. On this account, he continued, he would like to know whether the fisherman could carry such a cargo on that very night, in which case he would pay the money down in advance, but hoped that in conscience he would put the price as low as became a Christian. The Dutch merchant—albeit the word is a pleonasm, since every Dutchman is a merchant—made this proposition as if it was concerning carrying so many cheeses, and not the souls of the departed. The fisherman was startled indeed somewhat by the word “souls,” and he felt a shiver in the back, and observed at once that he had before him the spectral Dutchman who had so often given a similar commission to his colleagues, who had been well paid for it. But, as I have before remarked, these East Frisian coast dwellers are courageous, healthy, and sober; they are wanting in that morbid, sickly imagination which renders us so susceptible to the ghostly and supernatural, therefore the secret shudder of our fisherman lasted but an instant, he soon became himself, and with an air of perfect indifference began to bargain the ferry-money up to the highest possible figure. After some chaffer-

ing and higgling the two came to an understanding, shook hands over it, and the Dutchman drew out a soiled leather purse, full of small silver pennies, the smallest which had ever been coined in Holland, and paid down all the sum in this Lilliputian money. After having instructed the fisherman that he must be ready about midnight, at the time when the full moon would appear from the clouds, with his boat at a certain place on the shore to receive his cargo, he took leave of the family, who again repeated in vain their invitation to share their meal, and the ever dignified figure tripped away with strange agility.

At the appointed time the skipper found himself at the proper place with his barque, which, being empty and light of ballast, rocked lightly on the waves; but as the moon rose he observed that it became steadier, and gradually sank deeper, till the water was within a hand's-breadth of the gunwale. By this he knew that his passengers, the souls, were now all on board, so he pushed forth with his freight. But however he strained his eyes he could see nothing in his boat but something like trails of mist moving about, but which assumed no certain form, and which seemed to whirl into one another. Nor could he hear anything save a soft chirping and whisper-like sound. Now and then a sea-gull shot with shrill cry overhead, or some fish lifted its head from the water

with a strange glare. The night wore on and the air grew cold; everywhere all was water, moonshine, and silence; and silent as his surroundings, the fisherman came to the White Island, where he moored his boat. He saw no one on the strand, but heard a sharp asthmatic gasping and whining voice, which he recognised as that of the Dutchman. He seemed to be reading a list of proper names monotonously, as if verifying them, and among them were those of many whom the fisher had known, but who had died during the past year. During this calling off the boat was lightened, so that while at first it had lain deep in the sand, it now swam lightly on the waves when the reading was over, and the skipper, perceiving that his cargo was duly delivered, sailed quietly back to wife and child, and his dear home on the Siehl.

So it passes every year as regards the transport of souls to the White Island. A skipper once remarked as a peculiar circumstance that the invisible controller, while reading the names, suddenly paused and said, "But where is Pitter Jansen? That is not Pitter Jansen." Whereupon a piping, wailing little voice replied, "I am Pitter Jansen's Mieke, and have had my name inscribed in his place."

I have already ventured, despite their crafty disguises, to surmise the names of the important mythological characters who appear in these tradi-

tions. This one is nothing less than the god Mercury, the ancient leader of souls, *Hermes Pyscopompos*. Yes, under that shabby overcoat, and in that sober shopman's form, the most brilliant and youthful of the heathen deities, the crafty son of *Maia*, is disguised. On that three-cornered hat there is not the least sign of a feather which could recall the wings of his divine head-covering, and the heavy shoes with steel buckles do not at all suggest pinioned sandals; this heavy Dutch lead is different from the mobile quick-silver to which the god gave a name, but the very contrast betrays the identity, and the god chose this disguise to be the more securely concealed. Yet it may be that he in nowise chose it from mere caprice. Mercury was, as you know, at the same time the god of thieves as well as merchants, and it was natural that in choosing a garb which rendered him incognito, and a calling by which he could live, he had in mind his antecedents and talents.¹ Therein he was experienced,

¹ The French version varies here very much from the German. It is as follows :—

"*Mercure était comme vous savez le dieu des voleurs et des marchands. . . . Il n'avait qu'à calculer lequel des ces métiers, qui ne diffèrent que par des nuances, lui offrait le plus de chances de réussite. Il se disait que le vol, par des préjugés séculaires était flétri dans l'opinion publique, que les philosophes n'avaient pas encore réussi à le réhabiliter en l'assimilant à la propriété, qu'il était mal vu de la police et des gendarmes, et*

he had discovered the tortoise-shell lyre and the helioscope, he robbed men and gods, and even as a babe he was a little Calmonius, who slipped from his cradle to steal a yoke of oxen. He had to choose between the two occupations, which are in reality not very different, since in both the aim is to obtain the property of others as cheaply as possible; but the shrewd god reflected that thievery does not stand so high in public opinion as trade, that the former is interdicted by the police while the latter is even protected by law, that merchants reach the top-rung on the ladder of honour while those of the thieving fraternity must climb a ladder of a much less agreeable description, that the latter stake liberty and life while the merchant only risks his capital or that of his friends; and so the cunningest of gods became a merchant, and to be as perfect a one as possible, Dutch at that. His long practice as Theopompos, or leader of the shades, specially adapted him for forwarding souls, the transport of which to the White Island is by him carried on.

que pour tout prix de son déploiement de courage et d'habileté, le voleur était quelquefois envoyé aux galères, sinon à la potence; qu'au contraire le négoce jouissait de la plus grande impunité, qu'il était honoré du public et protégé par les lois, que les négociantes étaient décorés, qu'ils allaient à la cour, et qu'on en faisait même des présidents du conseil. Par conséquent, le plus rusé des dieux se décida pour l'état le plus lucratif et le moins dangereux, et pour être négociant par excellence, il se fit négociant hollandais."—*Translator*.

The White Island is sometimes called Brea or Britinia. Does this allude to white Albion and to the chalk cliffs on its coast? It would be a droll idea to set forth England as a land of the dead, as the realm of Pluto or hell. Great Britain does, in fact, appear to many strangers in such a light.¹

In my discussion of the legend of "Faust" I have entered fully into the subject of the realm of Pluto and of himself. I have there shown how the ancient realm of shadows became a complete hell, and how its gloomy and ancient ruler was altogether diabolised. But it is only in the formal official style of the Church that the matter sounds so harsh, for in spite of the Christian anathema the position of Pluto remained much the same as it was. Neither he, the god of the world below, nor his brother Neptune, ruler of the ocean, emigrated like their mates, and even after the prevalence of Christianity they ruled on in their domains or in their elements. Though the wildest

¹ Here our author fully illustrates the fact that "comparaison n'est pas raison," as a MS. of the twelfth century (*Leroux de Lincy Proverbes*) declares. The White Island of the old Breton and Norman *lais* was doubtless the Isle of Wight or England, but it was like Avalon, a fairyland or paradise, and the souls who were ferried over were of the *élite*. It would have been unjust indeed if the woman mentioned by Heine, who sacrificed herself to keep her husband, Pitter Jansen, alive, had been damned for so doing.—*Translator*.

and most absurd fables were circulated on earth relative to him, old Pluto sat down below, warm by his Proserpine. Neptune suffered even less from calumny than did his brother Pluto, and neither church-bells nor the peals of organs offended his ears far below in the ocean depths, by his white-bosomed Amphitrite and his dripping courtiers, the Nereids and Tritons. Only now and then, when some young sailor for the first time crossed the Line, did he rise from the flood, holding the trident, his head crowned with seeds, with a silver beard hanging down to below his waist. Then he bestowed on the neophyte the terrible baptism of the sea, delivering on these occasions a long address full of unction and pathos, also abounding in hard old salt-water jokes, rather spit forth than spoken in company with tobacco-juice, to the great delight of his tarry audience. A friend who described to me in detail how such a water mystery-play was acted by sailors on ships, assured me that those very sailors who laughed the most insanely at the droll burlesque of Neptune, never doubted for an instant of the existence of such a marine god, and often prayed to him when in peril.¹

¹ This story would appear to be an extract from Neptune's log-book of salt yarns. It has certainly a highly maritime flavour. Heine seems to have met his match in this "friend."
—*Translator.*

Neptune, therefore, remained ruler of the waves, as Pluto, despite his being devilled, continued to govern the lower regions. It went better with them than with their brother Jupiter, the third son of Saturn, who after the fall of his father attained the sovereignty of heaven, and led, free from care, an ambrosial *régime* of joyousness with the splendid retinue of laughing gods, goddesses, and nymphs of honour.¹ When the sad catastrophe took place, and the rule of the cross, of suffering and sorrow, was proclaimed, the great Chronidas also fled and disappeared in the migration of races. All traces of him were lost, and I have questioned in vain old chronicles and old women—no one could give me tidings of his fate. With the same view I have rummaged and hunted through many libraries, where I had shown me the most magnificent manuscripts, adorned with gold and jewels—true odalisques in the havens of learning; and I thank with all my heart the literary eunuchs who guard them for the ungrumblingness, and even affability, with which they unlocked for me their shining treasures. But it seemed as if no popular tradition as to a mediæval Jupiter had been preserved, and all

¹ To which the French version adds, "Tous menaient joyeuse vie, repus d'ambrosie et nectar méprisant les manants attachés ici-bas à la glèbe, et n'ayant aucun souci du lendemain."

which I forked up¹ consists of a story which my friend Niels Andersen told me. This was a man whose droll delightful figure rises in life before me as I write. To him I here devote a few lines, for I willingly indicate the sources whence my tales are derived, and set forth their peculiarities, that the kind reader may himself judge how far they deserve his confidence. Therefore a few words as to this particular source.

Niels Andersen, born at Drontheim in Norway, was one of the greatest whale-fishers whom I ever knew. I am deeply indebted to him for all my knowledge relating to his craft. He told me of all the tricks which the cunning animal employs to escape the fisherman, and confided to me the secrets of war by which those tricks are defeated. He taught me the trick of handling the harpoon; how one must push with the right knee against the forward edge of the boat when throwing the harpoon, and at the same time give a good kick to the sailor whose duty it is to pay out the harpoon rope, should he not let it go fast enough. All this I owe to him, and if I never become a great whaler myself the fault is neither Andersen's nor mine, but that of my evil destiny, which never allowed me in all my life to come

¹ *Aufgegabelt*. I have in no instance, I believe, given a cant or slang word which did not correspond to a similar expression in the text.—*Translator*.

across a whale with which I could have a conflict worthy of me. I have met hitherto only common dun-fish¹ and—ill or well—red herrings. But what is the use of a harpoon against a herring? And now I must abandon all hopes of all fishery whatever, on account of my stiff leg. But when I first made the acquaintance of Niels at Ritzebuttel near Cuxhaven, he himself was not in best condition as to his feet, inasmuch as one of them was gone. A young shark by Senegal, who perhaps mistook his right leg for a stick of sugar-candy, had bitten it off, and poor Niels ever after had to hobble about on a wooden leg. His great delight was to sit on a hogshead and drum thereon with that wooden leg. Many a time did I help him to climb, and many a time too I refused to help him down until he had told me one of his marvellous salt-yarns.

As Mahomet Eln Mansur began all his poems by praising the horse, Niels Anderson prefaced his tales with an eulogy of the whale. Therefore the story which I here repeat commences with such exaltation.

"The whale," exclaimed Niels Andersen, "is not only the greatest but also the handsomest of animals. From his two nostrils spring great

¹ *Stockfische*, dried cod, called in America dun-fish. Also an equivalent for a stupid person in both words, German or Yankee.

streams of water, which look like wonderful fountains, and which in the night, by moonshine, seem like magic. He is also good-natured, peaceable, and very fond of family life. It is a touching sight when father whale with his folk are gathered together on an enormous ice-flake, and young and old frolic and contend in loving and harmless games.¹ Very often they all jump together into the water to play at blind man's buff among the floating blocks of ice. The purity of manners and chastity of the whale are far more due to the ice-water in which they continually paddle their fins than to any moral principles. Nor can it be denied that they have no sense of religion, nay, are utterly wanting in it."

"I believe," I said, interrupting my friend, "that *that* is a mistake." I lately read a narrative by a Dutch missionary in which he describes the glory of creation as revealed in the high polar regions, when the sun rises and day shines on the stupendous and strange masses of ice. "These," he says, "which remind us of fairy-palaces of diamonds, afford such striking proofs of the power of God, that not only man but even the coarse

¹ Here the ancient mariner, or Heine himself, manifestly confounds the *walfisch* or whale with the *wallross* or walrus. A school of whales playing on the ice out of water, high and dry, would be indeed "a pensive sight." But "'tis nothing to what's a-coming."—*Translator*.

natures of fish are so moved at the sight as to adore their Creator. "Yea," declares the *dominie*, "I have with my own eyes seen many whales who, leaning against a wall of ice, stood up and moved the upper part of their bodies after the fashion of people who pray."

Niels Andersen shook his head doubtfully. "He had himself seen," he said, "whales leaning against upright ice-blocks, making movements like such as we behold in the religious exercises of many sects, but he could not attribute such acts to piety." He explained the phenomenon physiologically, remarking that the whale—the Chimborazo of animals—has under his skin such an enormous layer of fat (blubber) that a single individual often yields from one hundred to a hundred and fifty barrels of tallow.¹ And this tallow is so thick that many hundred water-rats make their nests in him, while the great animal

¹ *Talg*. There is an insect which annoys the whale, but I believe that for all this romance of the rats Heine was entirely indebted to an epigram on Dussek the singer, which was in vogue in Paris in his days :—

" Le grand Dussek etait sigras,
Que des souris ou bien des rats,
Faisaient une carrière
Dans l'immensité de son derrière,
Et ils y firent leur carnaval,
Sans qu'il sentit le moindre mal."

—*Translator*.

sleeps on a flake of ice ; and these creatures, which are infinitely larger and more voracious than our land-rats, lead a joyous life under the skin of the whale, where they by day and night eat the best of fat without leaving their nests. This revelling becomes at last somewhat annoying or intolerably painful to the unwilling host, who, not having hands like man wherewith to scratch himself when tickled, seeks to allay his pain by placing himself on the sharp edge of an ice-floe, and rubbing his back up and down against it, as dogs do when they scrape themselves against any board when they are afflicted with fleas. The honest Dominie mistook these movements for those of prayer and so ascribed them to piety, while they were merely caused by the orgies of rats. "The whale," said Niels Andersen, in concluding his proeme, "though he holds so much oil, is utterly wanting in the least sense of religion." It is indeed only among the middle-sized animals that one finds it, vast creatures like the whale are not endowed with this quality. What can be the cause of this ? Is it because they cannot find a church sufficiently roomy or "broad" enough to receive them in its bosom ? This monster honours neither the law nor the prophets ; even the little prophet Jonas, whom he once heedlessly swallowed, went against his stomach, and after three days he spat him out. This magnificent animal no more

adores the Lord our God than does the false heathen deity who lives on Rabbit Island near the North Pole, and whom he sometimes goes to visit.¹

"What place is that—the Rabbit Island?" I asked Niels Andersen. He drummed awhile with his wooden leg on the hogshead, and answered:—

"Well, it was the island on which the thing happened which I am going to tell you. But I can't tell you exactly where it is. Nobody has ever been able to find it again since it was first discovered. Perhaps the great icebergs which float everywhere round it, and don't allow many approaches to it, have prevented ships from getting there. However, it may be a hundred years ago, the crew of a Russian whaler, driven there by storms, landed on it. Going ashore with a boat they found it a very desolate place. Broom plants waved sadly along the quicksands; only here and there grew a dwarf fir, or there

¹ Heine is here altogether at issue with the *New England Primer*, a school-book of the time of Charles II., still known in America, and which was the first work ever put into my hands. When I learned the alphabet from it I began by acquiring the information that "In Adam's Fall, we sinned all," and coming to W found that—

"Whales in the sea
Their Lord obey."

—*Translator.*

were some worthless dwarf bushes. But they saw many rabbits jumping about, from which they called it Rabbit Island.

"At last they saw a poor hut, which showed that some human being dwelt there. Going into it they found a very old man, who, badly clothed in rabbit skins sewed together, sat on a stone bench by the fire-place warming his lean hands and tottering knees by a few burning twigs. By him at his right hand stood an immense bird, which seemed to be an eagle, but which time had gnawed so cruelly that only the long bristly quills of his wings remained, giving him a comic and yet horribly ugly look. On the left side of the old man cowered on the ground a very large hairless she-goat, which also seemed to be very old, though full udders with fresh and rosy nipples were on her belly.

"There were among these Russian sailors several Greeks, and one of them, not supposing that he would be understood by the old man, said to a comrade in Greek:—

"‘This old fellow is either a ghost or an evil spirit.’

"But on hearing this the old man rose from his seat, and to their astonishment the sailors saw a tall and stately figure, who in spite of his age appeared to be of majestic or royal dignity, whose head almost touched the timbers of the

roof—a man whose features, though wasted and worn, indicated that he had once been very handsome, for they were noble and strongly outlined. A few spare silver hairs hung over his forehead, which was stern with age and pride; his eyes gleamed sharply, though pale and staring, and from his high-curling mouth came forth in ancient Greek the sonorous and mournful words:—

“‘You are wrong, young man. I am neither a ghost nor an evil spirit, but only an unfortunate being who has seen better days. But who are ye?’

“‘The sailors told him of the disaster which had befallen them, and asked for information concerning the place, but obtained very little. The old man said that he had lived since time immemorial on the island, whose bulwarks of ice protected him securely against bitter enemies. He lived chiefly by catching rabbits, and once a year when the icebergs were solidly frozen there came to him on sledges certain savages, to whom he sold his rabbit-skins, and who gave him in exchange the articles which he most needed. The whales, which often swam about the shore, were his favourite companions. But it gave him pleasure then to talk with them, for he was a Greek by birth, and therefore begged his fellow-countrymen to tell him something about the

present condition of Greece. He seemed spitefully pleased to learn that the Cross had been torn from the battlements of the Greek cities, but less glad to know that the Crescent had taken its place. And it was very strange that none of the sailors knew the names of the cities of which the old man inquired, and which he said were flourishing in his time, nor did he recognise the names of the towns and villages of Greece of which they spoke. On this account he often shook his head sorrowfully, and they gazed at one another in amazement. But they observed that he knew the situation of every place in detail; the bays, the promontories, the cliffs, often even the smallest hills and little groups of rocks, so that his ignorance of the chief places caused the greatest wonder. Then he inquired of them with great interest, indeed with some anxiety, as to a certain great temple, which he declared had been in his time the most beautiful building in all Greece. Yet none of his listeners knew the name which the old man pronounced with tenderness, till at last, when he described its situation closely, a young sailor recognised the place.

"The young man said that the village where he was born stood on that very spot, and that he had in it long tended the swine of his father. There, as he declared, were really the ruins of

very ancient buildings, which indicated a magnificence now departed. Only here and there stood a few great marble pillars, either singly or connected by the blocks of a pediment, from the fissures in which hung down blooming masses of honeysuckles and red bell-flowers, like tresses of hair. Other columns, among them several of rose-marble, lay broken on the ground, and the grass grew exuberantly on the magnificent capitals, which were carved in leaves and flowers. And there too were great four-cornered or triangular slabs of marble, which had covered the roof, lying here and there, half sunken in the ground, overshadowed by an immense wild fig-tree, which had grown from among the fragments. The youth related that he had often passed hours under the shadow of that tree, looking at the wondrous figures in high relief on the sculptured stones, which represented all kinds of games and conflicts, but which were full sadly worn, as if by time, or overgrown with moss and ivy wild. His father, whom he had questioned as to the meaning of all these columns and images, had replied that they were the remains of an ancient temple, in which a heathen god of evil fame had dwelt in days of yore, who was given, not only to the most naked and shameless debauchery, but who also practised unnatural crime and incest; yet the blind heathen ever held him in such reverence

that they often sacrificed to him hundreds of oxen at once. And that the basined marble block into which the blood of the victims ran was there before his eyes, and it was that very stone trough in which he fed his pigs with offal or gave them drink.

"When the young man had said this the grey-beard sighed bitterly, and then manifesting the greatest grief sank, as if heart-broken, on his stone seat, covered his face with both hands, and wept like a child. The great bird screamed horribly, and flapping his monstrous wings threatened the strangers with beak and claws. But the old goat licked the hand of her master, and bleated sorrowfully, as if to soothe him.

"An uncanny dread seized the sailors, they hastened from the hut, and felt relieved when they no longer heard the sobs of the old grey man, the screams of the bird, and the bleating of the she-goat. When returned to the ship they told the tale. Among others on board was a learned Russian, professor of the philosophical faculty of the University of Kasan, and he declared, placing his forefinger knowingly on his nose, that the discovery was of great import, for the old man on the Island of Rabbits could be none other than the ancient deity, Jupiter, son of Saturn and Rhea, once the king of all the gods. The bird at his right side was probably

the eagle who once bore the terrible lightnings in his talons. And the old she-goat could be no other person than Amalthea, the old nurse who had suckled the god long since in Crete, and which now in exile again fed him with her milk."

Such was the story of Neils Andersen, and I confess that it filled my soul with sorrow. I will not deny that what he had already told me of the secret sufferings of the whales had greatly excited my sympathy. Poor colossal beast! There is no help for thee against the despicable rabble of rats which have nested in thee and gnaw thee continually, and whom thou must bear about with thee for life, though thou shouldst flee in despair from the northern to the southern pole, and rub thee on the icy corners of the bergs! It is all of no avail, and withal thou hast not the consolation of religion! And such rats gnaw at every great being on this earth, and the gods themselves must at last go in shame to sorrow and a lowly end. Such is the will of the iron law of fate, and unto it the grandest and highest of immortals must bow in suffering. He whom Homer sung and Phidias did counterfeit in gold and ivory, he who had but to wink to crush the world, he who had folded in his passionate arms Leda, Alcmena, Semele, Danae, Kallisto, Io, Leto, Europa—he must after all hide at the

North Pole behind icebergs, and trade in rabbit-skins like a beggarly Savoyard!

I doubt not that there are many people who would take spiteful pleasure in such a spectacle. Such folk are possibly the descendants of the unfortunate oxen who were slaughtered in hecatombs on the altars of Jupiter. Rejoice, oh rejoice, ye children of cattle, for the blood of your ancestors, the sacrifice unto superstition is avenged! But we who have no hereditary grudge are shocked at the sight of fallen grandeur, and devote to it the deepest pity of our hearts. This susceptibility hinders us perhaps from imparting to the narrative that air of seriousness which is the charm of history; only in a degree can we master that gravity which is only to be attained in France. Modestly, therefore, do we commend ourselves to the kind indulgence of the reader, for whom we ever manifest the utmost respect, and therewith we conclude the first part of our history of "The Gods in Exile."¹

¹ As Heine certainly intended to continue or enlarge this work no fault can be found as regards incompleteness. Otherwise it might be suggested that it should have contained the marvellous legend which he had doubtless read in Prætorius that Vulcan still lives in Mount Etna, and that he was once seen going with a gang of his men on the 22nd May, 1536, up to the summit. Being interrogated by a merchant, Vulcan replied that he was going to work, after which he entered the crater. And that night and the next day there was a terrible eruption. The god

was at his anvil. There are also curious legends of Diana, who is still Queen of the Witches in Tuscany, and in fact quite a number of analogous tales. It should, however, be fairly and honestly indicated to the reader who is really interested in folklore that our author in this work is only to be taken half-seriously, and that the whole story of Jupiter is possibly a mystification or joke. I do not think he meant by it anything worse.

It happened by a most extraordinary coincidence that while engaged in translating this work I made a discovery which would have doubtless delighted Heine, and been of signal assistance in giving him material for "The Gods in Exile." This was that in La Toscana Romagna, a very little known and remote mountain district lying between Forlì and Ravenna, and which appears to have been as yet unexplored by folklorists, there are still preserved, chiefly in certain families and among certain old people, an incredible amount of very ancient legends, poems, incantations, and sorceries. Among these, as I was not a little astonished to learn, are names of the principal old Etruscan deities, in most instances but slightly changed, and also the invocations or prayers which are still occasionally offered to them. Among the *spiriti* or *folletti* thus revered are *Tinia* or Jupiter; *Fafon*, the ancient Fufuns or Bacchus; *Teramo*, i.e., Turms, or Mercury; *Tago*—*Tages*—*Aplu*, or Apollo; *Turana*, or Venus; and others who are all perfectly identified by the attributes and stories or prayers referring to them. In addition to these are also preserved the names of a number of the Roman minor rural gods, such as *Fanlo* or *Faunus*, *Silvano* or *Silvanus*, *Palo* or *Palus*, &c. The material which I collected on this and other very closely allied subjects makes a very large work. Jupiter in this lore is still, even at this end of the nineteenth century, the terrible spirit who wields the thunderbolts and directs the storm; *Fafon*-Bacchus laughs behind the vines and plays tricks on the vintagers, while *Teramo*-Mercury aids merchants, thieves, and messengers, including among the latter those who send letters by means of carrier-pigeons, for whom there is a special invocation. The stories narrated by the recorders of this very ancient mythology are every whit as interesting or curious as those told by Heine, and are far more

numerous. Thus in a certain way the gods still live in Tuscany, even as of yore. I propose to publish my collections on this subject with comments in a work which I provisionally entitle "Etruscan and Roman Remains in Tuscan Traditions." The resemblance, or in fact identity, of this subject with that of the present work by Heine will, I sincerely trust, prove a sufficient excuse for my speaking of it.—*Translator.*



THE GODDESS DIANA.

**A SUPPLEMENT TO
THE GODS IN EXILE.**

1853.

PREFACE TO "THE GODDESS DIANA."



THE following pantomime originated in the same manner as my choreographic poem "Faust." During a conversation with Mr. Lumley, the director of the Queen's Theatre, London, he expressed a desire that I would suggest to him the subjects for ballets, which would afford the opportunity to make a great display of magnificence in decoration and costumes, and when I offhand suggested several, among which was the legend of Diana, the latter seemed to the clever and brilliant impresario to be what he wanted, and he begged me to sketch a *mise en scène* of the whole. This was done in the following light outlines, to which I devoted no further work, because it was subsequently ascertained that it could not be used. I publish it here, not to increase my fame, but to prevent the jackdaws who from everywhere come sniffing after me from dressing themselves up too proudly in the peacock's plumes of another. The fable of my pantomime is substantially given in the first part of the preceding work, from

which many a Maestro Bartholomew has stolen many a pint of new wine.¹ I also publish this Diana legend here as the fittest place, because it directly closes and fits to the cyclus of tales of "The Gods in Exile," and relieves me from the necessity of making further remarks in explanation of it.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *March* 1, 1854.

¹ In allusion to a well-known proverb, "Er weiss wo Bartel den Most holt," "He knows where Bartel got the new wine." As "Bartel" is the nickname for Bartholomew, this saying is explained by the fact that about the day of the saint of that name, *Most*, or new wine, begins to ripen or mature. It has many applications. Analogous to it are the following: "He knows whence the water runs to the mill," "He knows where the devil has his nest," "He knows where the cat got the dough" (Suabian).—*Translator*.

FIRST TABLEAU.

A VERY ancient decaying temple of Diana. The ruins are still in tolerable preservation, only here and there is a column broken away. Through a cleft in the roof the crescent moon and something of the evening sky are perceptible. To the right a forest, to the left an altar with a statue of the goddess Diana. Her nymphs are crouching here and there on the ground in careless groups, apparently rather vexed and *ennuyée*. Now and then one of them leaps up, dances a few paces, and seems to be absorbed in joyous memories. Others join her and execute ancient dances. At last they all dance round the statue of Diana — half-jestingly, half-solemnly, as if rehearsing for some festival of the temple. They light the lamps and twine garlands.

Diana, dressed in the well-known huntress costume in which she is also represented in the statue, suddenly enters from the woods. She seems to be as frightened as a flying fawn, and narrates to her nymphs how some one has pursued her.

She is in a great excitement of distress or fear, and yet not from them alone. She looks continually at the forest, and at last, seeing her pursuer, hides herself behind her own statue.

A young German knight enters. He is seeking the goddess. Her nymphs dance round him in order to distract his attention from the statue of their mistress. They caress or threaten, and at last wrestle and struggle with him, while he sportively defends himself. At last he frees himself from them, sees the statue, raises his arms to it, throws himself at its feet, and devotes himself to her service for ever, life and soul. He sees on the altar a knife, a sacrificial cup. A terrible thought pierces him. He remembers that the goddess once loved human sacrifices, and in the intoxication of his passion he seizes the knife and goblet. He is just about to pour out his blood as a libation, the point of the steel is at his heart, when the true and living goddess leaps from her hiding-place, grasps his arm, takes the knife from his hands, and both look deeply into one another's eyes during a long pause with mutual amazement, thrillingly enraptured, yearning, trembling, death-defying, full of love. In a *pas de deux* they avoid and seek each other, but always to come together again, to again fall into each other's arms. At last they sit caressingly together like happy children on

the pedestal of the statue, while the nymphs dance in chorus round, and manifest by their pantomime what it seems the lovers are saying. For Diana meantime is telling the knight that the old gods are not dead, but concealed in mountain caves and ruined temples, where they make nocturnal visits to one another and hold festivals.

There is suddenly heard charming and soft music, and Apollo and the Muses enter. He plays them a song, and his companions dance a beautiful, regularly marked circle around Diana and the knight. The music becomes louder, wild and exciting motives mingle in it, with cymbals and beat of drum, indicating the approach of Bacchus, who makes a joyous entrance with his satyrs and bacchanals. He rides on a tame lion, accompanied to the right by plump Silenus on an ass. There is a wild and reckless dance of this troop, who with vine-leaves or serpents in their flowing locks, or wearing golden crowns, swing and flourish their thyrses, and execute those arrogant, incredible, in fact, impossible postures,¹ which we see on ancient vases

¹ Heine in the "Faust" may be said to have taxed the patience of the stage-manager and property-man beyond all endurance. Here he literally exacts the impossible from the chorus girls. We are, however, assured on good authority that "the word 'impossible' is not French," and it is perhaps in this French sense that it is to be understood. It may, however, be

or in bas-reliefs. Bacchus dismounts to the lovers, and invites them to his joyous ceremonies. They rise and dance a *pas de deux* of intoxicating rapture, in which Apollo and Bacchus, with all their train, including the nymphs of Diana, join.

here observed that however "impossible" they seemed to Heine, there is not a single feat or attitude, however extravagant, depicted on Etruscan or Greek vases which is not outdone by dancing girls to-day in Egypt.—*Translator.*

SECOND TABLEAU.

A GREAT hall in a Gothic castle. Servants in variegated gaily-coloured armorial suits are busy with preparation for a ball. To the left a platform or estrade, filled with musicians tuning their instruments. To the right a high arm-chair, on which sits the knight, brooding and melancholy. By him is his wife in closely-fitting, chatelaine costume, with lace ruff, and his jester with fool's-cap and wooden sword. Both endeavour ineffectually to cheer the knight by their dancing. The chatelaine expresses by a respectful, regularly measured step her conjugal tenderness, and becomes almost sentimental; the jester parodies this to extravagance, making absurdly wild jumps. The musicians play in accordance irregular and distracted airs. A peal of trumpets is heard without, and there enters a grand procession of guests, knights and ladies, who are rather formal and stiff figures, in the most extravagant style of dress of the Middle Age—the men martially rough and awkward, the women affected, moral, and simpering. As they enter the lord of the castle

rises, and there is a mutual interchange of the most ceremonious bowings and courtesies. The knight and his lady open the ball with a majestically grave German waltz. The chancellor and his secretary advance in black official costume, their breasts covered with gold chains, bearing lighted wax candles. They dance the well-known torch-dance, while the jester jumps up into the orchestra, seizes the baton, and leads, beating time sarcastically.

Trumpet peals are again heard, and a servant announces that unknown masqueraders desire to be admitted. The knight makes a sign of assent, the doors in the flat open, and there enter three processions of disguised persons, among whom are several who bear musical instruments. The leader of the first train plays on a lyre. These tones seem to awaken strange and sweet memories in the knight, and all the bystanders listen amazed. While this first leader plays the lyre, his troop dance gaily round. From the second band come several with cymbals and tambourines. At the sound of this music the wildest feelings of delight seem to inspire the knight; he snatches a tambourine from one of the masks, and while playing on it dances, adding thus to the mad and merry crowd. In the same wild manner do the *personæ* of the second train, who hold thyrses in their hands, dance and leap about him. A still greater

astonishment seizes the knight and the ladies, and the lady of the castle can hardly contain herself for modest amazement. Only the jester, who comes leaping from the orchestra, seems to most perfectly and delightedly seize the spirit of such merriment, and dances with lascivious capers. But suddenly the masked person who leads the third procession advances to the knight and imperiously commands him to follow her. The lady of the castle seems to be deeply disturbed or shocked at this mask, and advancing to the latter seems to ask her who she may be. The latter throws away her mask and cloak, and appears as Diana in her hunting dress. The others also now cast away their disguises; they are Apollo and the Muses, who form the first array, the second is made by Bacchus and his company, the third is of Diana and her nymphs. At the sight of the goddess revealed, the knight throws himself at her feet, seeming to implore her not to forsake him. The jester does the same, as if entreating her to take him away too. Diana commands silence, dances her divinest and noblest step, and makes the knight understand by signs that she is going to the Venusberg, where he will subsequently find her. The chatelaine gives vent to her anger in the wildest leaps, and we see a *pas de deux* in which Greek and heathen divine joyousness dances a duel with German spiritual domestic virtue.

Diana, weary of such competition, casts contemptuous glances at the whole assembly, and departs with her companions through the centre door. The knight in desperation will follow her, but is held back by his lady, her maids, and all the servants. Without the wild Bacchantic music is heard, while in the hall the formal and stately torch-dance still goes on.

THIRD TABLEAU.

A WILD mountain region. To the right, fantastic groups of trees and part of a lake. To the left, a projecting steep cliff in which a large door is seen. The knight wanders about distractedly, seeming to invoke heaven and earth and all nature to restore him his love. Undines rise from the lake and dance round him in a solemn but seductive manner. They wear long veils, and are adorned with pearls and coral. They wish to entice the knight into their watery realm, but the sylphs or spirits of air sweep downwards from the foliage of the trees and restrain him with joyous wanton will. The Undines leaving him, sink in the lake.

The sylphs are clad in clear light colours, and wear green garlands on their heads. They dance lightly and gaily round the knight. They rally him, console him, and would bear him away to the realm of air, when the ground opens before him, and there come storming forth the subterranean sprites, or little gnomes, with long white beards and short swords in their

small hands. They hew at the sylphs, who fly away like frightened birds. A few of them flutter up into the trees, where they rock on the branches, and before they take their flight into the air mock the gnomes, who threaten them with fierce gestures.

The gnomes dance about the knight, seeming to exhort him to courage, and to wish to inspire in him their own ill-tempered daring. They show him how a man should fight, and form a sword-dance, acting arrogantly, like conquerors of the world, when all at once appear the salamanders, and at the mere sight of these the gnomes creep back rapidly, and in abject terror sink into the earth.

The salamanders are slender and tall men and women, in closely-fitting garments, fiery red. They all bear large crowns of gold, with sceptres and emblems of royalty in their hands. They dance round the knight with glowing passion, they offer him also a crown and a sceptre, and he is whirled away with them into the flaming air, which would have consumed him, when all at once the sound of hunting-horns is heard, and the Wild Hunt is seen in the background. The knight tears himself away from the spirits of fire, who flash forth a fire as of rockets and vanish; the knight, freed from them, extends his arms to the lady leader of the Wild Hunt.

This is Diana. She sits on a snow-white horse, and beckons to the knight with joyous greeting. Behind her ride—also on white horses—her nymphs, as well as all the host of divinities who previously appeared in the ancient temple; or Apollo with the Muses, and Bacchus with his jovial crew. The rear-guard on winged horses consists of the great poets of antiquity and of the Middle Age, as well as beautiful women of the latter period. Winding their way about the summits of the hills, the train at last advances to the front, and enters the open gate to the left.

Diana, however, dismounting from her horse, remains by the knight, who is intoxicated with happiness. The two manifest their joy at meeting again by enraptured dances. Diana shows the knight the portal in the cliff, and explains to him that this is the entrance to the Venusberg, the home of all pleasure and delight. She will lead him in as in triumph, when all at once there advances towards him an old white-bearded warrior in harness from head to foot, who holds the knight back, warning him against the danger which his soul will incur in the heathen Venusberg. But as the knight pays no attention to the well-meant remonstrances, the grey warrior, who is called the trusty Eckhart, draws his sword and challenges the latter to duel. The knight accepts,

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and bids Diana not to interfere, but he is slain at the first passage of arms. The trusty Eckhart totters away clumsily, probably rejoicing that he has at least saved the soul of the knight. Diana, despairing and disconsolate, wails over the corpse.

FOURTH TABLEAU.

The Venusberg, a subterranean palace, the architecture and ornament of which are in the Renaissance style, but more fantastic, and recalling an Arab fairy-tale. Corinthian pillars, whose capitals change into flowers, forming leafy passages, and exotic flowers in tall marble vases, which are adorned with antique bas-reliefs. On the walls are pictures representing the loves of Venus. Golden candelabras and hanging lamps spread a magic light, and everything has a character of enchanted luxury. Here and there are groups of people, who lounge lazily on the ground or play at chess, while others play at ball, or practise with arms in mock-combats. Knights and ladies stroll together in couples, talking of love. Their costumes are of the most different epochs, for they are the celebrated men and women of the antique and mediæval world whom popular tradition has placed in the Venusberg, either from their reputation for sensual pleasure, or romance. Thus among the ladies we see the beautiful Helen of Sparta, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Herodias, and,

strangely enough, Judith, the slayer of the noble Holofernes—also many heroines of Breton lays. Among the men we see prominent Alexander of Macedon, the poet Ovid, Julius Cæsar, Dietrich of Bern (Verona), King Arthur, Ogier the Dane, Amadis of Gaul, Friedrich II., Von Hohenstaufen, Klingsohr of Hungary, Gottfried of Strasburg, and Wolfgang Goethe.¹ They all wear the costume of their age and rank, nor are there wanting ecclesiastical decorations which indicate men holding the highest offices of the Church.

The music expresses the sweetest *dolce far niente*, but it suddenly changes to a voluptuous burst of joy. Venus appears with her *cavaliere servente*, the Tannhäuser. These two, very slightly clad, with rose-wreaths on their heads, dance a very lascivious *pas de deux*, which almost suggests the forbidden dances of the present day. They seem to quarrel while dancing, to jeer, to sneer, to turn their backs in mockery of each other, and suddenly to be reconciled by an imperishable love, which is by no means, however, based on mutual respect. Others join the dance in a similar reckless manner, and there are most extravagant quadrilles.

This wild merriment is, however, suddenly inter-

¹ To which a grateful posterity should now, in all conscience, add the name of Heinrich Heine.—*Translator*.

rupted. A piercing music as of lamentation is heard. The goddess Diana rushes in with flying hair, making gestures of agony, while behind come her nymphs bearing the body of the knight, which is placed in the centre, while the goddess places with loving care a silken cushion beneath its head. Diana dances in extreme despair, with every indication of tragic passion, without any indication of gallantry or caprice. She invokes her friend Venus to raise the knight from death. But the latter indicates her inability to do so by shrugging her shoulders. Diana casts herself madly on the body, and bedews with tears and covers with kisses his stiff cold hands and feet.

The music changes, as if announcing peace, and a happy harmonious end. Apollo appears with the Muses to the left. The music changes again to exulting joy, and to the right appears Bacchus with his crew of revellers. Apollo tunes his lyre, and while playing dances with the Muses around the dead knight. At hearing the sound, the latter awakens as if from a heavy sleep, rubs his eyes, gazes about him as if amazed, but relapses into his death-like insensibility. Bacchus now seizes a tambourine, and, surrounded by his maddest Bacchantæ, dances round the knight. A mighty inspiration seems to possess the lord of life and joy, he almost bursts the tambourine. These melodies again arouse the

knight from the cold sleep of death, and he raises himself to a sitting position, slowly, however, and with yearning, opened mouth. Bacchus takes a cup filled with wine by one of the Sileni and pours some into the knight's mouth. The latter has hardly swallowed the draught before he leaps up, as if new-born, from the ground, shakes his limbs, and begins a reckless and intoxicated dance. The goddess Diana is also once more joyous and happy; she snatches a thyrsus from the hands of a Bacchante, and joins in the rejoicing and wild ecstasy of the knight. The whole assembly share in the happiness of the lovers, and celebrate in continued quadrilles his revival from death. Both Diana and the knight kneel at last at the feet of Lady Venus, who places her own wreath of roses on the head of Diana, and that of Tannhäuser on the head of the knight. Magnificent transfiguration.¹

¹ As Heine places this pantomime of Diana after the "Gods in Exile," and expressly declares that it is connected with, or forms part of that work, it may not be uncalled for to mention that the tradition of Diana as an existent being was very generally and commonly sustained in Italy during the Middle Age, and that, as I have abundant proof, there are many now living who believe in the existence of witches, of whom she is the acknowledged queen. Grillandus, Pipernus, and in fact almost all the writers on witchcraft of the sixteenth centuries, basing their statements partly on the confession of innumerable witches, and partly on old chronicles, inform us that all these

latter declared that they meet at the Sabbath to worship, not the devil, but Diana and Herodias—a coupling of names which amused and puzzled Horst, to whom, by the way, Heine was deeply indebted, and to whom he makes scant acknowledgment, Horst having been truly the first to treat such folk-lore in a genial and singularly liberal style, based on vast erudition. Horst was not aware that the Herodias in question was vastly older than the danseuse of the New Testament, having been an ancient Shemitic duplicate of Lilith, who in turn, as queen of all sorcery, was a counterpart, or the same with the true Diana, the sovereign of the night—the cat-queen, who drove the starry mice, the Hecate ancestress of the German Hecse—Hexe—or witches. Diana was in fact specially adored by all sorceresses—in Egypt as Bubastis, in Italy by her own name—as their mistress and ruler, and is well known as such to this day, as I have learned not only from books but from a fortune-teller in Florence, who had learned it as a peasant girl in the country. The colleague of Diana, or rather her identity, Herodias, borrowed, however, as goddess of dancing, a great deal from the lady of the New Testament, but did not *begin* with her.

It happened one day that the fortune-teller gave me an old recipe with which I had been familiar from boyhood, “for making the tree of Diana, *la magia delle streghe*” (the magic mistress of the witches). It had been preserved as a rare secret of sorcery among the initiated or *adepti*, on account of the name of Diana. It is a secret which may be found in “The Boy’s Own Book,” and it derives its name from the silver which with nitric acid enter into its composition. But anything which bears the very name of Diana has to this day a strange, unholy, delightful fascination for those in Tuscany who tread the darksome paths of divination and sorcery.—*Translator.*